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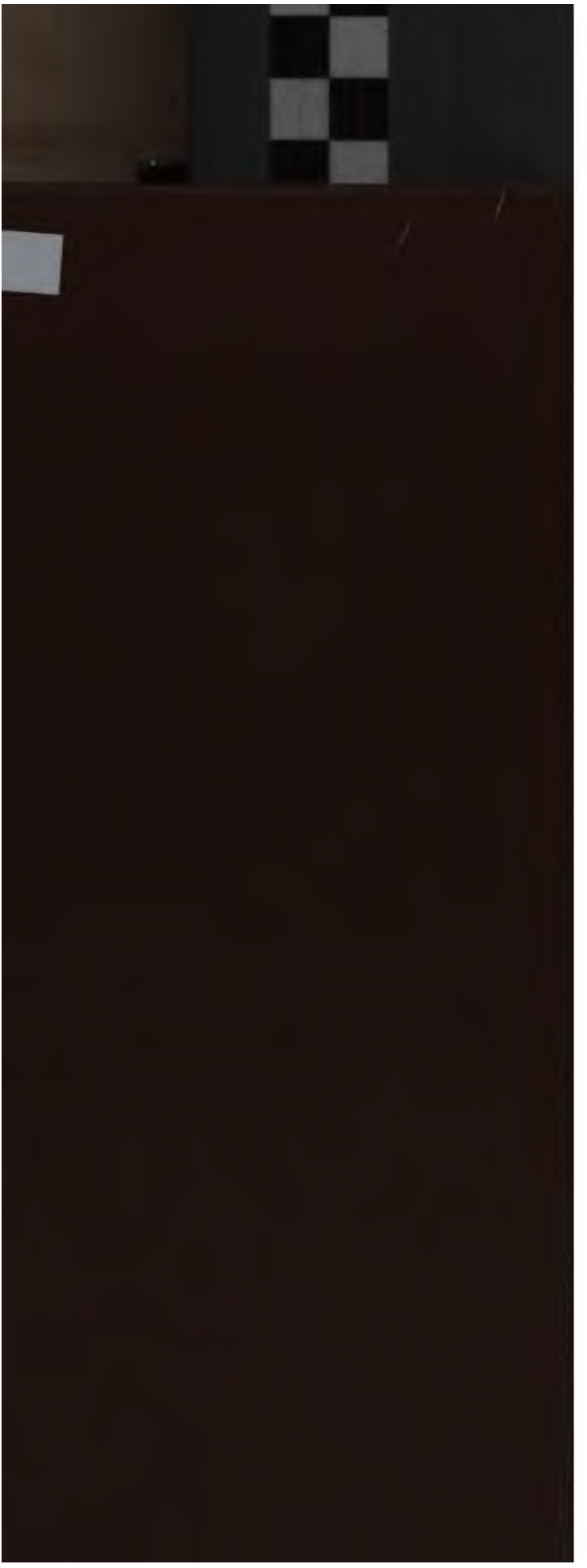

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

M DCCC LV.

J·ULY—DECEMBER.

1855

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστῃ τῶν αἱρέσεων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοὺς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ΕΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ *φιλοσοφίαν φημί.*—Clem. Alex. *Strom.* l. i.—c. vii. Ed. Potт. Ven. 1757, p. 338, l. ii.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. X.

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THE

Eclectic Review.

JULY, 1855.

ART. I.—*Catalogus codicum MSS. orientalium qui in Museo Britannico asservantur. Pars I., codices Syriacos et Carshunicos amplectens.* [Catalogue of Oriental Manuscripts, which are preserved in the British Museum. Part I. including Codices in Syriac and Carshun.] J. Forshall, Londini. 1838.

2. *Catalogue of Additional MSS. in the British Museum.* 1843, &c.

3. *De la renaissance des Etudes Syriaques.* Par M. Felix Nève. [On the Revival of Syriac Studies. By M. Felix Nève.] Paris. 1854.

THE subject of the Syriac language and literature is one of considerable magnitude, and of growing interest. The language, with slight modifications, probably asserts an antiquity which carries us to the plain of Shinar. It was, very likely, the native speech of Abraham, who came from Mesopotamia. But certainly we find traces of it in the thirty-first chapter of Genesis, where we read that a heap of stones, which Jacob called *Galeed*, was by Laban, the Syrian, designated *Jegar-sahadutha*. Now both names have one signification, 'the heap of witness,' only, one is Hebrew, and the other Aramaic. This Aramaic, as the Hebrews termed it, or the language of Aram, became divided into two great branches, called the eastern and the western; and these again were varied by dialectic differences. The eastern (or southern) division is generally known as the Chaldaic; while the western (or northern) is commonly called the Syriac. When this distinction originated is by no means certain. There is very much in the two languages which is similar, and they both, in many things, resemble the Hebrew, Arabic, Ethiopic, and other

tongues of the same stock. From a remote period, the Chaldee and the Syriac have employed alphabetical characters, which are much more alike in their names than in their forms.

The Syriac language appears to have been spoken over a vast extent of country, from Palestine in the south, to Asia Minor and Armenia in the north; and from the Mediterranean Sea in the west, to the river Tigris in the east. It was the speech, not of a barbarous, but of a civilized people, a people who entered heartily into the pursuits of science and literature, and who have left a multitude of written works, both in translations and original compositions. Among the former, the chief place is due to a version of the Scriptures, of which the Old Testament was probably the second ever made, and the New Testament was the first. This venerable translation dates certainly from the earliest ages of the Christian Church. Its importance and that of the language in which it appears, to critical students of the Bible, is said by competent judges to be very great. In this judgment we fully concur.

Besides the 'Peshito,' as this translation is called, there are others of the whole, or parts of the Scriptures, which have a peculiar value, but belong to more recent periods. Some of these are to be found among the MSS. in the British Museum.

As it respects the other written remains of this language, they nearly all pertain to theological and ecclesiastical literature, and all belong to the Christian period. Of Christian authors, some, whose works were translated into Syriac, lived in the first century, and original compositions are to be found which date back to the second. No doubt can exist of the value of these relics of a bygone day. Hoffmann, the author of the best Syriac Grammar, says boldly that if you would draw from original sources the history of Asiatic kingdoms and of the Oriental Church for many ages, you must look to the Syrian literature; and that the wisdom of the East in the middle ages and back almost to the time of Christ is treasured here. The historian and the theologian cannot too highly value this literature. Take, too, the declaration of Dr. Wiseman, himself at one time a diligent student of Syriac. He says 'that this literature is of the greatest use to the Church. True, there are no elegantly written poems and fables, as in Arabic and Persian, but in sacred subjects and historical documents the Syrians scarcely have a superior.' In support of this opinion he adduces the authority of Eichorn. We should remember that when these sentiments were uttered, the British Museum had not received those large accessions from this quarter, by which it is now so distinguished. After a part of them came to hand, a writer in the 'Quarterly Review' (most likely Mr. Cureton)

observed: 'It is, above all, to the Syriac or Aramaic that we may look for the remains of works lost in the original Greek. This language which, with slight variations, prevailed from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and from the confines of Arabia and Egypt to Armenia, not only possesses a peculiar interest for us as being that used by our Saviour and his disciples, but also as being the vernacular tongue of many writers who hold a high rank in Grecian literature; whose works, therefore, can hardly be entirely free from some of the idiomatic expressions of their native land. The New Testament is, as we may naturally expect, full of Aramaisms, and one of the Evangelists is believed, not without good grounds, to have written his Gospel in that tongue.'* Such testimonies we could greatly multiply, but forbear, in the hope that what has been advanced, will have its weight with those who have not yet directed attention to the subject.

It will be interesting to some, to know, that while the remains of Syriac writers range over so many centuries, the language itself is still 'the ecclesiastical and literary language of the large sect of Maronites.'† Somewhat varied, it is in use among the Nestorian Christians, who are at this day to be found in the province of Oroomiah, in the north of Persia, as well as in the neighbouring regions of Koordistan, as we learn from the American missionaries.

The introduction of this language and its literature into modern Europe was by the Maronite Christians, themselves Syrians born. Theseus Ambrosius took the lead among those Europeans who learned the language; his teachers were three Syrians, who came to Rome in the time of Leo X., about 1514. These were followed by others, and, in 1555, there was published at Vienna the first Syriac book ever printed. It was the New Testament. From that time the study of the language has been more or less cultivated in the West, and Syriac manuscripts have been accumulating in great public libraries. At the present day it is difficult to say how many such MSS. are to be found in these depositories; but they are very numerous. Among the richest is the library of the Vatican, and from Rome have proceeded most of the great works which have been published in this department of literature. Doubtless, many valuable treasures still remain in the East, but England and the British Museum can boast the noblest collection of Syriac MSS. in the world. To the MSS. in our national Museum we have now to call especial attention.

Until after the death of Mr. Rich (in 1821), there was scarcely

* Quarterly Review, No. 153. 1845.

† Eli Smith, in the *American Bibliotheca Sacra*, for Jan. 1853.

anything of importance in Syriac contained among the manuscripts in the British Museum, although the Bodleian Library had long possessed some of great value. The gentleman just named, who was the East India Company's resident at Bagdad for some years, formed a very valuable collection of Oriental manuscripts, coins, and antiquities. This was offered to the nation; a committee was appointed to examine it, and the evidence of eminent scholars was taken as to its character and worth; among them was the late Dr. Lee. Their report was printed in 1825, and the *Rich* collection was purchased by Parliament for the British Museum. Among the MSS. there are about sixty volumes in Syriac, some of which are of great rarity and price. As may be expected, they are of a miscellaneous character. There are copies of the Scriptures in whole or in part, and various other works, as well translations into the Syriac, as those which were originally written in that language. The expenditure of time, labour, and money in collecting this body of MSS. was very great. In the East, books always have been dear and scarce from a variety of causes, but especially the cost of materials, and the slowness of production. There are many illustrations of this in the manuscripts under notice, of which the following may serve as an example. In a small, thick volume, containing the Book of Psalms, the Nicene Creed, and the old hymn, ascribed to Athanasius, 'Gloria in excelsis,' there is an inscription by a former possessor, who informs us that he 'acquired this book by much diligence, great energy, and divine earnestness;' and that 'for the extraordinary desire he had of holy books he journeyed to Egypt, and brought it thence for reading, study, and meditation.' The volume thus inscribed was written in the year 1204. How thankful we should be that we have not to travel to Egypt for a copy of the Psalms, but that we can obtain the whole Bible at home for ten-pence!

The Rich collection of MSS. has been fully described and catalogued by Mr. Forshall in a volume of considerable interest and value. In this labour he was assisted by Frederick Rosen, a young man of great promise, who died at the early age of thirty-two. By the acquisition of these manuscripts the British Museum at once became eminent among the repositories of Syrian literature. But it is since that period that those additions have been made which are its peculiar pride. These latter consist of three portions, of which the two former were obtained through Dr. Tattam, and the last by M. Pacho, in 1847. Together they form a matchless and priceless collection. The more recently received manuscripts were all derived from the same source—a monastery in the Nitrian Desert in Egypt.

It will be interesting to give a brief account of the place from

which our books have been brought, and of the means by which they were secured; after which we will take a general survey of their character and contents.

The Convent of St. Mary Deipara, where the MSS. were found, is in the Nitrian Desert, which lies to the west of Teraneh, on the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and to the south of Alexandria somewhat more than sixty miles. The term Nitrian properly applies to the northern and hilly portion of the district, in the vicinity of the natron lakes which are found there. The southern part of the Desert is commonly called the Desert of Scete, a name which probably owes its origin to the *Ascetics* who so early established themselves in that locality. Each of the terms Nitria and Scete is sometimes indifferently applied to the entire district. The place is also called the Desert of Macarius, from a celebrated monk of the fourth century. By the Arabs it is known as the Wady-l-natron, or Wady Habib, from another famous monk of the seventh century.

This inhospitable region very early became the resort of devout penitents, the first Christian anchorites.* It may have been in imitation of the Therapeutæ, the first and only community of Jewish monks in Egypt, or, perhaps, in order to practise more complete self-denial, that, about 174 A.D., Fronto, attended by some seventy brethren, went to this desert. They took with them nothing but a few seeds and implements of husbandry. While, however, these things are recorded of Fronto and his seventy brethren, the honour of founding the monastic system in Egypt is ascribed to Ammon, who betook himself to the Nitrian Desert at the commencement of the fourth century. Socrates, the church historian, gives a long account of Ammon and other early Egyptian monks, from Evagrius, their historian. Ammon, it appears, much against his own will, married a wife to oblige his friends. In his heart he preferred celibacy, and on his wedding-day persuaded his bride to adopt his opinions. They both withdrew to the Nitrian Mount, where they soon agreed to reside apart from each other. They lived upon the coarsest fare, and gave themselves to the exercises of devotion. When Ammon died, Antony, one of his disciples, and almost of equal celebrity, beheld his soul carried to heaven by angels; according to the account of Athanasius of Alexandria. The fame of Ammon attracted many to the neighbourhood, and ere long the whole region was crowded with monks. The marvellous tales which were told of some not only found believers, but gained converts. Ammon, it is said, never saw himself undressed, and with true monkish veneration for dirt, never stripped himself. Once he

* See Larsow's Festbriefe des Heiligen Athanasius. 1852.

came to a stream which he must cross, and prayed that it might be without the necessity for taking off his clothes; so an angel came and conveyed him across! It may enable us to form some idea of the influence of Ammon's example, to remark that Sozomen tells us he had no fewer than 3000 disciples. His life was often written, and is frequently to be met with among the Syriac MSS. In connexion with the Nitrian monasteries, there are many well-known names, as Antony, the two Macarii, &c. Macarius, the elder, spent sixty years in the Desert. His biography and writings also occur among the Syriac manuscripts. One of the monasteries was called after his name, as well as the Desert itself. He died about A.D. 391, at the age of ninety years. The Decian persecution drove many into these solitudes. Rufinus, when he visited the place in 372, found as many as fifty cloisters, besides cells; of these, the former belonged to the gregarious, and the latter to the solitary monks. In 388, Palladius found there 5000 monks, and 2000 more nearer Alexandria. A few years prior to this, no fewer than 5000 were levied as soldiers. Palladius, as well as the Evagrius before mentioned, wrote accounts of these monks, which are to be met with among the Syriac MSS. Paul, one of the fathers at the end of the fourth century, had 500 disciples. This celebrity did no work, and only took enough food to sustain life. He daily offered 300 prayers, which he counted by means of 300 pebbles, of which he moved one at every prayer. The monasteries are often alluded to in the fifth century, and John Cassian may be named as at that time eminent for his miracles and his piety. There are many facts recorded to show that these monks consisted of all kinds of persons, some could not read, while others were distinguished for their learning and their love of letters, as Theonas, Mark, Stephen, and Ammonius.

To show from what motives books were sometimes written by these men, take the following. There is in the Nitrian collection a volume containing canons of early councils. The writer tells us, that in fulfilment of a vow to spend eight years in penance, he resolved to employ the time upon this book. He retired to the Desert, and in the year 491 began his work, which he finished in the year 501, he was therefore ten years engaged upon this volume, which is one of much value. Some of the volumes in the Museum were the gift of private individuals for the good of their souls. They were brought from all quarters, from Syria and Palestine, and even from Mesopotamia.

To return to the history. The Nitrian monasteries in later ages continued still famous, and were alternately favoured and persecuted by the Mohammedans. In 932, Moses of Tecrit made a journey to Bagdad, whence he brought no fewer than

two hundred and fifty volumes, which were added to the library of the convent of St. Mary Deipara, of which he was the abbot. Many of these are now in our Museum. A century later, mention is made of the library of the convent of Macarius. We have an account of the monasteries in the fourteenth century by the celebrated Macrizi. In his time there were seven remaining. In the fifteenth century the number was reduced to five. Gassendi tells us of a Capuchin monk who spent seven years in the Desert, for the purpose of studying Oriental languages, and saw eight thousand MSS. of great antiquity.

Robert Huntington was the first Englishman who appears to have visited the place about 1687. He was an indefatigable hunter after old books, as we learn from his life and letters published in 1704. In particular he exerted himself to obtain the Syrian version of the Epistles of Ignatius, which are now in the British Museum, and have been so ably edited by Mr. Cureton. The fine collection of MSS. made by Huntington is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. His notices of the Nitrian monasteries we reluctantly omit. Next in order was Gabriel Heva, Abbot of St. Maura, in Mount Lebanon. He took to Rome an account of the MSS. which he had seen in the Nitrian monasteries. The interest of the pope was awakened by his statements, and Elias Assemanni, a Syrian born, then at Rome, was commissioned to visit the convents and secure as many MSS. as he could. He succeeded with difficulty in obtaining about forty, some of which he lost in the Nile, but brought to Rome thirty-four, which reached their destination at Christmas, 1707. In 1715, J. S. Assemanni, cousin of the last-named, went on a similar errand in company with Claude Sicard, but without success. In 1730, le Sieur Granger visited the monasteries, but was not allowed so much as to see the MSS. In 1792, W. G. Browne, an Englishman, was there; he saw some of the books, and was told there were about eight hundred of them, but the monks would neither sell nor show him them. In 1799, the French General Andreossy brought away some of the MSS. In 1828, Lord Prudhoe went thither; he obtained a few of the MSS., and saw the rest. In 1837, the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun., was here, and secured a number of valuable books. In 1838, Dr. Tattam and Miss Platt visited the convents, and were successful in purchasing a large number in Coptic and Syriac, of which the latter are now in the British Museum. But it was on his second visit thither that Dr. Tattam's exertions were crowned with the greatest success, and he brought to England in 1843 the great mass of MSS. which yet remained. Those which were still left were obtained in 1847 by M. Pacho; and all these are now the chief glory of our national library.

Thus by successive efforts these valuable literary remains have been redeemed from oblivion and eventual destruction, and for the most part have been made the property of this country. Owing to the state in which they were, a vast labour was required to arrange their scattered fragments. This labour is even now incomplete. Much, however, has been done, and so far the volumes have been put into substantial binding.

It would be difficult to say how many separate works in whole or in part, or even how many MSS. are represented by this collection. The article in the 'Quarterly,' which was written before the acquisition of the MSS. which were sent over by M. Pacho, is limited to the first and second portions of the Nitrian books: these the writer estimates at about a thousand. This of course includes as well single leaves and parts of volumes as those which are complete. The Syriac manuscripts first obtained from Scete are numbered in the Museum catalogues 12,133 to 12,181 inclusive, or forty-nine volumes. The second portion, or those which arrived in 1845, are numbered 14,425 to 14,741, or 317 volumes. Those which were obtained by M. Pacho in 1847 are numbered 17,102 to 17,274, or 173 volumes. The Nitrian MSS. therefore amount altogether to 539 volumes. If to these we add fifty-nine volumes belonging to the Rich collection, and six others previously or since added to the library, we have a total of 604 volumes. This calculation does not include the Carshun MSS., or Arabic in Syriac characters.

In any endeavour to classify these manuscripts, it will be important to convey some idea of the number of classes into which they may be divided with reference to their contents. This is, however, difficult at present, and only a rough or approximate calculation is practicable. This we will attempt. As the result of our inquiries we find, that including lectionaries, or books of Scripture lessons, there are above 160 volumes which contain parts at least of the Word of God. But this is an inadequate representation, because many of the theological works of commentators, controversialists, and others, contain large extracts from the Bible. There are perhaps fifty volumes which contain the lives of bishops, fathers, and saints, and the acts of martyrs. Ten or twelve include historical and chronological works, besides others which contain a portion of similar matter. We find about thirty which give us scholia, or larger commentaries on books of the Scriptures. More than ninety contain hymns, liturgies, catechisms, &c. Above 240 present us with sermons and various theological tracts and treatises. We observe five which are devoted to grammar and lexicography. Several volumes are made up of extracts from a variety of sources, both foreign and vernacular. Five or six comprehend the canons of some of the

early councils; and an equal number include translations from Greek classic authors. One volume contains ecclesiastical laws and constitutions, and there are a number of palimpsests.

The preceding bird's-eye view gives a number about equal to that of the volumes in the whole collection. But it must be observed that it conveys no accurate idea of the number of *manuscripts* or *parts of manuscripts* preserved in the Museum. Many of the bound volumes include the whole or portions of several separate MSS. It appears probable that the total number of MSS. represented here, is as many as fifteen or sixteen hundred, or an average of somewhere about two and a half for each volume entered in the catalogues. This consideration will materially assist us in calculating the number and variety of their contents.

The following extract from Forshall's catalogue of the Rich MSS. will be of service here, by enabling us to realize the striking contrast between the possessions of the British Museum in this department at previous periods, and at the present time :—

'Mr. Rich during the ten years in which he filled an important public post at Bagdad devoted himself to the collection of whatever might advance the cause of learning; but especially in the journey which he made in 1820 for the benefit of his health; when he visited Mosul and other places frequented by Christians, and secured a rare treasure of books in Syriac and Carshun. After his death, these with others, which he possessed, in Arabic, Turkish and Persian, were purchased by means of public money, and in 1825 were deposited in the British Museum. The number of the Rich MSS. included in this catalogue is sixty-six volumes, of which fifty-nine are Syriac, and seven Carshun.

'By the acquisition of the Arundel MSS. from the Royal Society, various Oriental works were obtained, and among them three Syriac and one Carshun. Before these were secured the British Museum contained nothing in Syriac worth notice, and there was but one in Carshun on medicine, from the library of Sir Hans Sloane. Very recently, four manuscripts have been purchased, of which three are in Syriac and one Carshun.'

Such were the facts in regard to this department of the collection of manuscripts in the national library in 1838, when Mr. Forshall published his useful catalogue. But now we have so far outstripped all our competitors in the race, that here at least there is little fear of our being overtaken. At the same time, our reflections are sobered down by the thought that this rich mine, which we have in a manner discovered and thrown open to the world, may not be wrought by the nation which congratulates herself on its possession, but by others who seem to know its value better than ourselves, or at least to have a zeal of which we know but little.

Many questions have been asked as to the material, the form, condition, age, and such like of these manuscripts. But it does not seem desirable to go much into detail on these points. The only or almost the only matters of much importance are the antiquity, correctness, and state of preservation, on each of which we will bestow a few remarks. For the rest a sentence or two must suffice.

In *form* the MSS. resemble our own printed books, and are, like them, of various sizes, and have from one to three, or even four columns upon a page. The *material* is generally vellum, but some of the less ancient are written upon paper. They are in every imaginable state of preservation. Some are perfect, more nearly so, and many merely leaves and fragments. Considering their great age, the legibility of many is truly wonderful, and nothing short of demonstration could convince us that they were written so many centuries ago. We must, however, bear in mind that the largest, and as a whole, the most ancient portion of the MSS., came from Egypt, the climate of which country is very dry, and the country proverbially without rain. As it respects their antiquity, these books range over fourteen centuries or more. Some were written early in the fifth century, and some at the end of the last or commencement of the present. The latter are of course in the Rich collection. Among the Nitrian MSS. there is a volume which contains the 'Recognitions of Clement,' the treatise of Titus of Bostra against the Manicheans, Eusebius on the Theophany or Divine Manifestation, and an account of the Martyrs of Palestine, which bears the early date of 412 A.D. The Theophany of Eusebius was printed from this precious volume under the editorship of Dr. Lee, who in the year following published an English translation of it.

There is a copy of the Books of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers and Deuteronomy (in part imperfect), which was written in the year 464. There are other portions of the Holy Scriptures probably as ancient, or even more so. Many belong to the sixth and seventh centuries. A volume of canons is dated 501; a Commentary on Matthew and Luke, by Philoxenus or Xenaias of Mabug, bears date 510; and a copy of Acts of the Second Council of Ephesus, &c., is assignable to 535. The most recent date ascribed to any book in the Nitrian collection is the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Probably there are none later than about the year 1300. What we have said will be sufficient to show that here we have some of the most ancient MSS., which are known. This fact is calculated to give us an enhanced idea of their worth, especially if we remember that so many of them contain or consist of portions of the Scriptures. Very few

Greek manuscripts of the New Testament are of equal age. While we are dealing with figures, it may be opportune to observe that the original composition of the books contained in these volumes is generally considerably earlier than their transcription or translation. We therefore find, apart from the Scriptures, the remains of Christian authors from the first century after Christ down to the thirteenth or fourteenth, and translations from some of the Greek secular writers, as Aristotle and Galen.

The translations from the Scripture are not all the same. Besides the common or Peshito version, there are portions of others which have been made more recently. Neither are the translations from Greek authors always the same; thus, for instance, we have met with two separate versions of the commencement of Clement's second epistle to the Corinthians. Nor are the copies always faultless, as we shall have occasion to mention; but still, as a whole, they appear to have been most carefully written.

Among the works to which particular importance attaches are the Onomastica, or books which are explanatory and illustrative of Scripture words and phrases, in fact, a species of scholia, the existence of which we have already indicated. The commentaries on Scripture resemble modern practical expositions, and are, in some cases, collected from a multitude of authors. The sermons, or homilies, which are very abundant, are of all degrees of merit, and both translated and original. The same remark will apply to the letters, essays, and dissertations, or tracts and treatises, of which there are hundreds. The volumes of the extracts are peculiarly valuable, as preserving the titles and fragments of a number of lost works. Those who are interested in the genuineness of the text of the canons and constitutions of the councils of the Church and similar matters, will do well to consult these manuscripts, which contain valuable information relating thereto. A similar statement may be made respecting liturgical works, which abound, and are of various kinds. By the study of these documents much light may be thrown upon the history of religious doctrines, and the progress or change of opinion which has gone on in various centuries. For this end, besides works already named, there are prayers, poetry, and catechetical books. The spirit of the old monks may be imbibed, and the very atmosphere they lived in breathed, by means of not only their biographies but ascetic compositions, containing rules of conduct, &c. The literary forgeries of early periods are here presented to some extent, and with occasional remarkable variations from the western recensions. Thus, for example, the 'Recognitions of Clement,' as it is called by us, or the 'History of Clement,' as it is styled in the Syriac manu-

scripts, in a copy probably written not later than the year 600, ends in the first chapter of the fourth book, while in the Latin it extends to ten books. Besides this work, there are Gospels of the Infancy of our Lord, the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, a correspondence between Herod and Pilate, an account of the preaching of Peter at Rome, and others. All these will be interesting to the student, even when elsewhere extant. The controversial treatises will serve to illustrate some of the great struggles which took place in the Eastern churches, concerning Nestorius, Severus of Antioch, &c. The historical treatises are mostly translated, but some are not elsewhere extant; one, a 'History of the Church,' by John of Asia, has just been printed. Another by Zacharias (A.D. 491) is still unprinted, and we believe there is but one other copy of his work known (also in Syriac) and in the Vatican. In the biographies and martyrologies we have met with curious information, and some of these are not known elsewhere to exist. A curious chapter might be written upon the monkish philosophy and speculative divinity with the assistance of these manuscripts, which contain in addition to works already named, reported discussions or dialogues, by way of question and answer, ascribed to some of their greatest geniuses. They treat of the passions or powers and affections of the soul. At the same time we have abundant evidence that the philosophy of the Greeks was to some extent known and studied by the Syrians. Indeed, Sergius of Rhesaina both translated and commented upon Aristotle and others in the sixth century. Upon the general literature of Greece, however, they appear to have set small value. Of this fact we have a remarkable illustration: among these very MSS. there is a palimpsest of the 'Iliad' of Homer, the text of which was written over with the treatise of Severus of Antioch against Grammaticus. From this volume nearly 4000 verses of the 'Iliad' have been extracted by Mr. Cureton, and published in *fac simile*. (London, 4to, 1851.) The date of this highly valuable document is probably the fifth century. This is not the only case in which poetry has been overlaid by polemics. But our wonder will cease when we hear that other books have been dealt with in a similar manner. Even the Greek text of the Gospel by Luke has been thus treated. The volume which contains this is also in the same collection. The disposition to obliterate one old writing and substitute another, appears in reference to Latin as well as to Greek; and as there is scarcely any Greek writing among these MSS. except in the palimpsest, so is there no Latin save in a volume of sermons by Chrysostom, also palimpsest. The same use has been made of Coptic books; one in particular attracted our attention; it has been a beautiful specimen of calligraphy.

The volume contains at present 374 pages, and is the vehicle of a miscellaneous collection of sermons and tracts. Liturgical works, or service books, which by constant use soonest became worn out, and required to be replaced, are often written on materials which have been before employed. Some of these palimpsests are even in Syriac. For the most part we have much reason to regret that those monastic scribes were such thorough utilitarians. Another fact worth recording is that among the multitude of authors, anonymous and otherwise, who are represented in these Syriac manuscripts by extracts or treatises, there are probably not more than two or three who wrote in Latin. For ourselves, we have as yet stumbled only upon Cyprian, and Ambrose of Milan; Tertullian, Jerome, and Augustine, are never mentioned, so far as we can discover. With Greek authors the case is different, and perhaps the majority of writers belong to that class. Among them we find many already known, others partially so, and some not at all. The most frequently met with, perhaps, are Chrysostom—the two Cyrils, of Jerusalem and of Alexandria—the three Gregories, Thaumaturgus, Nazianzen, and Nyssen, besides Clement of Rome, Ignatius, Hippolytus, Athanasius, &c. How the heart of Huntington would have exulted over Ignatius, and with what delight would he have viewed the entire collection! But perhaps the omissions from these MSS. are almost as remarkable as their contents. With Josephus the Jewish historian, Justin Martyr, and even Origen, we have only met in each case once. We have not even discovered the name of Clement of Alexandria, and a profound silence rests over the names of Tatian, Hegesippus, and others. Among those who wrote in Syriac we find many, beginning with Bardesanes the Gnostic, who was born probably at Edessa, in the second century. Then there are Ephraim Syrus, Jacob of Nisibis, Titus of Bostra, Nestorius, Severus of Antioch, Dionysius Barsalibi, and many besides which it would be tedious now to enumerate.

There are many things in the manuscripts, as such, which are curious and interesting; such are the marks of quotation often resembling our inverted commas, the mode of distinguishing sections by red marks, and titles by red letters, the frequent use of dates, and the division of Scripture into a kind of chapters or paragraphs. Of more importance are the erasures with which we sometimes meet, and interpolations, or alterations and additions, of an age more recent than the original date of the manuscripts. The notes which have been inserted are in some cases valuable, and inscriptions in the volumes by their possessors are of interest both to the historian and the bibliographer. The occurrence of pictorial representations is infre-

quent, and where they are found, they consist of portraits or fanciful sketches.

The number of authors whom we have at present made a note of is at least two hundred. Many of these are anonymous, perhaps eighty are Greek, and the rest are Syriac, with the exception of two or three Latin, as above named. Of the anonymous works, perhaps the majority were written in Greek. But probably many of the legendary stories, which from an early age were current in the West, were derived from the East, and here we have them in their original form. In our enumeration of separate works, we did not sufficiently explain that while many of them occur but once, some of them are met with over and over again. It appears probable that the names of authors are now and then incorrectly given. Instances of this kind, indeed, we have detected. Thus what in one place is ascribed to Melito of Sardis is elsewhere attributed to Meletius of Antioch, and in another Melito himself is called Bishop of Antioch. Once we found a passage assigned to Methodius which occurs in Tertullian: and twice Photinus is said to be the same as Murinus. But in general the authorship seems to be correctly stated, the quotations are accurate, and the works from which they are taken properly designated. This general accuracy is a matter of much importance, as it has been insinuated that such is not the case, but that writings have been tampered with for party purposes. It would be easy to refute this, but an insinuation made for party purposes may be left to the oblivion which it merits.

The patron of hierarchical dignities, and the lordly titles of the episcopate, will not find much here to gratify him if he takes the most ancient MSS., and yet even in these there is a frequent departure from the simple designations of apostolic times. The following are a few examples from a volume which was written at Edessa in the year 562, and may serve as specimens of the mode of introducing extracts:—'Of holy Peter, head of the bishops of Alexandria;' 'Of the blessed Irenæus, who was joined to the apostles, and was a bishop;' 'Of Clement, Bishop of Rome;' 'Of Methodius, bishop.'

In many ways the assumptions, practices, and doctrines of Rome, are in these manuscripts rebuked. Thus we have failed to discover any indications of its asserted infallibility, and few traces of its claim to domination over the rest of the Christian world. In an ancient book of canons (the one already described as written A.D. 491—501), there is the following, which heads a list of 220 persons who subscribed the determinations of the Council of Nice:—'Of Italy, three. Hosius of Corduba, a city of Italy (Spain), I believe thus, as above written. Vito and Vincentius, presbyters

of Rome for our bishop, we write, for we believe thus as above written.' The creed of Nice of course omits the celebrated *filioque* clause. The so-called creed of the Apostles we have not met with. A believer in purgatory would find but little to support his faith, and an adherent of Mariolatry and image worship in general, positively nothing. Let these examples suffice to show, that whatever use may be made of these MSS. against the principles of Protestantism, there is much in them which may be used in its service.

Here, for the present at least, we must pause, and will conclude our notice with some account of what has been done in one department, and of what should be done with this splendid collection.

Many of the volumes, as already stated, have been bound, but we regret to observe several instances of defective arrangement in which the leaves have been misplaced. The two most important are in the case of the 'Recognitions of Clement,' and the volume of Canons, &c., before referred to. There remains much to be done in this department before all the MSS. will be accessible to the readers who frequent the Museum. The Rich MSS. we have more than once spoken of, as amply described in the catalogue of Mr. Forshall; but the catalogues of the Nitrian MSS. are in a most unsatisfactory state. The reader who desires to know which volumes are accessible, and which are not, derives no information from the catalogues, neither can he learn from them under what number he must look for some of the most important; of this, No. 14,658 is an example, which contains treatises by Melito and Bardesanes; No. 17,202 is another instance, which contains the Ecclesiastical History of Zacharias. Many items are only entered in pencil, as 'Liturgical,' &c. In time these things will be remedied, but at present they impede research. What is wanted is a *catalogue raisonné* of the whole.

A few of these MSS. have been printed, and extensive projects have been devised in regard to many more. Whether those of our own countrymen who have projected an extensive publication of the Nitrian documents will live, or be able to complete their plans, we know not; but of this we are sure, that foreigners will be alert, and that before long we shall find them snatching from us the laurels which we so loosely hold.

The number of men in England competent to the work invited by the Syriac MSS. is but few, and those few are so overwhelmed with other engagements that we can scarcely expect them to accomplish much. Those who have gone to consult the MSS. have been few in all, and of those few we have reason to believe the majority have been foreigners.

We had advanced thus far when we received a *brochure*,

written at Louvain, by Professor Nève, the title of which is given at the head of the present article. To this we would call the earnest attention of those who wish to learn more particularly the present position of Syriac studies in Europe. We feel assured that an impulse has been given to them which will prevent, what we have sometimes feared, the reflection that our MS. treasures have only been disentombed in Egypt to be again entombed in England.

ART. II.—*The Modern Scottish Minstrel; or, the Songs of Scotland of the past Half-Century: with Memoirs of the Poets, and Sketches and Specimens in English Verse of the most celebrated Gaelic Bards.* By Charles Rogers, LL.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1855.

2. *Lays from Strathearn.* By Caroline, Baroness Nairne. Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-forte, by Finlay Dun. London: R. Addison.

THE 'Modern Scottish Minstrel' embraces biographies of upwards of thirty Scottish poets, with well selected specimens of their productions. Dr. Rogers deserves very high praise for the industry with which he has gathered his facts, and the elegance of the narrative in which he has presented them to the public. To those interested in Scottish poets his book will be a treasure-house of information as well as a continual source of enjoyment. We place the work at the head of this article, not because we intend to review it, but because it contains the first and only biography of a lady whose name deserves to be better known. Dr. Rogers has evidently bestowed great pains on the sketch of Baroness Nairne, and his selection from her poems is ample and judicious.

The second book on our list is very little known, though it was published some time ago. It is a splendid edition of the best of Lady Nairne's songs, set to appropriate music. The name of Finlay Dun is sufficient guarantee of the character of the music. The character of the poems is the subject of this article.

We must premise a few remarks on poetry in general, and song-writing in particular.

A glance over the song writers of the present day reveals to us the striking fact that our best poets are no longer the minstrels of the people. A thorough and wonderful change has come over the minds of men in these modern days. Ancient poetry

was all popular: it contained few or no profundities; and it invariably appealed only to the masses. The reason is obvious. The life of the ancients was in the first place much more public than ours; and in the second place, poems were then made not to be *read*, but to be heard or sung. We speak more especially of the early and best days of Greek poetry. In later times, when scribes were numerous, and Horace's works were exposed in the shops of the Sosii, poetry might be addressed to a select few, and such poems as that of Lucretius could scarcely expect a patient hearing from great numbers. But the whole of the Greek lyrists, from Callinus to Pindar, tuned their songs to the lyre; the great Athenian drama was intended for the ears, not the studies of men, and even the sententious maxims of Theognis and the Gnomic poets, if not sung, were far more frequently recited in the hearing of many than pored over in the solitary room. The publicity of these poems gave them a distinctive character. They were plain, perfectly intelligible at the first hearing, dealt with emotions common to all, and appealed to sympathies which were keenly alive in the hearers. This is true even of those poems that we now find great difficulty in understanding. Pindar's 'Odes' perplex us, solely because we are such entire strangers to the places in which they were sung, to the character, history, and genealogical connexions of the men in whose honour they were composed, and to those feelings of pious Greek polytheists which were aroused by the poet's fervent religious utterances.

Modern poetry, on the other hand, is more frequently intended for private perusal than for social recitation. We hang over those poems which strike us; the beauties, which escape us at first, peep out one by one, as we continue our perusals, and the words of wisdom, which we have once read, can be pondered over again and again, until they have sunk into our very heart's core. Hence poetry has in some measure changed its character; or at least some kinds of poetry have bloomed among us, of which the ancients had almost no conception. Our poetry is more reflective. Our poet is the heir of all the ages, has travelled through the cycles of human history, has counted the beatings of the human heart under many and various skies, has seen its workings in many and various forms, and far ahead of past ages stands forth with bright beaming eye in the van of the great army of humanity. Can he, brimming with thought, throbbing with the wild pulsations of this nineteenth century, radiant with the great visions of the future, by any possibility write down to the sympathies and intelligence of thousands round about him, who are indifferent to grand ideals and the solemn thoughts that stir the poet's whole being, and are nearly as far back in human progress as if they had been born in this isle centuries before

Julius Cæsar landed on it? He cannot altogether, even if he would. What then is he to do? Here is the problem presented to him:—Can he, in any way, unlock the hearts of the most ignorant, and at the same time write such poems as are worthy of the highest thinkers of his age? The greatest alone have been able to solve this problem in some measure,—and perhaps Shaksperé is the only one who has been completely successful. 'Hamlet' has always seemed to us the most perfect example of this unique power. Its root-idea is one of the grandest that modern minds have conceived, reaching as it does to the very bottom of man's intellectual nature, opening the lowest depths of the human soul, and giving evidence of a grasp of thought which ever appears the more wonderful, the oftener we read it. Notwithstanding all this, 'Hamlet' is a favourite with the least thoughtful. There is scarcely a single sentence uttered by the prince that does not find its way straight to the heart of the most uncultivated. Milton stands not far off from Shakspere.

In more recent times Goethe and Schiller alone have reached the poetic altitudes in which the thoroughly popular and the thoroughly wise are blended. Schiller, in one point of view, stands higher than Goethe, as in his dramas he has struck into the very hearts of the German masses, while his ideals were grand and worthy of a great thinker. But his thoughts were not so profound, his vision was not so clear, and his sympathies were not so universal as those of Goethe. So that looked at from another point of view Goethe has been far more successful. Goethe has not, it is true, in *one* drama united his mighty thoughts with strong universal interest. His 'Faust' cannot be called popular, even though it is occasionally brought on the German stage. But following a plan suited to his powers, he has written at one time for the educated and at another for the masses. Just as in 'Faust,' he has separated the devil from the man, the Mephistopheles from the Faust, where Shakspere would have been able to give the two sides of the character in one human being, so he has given up the great unity which only the highest intellect could accomplish, content with addressing himself to the reflective for the most part, but occasionally to the masses. His social and other songs are sung, wherever the German language is known.

Among ourselves there has been a regular division of poets into those who try to reach the hearts of the people and those who appeal to the audience few but fit. And these two classes of poets have their defenders and assailants. The intellectual aristocrats look down on Byron and Scott. The democrats maintain that Wordsworth and Tennyson are absolutely unintel-

ligible or silly. We believe that both are partly right and partly wrong. In all our *educated* poets there must be the endeavour to unite the high impulses of the age with the universal sympathies of the masses. The result is only partial success. Scott succeeded with the great masses, because he strained none of their faculties, but pleased, cheered, and animated them by beautiful scenes in nature and in human life. Our aristocratic class, however, read him only once in their lives (they read all poets once), because they find nothing in him calculated to brace them up for the high purposes of life, to calm the struggles and agonies of their intellectual and moral nature. Wordsworth, on the other hand, though he tried to be popular, failed. Even in his simplest pieces there is a vein of philosophy which is foreign to an unreflective man. Even his most unadorned narratives are saturated with philosophic dews.

In these remarks we think we have pointed out the cause why so few of our modern songs come from our poets. Tennyson is the poet of this age, but only of this age viewed in its highest and noblest features. As a reflex of the aspirations of our time, as the genuine outcome and expression of what a noble man of this nineteenth century feels, we regard 'Locksley Hall' as inimitable. But our poet-laureate is surpassed by Haynes Bailey and many others when songs for the people are in demand. Even his 'May Queen,' and some of the songs in the 'Princess,' which have been set to music, require a poetic education to relish them properly.

We were going to say that we were sorry the state of matters should be such. We retract at once. We rejoice in the lights which God has given us, whatever be the forms in which they come. We enjoy the musings of our meditative poets, the strange artistic shapes they cause to rise before us, and the powerful lessons they teach us in this life's struggle. We find equal benefit from our popular poets. They may not draw grand ideals, throw strange weird lights over earth, sea, and sky, or fill our souls with dim questionings, but they have felt deeply as men, they have viewed life, as it is, in its truest colours, and giving expression to their thoughts and feelings in well-chosen, easily intelligible language, they help to knit us to the great masses who, though straggling in the rear of humanity, are yet one with us. The sorrows, the joys, the lives of all men are at bottom essentially one, because the nature of man is one. And there is nothing for which we ought to be more thankful than for the song or poem that can shake off from us the learned dust of folios and rid us of that iciness which freezes the heart of a man too much absorbed in thoughts shared with him by

few, and apt to separate himself with ill-becoming pride from the poor, the ignorant, and the debased, yet God-made sons of men.

Of the two classes of poetry we deem the esoteric the higher. The requirements of the song writer are not so great. They consist principally in simplicity, true pathos, severe taste, and the power to give accurate and exact expression to the emotions of the heart. His themes are equally humble. They circle round those paragraphs of a newspaper on which a lady's eyes fall first—the births, marriages, and deaths. The happy scenes of childhood, the early impressions of youth, the odd characters of our acquaintance, the natural scenery around us, the wooings and cooings preparatory to marriage, the joys and bickerings that follow it, the hard, often heroic struggles of poverty, the delights of friendship, the pleasures of society, and the sad farewell which we must take of all earthly things; these and such like are the material from which the people's songs must be taken. But simple though songs thus are, they still afford room for the highest exertions of genius, just as a Paganini could educe the richest melodies out of a single string. Burns' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' contains as much of the poetic power as whole cart-loads of heaven-scaling dramas that have been written in these latter days.

Just as we reckon the more intellectual to be evidence of higher powers, so we think is its influence nobler and more potent. It may not reach so many, it may not split the ears of the groundlings, but it penetrates the very soul of the judicious, moves the movers of the age, and thus permeates the community. Goethe's 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister' (for it too is a poem) are an instance. Read and comprehended by comparatively few, they have yet moulded the German nation, and Goethe is seen wherever German society is seen.

The great influence of intellectual poetry seems to us to have allured many in these days to attempt it, with not the best consequences. For it ought ever to be remembered that it demands very peculiar gifts; and just as many lose their whole lives on a great work, their unfortunate hulk being overladen, and consequently sinking, so it is sad to see the absolute waste of fine talents, because the possessor of them has aimed at exploits beyond his strength. How often now must our criticisms be, 'Here are evident marks of genius, fine wonderful genius; but as a whole the poem is unreadable. The power of setting the ideas in their proper framework of words is sadly wanting. The poetic feeling gleams out everywhere; the poetic vehicle jolts frightfully, and indeed intolerably.' For the unintelligible can never become poetic. The first demand of the reader must be

that he receives the intelligible for his perusal. If those who are so fond of scaling empyrean heights, and tossing up stars and moons as a juggler tosses balls, were to know thoroughly their own faculties, and cling more to mother earth, we might have a rich posy of songs suited to our own times.

While thus estimating what we regard as our higher poetry, we should by no means depreciate song-writing. As an instrument of moral instruction its power is enormous. The influences which affect us most, are often those of which we are least conscious. That which we hum in thoughtless mood sinks sometimes into the very depths of the heart.

At the same time there are so many intellectual forces at work that songs have not nearly so much power as they once had. They are now only one of the varied forms in which mind acts on mind. Our newspapers harmonize more with the rhythm of men's minds in these unmusical days, and men march more willingly to the tunes they play. The effect of songs, however, is always elevating, provided their morality be right, and they work strongly and powerfully against the materialistic tendencies of the times. Therefore it is that we hail a genuine song-writer with all our hearts, and when, as in the case before us, the song-writer has passed from this world before her claims were known, we regard it alike a duty and a pleasure to pay her memory that tribute which she has nobly earned. The authoress of the 'Land o' the Leal,' and the 'Laird o' Cockpen,' deserves no small meed of praise.

Carolina Oliphant was born in Perthshire, on the 16th of July, 1766. The scene of her birthplace is one of the most beautiful spots in Scotland. The impressions which the fair face of nature made upon her tender opening soul were never effaced, and she rejoiced to sing of Strathearn, 'the sweet scene of her childhood, the delight of her youth,' and of the 'auld house of Gask.'

Oh, the auld house, the auld house!
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee!
The wild-rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa';
How mony cherish'd memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Here was awakened within her that keen sense of the beautiful in nature which pervades her poems, and by means of which she felt towards lovely spots as towards kind and affectionate friends, from which it was difficult to wrench herself. In after years she travelled over foreign lands, but she never forgot dear auld Scotland, with its burnies tumblin' down, the bonny banks and

braes of its rivers, its stern mountains and its cloudy many-tinted sunsets. She was thoroughly Scottish in feeling. She finds delight in her native land, wherever she is, in Banff as well as on the banks of Clyde, in Edinburgh as well as in Strathearn. What a beautiful image is that in her farewell to Edinburgh—

'Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie new beside—
Ye're like a chieftain auld and gray, wi' a young bonnie bride.'

Her father gave her the name of Carolina in honour of Prince Charlie, to whose family he was a devoted adherent. Dr. Rogers says of him (p. 185)—'He would not permit the names of the reigning monarch and his queen to be mentioned in his presence; and when impaired eyesight compelled him to seek the assistance of his family in reading the newspapers, he angrily reproved the reader if the "German lairdie and his leddy" were designated otherwise than by the initial letters "K. and Q."'

The daughter caught the infection from her father. She was fond of the good old cause, as she believed it to be, and has written several of the very best of our Jacobite songs. 'A hundred pipers an' a',' 'Will ye no come back again,' 'There grows a bonnie brier bush,' are doubtless well known to many of our readers. There is a great deal of spirit in these verses, and sometimes she rises into a region of grandeur; witness these lines, addressed to one of the Stuart family under the name of the man o' the moon—

Now liberty's awaking,
The clouds around thee breaking;
The darkest hour o' night
Is just before the light:
So man o' the moon we hail thee.

A questionable liberty it certainly would have been, and we are thankful that we had no trial of it.

Notwithstanding her strong attachment to the Stuarts, Lady Nairne's heart was too good not to sympathize deeply with the Covenanters; and though her poems on them are far from being among her best, they testify to her sense of their heroic character and worth.

Lady Nairne began to write verses while she was yet young. The beautiful sweet girl, known in her neighbourhood as the 'Flower of Strathearn,' was patriotic to the core, and above everything the songs of her native country moved her inmost soul. Much later in life she wrote—

Strains of my native land,
That thrill my soul,
Pouring the magic of
Your soft control!

Often has your minstrelsy
Soothed the pang of misery,
Winging rapid thoughts away
To realms on high.

But she felt that many of these songs were bad in their influence, and detrimental to the best interests of men. This feeling begot within her a strong desire to supplant such, and so she tried her powers—with complete success. The 'Land o' the Leal' and the 'Laird o' Cockpen' were both written about the end of last century, and she soon saw many of her songs general favourites with the people.

In 1806 she married, and for some time gave up literary pursuits. But in 1821 a collection of Scottish songs began to be published in parts, and her aid having been requested, she contributed a good number of her productions under the signature of B. B. These verses are very various. Almost all of them bear the stamp of the lady's character. Some are touching in their simplicity; some are pervaded with humour which springs from kind-hearted clear-seeing common sense—many of them express deep sympathy with the careworn, proclaiming the evils of intemperance and duelling, and one or two appeal to men in behalf of the innocent birds and other harmless creatures, whose lives are too often sacrificed to purely destructive propensities. We give a few specimens. Here is one which combines shrewdness with poetical imagery :—

SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE.

Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie
Thinkin' gin* she were a wife,
The sun of joy wad ne'er gae down
But warm and cheer her a' her life.
Saw ye ne'er a weary wifie,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie
Lightly as the day wad pass.
Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither's state,
Ilka† ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
Seek them out like bonnie berries,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

Lady Nairne's interest in the lost and wandering was genuine. She had a noble, deeply sympathetic heart; and there is gene-

* If. † Every.

rally a heartfelt pathos in those songs which portray the sufferings of the outcast and the miseries of the debased. We give one touching little bit on a 'Mitherless Lammie.' Who has not known such? The pet and charge of her native village, blessed by all, whose orphaned childhood was strewed with roses, set adrift at last into the bleak world and caught by the snares of pleasure and the devil :—

THE LAMMIE.

The mitherless lammie ne'er miss't its ain mammie,
We tended it kindly by nicht and by day;
The bairnies made game o't, it had a blythe hame o't,
Its food was the gowan, wi' dew drops o' May.
Without tie or fetter, it cou'dna been better,
But it wad gae witless the warld to see,
The foe that it fear'd not, it saw not, it heard not,
Was watching its wand'ring frae Bonnington Lea.

O what then befell it 'twere waefu' to tell it,
Tod Lowrie* kens best, wi' his lang head sae sly;
He met the pet lammie, that wanted its mammie,
And left its kind hame, the wide warld to try.
We missed it at day dawin', we missed it night fain';
Its wee shed is tenantless under the tree;
Ae nicht i' the gloamin, it wad gae a roamin';
'Twill frolic nae mair upon Bonnington Lea.

Lady Nairne indulged a good deal in the humorous—with no mean success. How much merriment has not her 'Laird o' Cockpen' caused in almost every circle. We all know the pompous man who is over head and ears in the affairs of the state and has no time for wooing. A wife, however, he must have, and so he will dispatch the business at once. On then go his blue coat, his white vest, his cocked-hat, his sword and his ring; and our hero marches forth to fight his love-battle once and for ever. He meets his match. The summary wooer to his utter astonishment is summarily rejected. A lady's hand is not so lightly won. We give here another specimen of her comic powers :—

JAMIE THE LAIRD.

Send a horse to the water, ye'll no mak him drink,
Send a fuil to the college, ye'll no mak him think,
Send a craw to the singin', an' still he will craw,
An' the wee laird had nae rumulgumshion ava.†
Yet he is the pride o' his fond mother's ee.
In body or mind nae faut can she see,

* Fox. † No common sense at all.

'He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonnie wee man,'
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.
An' oh! she's a haverin'* Lucky, I trow,
An' oh! she's a haverin' Lucky, I trow,
'He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonnie wee man;'
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

His legs they are bow'd, his een they do glee,
His wig, whiles it's aff, an' when on, it's ajee;†
He's braid as he's lang, an' ill-faur'd‡ is he,
A dafter§ like body I never did see.
And yet for this cratur she says that I am deein',
When that I deny, she's fear'd at my leein';
Obliged to pit up wi' this sair defamation,
I'm liken to die wi' grief and vexation.
An' oh! she's a haverin' Lucky, I trow, &c.

An' her cleishmaclavers‖ gang a' thro' the town,
An' the wee lairdie trows I'll hang or I'll drown:
Wi' his gawkie-like¶ face, yestreen he did say,
'I'll may-be tak you, for Bess I'll no hae,
Nor Mattie, nor Effie, nor lang-legged Jeanie,
Nor Nelly, nor Kaitie, nor skirlin'** wee Beenie.'
I stappit my ears, ran aff in a fury—
I'm thinkin' to bring them afore judge and jury.
For oh! what a randy auld Lucky is she, &c.

Freens! gie yere advice! I'll follow yere counsel—
Maun I speak to the provost or honest toun-council?
Or the writers, or lawyers, or doctors? now say?
For the law o' the Lucky I shall an' will hae.
The hale toun at me are jibin' an' jeerin',
For a leddy like me, it's really past bearin';
The Lucky maun now hae done wi' her claverin',
For I'll no pit up wi' her nor her haverin'.
For oh! she's a randy, I trow, I trow;
For oh! she's a randy, I trow, I trow;
'He's a fell clever lad, an' a bonnie wee man,'
Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

Lady Nairne lived to see her husband and her only son, then in his nineteenth year, taken away from her. Her afflictions, instead of prostrating her, gave a mellow tinge to her declining life. She was never so merry afterwards. But she was sustained by strong Christian hope. She had received that faith which can overcome the world; and thus triumphant she looked on death as the portal of bliss. Indeed, in her early days she seems to have thought of the next world with the most joyous anticipa-

* Nonsense-speaking old woman.
† Awry. ‡ Ill-looking. § More foolish.
‖ Idle gossip. ¶ Stupid. ** Screaming.

tions. It was to her the land o' the leal, the land of all true and loyal souls. A few poems written in her later days have been published, and they are all the poems of one who has fought life's battles victoriously, and longs for rest.

REST IS NOT HERE.

What's this vain world to me?
  Rest is not here;
False are the smiles I see,
  The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joyful glee?
Where all once dear to me?
Gone as the shadows flee—
  Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
  Blythely and fair?
Why did those tints so fine
  Vanish in air?
Does not the vision say,
Faint lingering heart, away,
Why in this desert stay—
  Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar,
  Thither repair;
Let this vain world no more
  Lull and ensnare.
That heaven I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
All things around me tell
  Rest is found there.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?*

Would you be young again?
  So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
  Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
  With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
  Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
  Faint and astray?

* Dr. Rogers (p. 235) informs us that this poem was composed in Lady Nairne's seventy-sixth year, 1842. She died in 1845.

Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward-away.
Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time, fly speedily;
Come, life and light.

We have one characteristic of Lady Nairne to add—and then we have done. She was possessed of the rare gift of silence. Animated by a strong moral purpose, and ever active in the service of her race, she blushed to find herself caught in deeds of kindness. She sought another reward, and now has it. She was never known as a song-writer during her life-time, unless by her most intimate friends. She could allow others to claim the effusions of her gifted pen, content with the joy that is felt when a good work is done and happiness is scattered abroad. Dr. Rogers (p. 190) quotes from a letter in which Lady Nairne states one of her reasons for not giving her name. 'I beg the publisher will make no mention of a *lady;* as you observe, the more mystery, the better; and *still* the balance is in favour of the lords of creation. I cannot help, in some degree, undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production.' The same reason, Currer Bell tells us, induced her and her sisters to assume the doubtful-looking names by which they are generally known. But we have no doubt that this was only one of Lady Nairne's motives. She pursued the same course in all her conduct. The following is from Dr. Chalmers, quoted by Dr. Rogers (p. 191):—

'I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made at me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes; and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianising of the people at home; and I also mentioned to her, in connexion with the Christianising at home, what we were doing at the West Port: and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than £300. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secresy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir

that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairne, of Perthshire.'

Dr. Rogers (p. 193) states that 'in society Lady Nairne was reserved and unassuming. Her countenance, naturally beautiful, wore, in her mature years, a somewhat pensive cast; and the characteristic by which she was known consisted in her enthusiastic love of music. It may be added that she was fond of the fine arts, and was skilled in the use of the pencil.'

We delight to meet with such a character. It gives us the assurance that, bad as mankind may often seem to us, many a fair human flower, hid from the eyes of man, wafts its perfume over wide fields—that there are many holy and loving souls who are working cheerfully but silently in the great cause of God.

ART. III.—*Psychology and Theology; or, Psychology applied to the Investigation of Questions relating to Religion, Natural Theology, and Revelation.* By Richard Alliott, LL.D., Professor of Theology and Mental Philosophy, Western College, Plymouth. London: Jackson & Walford. pp. 352. 1853.

THIS sixteenth course of the 'Congregational Lectures' amply maintains the character for learning and ability which its predecessors have established; although, from the nature of the topics discussed, it must be expected to be less popular than some of them have been. The judicious and candid lecturer shows himself perfectly aware (in his Introduction) that he has selected a task of no ordinary difficulty. Notwithstanding the remarkable revival of metaphysical studies in England within the last twenty years, they neither are, nor can be expected to become popular in the same way as botany, zoology, chemistry, and many other branches of science. The very name, 'psychology,' is repulsive to the stubborn English ear. Nor do we, for our own part, greatly regret this, or think it at all wonderful. Until psychology can (in some humble measure at least) rival the sciences of material nature in the clearness of its teaching and the definiteness and certainty of its results, we deem it a very happy thing that the vast majority of those who wish to 'be somethingological,' should turn their studious attention to the treasures of wisdom which material nature, in answer to 'wise questioning,' is pouring at our feet, rather than lose their time and

labour in the yet untracked labyrinths and unsounded abysses of mind. Although the elegant imagination of Dr. Thomas Brown could present his ingenious though flimsy subtleties in a form in which young ladies need not be afraid of them; although Mr. Lewes has made the 'Biographical History of Philosophy' pleasant fireside reading; and Professor Ferrier, if he pleased, could write a history of metaphysics that would be as interesting as a novel; yet, after all, it is but few minds that have at once capacity, inclination, and leisure, to grapple effectively with the vexed questions of psychology. And as every question in psychology is a vexed question, and each fresh writer has to gird up his loins for conflict, and either confess himself a disciple of some existing school,—in which case five out of six of the readers who understand him will disagree with him; or expound an original theory of his own,—in which case perhaps one reader in a hundred (which may possibly amount to three readers altogether) will agree with him;—it follows that those who prefer learning to fighting, and settled conclusions to doubtful controversies, will still, probably for a long time to come, gladly turn from the pages of the mental philosopher to those of the naturalist, the chemist, and the physiologist.

To some readers it will be an additional discouragement that Dr. Alliott's style of thought and writing is severely logical. His illustrations are employed as relentlessly as those of Aristotle or St. Paul,—simply as illustrations, never lingered upon for their own sake, or touched up into pictures. They are called in to do their business in as few words as possible, and then dismissed, and bidden keep out of the argument's way. The writer has his eye too keenly and intently fixed on his object,—whether the establishment of a position, or the demolition of an antagonist,—to have a glance for anything else. His mind absolutely revels in reasoning; he makes concession after concession, in order to show, when his point has been proved, that even if it had not been, he has two or three more demonstrations in reserve; and when he has fairly slain his enemy he sets him up on his legs, for the express purpose of slaying him again.

We have ourselves the misfortune to differ from the learned and estimable lecturer on several points, both of metaphysical and of ethical philosophy. We have (of course) a few theories of our own, with which his views, both of the nature of knowledge and of the nature of virtue, do not harmonize. We are therefore the more anxious to do justice to the great clearness, acuteness, and force of reasoning, with which the views set forth in these lectures are expounded and advocated. And while, as we have said, we deem it neither surprising nor lamentable that a work on 'psychology and theology,' however able, is not likely

to become widely popular; we should esteem it not only lamentable but disgraceful if professed theologians, and students of theology (for which classes of readers these lectures are of course especially designed) were found underrating the great importance and interest of the topics discussed in these pages. It is very true, that we do not want metaphysics in the pulpit; and those who make a display of metaphysical knowledge and acumen, when they ought to be preaching the gospel, must either have mistaken their vocation, or be sadly ignorant of the proper method of carrying on their work. But we want metaphysics, neither scanty nor shallow, in the study, if our preachers are to be all that they might be, or ought to be, both as expositors of truth, and as rhetoricians. Metaphysics are as much out of place in the pulpit as the carpenter's saw, and plane, and lathe, used in producing a dining-table, would be if placed on the table for dinner; or a butcher's knife and steel, a few hot coals, and a saucepan, if served up as substitutes for the roast and boiled, with a gardener's spade instead of vegetables. But it does not follow that because the tools and the processes useful in the production and preparation of thought must not be obtruded upon an auditory, and still less be substituted for the substantial diet of instruction which they crave, that therefore those tools and processes may safely or wisely be neglected. Metaphysical preaching, as it is termed, is a thing to be eschewed and abominated, simply because it can do no good, and may do much harm. But a sound and severe metaphysical training, and that not laid aside when the degree is taken, and the college course finished, but kept up and carried on from time to time by subsequent study, is an engine of immense power and benefit in the formation of a thoroughly accomplished preacher. Just because the appropriate language of the public speaker is that of metaphor, illustration, and emotion, he needs to be guarded and chastened by strenuous exercise in abstract thought and unimpassioned analysis. Just because the preacher has to deal with minds little accustomed to reasoning, and for the most part to do their reasoning for them, he ought to be well trained in reasoning himself. If his oratory is to be 'logic on fire,' the more need that he be able to lay the train of it in due and calm order, before he applies the dangerous heat of oratoric excitement; or he may chance to burn his fingers, and blow up his own conclusions; or, when intending only to explode his hearers' prejudices, he may end by shaking their faith, and filling their heads with smoke. If he thinks for himself in no other language than that in which he thinks for and talks to his hearers, he may be in great danger of mistaking words for thoughts, and being carried off into absurdity by the sound of

his own voice. It is possible to present a large amount of profound philosophic thought to a very plain auditory, and deeply to interest them in it, provided it be broken up into small fragments, and its abstract intellectual generalities translated into the simple language of metaphor and example. Just as 'truth severe' sometimes effects its entrance 'in fairy fiction dressed,' so the multitude will often receive philosophy, and never dream that it is philosophy, nor think it 'harsh and crabbed' when clothed in the homely garb of common sense. In a word, the preacher's metaphysics should be for himself, their results for his people. If hard, bare, unstratified masses of speculation and theory *crop out* in his teaching, they will be as barren as repulsive; but, like disintegrated granite, if crumbled down and washed into the ordinary channels of thought, they may impart to many a mind wealth, vigour, and fruitfulness.

Such benefits as these, indirect, but not therefore trifling or unsubstantial, are to be expected from attempts like those which Dr. Alliott has here made with so much thought, learning, and ability, to apply to recondite speculations of mental science and to the elucidation or defence of the doctrines of theology. He has not aimed at producing a popular volume. He is 'aware that the theme of the present course will not be so attractive to the public at large as some preceding ones, there being perhaps no science more generally neglected than psychology. Still, it will be felt to be important by thinking men, and especially in relation to many of the controversies of the present day.' His book is therefore designed for thinkers, not for mere readers; and although it is to be feared that the former bear but a small proportion to the latter, Dr. Alliott has well judged that the noblest part of the teacher's work lies among the thinking few, not the unthinking many. To feed the multitude with wholesome and well prepared thought is a great and good work; but it is a greater thing still to sow the seeds of thought in those minds in which they may bear fruit—'some thirty, some fifty, and some a hundred fold.'

The great difficulty, however, with which Dr. Alliott has to contend is one of whose importance he seems to form a much less serious estimate than we do. It lies, not in the minds of the unthinking many, but in those of the thinking few. It is expressed in the question—*Is* there a 'science of psychology?' The *study* of psychology is one of the most important to which the human mind can be directed, and must, sooner or later, if successfully cultivated, prove one of the most fruitful. But a study is not a science. Can psychology boast of any body of doctrines, any indubitable inductions, or any generally admitted and fairly reasoned conclusions? Can it boast even of any body of facts,

carefully and accurately observed and intelligibly registered, on which such inductions and reasonings may safely rest? Is there any one leading fact, or fundamental doctrine, of psychology, on which any two, out of the comparatively small number who have made metaphysics their favourite study, would be certain to agree? If not, what right has psychology to call itself a science? As yet it is but a mass of controversies, observations, hypotheses, facts, half-facts, and distorted shadows of facts, bearing the same relation to a science that a few heaps of bricks, mortar, stones, and timber do to a house; or an incoherent series of unfinished tunnellings, cuttings, and embankments, to a railway. Nay, these comparisons fall within the mark; for the very ground-plan of psychology has not yet been certainly marked out, and though we may hope that at some future period the true philosophy of mind will lay down a smooth and straight path, along which human thought will hold on its swift and unimpeded way; yet, at present, nobody knows whether the tunnels are tunnels at all, or only open cuttings; whether a single slope, or level, or curve be correct, which way the road is to go, or whether it is possible to make a road at all.

We have no sympathy with the acute and able author of the 'Institutes of Metaphysics' in his merciless attacks upon psychology, which we deem among the greatest blemishes of that remarkable work. But we fully concede to him that psychology, notwithstanding the mighty minds that have toiled for its advancement, has not yet conquered for itself the place of a science, nor is likely to do so for years to come; and it is not a little curious that two works of such ability as Dr. Alliott's and Professor Ferrier's, should have issued from the press so nearly at the same time; in one of which psychology is deliberately assailed as a consistent but worthless chain of fallacies and falsehoods; while in the other it is spoken of as though it were a well established science, able to shed clear and certain light upon the greatest controversies in theology.

This reference to Professor Ferrier reminds us of the curious circumstance, that both he and Dr. Alliott have been at the pains of demonstrating the *principle of contradiction*, which lies at the basis of all reasoning. Dr. Alliott's demonstration will be found at p. 151, and is abundantly satisfactory, provided the conclusion be already admitted. A person who needs to have it proved to him that a statement cannot be true and false at the same time (and in the same sense) must be incapable of reasoning at all. We may be allowed to say, that the great logical acuteness of the author's mind, and his delight in reasoning, appear to have more than once led him into the error of weakening his positions by over demonstration, just as you may loosen a nail by trying

to drive it in farther than it will go. Eminently logical minds are commonly prone to two faults; first, that of trying to prove that which is already certain; and, secondly, of trying to prove that which lies altogether beyond the scope of our reasoning, and can be matter only for conjecture, imagination, or faith. It seems to be too often forgotten that the certainty of demonstration is, after all, but a relative, hypothetical certainty; and so limited is the power of the human mind to conduct a lengthened chain of reasoning with perfect accuracy and certainty—except in cases where we are absolutely sure, as in geometry, arithmetic, or *formal* logic, that all the facts necessary to be taken into account are clearly before us,—that purely deductive argument rapidly loses its power, if carried on beyond a very few steps, and scepticism begins to seize us with regard to the truths which, simply affirmed, we should have held unquestionable, the moment we begin to think that they stand in need of a long chain of purely deductive reasoning to prove them.

From this digression, we return to the lectures. The object of the introductory lecture is 'to show that a relation exists between psychology and the sciences of religion, of God, and of revelation.' What we have said already will sufficiently intimate the extent to which we can coincide in the conclusions of this lecture. We admit the bearing of the study of psychology on the questions here indicated to be incalculably important. But we cannot think that the philosophy of mind is yet in a position to utter its own doctrines with anything of the authority of scientific truth; much less to set them up as way-marks and guiding lights in other, and still profounder inquiries. All the light which these lectures throw on the great theological questions discussed in them must be put to the credit, not of psychology as a science, but of the lecturer's own philosophic views and logical acumen, reinforced by the authority of those eminent metaphysicians with whom occasionally, and to a certain extent, he agrees.

The second lecture,—'Psychology in relation to Religion',—discusses the two questions, whether religion be owing to a distinct faculty, susceptibility, or principle of the human mind; and whether the human will has a self-determining power. In treating the first question, the lecturer 'gives a good account' (as our brave tars say) of Schleiermacher and his English interpreter, Mr. Morell. Religion is defined (p. 39) to be 'that state of mind which is the exercise of the feelings, and which prompts to the doing of actions due to God.' 'Subjective religion, accordingly, includes the exercise of dependence, gratitude, confidence, voluntary subjection, admiration, and complacency' (p. 40). We could hardly have a more striking

example of the truth of our remarks touching the unsettled condition of psychology than the fact that this description of religion actually omits what appears to us (and will probably appear to many other minds) the most essential element of religion—namely, the feeling of reverence. Surely, it is this profound emotion which makes man a worshipper; which would make him one in spite of the absence of any—we had almost said all—of the feelings before enumerated; and which being absent, the sum total of them does not amount to worship. We apprehend that it is the great feebleness of the sentiment of reverence in our cold, intellectual, northern-European minds which renders it so difficult for us to understand idolatry. An English Protestant—especially a nonconformist—is utterly at a loss to comprehend how the ancient Jews, God's chosen and favoured people, could be under any temptation to fall down and worship stocks and stones. The thing is to him simply unintelligible and ridiculous—sheer folly and wickedness. Yes, good brother Hardfacts, it was very foolish and very wicked, no doubt. But depend on it, there was something good mixed up with that folly and sin which gave the temptations such terrible power. That mysterious something which dragged them down on their knees, spite of all their light and knowledge and glorious history, and divine laws and chastenings, before the quaint and rude and hideous forms worshipped by the heathen world, was the sentiment of reverence,—the love of worship, and delight in worship for its own sake, which longed for a grosser, more tangible, and imaginable object than the Infinite and Unseen Creator; and found it easier to grovel in the mire, when it ought to have soared to the skies. Perhaps, in this one point, our superiority to the poor idolaters, whom we despise, is by no means so great as we imagine; and our pure but cold religious worship, if it were not too proud, might learn a lesson from popery, or polytheism itself.

The second question,—that of the self-determining power of the will,—is treated with Dr. Alliott's accustomed ability. Yet it will not be surprising if many of his readers be still of opinion that psychology is more able to create difficulties on this mysterious subject than to solve them. A good deal of the controversy, we confess, seems to us mis-spent labour; because, granting all that can be said, on either side, as to the power of the will to determine apart from motive, it will still remain true, that what we hold a man responsible for is, not those actions which are done without motives, but those which are done under the influence of motive. And just in proportion as a man is insensible to the force of good motives and incapable of resisting bad ones, we reckon him a bad man; and his own conscience reckons him so too.

There are two points which seems to us to have been inadequately considered in this controversy. The first is what may be termed the *persistency* of the will; i. e., its disposition to persevere in a choice, though the motive may be feeble, simply because the choice has been made. We give this tendency, when strongly manifested, the name of obstinacy; and it is a phenomenon worth more study than it has received.

The other point is, the power of habit; by which the greater multitude by far of the distinct acts of will which we perform in a day are withdrawn almost entirely from the dominion of motive; and sometimes (as in the case of the movement of the fingers by a skilful pianist) from the observation of consciousness also.

Dr. Alliott proceeds in his third lecture to apply psychology to investigations regarding God. The origin of our idea of God is investigated. It is shown that this idea cannot be created by the human mind; and is not innate in either of three senses in which that word may be used. Mr. Morell's notion of a 'supersensual intuition' is ably met; and his imposing remark, that by reasoning from Nature up to God, 'the best we can do is to hypostatize and deify the product of our own faculties,' is quietly disposed of in a single sentence. 'If,' says Dr. Alliott, 'by thus reasoning up to God we can gain a true idea of him, we do not deify a creation of our own minds; we only discover, by means of our faculties, the existence of a being necessarily deified' (p. 100). M. Cousin's theory of an 'Impersonal Reason' is then very acutely and ingeniously controverted; and the lecture concludes with the exposition of the author's own view as to the origin of the idea of God.

Lecture IV. treats of the objective truth of our idea of God. As the foregoing lecture involved the great controversy as to the innateness of our ideas, so this involves the question of the uniform truth of the testimony of consciousness. The argument is then directed to the proof of these four positions:—1st. That certain attributes must characterize First Cause, as such, *provided He exists;* 2ndly. That First Cause does exist; 3rdly. That He is one, and possessed of will, consciousness, and intelligence; and 4thly. That He is also holy, just, good, and true. Into the vast fields of speculation thus opened we must not attempt here to enter. Whatever doubts might be entertained as to the real value of so abstract a line of argument, none will deny the great ability with which it is conducted in this lecture.

The three remaining lectures bear upon Christianity, as a revelation from God, and on the inspiration of Scripture.

We should have liked to make an extract or two from the fifth lecture, in which, (after expressing a much higher esti-

mate of the value of pyschology in its present state than we have found ourselves able to give) Dr. Alliott defines the terms 'revelation' and 'inspiration,' rejecting the definitions, at once vague and narrow, propounded by Mr. Morell, and proceeds to discuss the questions of the possibility, the limits, and the evidence of a supernatural communication from God. But we find it impossible to do justice to any part of the discussion by separating it from its context, and we must refer our readers—especially any who may have been perplexed by Mr. Morell's views—to the lecture itself, where they will find these points treated with masterly acuteness and perspicuity.

In the following lecture, which carries on the consideration of the evidence of Christianity, Dr. Alliott applies his pyschological views to the two great problems of moral philosophy (subjective and objective), namely, the nature and origin of our ideas of right and wrong, and the real nature of the distinction between moral good and evil. On this topic, whatever objection may be urged against the writer's views, they cannot be charged with vagueness or inconsistency. Utility, in the broadest sense of the term, is laid down as the real and exclusive basis of virtue, and our perception of utility, at first in the form of reward *versus* punishment, and afterwards in the more enlarged form of the perception of the universal tendency of actions, is assigned as the origin of our judgments and ideas of right and wrong. The same philosophy of virtue is further advocated in a brief appendix. Seldom has this theory of virtue been more clearly expounded or more ably defended. We bear cordial testimony to the great ability as well as the thoroughly Christian temper in which our esteemed friend has maintained his views. At the same time he must pardon our expressing regret that so much ability should be spent in defence of what seems to us an inherently bad cause. We cannot but marvel when he exclaims, 'What higher, what more worthy, what more noble idea of right and wrong can there be than this?' (p. 235.) We have neither space nor disposition to enter into controversy on this point, but we cannot refrain from indicating what appears to us a very serious oversight at the outset of the argument. We admit that the first sentiments of right and wrong in the child's mind are awakened *by means of* the hope either of reward or of approval, and the fear, if not of punishment, at least of displeasure. But we deny that it is the mere prospect of pleasurable or painful results that awakens these sentiments; for otherwise, *all* actions leading to pain would be regarded as wrong, and those leading to pleasure as right. If the child finds that as often as he hits his head against the table it hurts him, and as often as he puts sugar in his mouth it pleases him, he by no means concludes

that he is a naughty boy for hitting his head, or a good boy for eating sugar. If a child of his own age threatens to beat him, and does beat him, as often as he does a certain action, he learns to abstain from that action, but not as *wrong*, simply as foolish. How is it, then, that if his father forbids that same action, the child thinks it *wrong*, even though no beating is to be the result? Evidently because the idea of *authority* is present to the child's mind, to which the sentiment of *duty* naturally and spontaneously responds. Apart from the sense of duty and recognition of authority, no perceptions of utility could ever build up a virtuous character, though they might secure (if acted upon) an outwardly virtuous conduct. The sentiments of right and wrong, of authority and duty, appear to us to be primary elements of our nature, as incapable of logical analysis as love or hatred, horror or joy. And we deem it one of the first tasks of a sound pyschology, to mark the limits of analysis and definition, and to warn us off from any attempt to resolve the sense of duty into the sense of interest, or any one of the primary faculties, or sentiments, or tendencies of the mind into any other.

But we are almost breaking our resolution not to be drawn into controversy. And we have exhausted our limits without being able to refer to the last lecture of the volume, which treats of the inspiration of Scripture. This lecture is one of the ablest and most important of the whole course. The hazy sublimities and unwarrantable assertions of Mr. Morell meet with a temperate but searching refutation. We should be disposed ourselves to go somewhat beyond the writer's view of inspiration; but it will be found eminently characterized by clearness and common sense. The leading objections urged against the inspiration of the New Testament are briefly but ably handled in the close of the lecture.

We cordially thank Dr. Alliott for his volume; and while we have found ourselves unable to agree with all his philosophical opinions, we heartily join in the prayer with which he concludes his preface, and rejoice to regard him as an able and faithful fellow-labourer in that cause which, whatever becomes of particular opinions, theories, or systems, must still advance,—the cause of Divine truth.

ART. IV.—*An Essay.* By John Locke, A.B., Fellow of the Statistical Society of London, &c. &c. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1854.

IRELAND is not now the statesman's difficulty. That country, so long the battlefield of parties, the theatre of political experiments, of combinations, outrages, insurrections, arms acts, coercion acts, of barren agitation, and chronic rebellion, of periodical famine, and permanent, hopeless misery, is at last contented and prosperous. It has passed the crisis of its destiny, and a future of happy progress cheers the industry of the inhabitants. Perhaps no nation in the world that yet survives has had a more saddening history, or an evil genius more active in thwarting every measure designed for its advantage, and every scheme of policy by which statesmen sought to cut off the entail of calamity. In spite of every remedy, the vices of the social system were continually breaking forth, stimulated by bigotry, and aggravated by misgovernment. The resources of the country were boundless; but, like the supplies sent to the army in the Crimea, owing to some fatal and unaccountable mismanagement, they never could be made available. Amidst a profusion of the elements of national wealth, the people were paupers, the proprietors insolvents, and the most fertile of soils was consigned to barrenness. In view of the intense and overwhelming misery, the rulers were as helpless as Lord Raglan and his staff at Balaklava, while society was disorganized, and the people perished. The materials of prosperity were there in abundance, but internal convulsion and the perversity of the government threw all into chaos. There was no organizing head, no plastic hand, to deduce order from the confusion, or to bring about the requisite combinations for renovating the social system. At length Providence interposed, and applied the desperate remedy of one of the most destructive famines which history records.

Mr. John Locke, the author of the pamphlet named at the head of this article, remarks in his preface, that 'the recovery of a nation from ruin and despair is a subject of far deeper and more absorbing interest than any romance, containing, as it does in this instance, within the interval of a few years, a series of facts stranger than fiction, and of infinitely more momentous significance.' Keen observation, broad unprejudiced views, candour and discrimination, have enabled Mr. Locke to deduce from the blue-books a series of instructive publications, which have won the approbation of the most distinguished practical men in the United Kingdom, while his office as auction clerk in the Encumbered Estates Court has given him peculiar facilities for

observing all the phases of that wonderful transition through which Ireland has just passed. We shall, therefore, freely avail ourselves of his researches, while placing before our readers a picture of national regeneration, which is certainly one of the most remarkable as well as the most instructive to be found in the annals of nations.

In other ages and regions, conquest would have been the remedy for the helpless and desperate condition of Ireland; for conquest is God's judgment on national imbecility and delinquency; and perhaps it may be said that few nations were ever subjugated that deserved to be free, or that had not prepared themselves, by their own vices, as vessels of wrath fitted for destruction. Fevered by sedition, consuming and wasting the fruits of the earth without labour or reproduction, while exhausting their energies in internal strifes, their condition naturally invited the invader, and offered him an easy victory. The connexion of Ireland with Great Britain saved her from this fate; and the famine came, commissioned to break the cables which held her fast to the bottom of the stream, stationary and sinking, while the sister kingdoms were pursuing a career of splendid prosperity. Arrest progress and you originate decay, when the rapidity of decomposition will be in proportion to the richness of the materials of growth. But a principle of new life has come into Ireland, and she is now healthily appropriating and assimilating the elements of strength.

Emigration, which drained away so much of the population, has been declining for the last two or three years. In 1852 it was one-tenth less than in 1851; and in 1853 one-seventh less than in the previous year; and considering the present demand for labour at home, we may expect a continued and still greater diminution, though, as Mr. Locke justly remarks, emigration must be considered as a necessity of our era, consequent on the general development of the resources of all countries, facilitated by the rapidity, economy, and security of international communication—one of the mightiest of 'those providential agencies, destined to establish new conditions of society, under happier auspices of peace and commerce, and more intimate communion of the peoples of the earth.' There is, however, a feature of peculiar interest attaching to Irish emigration. It is no longer an iron-handed necessity that tears the emigrant away from home and kindred; on the contrary, it is a new home and a more happy kindred wooing him across the Atlantic, and tempting him from the land of his fathers by the additional inducement of a free passage. According to the fourteenth report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, the number of Irish emigrants in 1851 was 254,537; in 1852 it was 224,997; and

in 1853 only 199,392. In 1854 the figure will no doubt be much less. It is, however, a singular fact, that the remittances from America to Ireland have been increasing. These reach an amount that will astonish our readers. According to the same report the Irish in America remitted to their friends at home, through banks and mercantile houses (not including what came through private channels) the following sums—

In 1851	£ 990,000
In 1852	1,404,000
In 1853	1,439,000
Total in three years	£3,833,000

If we include last year in the same proportion as the two previous years, we shall have the enormous aggregate of upwards of 5,000,000 sterling remitted to Ireland in four years from parties who left their country with little more than the clothes on their backs. This proves two things; first, the industry of the Irish peasantry when their labour meets with its due reward; and, secondly, their strong affection for their kindred, which can hardly be submitted to a severer test than prosperity in a distant land. It is gratifying also to remark that the emigrant is surrounded by influences which rapidly develop his dormant manhood :—

'Take, for example, a peasant of the far west: his food a precarious root, his dwelling mud and straw generation after generation, the stunted size and inferior facial angle, denoting deterioration both physical and intellectual, a scion of a worn out race in a worn out condition of society. This is the naked truth, however distasteful to patriotic enthusiasm. How are his moral capabilities exalted, and motives of action improved with the change in his location as a settler (say) in the United States of America, where he can realize property from the savings of wages, and become absolute possessor of the land his labour has made fruitful—where he sees his fellows all around, many of them his own countrymen, some it may be of his name and kindred, fighting the battle of life in right earnest, subjugating nature through her widest ranges, inventing mechanical aids, and constructing combinations of power under an insatiable urgency of progress, and with a rapidity and success unexampled in the Old World.'—p. 3.

In the mean time the demand for labour at home has nearly doubled wages, while the workhouses have been emptied of able-bodied paupers. The decrease of poor law expenditure for 1853, as compared with the previous year, is nearly eleven per cent., and a considerable portion of this expenditure has been applied to medical charities and to the carrying out of sanitary acts. During the year ending 22 April, 1854, we find a diminution of the number of paupers in all the workhouses, amounting to 40,000 in each week of the corresponding series of the previous year.

The admirable industrial system which has been adopted in the Irish unions, and also in gaols, charitable institutions, and lunatic asylums, is particularly worthy of attention. There are 163 unions in Ireland, and in all these, with the exception of 25, the inmates receive agricultural instruction on model farms attached to the workhouses. In September last there were 3783 thus taught, while 3196 were engaged in learning trades, and 14,273 girls were employed in household, and useful and ornamental work of various descriptions. During last year upwards of 5000 boys and girls under 15 years of age, have been taken out of the workhouses, and put in a way of supporting themselves by their own industry, 'so highly has risen in public estimation the model and industrious training of the youth of the country, even in the very abodes of pauperism.' The effect of this change can indeed be properly estimated only by those who remember the old system of vagrancy, with its idleness, filth, vice, and misery. Nothing, of course, can fully compensate for the want of parents, and the influence of home with its attachments; still the excellent education combined with cleanly habits and industrial training received by the children of paupers, must have a most beneficial effect on the rising generation.

The industrial system has been carried to the utmost perfection on the Ballymoney Workhouse Farm, in the county Antrim. This farm has been tilled principally by the boys before and after school hours. The industry of the lads is stimulated by allowing each a small plot of ground with seeds, which he is to cultivate himself, and he is to be rewarded according to his success. The plan of the master is to allow no time for idleness, and consequently industry has grown into a fixed habit. Such is the desire for labour generated that there has not been an adult able-bodied male pauper in the house for years. The infirm old females are employed in spinning, sewing, &c. Some of the boys after school hours learn tailoring and shoemaking;—the girls knitting, sewing, and embroidering muslin, &c. All the linen and shambray required for bedding and clothing are manufactured in the house, and not only so, but made up, so that the inmates contribute materially to their own support.

Some such system of reproductive industry was earnestly urged upon the government during the famine years, but in vain. They persevered to the end in the most wasteful, demoralizing, and destructive economic blunders. We are glad to find the views of those measures which were presented at the time to the readers of the 'Eclectic' so fully borne out by the author before us. He says:—

'Now contrast these reproductive results with the wasteful management of former years—Ireland in 1846-47 was, in fact, one huge Poor Law Union, under the administration of government relief and

British benevolence. At one period in the latter year, 734,000 persons were drawn from their ordinary pursuits to an unprofitable system of employment; the superior cereal products of our soil were exported, and an inferior foreign grain substituted for food; and millions were wasted on works, generally of a useless, frequently of an injurious character, having no relation whatever to the production of food for a famishing population, while the greater portion of the tilth of the country lay utterly waste.'—p. 30.

Crime and pauperism spring from the same sources, and accordingly they have departed *pari passu* in Ireland. The barracks and the workhouses are no longer the principal and most characteristic institutions of that country. Never was Ireland so peaceful, or so free from crime. Instead of requiring, as in former years, a standing army of 38,000 men to keep down a disaffected population, nearly the whole of the regular forces are spared for the Crimea; and notwithstanding the demand for labour and the inducements of emigration, recruits are flocking to the Queen's standard, while the enthusiasm of the population in favour of the war *is* universal among all sects and parties. From the Thirty-second Report of the Inspector-general of Prisons, it appears that the agrarian outrages, which have so long disgraced the country, producing insecurity of life and property, and excluding capital from the country, have almost wholly disappeared. It is a remarkable and a most gratifying fact, 'that throughout the vast extent of land, comprising 2,000,000 acres, which has changed hands under the Encumbered Estates Commission, *only four instances* of agrarian crime have occurred since the institution of that tribunal.' It is a most providential thing that Ireland should be so free from the taint of disloyalty and crime at the present moment, when all the resources of the empire are taxed to sustain the great war in which we are engaged. It is now an undeniable fact, that a standing army is not necessary to hold Ireland for the Queen; and that good government would always obviate the necessity of maintaining in idleness at the public expense a large number of hands withdrawn from the profitable industry of the country. Even the constabulary, acknowledged to be the most efficient civil force in the world, have little now to do but collect and collate fiscal and industrial statistics, for which they are eminently qualified by their integrity and intelligence.

In order to show the extent of the moral and social revolution which a few years have effected, Mr. Locke has selected the county Limerick as a fair specimen of the nation, at least of the southern provinces. This contrast will prove the justice of Sir Thomas More's maxim—'It were much better to make such good provision by which every man might be put in a method

how to live, and so be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.' It is the business of a statesman to provide against the commission of crime and the necessity of punishment by wise arrangements for the development of industry;—and hence it may be truly said that the ruler who 'is only just, is cruel.'

In the spring of 1849 the able-bodied labourers were squatted in quarries breaking stones, or making roads where none were required, fed at the public cost, while in many unions large tracts of land, the raw material for the manufacture of food, lay waste and unoccupied. Such an obvious misdirection of labour by the Government could not but demoralize the people. 'As well might we expect mental rectitude in a madhouse as honesty and loyal feeling among a starving and uneducated people. The material instrumentality is all in disarray. The source of nervous energy is poisoned. The dark blood is in the brain.'

Here is a picture of Limerick, one of the finest counties in Ireland, in 1849. The files of the 'Limerick Chronicle,' from the 10th to the 26th March, presented the following frightful details:—The county treasurer paid the expenses of 900 crown witnesses and prosecutors. The gaol built for the accommodation of 141 contained 800 prisoners, and of these 160 had been confined under rule of transportation for two years! Nine months' growth of crime presented the following results in that one county, which boasts the richest soil in Europe—520 persons registered for trial; 11 for murder; 30 in arms and attacking houses by night; 20, highway robbery; 63, cattle stealing; and a vast number of cases of burglary, larceny, &c. Judge Ball on that occasion exclaimed—'A more appalling representation of the state of crime, in this or any other country, it has never been my lot to witness.' The cost of this mass of crime to the state was enormous. It has been computed that every criminal, from his apprehension to the completion of the sentence of transportation, costs his country £300. The direct cost of this single calendar would be little short of £75,000, while it is impossible to calculate the amount indirectly occasioned, and arising from losses and injuries to life and property—the fruits of sanitary neglect in a community crowded by the indigent and despairing—the expense of the military, naval, and police forces, and the workhouse support of the widows and children of those who had been incarcerated or transported.

How different is the state of things now! At the Spring Assizes of 1854, instead of 900 Crown witnesses and prosecutors, as in 1849, there were only 84; instead of 520 prisoners for trial there were only 19; instead of 11 persons charged with murder there was only 1; instead of 30 charged with being in arms

and attacking houses by night there were none; instead of 63 for cattle stealing there was but 1; and instead of 20 for highway robbery only a solitary case.

The improvement of Ireland may be largely ascribed to the steady progress of practical and industrial education, combined with religious instruction.

'There is,' says Mr. Locke, 'a certain scholastic training adapted to foster genius and intellectual enthusiasm. In these, as a nation, we have never been deficient; eloquence and poetry illumine the darkest pages of the past, and are abundantly represented in this generation as well by known authorship, as in our serial literature and those copious streams of vigorous composition, flowing from Irish pens through every section of the press of the United Kingdom. But in affirming educational progress, it is not intended to dwell upon its purely intellectual aspects, so often linked in our disastrous annals with vague theories, and aimless or unworthy lives, but rather upon its practical and social results.'—p. 6.

The turn for a useful, practical, and artistic education among all classes in Ireland received a strong impulse from the Irish Industrial Exhibition of 1853—originated by one of the best of Irishmen, at his own risk, and, we regret to add, at a great personal loss.

	£	s.	d.
The cost of the building was	59,871	2	1
Salaries and all current expenses	28,342	9	8
Total cost	£88,213	11	9

The receipts amounted to £53,232 13s. 6d.; the building and machinery, when sold, produced £16,000—leaving Mr. Dargan a loser to the extent of £18,980 18s. 3d. The nation, however, has amply reaped the benefit of his noble example and munificent patriotism.

'Literary and scientific institutions, schools of design, of manufactures, music, chemistry, and other arts, are multiplying in the towns in equal ratio with the agricultural and rudimentary schools of the rural districts; and the method of instruction in all illustrates, with more or less significance, the important fact, that all arts are founded upon certain scientific truths, by appliance of which mechanical powers are devised, and elemental products moulded into articles of utility, luxury, or beauty. At the same time, it is gratifying to observe that the leisure of the artisan classes of cities is not so much wasted as it used to be in intemperance, or in gross and frivolous pursuits, but in a great part devoted to intellectual amusements savouring of a certain elevation of sentiment and moral feeling.'—p. 7.

The national system of education is doing its work well, in spite of opposition and misrepresentation. It appears, from the Twentieth Report of the Commissioners, that, at the close of 1853,

the number of schools in operation was 5023, attended by 556,478 children—showing, as compared with 1852, an increase in the number of schools of 148, and in the attendance of 11,874. There are 42 more schools in progress of erection, which will add 4000 to the number of pupils in the national schools. This admirable system is being gradually extended to paupers and criminals, and it has, besides, departments specially adapted to the agricultural and artisan classes. According to the last published Report, there were in connexion, on the 31st December, 1853—

Industrial Schools	43
Evening ditto	39
Agricultural ditto, including 31 Model Schools	203
Workhouse ditto, including 50 Agricultural, not enumerated in the preceding	191
Gaol ditto	9
Total	485

There are Government schools of design in Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Waterford, and Cork. These schools are not only highly important in cultivating the national taste, but they are also valuable in an economic point of view. 'For instance, Belfast has paid away to French and Belgian designers considerably over £50,000 for ornamental linen headings. In a moral point of view, too, the disciplined industry and ingenuity, even of little children, especially when combined with education (as is generally the case throughout Ireland), exercise a powerful reclaiming influence on the adult members of their families, and through these on the character of the whole population.' We are, therefore, sorry to see from the public journals that the schools of Belfast and Limerick have just been closed, owing to the niggardliness of the Government, who want these schools to be self-sustaining. Now, if any of them had a chance of assuming this character it would be that of London, where the demand for this kind of institution might be supposed to be incomparably greater than in any provincial town. Yet, of £17,000 or £18,000 voted by Parliament for schools of design, London keeps for itself no less than £10,000, leaving the balance to be distributed throughout the provinces.

The agricultural returns of 1853, compared with the previous year, show a large increase of green crops, particularly turnips. Peat land, which can be reclaimed at a cost of £4 10s. an acre, is so well adapted to the growth of green crops, that it will the first year pay the cost of reclamation, and will, by means of the portable manures, such as guano, give excellent crops of the same kind for many years in succession, though they are

naturally unfitted for grain. This is a fact of great importance, as the rearing and feeding of cattle is a pursuit but little affected by the weather, or by the variations of the market. There is also a great increase in the culture of flax, which can be disposed of to any extent to the home manufacturers. The potato, to which the Irish farmer still fondly clings, has nearly recovered; and the last crop was, we believe, the best since the famine. Fortunately, the Irish harvest was most abundant last year, and of excellent quality. Taking in the whole of the United Kingdom, the surplus value of the last harvest over that of 1853 may be estimated at from sixty to seventy millions sterling.

Progress, we are assured, is manifest on every side, chiefly in the rise of agricultural wages, improved modes of farming, the gradual furnishing of estates by new and solvent proprietors with convenient farmsteads, the want of which has hitherto proved so detrimental to the farming interest. By the Report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland we learn that, under the Land Improvement Acts, 153,000 acres have been thoroughly drained at an average cost of £4 10s.—the whole being done by task work, subject to a system of inspection which answers the purpose of agricultural education in the districts where the land is reclaimed.

The unprecedented improvement in agriculture may be ascribed in a great measure to the influence of the Encumbered Estates Court, the main agent of the social revolution which has been wrought in Ireland. The land was so encumbered, so fettered by entails and settlements, and rendered so unmarketable by restrictions and defective titles, that a large portion of it was doomed to barrenness; capital was precluded from investment in the soil, and the nominal proprietors were insolvent. This was the grand difficulty of the country—its *fons malorum*. For this state of things the *Encumbered Estates Act* has proved an effective remedy, and the principle on which it rests requires only to be extended to establish a system of free trade in land, which is quite as good for Great Britain as for Ireland. Since the filing of the first petition in this Court, October 21, 1849, to October 21, 1854, an interval of five years, the commissioners have conveyed land to 5613 purchasers, who paid into the Court the enormous sum of £13,509,303 3s. 5d. It was generally supposed that what Ireland wanted was capital. But the working of this Court has proved that what was required was not money, but the opportunity of safely investing it in land. Accordingly, no sooner were the legal impediments taken out of the way than it was poured forth in abundance, for of the

thirteen millions and a half invested in land under this Act, Irish purchasers paid £11,260,262 10s. 11d., while British purchasers paid only £2,249,040 12s. 6d., or about one-fifth. Of the estates sold, 219 had been in Chancery over three years, 364 over five years, 167 over ten years, 17 over thirty-five years, and 9 over fifty years. No less than 1152 estates were rescued by the commissioners from a ruinous system of litigation during the short interval of five years, by a simple and inexpensive process, each purchaser receiving a parliamentary title, and being perfectly free to deal with the property according to his own judgment. The whole expense of the Court is only £15,000 per annum, and it might easily be made self-supporting. A conveyance may be made of a fee-simple estate, say of £500 per annum, within a fortnight from purchase, at a cost of from £8 to £10, including all expenses except stamp duty.

Ireland has shared largely in the commercial progress of the British empire during the last two years. The war has only slightly interfered with it. Even the deficiency of the distinctive products of Russia has been of service to Irish industry, inasmuch as the chief of them, such as flax, are peculiarly suited to the Irish soil; and the seed which has been allowed to run to waste will hereafter be saved. Belfast, though situated on a corner of the island in the north-east, is the great centre of Irish manufactures and commerce; it extends the means and appliances of its numerous industries throughout every district of the country accessible by coast, railway, or canal. The progress which the shipping of that port has made during the last ten years is unprecedented. In 1843, the shipping registered was 49,402 tons; in 1853 it was 83,128, showing an increase of sixty-eight per cent. The tonnage which entered in the former year was 363,048; but in 1853 it was 768,108, equal to an increase of 112 per cent. The 'Belfast Mercantile Journal' has recently shown that while the tonnage of Liverpool, from 1800 to 1853 increased *ninefold*, that of Belfast increased *fourteenfold* in the same period. Since 1817, the exports of Belfast increased 925 per cent., whereas those of Liverpool increased only 558 per cent. The exports of the Irish port (including those shipped intermediately by way of Liverpool, Glasgow, and London), in 1853, amounted in value to the prodigious total of eight millions and a half.

As an indication of the activity of its manufacturing industry, it may be mentioned that Belfast imports coal at the rate of 1000 tons per day. The manufactures of the town, which is the metropolis of Irish trade and commerce, consist chiefly of

linen, cotton, and muslin, to the first of which is to be chiefly ascribed the progress of flax cultivation in Ireland. From Government returns and other sources of information, it appears that even beyond the bounds of Ulster, flax cultivation has increased 500 per cent. since 1848. Flax markets have been established in different parts of the country. There are 956 Scutch mills in Ireland, of which 54 are worked by steam power. During the year 1853 there was in the flax spinning mills an increase of 42,500 spindles, giving a total of 580,684 spindles working in 88 factories. The number of power-looms, according to the 'Linen Trade Circular,' had been increased from 58 to 218; and preparations were making for 1105 in addition, giving a total of 1323.

'The total Irish export of linens and threads in 1852 was 67,482 packages, so that there is an increase on the year of 4169 packages.

'Summing up roughly the entire value of the Irish export and import trade in these articles, we find the following to be about the estimate for 1853:—

Exported from Ireland in 1853.

4,974 tons of flax, at £58	£288,492
2,686 tons tow, at £27	72,522
3,352 tons yarn, at £105	351,960
71,651 pkgs. linen, at £55	3,940,805
Total	£4,653,779

Imported into Ireland in 1853.

8,725 tons flax, at £65	£567,125
441 tons tow, at £27	11,907
2,984 tons yarn, at £180	537,320
Total	£1,116,352

The cotton trade is also carried on extensively in Belfast and the neighbourhood. It now employs 111,264 spindles, being an increase upon last year of about 15,000; about two-thirds of the whole are occupied in spinning the finer qualities.

Belfast is also the chief seat of the sewed muslin business, with branches in every part of Ireland. This important manufacture has been established only five years, and it already employs 460,000 females, who work in their own houses, and exhibit, by their personal neatness, and the improved domestic arrangements of their families, the salutary effects of this sort of employment, which strengthens, instead of weakening, the home affections. In payment of this work £1,500,000 is circulated annually in the cottages of Ireland; and it is a fact worth notice, that wages compose fully ninety-two per cent. of the total value of the finished product.

'If other countries,' says Mr. Locke, 'abolished their tariffs, or even lowered them some forty or fifty per cent. on this staple embroidery alone, Belfast and Glasgow firms could afford to raise their wages, and not leave an idle female hand from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.

'Indeed, Ireland owes much to the commercial tact and enterprise of the Belfast merchants, and their remarkable success in the application of capital to develop our industrial resources; a success, too, which has materially contributed to increase the national wealth and prosperity, by attracting British capitalists to invest and settle in a country where labour is cheaper than in England or Scotland.'—p. 13.

The mineral resources of Ireland have been but partially developed of late years, but now they are attracting the attention of capitalists. The coal product of the world in 1853 is estimated by able statisticians at 75,000,000 tons; of which Great Britain produces 40,000,000, or more than half, a fact which goes far to account for the manufacturing pre-eminence of the country which is possessed of more coal than all the rest of this world. Ireland is not deficient in this source of national wealth—this necessary basis of manufacturing industry. What is chiefly needed are facilities of conveyance. The Belfast Chamber of Commerce have stated that they are prevented from establishing branches of their business in Connaught, *because the expense of carriage would equal that of shipping the material to the East Indies.* The workable area of the Irish coal field has been roughly estimated at 2,000,000 acres—viz., in Ulster, 550,000; Leinster, 200,000; Munster, 1,000,000; Connaught, 250,000. 'Of these the Leitrim field, so rich in ironstone, is likely to yield very large returns, with rapidly increasing profits.' The Fairhead mineral district in Ulster, re-opened within the last three years by an English company, now yields good bituminous coal, sold at the pit's mouth for 10s. a ton. There are several copper mines in Ireland which are profitably worked, and there are other districts known to be metalliferous, which Mr. Locke thinks would reward enterprise with a profit of from ten to twenty per cent.

Among the sources of prosperity neglected or abused for ages in Ireland are the fisheries, to which we are glad to see the attention of the Government and of capitalists is now particularly directed. We fancy few of our readers are aware of the quantity of salmon and other fish which comes to the English market from the sister island:—

'The following table from the Commissioner's Report exhibits the quantity of fish conveyed from the southern and western coasts to Dublin, during the year 1853, and the trade has considerably in-

creased this year, in consequence of the cheapness and rapidity of carriage :—

Quantity of Fish conveyed by the Great Southern and Western Railway.

	Tons	Cwts.	Qrs.
Salmon	275	0	0
Herrings	243	0	0
Other fish	66	0	0
Total	584	0	0

Midland Great Western Railway.

	Tons	Cwts.	Qrs.
Salmon and turbot	77	1	0
Lobsters	101	12	1
Cod, hake, eels, haddock, soles, &c.	255	2	2
Oysters	240	9	2
Total	674	5	1

It results from the statistics we have laid before the reader that Ireland has become a most promising field for the investment of capital—Providence having at length removed by sore judgments the causes by which that country has been for ages cursed. A surplus population does not exist; agrarian crime has ceased; labour is properly rewarded. The energies of the people are turned into industrial channels. Goodwill and a spirit of kindly co-operation are taking the place of sectarian animosity and party strife. There is no longer an insolient proprietary, and the tenantry are not at the mercy of agents, chancery receivers, and subject to oppressions of every kind which were engendered by the old land system. The reform introduced by the Encumbered Estates Court will go on till, in the words of Mr. Mechi, the purchase and sale of lands will be treated 'as you do your Three per cent. consols, by an authorized registry and immediate transfer,' which, he justly remarks, is necessary to the perfect development of the agricultural powers of a nation. This would pass land into the hands of '*bona fide* capitalists, able and willing to improve it, and responsible for its duties, as well as entitled to its rights.' Blackstone saw this truth even in his day, though it forces itself so slowly on the conviction of modern legislators. 'Property,' says the great jurist, 'best answers the purposes of civil life, especially in commercial countries, where its transfer and circulation are totally free and unrestrained.' We hope the following admonition will not be lost on the parties for whom it is intended—the landed proprietors of the United Kingdom:

'It is perilous to society to strain privilege against profitable uses. Feudalism in its extremest pride dreamed not of an absolute or irresponsible ownership; and in these our times the legal rights of a

landed proprietary are confessedly held under the sanction of a civil expediency, possessing full power to amend or abridge, under the constraint of opinion and circumstance. On every sublunary possession, too, hangs the weight of moral accountability; and if social duties are disregarded, sooner or later the providential principle of compensation is made patent in punishment or deprival. If our forefathers had not injured their patrimony by pride and extravagance, used up their tenantry for political purposes, neglected them from indolence, oppressed them for lucre—a summary jurisdiction would not have been permitted in the middle of the nineteenth century to disfranchise their descendants. What a lesson of warning does the Encumbered Estates Commission present to our generation; and surely it will not be deemed inappropriate to remind the landed proprietor, in the words of Mill, that "his privilege becomes an injustice when carried to any point to which the compensating good does not follow it." '—p. 23.*

In no part of the United Kingdom does the land market offer such favourable opportunities for investment as in Ireland at the present time.

'The advantageous circumstances of cheap labour, freedom from the burthen of certain assessed taxes, and the higher negotiable value given by parliamentary title, together with a simple mode of transfer, unclogged by the expenses, delays, and uncertainties of disabling laws, must also prove great encouragements. The fertile pastures of Leinster —the high-rented, well farmed, and minutely divided districts of Ulster—the rich arable soils of Munster—these yield ample, and, generally speaking, immediate returns for investment. The extensive wastes of Connaught, where frequently a thin surface of peat covers an intact virgin mould—rivers, lakes, and coasts abounding with fish—water power unappropriated—capacious natural harbours, undisturbed by the keel of commerce—to this remoter region has flowed the principal stream of British capital.'—p. 23.

ART. V.—*History of the Colony of Natal, South Africa.* To which is added an Appendix, containing a Brief History of the Orange River Sovereignty and the Various Races inhabiting it, &c. By the Rev. W. C. Holden. With Three Maps and Nineteen Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 463. London: Heylin.

2. *Life with the Zulus of Natal.* By G. H. Mason. London: Longman & Co.

BOOKS on Natal are multiplying. Since Christopher's enthusiastic description of the colony, we have had several glimpses of the settlers in this new land, and of the savage tribes which

* Political Economy, book II. c. ii. sect. 6.

share it with them. The Right Rev. Dr. Colenso, Bishop of the Province, has issued a work in commemoration of his experiences there, and that work, Mr. Mason tells us, was partly derived from a MS. confided by him to the episcopal hands. Perhaps we may as well say at starting, that of all the accounts of Natal that we have seen, Mr. Mason's is the most agreeable. It abounds in pictures and incidents, and is written in the true narrative style, with occasional dashes of romance and of reflection. But Mr. Holden's 'History,' for authenticity and completeness, is unquestionably a more valuable publication. Its author writes on the authority of fifteen years' residence, with rare opportunities for observation. To general readers, therefore, in search of an exciting, picturesque, and at the same time instructive story of travel, Mr. Mason's sketches of life among the Zulus will supply all they can wish to have. But for colonists and for emigrants, who have chosen Natal as the place of their adoption, Mr. Holden has compiled a thoroughly reliable manual, containing all necessary information, characteristically illustrated, and enlivened by some very interesting passages of history and adventure.

Mr. Holden acknowledges, however, that his description of Natal is necessarily imperfect. To say, therefore, that his work is complete is merely to say that it condenses all the knowledge that exists upon the subject. Enough, at least, is known to place Natal among the most promising of British colonies. Its seasons are temperate, and suited to the English constitution, and its position, as a centre of trade, is remarkably advantageous. Across the northern basin of the Indian Ocean, Madagascar, Borneo, Sumatra, and other abounding regions may be reached by an easy voyage, which may be extended also to India and to China, as well as to Japan, whenever the commercial policy of the East lays them open. The southern waters of the same ocean bear 'the ships of Africa' to Australia and to New Zealand, while France and the British Isles, connected with the Cape by steam, are situated within a thirty days' trip. The port of Natal is one of the best in South Africa, for it is the opinion of experienced captains, that with ordinary care, there need never be a wreck in the bay—the sea-room being so spacious, and the anchorage so secure. The coast line of Natal is about two hundred and thirty miles in length, broken by the mouths of several rivers, and varied by striking alternations of scenery. The interior boundary is composed in one part of rivers, and in another of hills, so that it seems naturally marked, on the surface of Southern Africa, as a distinct territory.

Its aspects are various. Near the sea the land is strongly undulated, and covered with long grass. Low ranges of hills occasionally break this monotony, but scarcely any timber trees are visible. Rising to the interior, with a gradual slope for ten or

fifteen miles, this sea-border suddenly terminates in precipitous ridges, overlooking vast and solitary valleys. Behind the traveller, standing with his face turned from the coast, the verdant downs rise and fall as far as the eye can reach. In front of him, at the bottom of an endless and towering wall of rock, an immense lowland spreads, supporting groups of conical hills, one or two thousand feet in height, some of which terminate in horizontal plateaus, covered with pasture, while others diminish into peaks, or are split into forks, or broken into fantastic shapes resembling minarets, domes, and castellated lines, irregularly blended. Beyond, the sides of the mountains are covered with woods, while at intervals the course of a river may be traced, through deep channels and ravines, overhung by fragments of basalt, or shrouded by the forest. Some of the cascades in Natal are upwards of two hundred and fifty feet in height, and all the streams are fed by rivulets of transparent water, by which the plain is crossed at intervals in every part of the country. None of the rivers are navigable, on account of the eccentric surface through which they flow. The traveller viewing a Natal landscape may see in front of him only the peculiar blue tints of the African hills and the grassy plains around him, when suddenly a chasm is before his feet, filled with the roaring waters. He looks below, and there, far down, a large river is rushing along, boiling among the rocks, sparkling and flashing in the glimpses of the sun, and only to be approached carefully through deep ravines blocked up with masses of the crumbled mountain.

Natal, consequently, is a well-watered country. Its soil is not remarkably rich, but it is for the most part productive. Its qualities, indeed, seem to have been deteriorated by the native processes of agriculture. No manure is ever used, and the spontaneous vegetation is burned instead of being allowed to decay, and thus to form new layers of soil. It is a great error to desire the speedy extirpation of jungles and forests of soft porous trees, in the thinly inhabited portions of the world. Those jungles and those trees are preparing the soil for future tenants; they add to it yearly their tribute of new fertility, and cover the rocky earth with beds of the finest loam. The natives, however, burn this vegetation, and cultivate a spot of ground until it is exhausted. They then leave it to a long natural fallow, and clear another field for their husbandry. European colonists, by adopting other methods, soon produce more favourable results. Indian corn, and a peculiar grain called *amabele*, constitute the principal native growths, besides pumpkins, melons, sweet and common potatoes, and millet, which is brewed into beer. Along the sea coast a valuable plum is found in abundance; but the wild fruits of Natal are generally worthless. Magnificent tropical orchards, however, flourish under the industry of the settlers.

'In the extensive grassy plains, many cattle, goats, and sheep are pastured. Nearly the whole surface of the country is burnt over once or twice a-year; not all at once but in sections, so that at all seasons the flocks and herds may have abundance of fresh grass. The flames, once kindled in the dry grass, run rapidly before the wind, rousing from their retreats the birds of night, wolves, and hyenas, that flee howling and screaming away, and starting from mid-day sleep the roebuck and antelope, whose graceful bounds and winged speed soon place them beyond reach of the fire. A winter evening in Africa presents no more charming sight than these long lines of fire sweeping over the plains, descending into some deep valley, where their raging thirst shall be quenched in a crystal brook, or gathering round some lofty hill, whose precipitous sides they climb, dance a moment on its summit, and then expire. In two or three days after the fire has blackened the earth, countless numbers of a little leafless flower (one of the *amaryllaceæ*) shoot up, whose bowed heads seem to supplicate heaven's mercy for the scorched earth, and whose glorious beauty is enough to entice the treasures of the clouds to their feet. In two weeks the under grass puts forth its leaves, and the earth is spread with a flowery carpet of the richest green.'—p. 27.

The Pagan poetry of the idea which illustrates this description reminds us of the American fancy about the flowers which spring up after a Savannah fire, of the Australian's incantations over the ashes of the bush, and of the Nilotic villager's pity for the charred stalks of his corn, after such a conflagration as Mr. Bayard Taylor kindled at the cost of a good deal of remorse to himself and of a fever to his friend—both wandering Cagliostros in their special way. To resume, however, with our borrowed notes on Natal:—Mr. Holden quotes the statement of a scientific naturalist, who says,—'The climate is delightful. Free alike from the extremes of heat and of cold, it realizes, as nearly as any land, the idea of eternal spring.' But the temperature varies with the elevation of the land, since hot winds occasionally prevail along the coast, and snow falls on the summits of the Guahlamba Mountains. Over these mountains there bursts at times a thunder-storm such as is never witnessed in the north. The clouds in the sky appear like so many batteries pouring their fire together, in blue, yellow, and crimson sheets, accompanied by tremendous explosions, and affording a spectacle at once splendid and appalling. From September to March scarcely a day passes without showers of rain which purify and cool the air. A light wind then rapidly dries the ground, which emits deleterious effluvia. The natives, it is true, are much affected by pulmonary complaints; but the more educated and cautious Europeans know how to avoid them, dysentery being the only malignant disease to which they are peculiarly liable in Natal.

The chief dangers to human life are those to which the

wanderer in the forest is exposed. In addition to elephants, lions, buffaloes, wolves, hippopotami, and alligators, with other creatures with which Southern Africa generally swarms, he may disturb the cobra, the huge python, and the puff-adder, or see a deadly snake hanging from a branch over his head, or feel it moving under his pillow. The scorpion, also, or the scolopendra, may infest the place of his repose, while the vile little bush-tick may pierce his skin, and irritate him with its contemptible poison. Myriads of these animalculæ are bred in the wilderness, loading every leaf and blade of grass, and ready to drop on any living thing that passes. Neglected cattle are sometimes destroyed by them.

Africa, by some pert epigrammatist, has been represented as a region of rivers without water, of flowers without fragrance, and birds without song. Now these current sayings, rejoicing in their brevity, are usually undiluted nonsense. South Africa—Natal especially—contains innumerable species of handsome birds, many of which sing with the utmost sweetness and melody. The whip-poor-will utters the most plaintive of all music; the turtle-dove is believed by the natives to please even the lion with its tender notes; and the *amassingi* pours with 'full-throated ease' a song resembling the harmony of numerous flutes heard at a distance across the water. In Natal, indeed, the forms of Nature are peculiarly graceful, and fitted for the delight and pleasure of the human race.

These characteristics were observed by the first English voyagers who arrived on the coast in 1683. The country, they reported, was so prolific, and so agreeable, that the natives became lazy in the midst of fields that needed no culture. The Dutch took the initiative in the regular colonization of South Africa, but the history of the English settlers who sought to push their fortune in Natal, in spite of rivalry, supplies many an episode of rude romance. Simultaneously with their attempts, and with the progress of the Dutch, bloody feuds between the Kaffirs and Zulus converted the region into a battle ground, and so fiercely were these wars carried on that thousands were sometimes slain in the field. In one engagement between the Natal Kaffirs and their enemies, on the Tugela river, so many men were killed that for sixteen years the ground was white with bones, which are only now beginning to be cleared away. Without, however, unravelling the intricate history of Natal, we may state that in 1842, to secure its peace, and put an end to border contests, the British Government annexed it to their South African possessions. Many of the Dutch families remained; many crossed the mountains and entered the Vaal River Republic, while Pretorious, the governor of that sovereignty, was entertained at a colonial dinner, although, in 1848, Sir Harry Smith had offered £2000 for his

head, as a public disturber, and as a buccaneer. The British system of administration was then introduced, and Natal became an integral part of our vast colonial empire. The chief difficulty to be overcome was that of pacifying and protecting the natives, and a plan was arranged for inducing them to labour and for endowing them with property. This plan Mr. Holden considers to have been fallacious and detrimental, so that the hundred thousand Kaffir heathens in the province remain a turbulent, idle, and vicious community. Mr. Holden believes that they should be left altogether to their own customs until Christianity can win them away, but relieved altogether from the authority of their chiefs. These men have recently been reduced in power, but not sufficiently; their laws have been put in abeyance; their witchcraft resisted; and their practice of polygamy, to a certain extent, restrained. We must refer to Mr. Holden's elaborate exposition of his views for a more particular analysis of the Kaffir question. We are not quite sure that he appreciates the spirit of recent legislation on matters of this nature; but the point of Mr. Holden's theory is set forth in the following:—

'I know not how statesmen and editors in England may think and feel, but to those who are in the midst of the life and death struggles of the colony, it appears wondrous strange that, at the close of a three years' devastating war, the abandonment of the sovereignty, the withdrawal of the troops, and the bestowal of an unsuitable constitution upon the colony, should all be attempted at once. Any one of these three great measures, in the time of peace, is enough to shake the fabric of society to its foundation; but to try the whole at once, at the close of a calamitous war, appears madness, and people on the spot ask if our legislators are really of sane mind.'—p. 236.

Surely the colonial constitution was granted as a concession, not to any clamor in England, but to the demands of 'people on the spot.' Mr. Holden is a conservative in South Africa, where dictatorship pleases him; but the age has outgrown paternal rule, and finds 'convulsion' better than apathy. A 'strong government,' in the sense usually given to that phrase, means a brutal government, intent on its own will, and ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of its strength. No doubt the Boers, when they quote Joshua in justification of ferocity, require a powerful law to keep their homicidal propensities within bounds; but mankind has learned that if freedom has its evils, 'strong government' is not the remedy. We have lately had, apart from writers like Mr. Holden, more than one pleader for the abolition of representative institutions and the substitution of autocracy. At every point, and on every possible occasion, let this immoral, mean, and faithless advocacy be rejected and disowned.

The material progress of Natal within the few years that have elapsed since its establishment as a British colony has been considerable. Its chief towns are D'Urban and Pietermaritzburg, the former the port, the latter the seat of Government, the New York and the Washington of Natal. D'Urban stands at the head of the bay. 'When the author arrived in the colony, upwards of five years ago, there were only a few houses, and those mostly of a very inferior description, being of wattle and clay. There were at that time few inhabitants, some of whom were going away; the coasting vessels being full of passengers when leaving, and bringing none on their return voyages. Some of the houses were falling down, and these were said to be fit emblems of the place which could never rise.' And now the locality is crowded with dwelling-houses; large streets have been built; land is rising in value, and a handsome style of architecture is putting to shame the relics of wattled huts and the unoccupied allotments of former days. There is a Government school-room, a new Wesleyan chapel, an Episcopalian place of worship, a congregational house, and a second Wesleyan chapel for natives. A literary institution with a library has also been created, but meets with little support. When the various public and private schools have existed long enough, the colonists may rise to the level of literature, and divide their attention between it and the shows of the agricultural and horticultural societies. At present about 1200 persons inhabit D'Urban.

Pietermaritzburg, the political capital of Natal, is about fifty-two miles distant from the bays in a north-westerly direction. It does not yet rival the port, but is in advance of all others in the colony—Ladysmith, Weenen, or Weeping City, Verulam, Richmond, York, and Pinetown. Besides New Germany, there are some settlements formed on different plans, but all founded in the hope that a great agricultural and commercial prospect is open to the colony.

As to this prospect Mr. Holden makes a very rational statement. People who go to Natal with glowing ideas, he says, had better return to England. It is not a land where milk and manna are showered down in the waste. Neither is it a region of agriculture made easy. 'The fact is, that it is one of the finest countries in the world,' which implies the plain truth, that no country is fine enough to satisfy absurd anticipations and immoderate desires. Good climate, regular seasons, productive soil, an useful breed of cattle, facilities for growing cotton, sugar, small-timber, grains, vegetables, and fruit—what more can the practical Englishman expect? 'All who come out should be prepared to endure a little privation and hardship for a few

months or years, having before them the prospect of future advancement and comfort, if they adhere to sober, industrious habits. I have been upwards of fifteen years in different parts of South Africa, but have not yet seen a poor-house or the necessity for one. I have not yet seen a street beggar, or the necessity for one.'

Tea is another important article, for the production of which, as far as the investigation has yet gone, Natal is peculiarly suited. The climate is said to be more favourable for it than that of Assam and Kumaon, and even of China, though we are inclined to reckon this among pardonable instances of hyperbole. Labour is requisite in most parts of China to bring the tea plant to perfection; but we have seen no account of tea produce possible in Natal without at least equal assiduity and pains bestowed on the cultivation. Arrowroot and ginger, however, will probably yield large returns, while the fattening of pigs and cattle—so essential to a colonist's prosperity—is being extended and improved. For an admirable review of the capacities of Natal for producing coffee and sugar we must refer to Mr. Holden's volume. Before noticing his remarks on gold and other minerals, we may quote some of his advice on emigration.

'Avoid emigration companies,' he says, 'whether public or private.' Why? Mr. Holden offers no reasonings on the matter—none applicable, at least, to the principle of associations adapted to such a purpose. His criticism refers solely to a special class of societies; but we believe there are others free from all the objections he enumerates, and calculated to aid and guide the emigrant. Natal, he tells us, wants two sorts of population—agriculturalists with capital, and farm labourers. But why should not both profit by the system of union, which enables individuals to obtain information, and to act more effectually than they could, if left to the resources of their personal experience or observation.

On the subject of the gold discoveries Mr. Holden writes coolly. He is anxious to foster no premature expectations. Gold, however, has been found in quartz crystals of an irregular surface, alternating with small masses of yellow clay. The metal itself is of extraordinary purity and brilliant colour. It is thought that the actual auriferous fields will be found in the great mountain range that divides the Orange sovereignty from the territory of Natal. Some explorers, says a letter quoted by Mr. Holden, were lately riding about the town of Smithfield, 'when their attention was attracted by something shining at the mouth of an ant-bear hole. They alighted from their horses, and found there some small nuggets of the precious metal, one weighing sixty grains, the others smaller. This led to a search

for more, and the whole population were violently excited by visions of future treasures.' The good folks of Smithfield hurried out, 'and all found small nuggets on the surface.' Coal has also been traced in no inconsiderable quantities.

So far we have become the exponents of Mr. Holden's views. The work in which they are contained partakes too much of a pamphlet character in the style and scope of its discussions; but for accuracy of detail and fulness of information, it is the best book that we have seen on Natal; an interesting colony, to which public attention is likely to be directed with increased solicitude for many years to come.

Mr. Mason's book, forming two parts of the charming 'Traveller's Library,' is a pictorial and animated narrative of enterprise in the South African wilds. It has a few touches of sentiment, and a good many touches of amiability. The author, by his own statement, was a Cambridge man, weary of college work, terrified at the thought of an examination, and sent to sleep by the heaviness of his reflections.

'I was suddenly roused by the visit of a younger brother, who, too, was in an unsettled state, having lately been much thwarted in his undertakings. Drawing the curtains to shut out the dismal night, he took the opposite seat at the fireside, and related all the troubles he had encountered, his disappointments and his blighted hopes.

'While we sat musing on our respective positions, the thought presented itself to us of seeking our fortunes in foreign lands . . . . That very night we pledged ourselves to take passages by the first ship, and set sail for Port Natal, in South Africa, at that time only just become a portion of the Queen's dominion.'—p. 6.

These Crusoes of the woods appear to have been wonderfully simple. The younger is not so prominently before us, but will it be believed that the elder relates, as an instance of ingenious waggery, that some one when crossing the line, put a hair on the end of a telescope, and deceived the uninitiated passengers into thinking that they saw the actual *Line?* Ten thousand times, we suppose, has this 'ingenious' trick been described, yet Mr. Mason makes an amusing item of it. Nevertheless, he has an entertaining account to give of moving incidents in wagons, tents, kraals, and colonial outposts, with numerous anecdotes of native character and colonial modes of life. With twenty-eight pounds sterling in cash, the brothers settled near Pietermaritzburg, resolved to build a fortune there, and took a grant of land at 'the Illovo.' It being necessary, when they had the land, to find out where it was, the elder brother started alone on an expedition to discover his new estate. This object being accomplished, they both began to prepare for permanent location, and we have a very romantic account of the way in which these brothers inhabited

a tent until their house was built. They trod clay in a pit by moonlight for the purpose of making bricks:—

'Our first day at brickmaking was not so remarkable for the number made, as for the peculiarity of their shape: some of the bricks had "come out with a run," and spread themselves into flooring tiles; others had stuck to the mould so tenaciously, that when they did come out, they had grown to double their proper length, and had assumed a twisted form; while some few had managed to retain their shape right manfully, in spite of jerks and finger marks. All of them, however, long, short, and broad, were bricks, and though they differed as to form, still served alike to build the house. A useful hint to churchmen.'—p. 172.

All this portion of the narrative is delightful. It is as fresh, and as brightly coloured as the most poetical romance. The brothers constructed their own habitation so well that substantial Dutch landowners employed them to build houses, and thus they carried on a profitable vocation, more pleasant to Mr. Mason than Latin rhymes or 'the songs of Grecian years.' In the midst of these enterprises, and when their little share of the African desert began to blossom as the rose, a letter arrived from England, enclosing—not a draft on any mercantile house at Natal, not a sister's diary of events at home, or a string of questions on the chance of 'getting on' in the colony, but a MS. treatise on spherical trigonometry. An accompanying letter summoned both brothers home, and Mr. Mason deserted brickmaking on the Umlaass to complete his education at Cambridge.

His narrative, it will be seen, is a contrast to that of Mr. Holden's. The two, however, are no misappropriate companions, since they cast a new light on the interior life of Natal, and will render that colony familiar to every diligent reader.

ART. VI.—*Moredun: a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten.* By W. P. In Three Volumes. London: Sampson Low & Son. 1855.

ONCE more the attention of the literary world has been challenged to the vexed and yet entertaining question of disputed authorship. The excessive interest which such questions excite seems to depend upon the exercise which they offer for literary ingenuity and even sophistical criticism. From the 'Icon Basilike' to the 'Vestiges of Creation;' from the 'Letters of Junius' to the

work now before us, the publication of books of disputed authorship has engaged the critics in a conflict which has in some instances been contested with a degree of warmth in an inverse ratio to the value of the works in question. To the list of these must now be added 'Moredun,' which forms the subject of this article. It is distinctly attributed to Sir Walter Scott. The evidences adduced in favour of this assumption by the proprietor of the manuscript are purely external, but there are also some internal indications of an opposite tendency to which it will be necessary to give our attention. We propose to consider these in their order, and to present an analysis of the story, illustrating it by such quotations as may guide the judgment of the reader both as to the character and the authorship of the work.

As to the external evidence, it will obviously be necessary to quote at some length the statements of Monsieur Cabany. It is alleged, as we have said, that the work was written in early life by Scott; that, deeming it unsuitable for immediate publication, he presented it to his daughter, Miss Anne Scott; and that she subsequently presented it to Mr. Spencer, a needy but esteemed friend of her father. Sir Walter's Diary, as published by Mr. Lockhart, is characterized by so many omissions as to throw but a faint light upon those intercourses with Mr. Spencer which, if this work is genuine, would demonstrate its identity. We must give Monsieur Cabany's account.

'We find from his diary one day after another, "*poor* Spencer" coming to breakfast with him;—that Spencer, to whom he, the following year, makes this affecting reference on a day when he was' .....

'And Lockhart has this note:—

'"The late Hon. W. R. Spencer, the best writer of *vers de société* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and, like him, first attracted notice by a version of Burger's 'Lenore.' Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825."

'To this I may add, that M. Amédée Pichot, director of the 'Revue Britannique,' writes to me on the 17th February last, that he remembers Mr. Spencer well, and of being introduced to him in the Windsor Hotel, at Paris, by Sir Walter Scott, as his intimate and esteemed friend.

'Of all those particulars I was entirely ignorant when I received the MS. of 'Moredun,' and published my account of the discovery. I can now see a very plain and obvious solution to the whole affair.

'Sir Walter Scott sees his old and esteemed friend, contemporary, and brother poet, at Paris, in great pecuniary distress. His kind-hearted daughter bethinks herself of the interdicted manuscript, and her father allows it to be given—not expressly for publication, but with a very plain hint at such an expectation; and seeing in such an event the trial of his early 'story-telling' with the public without com-

promising himself; a trial, which, if so successful as to encourage him to follow it up, would open up a new source of revenue for his creditors as well as for himself.....

'I have not yet brought forward with sufficient prominence the entries in the Diary which relate to Mr. Spencer during Sir Walter's visit to Paris, nor some notices in the same record of a very curious nature, which occur just as he was setting out on that journey. With them, and they will not detain the reader long, my task will be finished.

'It appears, then, by the Diary, that Mr. Spencer breakfasted with Sir Walter and his daughter on the 2nd November, when there is this remarkable entry:—

'"I expect poor Spencer to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me."

'On the day following, 3rd November, Spencer again breakfasted with them.

'The letter to Spencer is dated the following day—4th November—on which day Sir Walter did a very anomalous thing with him whilst in Paris, he "stayed at home on Anne's account."

'If there be any who, after reading carefully the letter written on that day, and considering the nature of its contents, can possibly expect an entry of it in the Diary—let them read what follows;—the answer it gives to their inquiry is in these terms:—

'"November 5. I believe I must give up my journal till I leave Paris."

'These entries might have been considered commonplace if they had stood alone—but I ask of the candid reader who has duly weighed the many singular circumstances I have brought forward—last of all to turn with me to two very curious entries in his Diary—the one just before leaving Abbotsford for Paris, and the other while in London on his way thither.

'He makes this entry while at Abbotsford—"I have a curious fancy. I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing."

'I need not here remind my readers of that vein of superstition in Sir Walter Scott's mind, which he held in common with Dr. Johnson and many other illustrious men, in order to call their attention to this curious act of divination, done in private, and so significant of the tendency of his thoughts at the time towards incognito undertakings—but he himself gives it a most distinct elucidation when so soon after—that is just before leaving London for Paris—he follows it with these words:—"I am considering like a fox at his shifts whether there be any way to dodge them—some new device to throw them off, and have a mile or two of free ground while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way. To give novelty: to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story!—to make the world stare, and gain a new march a-head of them all! Well! SOMETHING WE STILL WILL DO.

'Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die.'"—Introduction, pp. 63-69.

Monsieur Cabany next enters on a discussion in answer to anticipated objections, as to the probability of Sir Walter's having written this in early life, but suspended its publication on the ground of its being unworthy of the great fame which the earlier 'Waverley' novels achieved. Here again we must let him plead his own cause. He says:

'I would just briefly remark, that as it is acknowledged that concealment was habitual to him—as he kept no diary till 1825—and as Lockhart does not give all that private journal, but only such portions as he judged advisable—it follows, that any such sweeping assertion, as that no work can be by the author of 'Waverley' which is not found mentioned in Mr. Lockhart's 'Memoirs of Scott,' is worth just as much as the paper it is written upon.

'Turning from Lockhart's summary to the narrative itself, the first circumstance which arrested my attention was the early demonstration of a "tale-telling" faculty and propensity in Scott—the repression of that peculiar talent—its exercise, in private, later in life, and its ultimate development to the public, only when he was "constrained" to acknowledge authorships which could no longer be concealed.

'Thus I find him in 1786 writing romances in verse "in four books, each containing 400 verses," and then committing them to the flames; and when I inquire into the cause of this, I find it to arise from the severity of the criticism of some friends—who were equally harsh towards his prose essays—and from a diffidence in his own talents, increased, no doubt, by experiencing the truth of the saying, that a prophet hath no honour in the little circle around him, who, in their self-conceit, think they see through him.

'That severity which sent the first volume of 'Waverley' into retirement for eight years, was the true cause of the system of concealment which he adopted—a system not merely of secresy but of denial—for in 1796 he is found averring that he had never written anything beyond sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, whilst, ten years before, he had burnt an epic of 1600 stanzas; and further on, in his Diary, he says he is ready to give his affidavit, if it be necessary, that he is not the "Great Unknown."

'Still his story-telling went on; in the Parliament House and in the walks around Edinburgh; where he was continually either pouring forth the overflowings of his own imagination, or borrowing the tales of others to "put cocked hats on their heads, and canes in their hands, in order to make them presentable in company."

'Did all the tales he then recounted,—did all the imagination which gave them birth, find vent for a space of twenty years in the collection of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border and in a volume of Descriptive Poetry every two years? Is it credible that such a story-teller, such a lover of ancient lore, who every year, at least, paid a long visit to Perthshire and the classic ground of Macbeth, or to the Border counties of England and Scotland—and who often, as his "grinder" Weber told Mr. Ellis, had five works in hand at the same time,—is

it within the range of probability that, amongst all these works, such an imaginator, such a worshipper of classic ground and picturesque scenery, would be committing no other record to paper of his impressions during these visits than what appears in the 'Life'?

'We might safely give an answer in the negative to such questions, on the ground of probability alone: but there exists a most singular document in the 'Life' itself which proves that there was something written—something which never saw the light of publication—and which is never so much as once elsewhere alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's work; for it was written, as we shall see, long before John Gibson Lockhart was made known to the world through the impertinences of Peter's Letters. The notice of it is contained in a letter from James Ballantyne (Scott's printer, and his greatest confidant) to Miss Edgeworth, written 14th November, 1814, that is, soon after the publication of 'Waverley,' and is in these words:—

'"I am not authorized to say—but I will not resist my impulse to say—to Miss Edgeworth, that another novel, descriptive of more ancient manners still, may be expected ere long from the author of 'Waverley.' But I request her to observe that I say this in strict confidence."

'Now, that such a work must then have been in existence is clear whereas 'Guy Mannering' and the 'Antiquary,' which followed 'Waverley,' at the interval of a year each, were pictures of more recent manners—not of "more ancient." Romances, descriptive of more *ancient manners*, afterwards appeared; but the periods of the subsequent actual writing of those works are distinctly recorded, and none of them could have been the 'more ancient' story—the co-existence of which with 'Waverley' is borne testimony to by James Ballantyne.'—Introduction, pp. 23, 28.

We will now proceed to an analysis of the work.

The scene opens at Scone, where King William of Scotland is staying with his niece Isabella, daughter of his brother the Earl of Huntingdon, and his young son the Prince Alexander. A winter storm of unusual violence occurs, and the king is alarmed by the sudden arrival of a messenger who hurriedly announces that the queen is in imminent danger from an inundation which threatens the walls of the royal residence at Perth, where she is staying. The king flies to her rescue, attended by the knight who had brought the intelligence. The wooden bridge which they had to cross in order to arrive at the palace had its western and lower side carried away by the blocks of ice which were borne along by the irresistible current just as the king and his attendants had gained the centre. All of the latter save one fled to the eastern gate, leaving the king with a single attendant on the middle of the bridge. Before the king could follow them, the eastern side of the bridge was swept away, and he was left on the central portion, with the single attendant who had brought the message. By his heroic exertions the lives of

both were saved, but not until his infant child, committed by the queen from a window to the arms of a servant, had perished with its guardian in the waters. But a heavier catastrophe awaited the royal house. Isabella of Huntingdon, who remained in charge of the heir-apparent, left him in his sleep at dawn to observe the effects of the flood, and on her return to the chamber found that the young prince had disappeared, having been stolen, as is afterwards disclosed, by an emissary of King John of England. Isabella, frantic with grief, betakes herself to a religious house in the neighbourhood, where a foreign lady, evidently of noble birth, but then sojourning as a nun, significantly recommends her to try the powers of a seer at Dusimane, whither she resorts, but without any successful result. Meanwhile, the loss of the prince is disclosed to the king and queen, and the position of Isabella is of a most distressing kind. It is, however, known that the young knight who saved the life of the king was attached to Isabella of Huntingdon, having as a rival Henry de Hastings, who had been placed as a spy and an enemy at the Scottish court. In the enthusiasm of his gratitude at his deliverance William of Scotland proposed a suitable reward to his deliverer, who was no other than Moredun, the hero of this story; and his chancellor recommended, amidst no small opposition, on account of the supposed unequal birth of Moredun, the hand of Isabella, now seemingly the heiress-presumptive to the throne of Scotland. Henry de Hastings, as yet unsuspected, undertakes a search for the missing prince, and journeys southwards as far as Newcastle, where he repairs to an inn kept by one Michael Plummer, who appears from time to time throughout the narrative. Here he finds Maelstrom, the abductor of the prince, together with the boy himself in female attire. Some of the troopers belonging to the Scottish king are quartered at this hostelry, and the commanding officer, overhearing Maelstrom talking somewhat freely of certain losses recently sustained in the royal family, orders him under arrest for further examination. Maelstrom and his apparently female companion escape from their apartment during the night, and arrive at a small vessel at a cave across the Tyne, used for smuggling purposes, amongst what were called the Marsden Rocks. Hither the fugitives are followed by Sir Henry de Hastings, accompanied by Michael Plummer as his guide, and in the obscurity of the cavern receives a wound from a poisoned arrow aimed by the hand of Maelstrom himself. The main incident of the book is now developed—namely, the meeting of King John and William of Scotland at Hexham, in Northumberland, for the purpose of arranging those border feuds which kept an English military force within what were claimed as the territories of Scotland. All the popular

diversions of the time were exhibited on this occasion before the two courts in a style of unexampled magnificence, and among them feats of archery for the prize of a silver arrow, to be presented by the hand of King John. The description of the latter, if it is not an anticipation of the scene in which Locksley figures in 'Ivanhoe' at the lists of Ashby, is so obvious an imitation as at once to condemn the book as an imposture.

'The sports now began, and the day being fine, and everything going on well, the countenances of the royal party began gradually to brighten up a little as they became more and more interested in the proceedings. In that interest, the son of Macduff the piper, partook so largely that he seemed to have forgotten the purpose which, according to his own account, had enrolled him there as a spectator. When it came to the turn of the archers, the Englishmen, whose bows were longer than those of the Scots, and their arrows heavier, had evidently the advantage at long distances, and the acclamations of the spectators in testimony of it was highly pleasing to the English monarch. "The Lady Isabella must own," he said, bending forward, "that if in some of the sports our English yeomen cannot equal in agility your lithe limbed Highlanders, they excel them, and even your Lowlanders, in the manly exercise of the bow." "We aim neither so far nor so high in our poor country," the Lady Isabella re-commenced, when, observing a shade come over the countenance of the king, she added: "Nay, your majesty, I had no figurative allusion in what I said; I but meant that in our narrow valleys and in our mountain passes light implements and light accoutrements are more suited to the nature of the country than in England, with her wide plains and gentle eminences."

'"It was perhaps the length of the aim which sent them beyond the mark in France," King William, who was within hearing, remarked to De Boseo. John affected not to hear it, but he bit his lips, and kept silence longer than usual. As the acclamations of the crowd were again rising when an English archer sent his shaft right into the centre of the bull's-eye, one of the lads in green, who had been remarked by Wilburn and Boynton earlier in the day, fought his way through the crowd, entered the lists, and after bowing respectfully towards the royal stand, selected an arrow from his quiver, poised it carefully, placed it on its rest, and seemingly without much effort, and with an appearance of great indifference, drew it to its head, and sent it right upon the last shot arrow, cleaving it in two. In the midst of the deafening shouts which arose on the performance of this feat, the other green man, following the example of his companion, took aim with the same careless bearing, and in his turn split the shaft of his brother in arms. "Who are these young men, brother of Scotland?" John said, addressing King William, "they are wondrous like some of those fellows of Sherwood forest, to whom my brother, of valiant memory, was foolish enough to grant an amnesty." "In truth, I know not," William said, but addressing Moredun, he added,

"Order one of thy men to bring these archers before us here to receive the prize they have so well gained." '—Vol. i. p. 211.

From this period it is impossible to follow and trace out the labyrinth of the narrative. 'There is,' as another critic has expressed, 'a never-ending series of moving incidents by flood and field, raging torrents, snow-storms, thunder-storms, ambuscades, fires, shipwrecks, drownings, murders, tournaments, processions, harangues, lost sons, mad minstrels, outlaws, disguised kings,—enough of that element to make out ten melodramas, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations.' Through all this it is impossible to wade, but we are enabled to give something like a clue to this tangled web of narrative in the death-bed confession of Maelstrom, who was brought upon a litter before the king and court of Scotland, at the Moot-hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Conscious of the close approach of death, he addressed the king in the following words:—

'"William the Lion, thou seest lying here as thy prisoner, Isaac King of Cyprus."

'King William and all his court simultaneously arose as they heard these words, but Maelstrom motioned to them to resume their seats, with the air of one accustomed to receive homage, as he thus continued:

'"Dethroned by Richard the Lion-hearted, it was this hand which directed the arrow from the walls of Chalus that laid low the noblest but the proudest and cruelest heart in Christendom. I vowed revenge, and I kept my vow."

'A shudder ran through the whole court, for although England was then considered almost as the natural enemy of Scotland, Richard had been universally looked to as the chief or king of chivalry.

'"Ye may well look aghast, for it was to make room for the basest heart that e'er beat in a royal bosom, and the weakest hand which ever held a sceptre; but I had a deeper cause of hatred to move me than the loss of a throne. He took from me twin sisters, princesses of Circassia, which I had taken captive with my sword and with my bow, the fairest captives which e'er the sun shone on;—one of them lieth here!"

'And as Godfrey removed the pall, and showed the transcendantly beautiful woman, clothed in the white drapery which on many occasions she had worn so gracefully, murmurs of admiration rose from the crowded court, and many an eye was dimmed as it gazed on the lovely form.

'"The twin sisters," Maelstrom resumed, "were deceived with the forms of marriage by Richard and his brother John. The Princess Ada here was betrothed to Richard. Their son, the Knight of Moredun, is at thy side, King William, as he was in the hour of peril. His mother was made a widow by my hands, and *our* son, Godfrey of Ettrick, standeth beside me here. Her sister, Zillah, and her child, were strangled by the minions of her husband."

'The feelings of the audience were now worked up to the highest pitch, but the King of Cyprus went on.

'"I was unknown personally to King John, and under the name of Maelstrom I became nominally one of his tools—actually a frustrator of his plots, in league with her here whom he and his brother betrayed. To this end, I became the captain of a band of contrabandists, and in league with Wladislas, King of Bohemia and Moravia, who had renounced the throne of those unhappy countries and taken refuge in the disputed territory between England and Scotland, I had laid a mine which would have shaken the vacillating tyrant from his throne. It hath pleased the ruler of all to unfold it prematurely. But if John hath escaped, it hath not been scatheless, and Scotland hath been rescued from his grasp."

'Observing symptoms of a demonstration of feeling on the part of the people, he said:

'"Let me entreat those who hear me to maintain silence; my strength is failing me, and I have still much to disclose. Call Wladislas of Ettrick into court, with the princess Jeanne of Anjou, and her daughter, the Lady Anne of Ledburgh."

'A door at the back of the dais was thrown open, and the Chief of Ettrick entered, conducting the two ladies, followed by Blondel. A murmur of astonishment ran through the court, when, in the Lady Anne was recognised Deborah of the Crown and Anchor.

'The scene which the Moot-hall of Newcastle-upon-Tyne presented at that moment was in the highest degree interesting, impressive, and extraordinary. An Eastern monarch laid in the centre of the hall, a weak, helpless prisoner, accused of crimes of the deepest dye, yet restoring confidence, hope, and happiness to bosoms which he himself had been accused of wounding; the companion of lawless men, the perpetrator of deeds of darkness, summoning monarchs to be his judges, and looking with calmness and confidence for their verdict—claiming as his son—and that son proud of the appellation—the accepted suitor of the undoubted heiress of the English throne, and pointing to the most queenly form which ever graced a throne or bore a sceptre as the companion of all his intrigues, of his dangers, and of his ambition; his retinue, the bowmen of Ettrick forest; his most alarmed listeners, the flower of the Scottish nobility and court. Overlooking this singular group, the King and Queen of Scotland stood, encircling in their embrace their newly-restored son—scarcely conscious of whether they owed his disappearance or his restoration to the individual before them; the abdicator of the throne of Bohemia, the English princess, supposed to lie buried at Clairvaulx, and her fair and blooming daughter, forming another royal group; the nobles of the Scottish Court and their ladies, in full costume, ranged on each side of the ample hall—and above all, the wide gallery filled with the citizens and the yeomen, with their wives and daughters, all in the gay holiday dresses of the period—it was a scene, take it for all in all, such as the banks of coaly Tyne never had before, and never could again witness.'—Vol. iii. pp. 206-212.

We have already alluded to the intricacy of the plot. Anything more disjointed, clumsy, and unintelligible it has never been our fate to read; and he must be blest with a most enviable memory, who, having reperused it, could tell the tale. Moreover, the complication of it appears quite unnecessary and gratuitous, insomuch that the reader is tempted to believe that it was intended as a puzzle to exercise his ingenuity. The origin and motives of some of the characters are left to the last utterly unexplained. The waiting maid at an inn turns out to be Lady Anne of Ledburgh, daughter of the Princess Jeanne of Anjou, Queen of Sicily, the sister of King John of England; and fifty other transformations, equally startling, can only be compared to the marvels of a pantomime.

The treatment which this work has received at the hands of the critics has been remarkably various. Those who have believed in the possibility of its being a genuine production of Sir Walter Scott have palliated its glaring defects, and have exhibited such merits as it possesses in favourable comparison with the most inferior conceptions and passages of the Waverley Novels. Those on the other hand whose skill and research have at once detected the imposture—for an imposture it unquestionably is—have assailed it with unqualified condemnation, and denied it those merits which candour must admit it to possess. The author's powers of description, especially of natural scenery, and of scenes of rapid action, certainly reminded us of the author of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and one scene somewhat analogous to that of the White Lady of Avenel, displayed itself in a rather favourable light beside what we must regard as the capital failure of the Great Unknown. We refer to the following passage. 'Moredun' in one of the fantastic aberrations to which his historian subjects him, finds himself with a mysterious minstrel, whose relevancy to the narrative is never explained, from whom he hears the following verses, which will remind the reader of the feeblest part of the 'Monastery:'—

And she deemed him dead,
And the mass was said,
And the dirge was sung on high;
The response was given
From the vaulted heaven,
That the valiant never die.

Many an hour,
In her hall and bower,
The lady did weep and mourn;
They wished her wed,
She smiled and said,
Ah! the valiant never return!

And he came to the bower
At the evening hour,
When the lady ne'er deem'd him nigh;
My heart! she cried,
To the heavens replied,
No! the valiant never die.

They sought in the dungeon's farthest cell,
In its chambers the most remote;
In the straw where the toad and the viper dwell—
In the moat and the well they sought.
The iron clank'd, and a hollow sound
To their footsteps' tread replied;
For the captive was gone, and the chains were unbound,
Where many before him had died!

But while it may be justifiable to estimate the merits of this work *per se*, it is futile to discuss the question of its authorship, inasmuch as it has now been demonstrated that it cannot have been the production of Sir Walter Scott. It is true that the author has succeeded, perhaps from being a Scotchman, in imitating the defects, and especially the grammatical defects, of the author of 'Waverley.' We have observed that the latter invariably uses the solecism of 'farther' and 'farthest' instead of further and furthest, forgetting that these comparatives and superlatives cannot spring from the root far, but from forth, which is compared further and furthest. Again, we find in 'Moredun' it was '*her*,' which error occurs not infrequently, with cognate grammatical errors, even in the mouths of cultivated persons throughout the Waverley Novels.

But it is needless to descend to such minute particulars. The whole structure of the tale betrays an imposture. Its clumsy plot, its awkward manipulation, its multiplication of irrelevant incidents, would of themselves be sufficient to vindicate the author of 'Waverley' of the charge of its authorship. In the light of this evidence alone the boasted external proofs of Monsieur Cabany would go for nothing. But there are certain persons who ought to have particularly good memories, and the investigations of the 'Athenæum' have reduced the matter to an absolute demonstration. Another critic has judiciously remarked that Sir Walter Scott, with his marvellous good sense, never puts the Scottish dialect into the mouths of his Scottish characters in those novels of which the scene is laid in ancient times. Neither Quentin Durward, nor Balafré, nor Halbert Glendinning, utter a word in contrast with the speeches of persons of other countries. There is no difference in the language used by the inmates and tenants of the 'Monastery,' and by Sir Piercie Shafton, except that the knight speaks affected

English, and the Scotch men and women plain English. But to a person ignorantly attempting what he thought would pass as an imitation of Scott, it would occur to make King John of England speak English and Malcolm the servant speak Scotch, such as it is. Up to a more advanced period, there was no difference between English and Scotch, though there was a difference between English and Celtic.

But the absolute demonstration of the imposture is due, as has been said, to the 'Athenæum.' A single anachronism, like the water-mark on the paper of a disputed document, upsets the whole contrivance at once.

'We have proved,' says the writer, 'that M. Cabany's theory as to the time and season of its composition is untenable. Yet M. Cabany is not content. He appeals against our judgment—and, let us say, against that of all our literary brethren, with one ridiculous exception. Inaccessible—as a foreigner—to the argument of style—the best argument of all—he will submit to nothing short of the stern despotism of facts. Well, we must try to humour him. It will be remembered that we proved, by the passage describing "the fantastic rocks of the Simplon," that the novel must have been written *after the Peace;* and, therefore, could *not* be the "romance of more ancient manners" referred to by Ballantyne in 1814. This fact upset the whole of M. Cabany's argument. We may go further. The tale contains evidence that it *could not possibly have been written until some years after Scott died.* Here is the proof. Chapter IV. of Vol. I. begins: "In one of the narrow streets which wound up tortuously from the Sandhill to the castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—some traces of which still resist the improving hand of time, money, and *Granger*—a man, &c." This passage offers us a date. The story must have been written *after* Mr. Granger had commenced rebuilding Newcastle, and probably was written after he had finished his task. Now, Scott died in 1832. Mr. Granger made the *purchase* which ultimately led to the vast alterations in Newcastle in August 1834. It is therefore absolutely impossible that 'Moredun' could have been written until some years after the death of Scott.'

After this *exposé* it is unnecessary to say more. The fanatically curious will read the book. The circulating libraries have repudiated it; but as to its authorship by the Great Magician of the North, we can only say with the Roman critic of ancient fiction—

'Non homines, non Dî, non concessêre columnæ.'

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from Original Family Documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. London: Hurst & Blackett.

THE former volumes of this work threw much light on our political history during the later part of the last century, and those which are now before us take up the narrative from 1800, and render good service in illustrating the more important events from that date to 1810. They are amongst the most valuable additions recently made to our historical literature. Numerous works lately published have gone far to supply what was needed; but neither the 'Diary' of Lord Malmesbury, nor the Lives of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Horner supersede them. If they do not bring to light any new facts in the history of the early part of this century, they enable us better to understand the influences which were at work, and more correctly to appreciate the character and policy of the principal actors on the political stage. In these respects they are invaluable, and taken in conjunction with other works, they clear up some mysteries, and qualify us more accurately to distribute praise and censure. They consist principally of letters from different members of the Grenville family, more particularly the two brothers Thomas and William,—the latter better known as Lord Grenville, the associate of the second Pitt, and subsequently the ally and co-worker with Fox. The position of the Grenvilles was peculiar. They did not thoroughly belong to either of the two great political parties which then divided the suffrages of the nation. During their association with William Pitt they were not without affinities towards a more liberal course of politics than he pursued; and when subsequently they entered into alliance with Fox and Grey, their conservatism was frequently ruffled by the more radical tendencies of their associates. Their political creed centered too much in themselves. 'Our family' was ever uppermost in their plans, and their *beau ideal* of government would have deposited the chief offices of State in their hands. They were, however, men of large minds, of sound practical judgment, of extensive acquaintance with political affairs, and, however personal interests might intervene, of upright and honorable devotion to the commonwealth.

The eldest brother was Marquis of Buckingham, and to him a large portion of the letters in these volumes was addressed. Their contents are so multifarious, and in many cases so valuable, that we shall best discharge our duty as journalists by abstaining

from all further prefatory remark, and by proceeding at once to make our readers acquainted with some of the disclosures supplied. The 'Castlereagh Papers,' recently published, have exhausted the interest of the Irish Union. It was previously surmised, but is now absolutely known, that *money* was the main instrument employed in its accomplishment, and if further proof is needed, it is supplied in a letter from Lord Carysfort to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated February 2nd, 1800, in which he says—'I really believe, if Parliament can be managed, that the Union will pass very quietly, but the majority, which has been bought at an enormous price, must be bought over again, and perhaps more than once, before all the details can be gone through.'

It is well known that the life of George III. was attempted by a madman, and the excited state of the public mind led the most cautious and reflecting of the king's ministers to connect the attempt with certain forms of political opinion which were then extensively held. The cabinet of William Pitt was not indisposed to avail itself of such an event in order to discredit its opponents. The facts of the case were simply these. Whilst inspecting, on May 15th, 1800, the Grenadier Battalion of the Guards, a spectator, standing at some distance from the king, was shot through the left thigh. A rumor rapidly spread of an attempt having been made on the life of the king, but 'on subsequent examination it was discovered that a soldier had inadvertently used a ball cartridge.' It was, as Lord Grenville reported to his brother, 'plainly and out of all question an accident.' On the evening of the same day the royal family were at Drury-lane theatre, when a pistol was discharged at the king. The assassin on this occasion, James Hatfield, had been discharged from the 15th Light Dragoons in 1796 for lunacy. Of this fact there was no doubt. It was notorious, and admitted of easy proof, yet Lord Grenville, one of the foremost men of his class, admitted the plea with reluctance. 'It is remarkable enough,' he says, 'that he certainly has since that time lived among some of the people of the Corresponding Society; and such a man is just the sort of instrument that they would naturally pitch upon to execute so diabolical a purpose.'

It is known to our readers that the close of the eighteenth century marked the lowest depression of the French arms. The genius of Buonaparte was not yet in the ascendant. He was toiling up the hill from the summit of which he was speedily to dazzle the nations. The campaigns of Germany and Italy had proved disastrous. Both Austria and Russia threatened the integrity of the republic, whilst the navy of England swept her fleets from the sea. It is, therefore, no great marvel that the First Consul

was inclined to treat for peace; and without entering into the merits of the correspondence which took place, we may remark in passing, that there was no great disposition evinced by the English Cabinet to enter into the negotiations proposed. They had no faith in the pacific overtures of Buonaparte; nor were they yet duly alive to the vast resources and martial enthusiasm which were ready to the hand of a master spirit. The consequences are well known. The military genius of Buonaparte triumphed over all obstacles. The French became masters of Central Italy, and their hostility to England was intensified to a degree which scarcely admits of belief.

In these circumstances, when our foreign relations were so pregnant with danger, an important change took place in the Cabinet of George III. The retirement of William Pitt in 1801 is one of the perplexing events of our political history. Its immediate occasion has long been known, but much speculation has been afloat respecting the nature of Pitt's relation to his successor, the expectations he entertained, and the extent to which his policy was pledged. In the early part of 1801, a measure of Catholic emancipation was contemplated by the Cabinet. It was deemed a fitting supplement to the Union; but on the design coming to the knowledge of the king, he is reported to have said to Mr. Dundas:—'I shall reckon any man my personal enemy who proposes any such measure. This is the worst Jacobinical thing I ever heard of.' Such a speech was worthy of the monarch who uttered it. George III. was an honest man, but an unenlightened monarch. His views were narrow, his prejudices very strong, and his scruples indicative rather of a contracted intellect than of a refined and lofty moral nature. An important letter from Lord Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham, February 2nd, 1801, throws considerable light on the views of the Cabinet at this period. We have recently heard much of a state provision for the Catholic clergy, and at one time it seemed probable that a bill would be submitted to Parliament for the accomplishment of this object; but the precipitancy of the papal party, and the strong repugnance expressed by the great body of our people, have for the *present, at least*, led to its abandonment. In ignorance of history the scheme has been frequently represented as the offspring of Whig latitudinarianism. Nothing, however, can be further from the truth. Upwards of fifty years ago, William Pitt—the high-priest of toryism—was prepared to recommend the scheme to his monarch, and was only prevented from carrying it through Parliament by the fixed resolve of that monarch not to cede political equality to the members of the Papal Church. Referring to the emancipation measure contemplated by the government, Lord Grenville says—'It was naturally

regarded by the clergy as a preliminary to their acceptance of the sort of provision which we wished to make for them in order to render them more respectable in station, more independent of their flocks, and better disposed to the support of the established government.' The scheme agreed on is thus described in the same letter—

'Looking at the subject in this view, Mr. Pitt and myself had formed a plan of an extensive arrangement of this whole subject, in which we included this measure of substituting in lieu of the sacramental test, now notoriously evaded and insufficient for any effectual purpose, a political test, to be imposed indiscriminately on all persons sitting in parliament, or holding state or corporation offices, and also on all ministers of religion, of whatever description, and all teachers of schools, &c. This test was to be directly levelled against the Jacobin principles; was to disclaim in express terms the sovereignty of the people; and was to contain an oath of allegiance and fidelity to the king's government of the realm, and to the established constitution both in church and state. All this was to have been accompanied with measures—the outlines of which I had before communicated to you—for strengthening the powers, and enforcing the discipline of our church establishment over its own ministers; and for augmenting the income of those whose poverty now forms an insuperable bar to their residence.'—Vol. iii. p. 129.

To this plan the king entertained insurmountable objections. He held that it involved a subversion of the Church Establishment, and that to agree to it would 'be a breach of his coronation oath.' He denounced the scheme as 'not less big with danger than absurdity,' and as his ministers refused to relinquish their views, Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, was called on to form an Administration. The aversion of George III. to any measure of relief for his Catholic subjects was amongst his intensest feelings. 'I had rather,' he remarked to General Garth, 'beg my bread from door to door throughout Europe than to consent to any such measure;' and when Mr. Dundas drew a distinction between his legislative and his executive capacity, the monarch sharply replied, 'None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas.' Mr. Addington was gazetted First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in March, 1801, and the Duke of Portland, Lord Hawkesbury, Earl St. Vincent, Lord Eldon, and others formed part of his administration.

Whether this arrangement was real has been seriously debated, and there are certainly, as the Duke of Buckingham observes, 'some features in the case, which favored the presumption that Mr. Pitt did not cease to direct the government, though he had ceased to be the responsible minister.' His elder brother, Lord Chatham, was President of the Council; and the king is reported to have said, at the first levee after the

ministerial change—'If we three,' addressing Pitt and Addington, 'do but keep together, all will be well.' Mr. Pitt certainly urged the former Speaker to take his place, and suggested several of the new appointments. Something of the same kind had occurred, when the Earl of Bute gave place to George Grenville. As, however, in that case, the arrangement—if contemplated—did not answer the expectations of its framers. The new minister proved less pliant than was anticipated, whilst the ex-premier speedily sought to repossess the relinquished post. If, as has been alleged with considerable semblance of truth, Mr. Pitt's retirement was nominal rather than real, and Mr. Addington 'was at best a political warming-pan, employed only to keep his friend and patron's place well aired till his return,' it would be difficult to employ terms too strongly reprehensive. The one minister had relinquished office on the ground of inability to carry the Catholic claims, and the other had accepted it under a distinct pledge to oppose those claims. To suppose, therefore, that the one was acting in the interest of the other, and contemplated retiring when a favorable moment arrived for the return of his chief to power, is to attribute to William Pitt an insincerity and hollowness of which—strong as is our repugnance to his policy—we shrink from charging him. His retirement was regarded by the Catholic body, and by his countrymen at large, as a sacrifice to principle; but if, at the same time, he was intriguing with Addington in the manner alleged, his conduct was deeply criminal. Unwilling as we are to admit so discreditable a conclusion, there are circumstances which give it countenance. Not only, as already noted, did his brother and several of his associates take office under Addington, but he himself, at no distant period, returned to power without any stipulation on behalf of the measure which had, nominally at least, led to his resignation in 1801. This, too, was done at the sacrifice of the Grenville connexion, which had served him so faithfully, not only in office, but also in opposition. It is also very significant that the new minister committed to the flames a large mass of Mr. Pitt's correspondence. Why this was done we cannot divine, unless it be admitted that the letters thus destroyed contained evidence which, if dishonorable to Pitt, was equally so to his successor. We admit the force of the considerations urged by the Duke of Buckingham in allusion to this fact—

'It seems strange,' he says, 'that out of this *immense mass* of letters, not a fragment has been preserved which could be brought forward to prove that Mr. Pitt's resignation and Mr. Addington's appointment did not form the kind of convenient arrangement it has sometimes been pronounced; it is equally strange that the *immense mass*

of Mr. Pitt's communications with Mr. Addington should have been consigned to the flames, when every other correspondent of that illustrious man has preserved them with the greatest possible care and veneration. Was every sentence Mr Pitt wrote to Mr. Addington so little to his credit, that the latter several years after Mr. Pitt's decease, found himself conscientiously forced to condemn them to a relentless *auto-da-fé?* We are not satisfied of the necessity of such wholesale destruction of documents that were not only "interesting," but must have been extremely valuable, unless they contained evidence, which it had become the interest of Mr. Pitt's correspondent to destroy.'—Ib. pp. 142, 143.

Whatever may have been the original intention of the parties, the issue was far from satisfactory. The policy of the new minister was deemed feeble, vacillating, and truculent. Serious objections were taken to the articles of peace concluded with France, and Lord Grenville especially urged on the ex-minister a more vigorous and warlike policy. 'His dislike of the whole system of the present Government,' said his lordship, Feb. 15th, 1803, 'and particularly of the finance measure of this session, is open and undisguised, avowed to all his friends, and by them spoken of without reserve.' The Government is termed a piece of 'wretched patchwork,' and with like feeling is described by Mr. Thomas Grenville in terms of contemptuous reprobation. 'What good,' asks the latter, 'can arise while we are dieted down with this water-gruel Government?' At the commencement of 1803, the Duke of Buckingham tells us that Mr. Pitt 'considered the Addington experiment had had a sufficient trial, and that a change was imperative.' Communications now passed between the two statesmen which sufficiently indicate the estrangement that existed, and the little confidence which either was disposed to place in the other, Addington's government was incompetent to meet the open hostility of Pitt and his friends, whilst the latter were unprepared to support an administration without sharing largely in its counsels and patronage. Lord Melville was employed as a negotiator, and in March, 1803, he proceeded to Walmer in order to sound the ex-premier. The negotiation is thus detailed :—

'A proposal to place Mr. Pitt's brother, the Earl of Chatham (subsequently the hero of Walcheren), at the head of government, was promptly negatived—Mr. Pitt making the negotiator clearly understand that the government wanted him as its director, and that he wanted the government. On Lord Melville's return to town, Mr. Addington was further apprised that Mr. Pitt expected his "friend and successor" to quit his position along with his policy and party, with no higher recompence for himself than the creation of a new post —Speaker of the House of Lords. For his coadjutors, no terms were offered; the higher offices of the government were wanted for certain

friends of Mr. Pitt—to wit, Lord Grenville, Mr. Wyndham, Lord Spencer, and Lord Melville.

'The existing minister was, or affected to be, extremely astonished at the prospect of so early a termination to his dignity. He communicated with his friend, hoping that he would not feel it necessary to adhere, in its full extent, to the proposition. Mr. Pitt's reply left no room for hope, and then his friend and successor took the opinion of the Cabinet, which he announced to Mr. Pitt on the 14th of April, as averse to the proposed change. A reply of the same date, with marked brevity, acknowledged this communication; and on the following day he wrote again, expressing his ideas at length, and a desire to close the correspondence. Mr. Addington, having taken counsel with some of his colleagues, now wrote a very long reply, quoting Mr. Pitt against Mr. Pitt, and intimating that his friend and successor, his policy and party, were determined to stay where they were. Mr. Pitt sent an answer on the 21st equally resolute, desiring that the entire correspondence should be submitted to the king, to which Mr. Addington replied, assuring him that this would be done.'—Ib. pp. 281, 282.

In these negotiations the Grenvilles were included, and so far at least as they were concerned, the end contemplated was upright and honorable. In a narrative drawn up by Lord Grenville he states, referring to his communications with Mr. Pitt:—

'Two points, however, I was able to mention distinctly, as being considered by us as essential to the idea of our entertaining any such proposition. The first was, that we should be at liberty to explain to the king, in the most distinct, though at the same time the most respectful manner, that whenever the Catholic question might be proposed in Parliament, we reserved to ourselves the full liberty to state and urge in debate our unaltered opinions in favour of that measure. The second, that while our own discretion and honour were relied upon, for not doing anything unnecessarily offensive to our colleagues, we must, at the same time, reserve the liberty of stating in public, whenever either the justification of our own conduct, or the success of our future measures required it, that our opinions on the past transactions of these two last years remained also unaltered.—Ib. p. 285.

Lord Grenville's view at this time was, that a Government should be formed on a much broader basis than Pitt contemplated. He urged, with considerable force, the advantages which would result from 'uniting all the leading men in Parliament without exception:'

'It appears,' says the noble editor, 'from this admirable narrative, that Lord Grenville, moved by a profound conviction of the danger likely to be brought upon this country by a weak and incapable administration, when all its resources, directed with consummate skill, were required for the conflict into which she had entered, suggested *a coalition of the ablest men of all parties*, who were to sink all minor differences under the impulse of patriotic devotion, and form a government such as the

exigency demanded. That an administration composed of the most distinguished men, in or out of Parliament, without any reference to alleged opinions, would have been able to conduct the war with vigour, and maintain the dignity of the empire undiminished till an honourable peace could be obtained, there seems little doubt. The country was not deficient either in great statesmen or in great commanders; and urged by the overwhelming ruin with which she was threatened, by the immense power and brilliant military genius of the ruler of France, it was not too much to expect, in the former, the same union she was sure to find in the latter. At least, it was a noble idea, and set the example of self-oblivion, which was to have been the principle of the combination. This was, however, not the only proof Lord Grenville gave of being at least half-a-century in advance of his age.'—Ib. p. 290.

Pitt was not prepared for these large views, nor were his convictions such as disposed him to make any measure for the relief of the Catholics a *sine qua non* to his taking office. The Grenvilles were intensely disappointed, and from this moment they began to mistrust their former leader. In May, 1804, the Addington administration resigned. The imminency of this had been foreseen for some time, and Mr. Pitt had conferred with Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, assuring them that his earnest endeavours would be used to induce the king to authorize his conferring with them 'on the means of forming an united government.' When, however, the crisis arrived, Lord Grenville alone was communicated with. The king, it was stated, refused to sanction any application to Mr. Fox, and avowed his unaltered resolution respecting the removal of Catholic disabilities. The reply of Lord Grenville redounds greatly to his honor. It was clear, manly, consistent, and noble-hearted.

'It is unnecessary,' he says, in his reply to Mr. Pitt, May 8th, 'to dwell on the mischiefs which have already resulted from placing the great offices of government in weak and incapable hands. We see no hope of any effectual remedy for these mischiefs but by uniting in the public service as large a proportion as possible of the weight, talent, and character to be found in public men of all descriptions.... We are certainly not ignorant of the difficulties which might have obstructed the final accomplishment of such an object, however earnestly pursued. But when in the very first instance all trial of it is precluded, and when this denial is made the condition of all subsequent arrangements, we cannot but feel that there are no motives of whatever description which could justify our taking an active part in the establishment of a system so adverse to our deliberate and declared opinions.'—Ib. p. 353.

This decision was in the highest degree honorable, and goes far to justify the eulogistic terms in which Lord Brougham and others have described Lord Grenville. The conduct of Pitt was the very reverse. In 1801 he quitted office professedly on the

Catholic claims. For a time he supported his successor. Then he wavered, and his policy became more doubtful. At length his estrangement was open and avowed. In April, 1804, he joined Lord Grenville and the Whigs in opposing the Addington administration; and when, by their instrumentality, he had broken its strength, he resumed his former post, 'notwithstanding that the king's sentiments on the measure he had pronounced essential remained unchanged, and formed a ministry of the very men he had been attacking for their incompetence from the commencement of the session to the exclusion of those able statesmen whose support had enabled him to drive Mr. Addington out of office.' Such conduct needs no comment. Every upright mind must condemn it. It constitutes a foul blot on the escutcheon of William Pitt, and should induce his admirers to be more subdued in their eulogies than is their wont. The consequence on the future policy of Lord Grenville is not to be wondered at, and is thus alluded to by the Duke of Buckingham:—

'This inconsistency cannot be justified; indeed, it suggests the idea that he was not particularly solicitous for the combination of talent that Lord Grenville considered was demanded by the position of the country. Whether, as we have seen insinuated, he considered that his own genius for government would appear to better advantage surrounded by a circle of mediocrities, we will not venture to affirm; but it is certain that his readiness to place his most cherished opinions in the background when office was opened to him, and to take advantage of the consistency of more disinterested politicians, to exclude them from any share in the government, will always afford grounds for such a charge. Though Lord Grenville, by his unselfish policy on this occasion, lost for a time the honourable post in the public service for which he was so admirably qualified, he gained a position in the estimation of all honourable minded men, of a higher and more enduring distinction. He became the recognised leader of a powerful opposition—though less formidable in numbers than in opinions; for the latter were invested with a nationality that, as it developed itself, must sooner or later have attracted the intelligence and patriotism of the country. As a natural consequence of holding this position, he identified himself with a political creed which was supposed to vary considerably from the faith he had professed. We, however, doubt whether his sentiments underwent any change. *The Whigs adopted him, rather than he surrendered himself to them.* Moreover, they adopted him, not only as a member, but as a chief.'—Ib. pp. 356, 357.

The qualities of Lord Grenville were precisely those which the Whigs needed. 'Long habits of business,' says Lord Brougham, 'had matured his experience and disciplined his naturally vigorous understanding; a life studiously regular had surrounded him with the respect of his countrymen, and of those whom the

dazzling talents of others could not blind to their loose propensities or idle talents. A firm attachment to the Church as by law established attracted towards him the confidence of those who subscribe to its doctrines and approve its discipline, while his tried prudence and discretion were a balance much wanted against the opposite defects of the Whig party, and especially of their most celebrated leader.'* Looking at the brilliant talents of Fox, and the great ability of several of his associates, it might have been expected that a deeper impression would be made on the public mind than their labours effected. The failure is on many accounts to be regretted, but it awakens no surprise. Viewed under some aspects it is gratifying rather than otherwise. The Prince of Wales, who then intrigued with the Whig party, was exceedingly unpopular, and the parliamentary eloquence of Fox and Sheridan failed to outweigh the scandal of their private lives. A very large section of the more thoughtful and religious people viewed their professions with suspicion. They had no faith in the public virtue of men who were constantly violating the rules of morality, and setting at defiance the universal prepossessions of the community. This circumstance gave a value to the accession of Lord Grenville which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate.

Mr. Pitt did not long survive his return to office. On the 21st of January, 1806, he was too ill to attend the opening of Parliament, and two days afterwards he expired, to the deep sorrow of his political associates and to the great perplexity of the king. George III. recoiled from the only alternative now left him. Fox and the Whigs were personally offensive, and Lord Grenville had given much offence by his separation from Pitt in 1804. The monarch was incapable of appreciating the self-respect and high-minded consistency which had prompted his refusal of office, on the condition of sacrificing his most cherished convictions. The displeasure thus awakened had been increased by the growing intimacy of Grenville and Fox. No other alternative, however, was left. The death of Pitt broke up his administration. He was its ruling spirit, and no sooner was he removed than the party of which he had been the connecting link, broke up into several cliques, which regarded each other with mistrust and bitter aversion. Lord Grenville was consequently appointed First Lord of the Treasury; Fox became Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Erskine, Lord Chancellor; Mr. (Earl) Grey, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Lord Henry Petty (Marquis of Lansdowne), Chancellor of the Exchequer.

These appointments were gazetted in February, and the

* Statesmen of the Time of George III. First Series, p. 254.

administration, known historically as that of Grenville and Fox, was ironically designated by its opponents as 'all the talents.' We have no space to dwell on the measures of this government. It was known from the first that its members had not the confidence of the king. Their most settled convictions were opposed to his views, and his recourse to them was evidently a matter of necessity, not of choice. It cannot, therefore, awaken surprise that their existence was very brief. Under any circumstances they would not have been permitted long to continue in office, but the illness and death of Fox hastened the catastrophe. At the time of his taking office his health was greatly impaired, and his parliamentary and official labors aggravated his malady. 'Fox's state of health,' wrote Lord Grenville, June 29th, 'is such as gives no hopes of his ever resuming his place in the House of Commons; and I confess I have no belief that he can recover from the present attack;' and on the 22nd of July he informed the Marquis of Buckingham, 'Fox continues to grow worse, and they now talk of tapping. I know, however, that those of his physicians who think the worst of his case do not expect it to terminate in less than two months.' On the 14th of September, all hope of recovery was abandoned, and three days afterwards 'the most popular statesman of his age' breathed his last. The disappearance within so short a period from our national debates of two such statesmen as Pitt and Fox could not but create a vacuum which it was difficult to fill. Their qualities were vastly different, yet each possessed in an almost unexampled degree the confidence of their respective followers. For many years they had been the prominent figures in our parliamentary debates. In the gladiatorial exhibitions of St. Stephen's they had been the principal actors, and their public policy was as diverse as their personal qualities. The attachments secured by Charles James Fox were of the intensest order, but the 'condensed passion' of his oratory failed to stir the heart of the nation. On the other hand, the haughty demeanour, stately eloquence, practical skill, and unflinching courage of Pitt, enabled him for a long time to sustain the policy of a despotic monarch, and to give effect to the bigotry and selfishness of an intolerant and haughty faction. The one was the tribune of the people, the other the minister of the Court. For a season the latter triumphed, but the good seed which the former scattered, though unproductive at the time, has subsequently borne much fruit. That a man of such distinguished abilities as Fox should have appeared at his precise period is one of those merciful arrangements by which provision is made for future good. The verdict of posterity is unquestionably with Fox. The nation groans under the evils inflicted by the policy of Pitt, whilst we are only beginning

to reap the benefits which accrue from the purer and more catholic patriotism of Fox.

The death of the great Whig leader was followed by some ministerial changes, but we have left ourselves no space to dilate on the measures which were pursued. The king and his ministers speedily differed on the Catholic question. The former required that the latter should engage never to propose to him any measure on the subject. 'He appears,' says Lord Grenville, 'to have forgot that our oath, as privy councillors, as well as our manifest duty obliges us to give him true counsel to the best of our judgment.' The ministers refused to comply with the insulting requisition, and it speedily became obvious that their tenure of office was drawing to its close. There was one subject, however, which the premier was anxious to carry before retirement, and not the less so from its being known that the king and all members of the royal family, excepting the Duke of Gloucester, were opposed to it. We refer to the Slave Trade Abolition Bill, on behalf of which Sharpe, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, with the virtuous and intelligent of every class, had been laboring for many years. On the 3rd of February, 1807, the second reading of the bill was carried in the Upper House by a majority of 100 to 86, and on the 10th the bill was read a third time without discussion. Lord Howick immediately introduced it into the Commons, where, after much debate, it was triumphantly carried by 283 to 16. Lord Castlereagh and other leading Tories opposed it, but so overwhelming a demonstration prevented a division on the third reading, which took place on the 16th of March, nine days after which the royal assent was given to the bill.

On the same day the principal appointments of the Duke of Portland's ministry were gazetted.

'If,' says the Duke of Buckingham, 'the Grenville administration had done nothing but effect the abolition of slavery in the British dominions, it had done sufficient to entitle it to the applause of free nations, and the admiration of their country for all time to come. It may, without exaggeration be stated, that no government ever earned for themselves a more honourable reputation, nor ever conferred on society a greater boon; nor was it by any means an object of easy accomplishment—the mercantile community being stoutly opposed to it, the King and the Court resisting its progress with equal energy, and the higher and middling classes—of which a large and influential portion was connected with the colonial interest—regarding it as an attack upon the source of their wealth and consequence. In short, the opposition was so formidable and comprehensive, that Pitt, when in 1804, the extraordinary exertions of Wilberforce in behalf of an Abolition Bill were defeated by a large majority in the House of Lords, and in the following year were equally fruitless in the Commons, con-

sidered that the decision of the country had been pronounced, and was not inclined for further agitation. "Indeed, he had not the enthusiasm for right and justice," acknowledges a shrewd observer of political character, "to risk in their behalf losing the friendship of the mammon of unrighteousness; and he left to his rivals, when they became his successors, the glory of that triumph in the sacred cause of humanity which should have illustrated his name, who in its defence had raised all the strains of his eloquence to their very highest pitch."'*— Vol. iv. pp. 151, 152.

Of the Duke of Portland's administration little need be said. It employed the most dishonorable means to secure popular support. For this purpose the king's name was unconstitutionally introduced into the debates of Parliament, and leading members of the government did not hesitate to appeal to the worst passions of the community. In Mr. Perceval's address to the electors of Northampton, he expressed his confidence that he should not forfeit their good opinion by standing by his sovereign 'when he is making so firm and so necessary a stand for the religious establishment of the country.'†

The 'no popery' cry was again raised, religion was made the stalking-horse of politicians. The worst end was sought by the worst means, and for a time with success. The public mind was thrown back for several years. Faction took the place of principle, and the acrimony and bitterness of ecclesiastical strife were again introduced into the discussions of Parliament. 'The *cry*,' says Lord Grenville, 'is what must form their whole reliance. It will certainly operate much in their favour, more than one could have thought possible in this age.' So unblushing was this appeal to the ignorant bigotry of their followers, that we do not wonder at Mr. Thomas Grenville speaking of 'the base and canting hypocrisy of the present ministers.' The terms though strong are accurate, and the policy which could resort to such means was only appropriately employed in corrupting the constituencies, and in the purchase of parliamentary seats. 'The truth is,' says Sir Samuel Romilly, 'that the new ministers have bought up all the seats that were to be disposed of, and at any prices. Amongst others, Sir C. H——, the great dealer in boroughs, has sold all he had to ministers: with what money all this is done I know not, but it is supposed that the king, who has greatly at heart to preserve this new administration, the favourite objects of his choice, has advanced a very large sum out of his privy purse.'‡

Before closing we must give a few illustrations of official inca-

* Lord Brougham's Eminent Statesmen of the Time of George III.
† Memoir of Sir Samuel Romilly. Vol. ii. p. 199.
‡ Memoirs. Vol. ii. p. 206.

pacity and negligence, which have special significance and interest at the present moment. We have recently heard much of these things, and judging from the terrible evils they have inflicted, we are ready probably to conclude that they are things of our day; —nay, it has been alleged—that they are the natural growth of the long peace we have enjoyed. None of our readers will suspect us of underrating the evils which have recently developed themselves in the conduct of our various departments. Neither the chairman of the *Administrative Reform Society*, nor Mr. Layard, nor any other gentleman, has a deeper sense than ourselves of the obliquities of the present system; they are of daily occurrence in every department, and call for the most vigorous and prompt measures. We shall, however, deceive ourselves, and fail to accomplish the good that is within our reach, if we imagine that the evils in question are restricted to our day. Such is not the case. They have existed for many years; have come down to us from our fathers, and are the growth of causes which will reproduce them unless we deal with diseases rather than with symptoms. A few instances culled from the many furnished in these volumes will prove that they flourished in the early part of the present century. Writing to his brother, Nov. 7, 1806, Mr. T. Grenville, First Lord of the Admiralty, says, 'The civil departments are, as appears to me, in a most wretched state. The Victualling Board cannot go on as it is, and the difficulty is to find a right frame to put it in, and proper persons to conduct it. . . . The difficulties of this immense machine press heavily upon me.' In another letter to his brother a few days afterwards, he asks, 'How can I weed the list of admirals? It is a list of incurables.' Two years subsequently the same system flourished, and prevented for a time the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command of the British forces in Spain. 'I'll tell you candidly,' said a member of the government, to a confidential correspondent of the Marquis of Buckingham, 'as the army is constituted here, Arthur could not be left in this great command—there were too many older officers; but the individual appointment of Sir Hew was quite accidental, and was merely meant to parry something of that kind much worse.' The exigencies of the service, however, at length necessitated the appointment, and Sir Arthur was consequently sent to the scene of his future triumphs. The Duke of Buckingham tells us:—

'This appointment was made at the instigation of Lord Castlereagh, not without reluctance on the part of his colleagues, in *whom the influence of routine greatly predominated over merit* even so exalted as that of the new general; nor was it really sanctioned by the highest authority, who would have preferred leaving such an enter-

prise to the claims of professional rank. In short, at Court, and in the Cabinet, it was regarded as an innovation, and was scarcely carried into effect when it was repented of.'—Ib. p. 336.

The following extract from a letter of Admiral Berkeley, dated Lisbon, Sept. 10, 1809, reminds us of what has recently occurred in the Crimea, and serves to increase our astonishment at the triumphs which were won by the English general amidst circumstances so discouraging:—

'I really believe there never was so infamous a proceeding as Cuesta's towards Sir A. Wellesley, as owing to either his incapacity, age, or treachery, the campaign has terminated more as if we had sustained a defeat than gained a victory; and our commissaries are equally to blame, as really, *in every part of that department, such ignorance and delay appears, that it makes my heart ache.* I have, however (in all which relates to their transactions with me) made formal complaints, and I hope it will show how very wrong a principle that department has been acting upon. Twice has the army been stopped for money, and twice for provisions. The horses starved, while ships loaded with hay and oats from England, enough to furnish all the cavalry, were rotting and spoiling in the Tagus. The medical staff is as bad—as our army were dying away for want of medicines, while more than sufficient were in ships in the river. The medical staff, as well as the commissariat, instead of being with the army, are in Lisbon, keeping their houses, horses, and w——s, and the Commissary-General at Cintra, taking his diversion.

'Our loss in horses, by famine, has been very great; the 14th Light Division quite dismounted; and no means, either in Spain or here, of remounting. I have saved the army's starving, by sending for bullocks from Barbary, and by the same channel have supplied three hundred mules; a responsibility I was obliged to take on myself, as, notwithstanding *I urged the Commissary-General upon the point, I could not get him to stir.* But Sir Arthur Wellesley has thanked me for my interference, and approved of the measure.'—Ib. pp. 359-361.

The Spanish campaigns of the Duke of Wellington are amongst the most marvellous achievements which history records, and were brought to a successful issue by that rare conjunction of qualities which distinguished him. Any other man would have been discouraged by the incapacity, vacillation, and treachery of those who surrounded him, but the Hero of Waterloo confided in his own genius. He knew that his hour must come, and patiently waited for it. His calmness, self-reliance, and confidence of ultimate success, are strikingly shown in a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, Dec. 7, 1810.

'The caution of my opponent,' he says, 'renders caution on my part doubly necessary, considering that I am at the head of the only army remaining in the Peninsula—or, I believe, in Europe—that is capable and willing to contend with the French. I am under no

apprehensions of the result of an action, for I'll take care not to fight one, unless I can choose the ground for it. My opponent appears to have come to the same determination; but I hope before long, if the weather will hold up so as to enable me to use the cross roads, that I shall dislodge him by the operations of the peasantry and the light troops. You can have no idea what a superiority we have assumed over this once formidable army, and the confidence which we all feel that we shall yet save this country from the general wreck.'—Ib. p. 474.

Many other topics are illustrated in these volumes, on some of which we should be glad to dwell if our space permitted. This, however, is not the case. We have already entrenched on the claims of other works, and must therefore content ourselves with saying, as already intimated, that they constitute one of the most valuable additions which our historical literature has received during the past half century. It will be impossible for any future historian of the period they illustrate to dispense with the many and valuable aids they furnish to a clear knowledge of its main events and actors.

ART. VIII.—*The Parish. Its Obligations and Powers: its Officers and its Duties. With Illustrations of the present working of this Institution in all secular affairs.* By Toulmin Smith. London: S. Sweet. 1854.

IT is a remarkable fact that our historians describe only the struggles between the Parliament and the Crown, by which the prerogative of the latter has been restricted to the distribution of patronage. They scarcely notice the struggle between the Parliament and the municipalities, which, for the liberties of the nation, has been, perhaps, still more important. It has extinguished all the national action of the provinces, of the counties, of the town councils, and reduced them to the modest dimensions of local boards for the prevention of breaches of the peace and for the administration of the town property. But the struggle has not yet come to an end. Centralizing ideas, similar to those of the Abbé Sièyes, whose great aim was the absolute concentration of power in the hands of the administration, are working in Parliament and among our leading statesmen to an extent which combines to alter the character of the constitution of England. It is scarcely necessary to say that the men of the French Revolution proceeded from entirely

different views than the English Whigs and Radicals. Rousseau and Voltaire were the great authorities of revolutionary France. They detested the traditions of old, because those traditions were monarchical and Roman-catholic, and they sought to make France a *tabula rasa*, in order to reconstruct a new France upon the basis of the *contrat social*, and of natural law, without regard to history and religion. Therefore, they abolished all the old political divisions of France, together with their laws and courts of justice; and, breaking up the provincial self-government, concentrated the government in Paris, in the hands of the ministry, to be controlled only by the representatives of the French nation, not by the corporations of the provinces, counties, and towns. The representation was, therefore, founded upon an unorganic basis. A certain number of inhabitants, unconnected by interests or traditions, was to elect a member for the Legislative Assembly, or Chamber, or Convention, but without the right of instructing him about the way in which he was to discharge his trust. Thus he did not represent any local interest, or any profession, or branch of industry, or class of society. France was broken into atoms that the government might become,—as it has been called by the present Emperor,—a second providence; doing everything for the nation, but nothing by the nation; protecting every individual in his person and property, and giving the parliamentary franchise to the citizen, but relieving him of any further care for the transaction of public affairs. Since 1789, in spite of all the many revolutions and usurpations and restorations, all France is administered from Paris, exclusively by the ministerial bureaux. If a bridge is to be constructed, if a theatre or an exchange hall is to be built, an aqueduct raised, or a town lighted, the plans must be submitted to the ministry, which, after having examined and amended them, sends down the surveyors and engineers for the construction of the works; the citizens have nothing to do with the scheme, only to pay the expense of the construction, perhaps altogether different from what they had wished for. Every mayor, every clerk, every beadle, all over France, is appointed by the ministry, and may be removed by the ministry; and accordingly, every local dissatisfaction becomes an opposition against the government. This system must necessarily lead to periodical revolutions; which, by the principles of the centralized organization of the country, are just as inevitable as the periodical financial crises in the commercial circles of England. In fact, revolutions are the only corrective for the centralization of France, since the safety valves of periodical free provincial meetings, of local elections, and of the unfettered activity of municipal institutions have been obstructed.

The English statesmen proceeded from an entirely different starting point. Still, they are on the way to arrive likewise at complete centralization, and the extinction of all provincial life. This change of the character of the English constitution cannot be traced exclusively to governmental action, but must in some degree be referred to the altered manners and customs of society. Formerly, the opinion of the town councils, and especially of the City of London, had great weight with the ministers and with the Crown. Important men felt honoured by the alderman's gown, and the lord mayor was in reality one of the great officers of the state. When Beckford upbraided his sovereign, George III., it was not the act of a lunatic or of a rebel, but of a patriot, who felt the importance of his position as the elected chief of the metropolis, and thought it necessary emphatically to express the dissenting opinion of the City as regards the policy of the Crown. Now, on the contrary, when a town-councillor ventures to direct the attention of his fellow-representatives to national affairs, he is immediately put down as diverting the council from its legitimate local objects, as if national affairs had no connexion with the welfare of every community and of every individual in the country. By the Municipal Reform Bill the ancient division of the towns into wards has lost all its practical value for the elections and local administrations; the aldermen have nothing to do with them, they do not represent the different wards and their interests, and are in fact but magistrates, unconnected with any locality of the town. As to public meetings, they are always one-sided, and cannot lead to a fair discussion of the questions which interest the public mind, because the prearranged resolutions are not the result but the cause of the speeches delivered to an assembly of men whose sympathies are in unison with them. Still, rival meetings, such as always occur when any great question excites the interest of the nation, often elucidate and diffuse truth. But for the last ten years the platform has become unpopular. Members of Parliament, who think they may be called to the government or the administration of the country, avoid them as long as possible. It is accordingly unfashionable to speak to the public, unless it be for the patriotic fund, or against papal aggression, after a minister has by some public act given a hint for such meetings. Petitions to Parliament, which formerly opened the eyes of the ministry about the wishes of the country, fall into disuse, because the standing orders of the reformed House do not permit the members to make a speech on presenting them, and to explain the feelings of those who signed them. The Board of Health has superseded an important portion of municipal action; so has the Poor Law Board; which, besides, has in the

French way of Abbé Sièyes, broken up the traditional division of England into counties, hundreds, and parishes, and substituted for it the unions, altogether on the atomistic principle. The attempts of centralizing the police, of making the churchwardens altogether an ecclesiastical office, of absorbing the functions of the coroner by the police magistrates and superintendents; the transformation of the recorders from local into governmental officers, the reluctance to endow the metropolitan boroughs with municipal charters, and the eagerness of governing them by the Home Office, all these measures and tendencies are symptoms sufficient to arouse the attention of the public. They all have one common aim — viz., *centralization and functionarism.*

The principal cause which has impelled our Whig and Radical statesmen and politicians to uphold centralization, is the application of the theory of the division of labour to politics. The great bulk of the nation, engaged in the struggle of competition, has forgotten that liberty cannot be maintained—as it likewise cannot be asserted—without heavy sacrifices, and without devoting a portion of the time and exertions of every individual to the public. Since the English middle classes are principally bent upon making money, and have no time to spare for public business, they must resign themselves to be governed by the higher classes and their retinue. The administration of the country having ceased to be carried on by every citizen in his parish, ward, hundred, and county, it has fallen into the hands of paid functionaries.

According to the theory of centralization, the citizen has only the right to claim the most complete protection of his life and property from the State, without any other duty on his part than to pay the taxes required from him for carrying on an efficient administration. Parliament itself, according to the views lately expounded by Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone, has no other power than to control and elucidate the measures of government, and occasionally to upset a ministry, but without the right of organizing the service. The task of governing the country has, therefore, to be carried on by a peculiar class, who live upon public service; the country cannot claim more than that the officials should be efficient, and not overpaid. In fact, it is the Prussian system of 'the bureaucratic police state,' or, as the Spanish statesman, Zea Bermudez, called it, of 'enlightened absolutism.' Now, as it is one of the laws of moral nature that every power should be expanding and impatient of control, functionarism always tries to encroach further upon local self-government, to substitute government officials for elected local magistrates, and to evade responsibility by adopting the form of

boards and commissions. A board never can be made responsible, since every member must yield to the majority. Hence, as the discussions of administrative commissions are not public, no responsibility can rest upon the individual, whatever his opinions may be; he is not dismissed as long as he faithfully carries out the resolutions of the majority, even against his own views. Still, though according to the constitutional theory, responsibility and publicity are the life-blood of the English constitution, we see the different boards and commissions increasing nearly every session, and threatening to absorb all local administration. It seems, indeed, as if the very term of freedom had, in our days, obtained a different signification from what it formerly bore. In the time of the ancient and mediæval republics, the protection of life and property was considered a minor point; but the participation of every citizen in the government of the country was the principal point by which a free commonwealth was distinguished from a despotic state. This was so much the case, that England, even under the so-called despotic sway of the early Norman kings, or of the Tudors, always, and with full right, boasted of its liberty, since even the most imperious kings monopolized only the great imperial policy of the country; they seldom dared to encroach upon the local self-government of the towns, and counties, and corporations. The Stuarts fell only when they attempted to destroy the corporate rights of the citizens. Now, on the contrary, many so-called liberals, reared in the school of French doctrinaires, attack local self-government, and are ready to hand their liberties over to irresponsible government officials.

For a long period, public opinion in England has flowed in this direction. The greater and more intimate intercourse with France, the apparent regularity and precision of the governmental action in Paris, and the high-sounding and sharply defined theories of Guizot and other authors and statesmen in France, made a great impression on the more superficial minds in England, on those shallow politicians who, without having been trained by public life, or been accustomed to think for themselves, always speak of the necessary reforms of the English constitution which they do not understand.

Still, little by little, the bulk of the nation began to be alarmed by the continual encroachments on local self-government, and for the last three or four sessions of Parliament, the centralizing schemes have met with increasing opposition, in spite of the sneers of nearly all the periodical press. The old local institutions of the country began to be better appreciated, and the dangers of centralization, the irresponsibility of central boards acknowledged, until the mismanagement of the war in the

Crimea suddenly roused a most serious storm against bureaucracy and red tapism. As far as the results can be guessed from the powers now set in motion, we may predict that the future will probably be characterized by greater reverence for local self-government and by measures directed against centralization, long after the disasters of Balaklava have ceased to be felt.

Just at the time when the crisis was ripening, Mr. Toulmin Smith, known as one of the most indefatigable opponents of the system of functionarism, published his work on the 'Parish.' For many years he has laboured hard, and not without success, to rouse the English public from its apathy, and to warn against the dangers of centralization. His last publication has the same aim. As regards this general tendency, we extract the following eloquent passages from his timely publication—

'It is the art and trick of those who would extend and make permanent the system of centralization, bureaucracy, functionarism—three names for the same thing—to appeal to the selfishness of men. It is craftily insinuated how much time is absorbed by paying attention to parish affairs. It is insinuated that only the low and the interested mix in such affairs. By such disgraceful and dishonest means there is no doubt that the end has been accomplished, to a very great extent, of withdrawing many from giving attention to such matters. Very different, indeed, was the spirit in England when Sir Edward Dering, standing in his place in the House of Commons, protested against the new canons (of Archbishop Laud), because, said he, "I may be a churchwarden."

'If the object of life were so low and grovelling as that the mere amassing wealth were admitted to be its great end—which is, indeed, what is sought by bureaucrats to be made the sole spirit and thought of our time—it is but a short-sighted policy which can yield to the serpent voice that would beguile from attention to common duties, and would engross all thought on immediate personal aims. Neither fortune, property, nor trade can ever be safe, nor the pursuits of commerce sure, except where law is certain, and free institutions secure the rights and liberties of all men from wanton aggression. Wanton aggression comes in many forms. When Parliament once abdicates its functions, and local self-government allows itself to be overridden, central boards get the power of, at any time, under specious pretexts of the public health or otherwise, making arbitrary orders, which, without appeal and redress, deprive a man or a neighbourhood of property and the means of honest industry. Had that man and that neighbourhood, instead of being engrossed in selfishness, given time and thought to their real duties, no excuse would have been raised for the interference; no opportunity would have been got for smuggling through Parliament the measures which give powers so unconstitutional and so fearfully dangerous. Sooner or later, while selfishness seeks to justify itself by sneering on parish vestries, and is blindly assiduous in its own aggrandizement, the pinch is suddenly felt, and deservedly felt,

by itself. Too late it is found that even true self-interest is best served by its being never forgotten, that every man has relations, and ought to have constant sympathies, with the neighbourhood in which he dwells. The remark is obvious, that if what the institutions of England thus require, and what Christianity no less enjoins, were done by each man, the actual burthen on each would be inappreciably light; while there would be the consciousness in each of right done and duty fulfilled, and the high and ennobling sense of each being an actual part and parcel of the state in that which constitutes its real life, its only strength. Thus would there be no such thing as "low" or "interested" parish authorities, though this charge itself is now, with rare exceptions, a scandalous and unjustifiable libel, begotten of jealousy and a sordid selfishness. When every man is known, by taking his part in the affairs of his neighbourhood, the best men will be chosen, or if not always chosen, will be known and felt, by those who are chosen to have their eyes upon their conduct; and thus all jobbery and improper action will be effectually prevented. To leave all to functionarism, is deliberately to nurse and cherish jobbery and costly corruption; to beget and foster social treachery and vileness in their worst forms. The man who, in his selfishness, thinks his private concerns too important and engrossing for him to give up time, or take trouble, in the affairs of his neighbourhood, is offering an opportunity and a bribe, irresistible and sure, to those who are but watching their opportunity to spoil him, in common with his neighbour, of all guarantees for the security of his property, for the safety of his pursuits of enterprise, and for even his personal liberties.

'It ought to be matter of honourable pride and gratulation to any man—it must always be so to every man of intelligence and manliness—when he is called upon to take any active part in public affairs. Yet our time is disgraced, and the public journals are often disfigured, by men base-souled enough to complain, and evidently thinking it rather a fine thing to complain, of being called upon to serve even as jurymen. They would rather that other men's lives and properties should be dealt with arbitrarily and summarily, by irresponsible functionaries, than quit for a moment their own selfish money-getting, to take their share in the action of institutions by which right and justice are administered to the people by the people themselves; themselves responsible to each for the mode of that administration; when Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, it was an act of far less folly and narrow-sighted immediate selfishness than that of those who thus complain of, as a grievance, and would shirk, the results of a position and responsibility the existence and action of which alone constitute England a free nation and Englishmen freemen.'—pp. 142-146.

The special purpose of Mr. Toulmin Smith's book is to enlighten the public on the nature and relations of the parish, its functions and offices. Whilst it is a most useful hand-book for every parish officer, from the churchwarden down to the parish and vestry clerk, it treats at the same time of the constitutional importance of the functions of the parish, which are

the only remaining traces of local self-government in England, and might become again the root of a far more efficient system of administration than the present centralizing schemes of the French school. Written untechnically, the book is intelligible to every one. Whilst it discusses the most important legal topics, it contains an overwhelming mass of learning and of antiquarian research, illustrating the early manners and customs of Old England; the style is everywhere clear and manly.

One of the most important subjects of the work is, the nature and origin of the parish. The author's legal and historical researches conclusively prove that the parish is the integral part of the hundred, forming the basis of the practical machinery set in motion on the entirely secular matter of taxation. He shows how, step by step, the ecclesiastical connexion with parishes took place; how Archbishop Laud tried to make them the engine for establishing despotism; and how, in our days, the disposition to intermeddle with and fetter the wholesome action of local self-government, led to continuous efforts to shackle the power of parishes of adapting themselves to the changes of circumstances.

In the course of his disquisitions, Mr. Smith analyses most minutely all the recent bills and enactments on the Poor Law, the Board of Health, the Nuisances Removal Bill, &c., and gives very instructive illustrations of blunders in modern experimental law-making. Extracts from parish records and vestry minutes, which vividly portray the public life of our forefathers in the parish, conclude the work, characterized by a profound admiration of the old institutions of England and its common law, and by an equally profound contempt of the unprincipled and experimental way in which statute law grows to such prodigious extent as to threaten the country with confusion.

ART. IX.—*The Patriot for May*, 1855.
2. *The Nonconformist for May*, 1855.

IT is our present desire and purpose to express a few thoughts relating to *public meetings*. We do not intend to give their history, either natural or chronological, though they have both, and both full of interest; for being a spontaneous dictate of social feeling, a natural organ of social opinion, and a powerful instrument of social action, they are, in one form or other, as

old as the materials of which they can be made, and are associated with all the varied and varying conditions of human life and purpose. It would be curious—perhaps more curious than profitable—to trace public meetings through all their stages, from the rude war-councils of savage tribes to the orderly convocations of civilized nations; from the associations of selfishness and cruelty to the assemblies of ripe wisdom and laborious love; for, like all things else, they are both effects and causes, fruits and seeds; and, while a potent agency in the formation of character and the application of power, their objects, shapes, and methods result from and exhibit the prevailing types of thought and principle: but we forego this task. Nor is it our design to indulge in mere laudation, however tempting the occasion and easy the work. Two reasons, if no more, would prevent us, even did space and plan permit. Such laudation is unnecessary; for who requires to be instructed or reminded in reference to the importance of these social phenomena and engines? There may be some minds so thoroughly *out* with all the course and spirit of the age, so destitute of sympathy with its peculiar needs and customs, as to regard public meetings with indiscriminate suspicion and dislike, but the general turn of thought respecting them is sufficiently favourable, to say the least. To praise them, therefore, to point out how grand a sign they are of life, how noble an illustration of freedom, how mighty a method of zeal, would be as useless as facile—would be like watering a garden in the midst of a thunderstorm. What is wanted—and herein is our second reason—is not so much praise as criticism, the correcting and guiding of the popular thought rather than the justifying of the popular estimate. Appreciation may not be too high, and yet it may be incorrect and partial. It may be based on wrong grounds, and may be unaccompanied by those convictions of incidental disadvantage and insufficiency for more exalted good which are necessary to prove its wisdom and make it fully fruitful. Like the judge who was advised to content himself with giving his judgments and withholding his reasons, because his judgments were generally right but his reasons generally wrong, the people are more frequently correct in their results than in their processes; and, like the mathematician who admitted that the poems of Homer were very good, but wanted to know what they *proved*, the people are apt to fail of a just opinion through the application of a defective or an inappropriate method of critical investigation.

Public meetings are a necessity of modern life in free countries. It is too late in the day to ask whether they shall continue. 'To be, or not to be,' is *not* the question. Their most jealous critic, their most inveterate opponent, cannot entertain

the hope of their cessation. The developed energies of civilized and christianized society will take this form; the thousand objects of enlightened zeal will be pursued by this means. Nor should this occasion regret or fear. As 'one man is no man,' as association both combines and increases individual resources, as many things never can be done without it, and many more never will, public meetings are to be regarded with approval and complacency; for if they be not absolutely necessary to association, if it be possible to conceive of co-operation and organization in their absence, if men can as a fact work together without meeting together, or without meeting together in such assemblies as are now contemplated, still it cannot be denied that of association they are a condition next to indispensable, and in most cases quite indispensable—they are its sign and bond, its means of nourishment and action. Few public movements would exist, and fewer thrive, apart from them.

This being so, the general character and influence of public meetings—what they are and what they do—should not be subjects of indifference to the Christian and philanthropist; nor will they fail to regret if such an agency should fall below that order of efficiency which it is possible to reach. No one, we imagine, will be charged with 'grievance-mongering' (a charge sufficiently ugly and often sufficiently just, but sometimes brought when there is nothing to sustain it but the existence of a keen sense of defects, and an earnest desire for their removal) who dares to think that public meetings have not attained that order of efficiency. It is notorious that important classes of men are seldom found in attendance on them, and entertain no very high estimate of them. Not only the morbidly timid, reserved, and sensitive; not only those who are fonder of criticism than service, and more apt to detect imperfections than to endeavour to remove them; not only those who have an eccentricity of judgment that forbids fellowship of opinion, or a perverseness of will that prevents fellowship in labour, or an excess of self-esteem that shrinks from fellowship in reward; not only these, but better men, men of sounder reason and healthier morals, make no secret of their dissatisfaction, and attest their convictions by their conduct. Something must doubtless be ascribed to love of home life, fondness for quiet, dislike of the more boisterous and even of the more robust forms of social activity, the wear and tear of oppressive business making repose and recreation luxuries if not necessaries; but all these will not explain the admitted facts. There is a deep feeling that public meetings are not what they should be, and might be; there is much in them that fails to represent, and not a little occasionally to shock, an intelligence not too exalted and a taste

not too refined. The favour with which they are regarded in some quarters affords a justification of the discontent expressed in others. It is not because they meet the deepest wants of either mind or heart, it is not because they render most needed help to conscientious thought and serious will, it is not because they shed living light on the path of social usefulness, and give sound stimulus to the flagging energies—all this they may do, and because they do it they may be prized by some, or even by many ; but this is only a portion of their character and work, and a portion which it would be a strange feat of self-deception to accept as the chief ground of popular esteem. Rather as scenes of relaxation ; of interest that does not severely tax the soul ; as places for the gratification of curiosity and the excitement of emotion ; as pleasant breaks in the monotony of life and feeling ; as innocent substitutes for such worldly amusements and recreations as it is a principle or a policy to eschew ; these are the aspects in which public meetings commend themselves to most ; and, if so, who can wonder at the complaint so often heard, the abstinence so often deplored ! If they can be regarded in these lights, is there any reason to be surprised that the best and most thoughtful should not frequent them, or only as a duty instead of as a privilege ?

While we thus write, we are free to confess that public meetings have improved, and are now being improved. No one conversant with them during the last quarter of a century will hesitate to acknowledge that perhaps in no department are the signs of social progress and purification clearer and more cheering. They have increased in seriousness, in sympathy with the awful necessities of men and the true spirit of the Gospel ; they have become less wordy and more practical in the fullest sense of the term ; they have grown in respect for the loftier purposes and the honester methods. We make this acknowledgment cheerfully ; and, though obliged to feel that much yet remains to be done and to be undone, are encouraged by the fact that it can be made to attempt a small contribution to the cause of a still greater improvement. Our object is not to discuss formally all the questions connected with public meetings, to point out every kind of evil or deficiency, but to throw out some of the more important hints which must have occurred to most thoughtful observers. Our discourse may be desultory, our suggestions may sometimes be deemed unwise : we have, at least, that sufficient excuse for more serious faults than we shall commit—a good meaning.

It would be absurd to lay stress upon the fact that public meetings depend for their efficiency upon public speakers. True, something depends upon good hearers ; and, however little it

may be considered, they who 'make audience' on such occasions perform no unimportant function. It may seem, at first sight, a rather insignificant thing to be a unit in a multitude gathered together to receive the communications of the selected orators, but there are many more insignificant things done by all of us; and, in truth, to be a meet listener, whether in public or in private, sometimes requires better qualities than to be a fit speaker. We do not refer to the more patent merits of listeners, to the conditions of an outwardly proper and becoming assemblage, to the quiet deportment, the meek attention, and appropriate response, but to those inner and more moral acts and habits, without which public speakers would but 'beat the air.' Suspect us not, gentle reader, of irony, when we specify to commend the receptive faculty, the due consideration not only of what a speaker says but means to say, the generous supplement of his defects, the disposition to accept a good intention for a good achievement, to think that through the fulness of his own faith he allows you to take much for granted, and to be pleased with his desire to amuse though it may greatly exceed his power. Verily, there is not always a sufficient recognition of the indebtedness of speakers to those whom they address, who though, in a sense and for the nonce, mere ciphers, yet in their relation have a most important power. How much is owing not only to the giver but to the receiver! The same kind office which the skilful, considerate reporter fulfils is often fulfilled by the wise and lenient listener, and the speech as spoken and the speech as heard are as different things as the speech as spoken and the speech as printed. We would encourage those to whom is assigned the task of hearing. Most great works are done in silence. All the chief and most beneficent processes of Nature are silent. 'Speech is silvern, silence is golden,' and where shall we find a truer illustration of this saying than when we gaze upon an attentive and benevolent audience, docilely regarding imperfect reasonings, gratefully pleased with well-meant humour, encouraging the timid and bearing with the rash, and thus becoming to their entertainers, what her dress was to the lady in the ancient poet, the greater part of themselves!

But this is digression. We were about to remark on speakers, not hearers, but our habits and associations of class led us astray, and we fear lest too strong a self-consciousness should have undesirably tinged our comments. The late Mr. Jay said, in his last public appearance in London, 'I have not been a friend to the platform—God having graciously pleased to deny me that privilege.' We shall not enter into the question whether it was a 'privilege' that was denied him, or whether, if so, it was 'graciously' denied. There is always a temptation to depreciate

that which we are not gifted to do, and we suspect that Mr. Jay's chosen habits, having proposed to himself as his great and constant end excellence in the pulpit, would seriously unfit him for excellence on the platform. We quote his words to introduce the trite remark, that it is not every man who possesses the qualifications of a good platform speaker, a fact not always or sufficiently considered. It has been our lot, as belonging to the numerous class of listeners, to observe a great variety of species of the platform orator; indeed, most of those who are regarded as the finest specimens have passed before our critical eye and ear; and our deep conviction is, that very few of them reach anything like the ideal type, while most are deficient in even secondary excellence. We should not at all exaggerate our impression in affirming that, taken *as a whole*, the platform is below the pulpit. Nor, if it be so, is the reason far to seek. Of necessity, preachers must be the chief platform speakers, especially in connexion with religious and philanthropic objects. There are few laymen, comparatively, who have either the power or the disposition to address a public audience. Their habits and modes of thought unfit them. They possess not the required self-possession, consecutive thought, and familiarity with the subjects discussed. Hence it comes to pass that the ministry is looked to as the quarter whence the main supply of platform speakers must be obtained; and that even those who feel and confess to a jealousy of the ministry, and who would fain abridge its sphere, are compelled to avail themselves largely of its assistance even on occasions on which laic resources might otherwise be appropriately, and more appropriately, employed. And if ministers are the principal platform speakers, they are, while in some respects adapted to the sphere by their official training, pursuits, and work, in other respects disqualified for it by the same things. Not only may a man be able to preach a good sermon who can make but a sorry speech, but his ability to preach a good sermon may make a poor speech a matter of high probability. How far it should be so, how far it would be so if there were a juster idea as to the true constituents and character of good preaching and good speaking, we cannot now attempt to inquire. Perhaps it might be found, on careful investigation, that the pulpit and the platform are not such different departments as many suppose; perhaps it might be found that each would be better, if both were more alike, that at least some of the best qualities and methods of each might be safely and advantageously cultivated and adopted by the other; perhaps it might be found that the platform—we speak principally of the religious platform—would gain in efficiency by becoming more premeditative, grave, and instructional, and that the pulpit would

more fully attain its purpose by an increase of freedom and flexibility, a more hearty and genial dealing with universal faculty and life. But as it is, according to the present sentiment and practice, platform and pulpit are divorced, and the result in most cases—we might say, indeed, in all cases in which there has not been a happy combination of gift and opportunity—is that the same men are not competent to 'make full proof of the ministry' of both. Examples crowd the mind of force and feebleness, success and failure, the most complete in these respective spheres. There are those who constitute the very life of public meetings, who never rise in them without a throbbing welcome, and never sit down without enthusiastic applause, whose ministrations in the church are dulness itself; and there are those who can engage the attention and sympathies of a congregation through long and elaborate discourses, who never leave the text for the resolution without regretting it themselves and causing others to regret it too. The danger of ministers is, of course, of their becoming too *sermonic* in their speeches—too formal, systematic, and technical: the occasional substitution of 'my text' for 'my motion,' the occasional escape from the lips of 'secondly' or 'thirdly,' and 'my dear hearers,' being but indications of a difficulty, more common than themselves, in departing from the fixed habits of thought and speech. While, on the other hand, the effort to do this often leads to an extreme in the opposite direction. The freedom from the restraints of set discourse, and the praiseworthy attempt to adapt themselves to unfamiliar circumstances, may easily result in an excessive exhibition of the features that distinguish the platform from the pulpit. Accustomed to careful preparation, ministers may be tempted to loose and unpremeditated speech; in the habit of repressing all that is not serious and solemn, they may be better able to keep down than to regulate wit and humour; dealing generally with charges of sin and admonitions of duty, when called to the task of praise, they may easily exceed the limits of just and becoming commendation.

But enough of this. Time would fail us to enumerate all the ways in which platform speaking might be improved. And, after all, the chief difficulty is in the want of courage and self-denial in the speakers. How difficult it is to be faithful at a cost or risk; to act upon conviction without regard to consequences; to sacrifice the present to the future, the transient to the permanent; to endeavour to realize a high and, by others, an unappreciated ideal; to try to do people good without their approval and against their wills! All who have to do with the instruction and impression of their fellows are in danger from this difficulty; all teachers and preachers are subject to a constant temptation

to accommodate themselves injuriously to those whom they address, and be satisfied with immediate and showy results, instead of patiently and perseveringly aiming at a lofty standard of excellence, and the slowest but most enduring fruits. It requires but small acquaintance with public meetings, even of a religious kind, to know that the best things are not always the most acceptable. We should scarcely be prepared to ask, with one of old, on the occasion of a popular applause, 'What foolish thing have I been saying?' and yet our experience and observation would prevent surprise if we discovered that the weightiest, deepest, truest utterances, were heard in silence, and even with inattention, while those of a superficial worth received fervent acknowledgment and response. Public assemblies are doubtless composed of fair specimens of the classes which they represent, and those classes are probably superior to the average of men in intelligence and knowledge; at the same time, this fact does not prepare us to expect from them an appreciation of the highest forms of thought, the profoundest principles, and the most important truths. It is only one man, here and there, that can appreciate them; and still fewer men can do so when presented in a speech, and heard in a crowded assembly. But we must, we fear, go further than this, and cease to wonder if things far from the highest and the best should often be preferred. A careful criticism of human nature, as it comes before us in social intercourse and general life—a habit of noting the faculties and attainments of men, their range and modes of thought, their intellectual culture and moral judgments—will sufficiently solve the problem before us. Only the unobservant will wonder, however much others may be grieved, at the light demand which popular audiences are apt to make of the loftier qualities of public speaking: and if the thoughtful reflector stands no chance beside the fluent and figurative orator; if the narrator of grave and melancholy facts, albeit the fairest representatives of the case in hand, is only tolerated, while the painter of highly-wrought pictures of prosperity and success is applauded to the echo; if, in questions of patriotism, the ready appeal to mere sentiment, wound up with the trite quotation, 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,' and, in times of national agitation and 'indignation meetings,' the noisiest proclamations of word-courage and most bellicose invocations of thoughtless self-complacency ending with the unanswerable and unnecessary resolve, 'Britons never shall be slaves!' win a louder tribute of praise than the fullest expositions of principle and the wisest suggestions of methods; if sophistry should go further than argument, and wholesale assertions bear away the prize from keen discriminations; if it should be a successful policy to enlist attention by an

introductory joke, and 'keep up the interest' of a meeting by reserving the most 'humorous' speaker to the last; these things, we say, so far from contradicting any just estimate of the present condition of even civilized humanity, are quite in harmony with all the phenomena that appear beyond the precincts of the hall and amphitheatre. But, if so, they do not present a less temptation to, or impose a less responsibility upon, public speakers, but rather a greater. It may be hard steadfastly to resist the popular current; it may be a severe exercise of virtue to forego the brightened looks and grateful cheers of a well-pleased assembly, to speak without approving response, and read one's speech without those parenthetical notes of the reporter to which poor human nature is seldom entirely indifferent; it may require a principle of special purity and strength to deal in stern honesty with truth and fact, and the intellects and consciences of men, when more facile performances would meet the felt exigencies and obtain the most prized honours of the hour; but herein is the true vocation of the speaker, to endeavour to correct the erroneous, to refine the gross, to elevate the low. The noblest function of the platform is *to teach;* it may have other functions, but this is its noblest—and the others will be fulfilled in the wisest manner, and with the richest ultimate results, when this is primarily regarded. There is no need to eschew auxiliaries—eloquence, graceful imagination, the occasional pleasantry, the fitting anecdote, may all be serviceable; they may interest, illustrate, enforce; they may be the comely dress of a comely form, the feather of the arrow, the *distending* properties of a style, which, to refer to an illustration of Dr. Whately, are as necessary as the more nutritious. But still, we repeat, the main business is to teach, and teaching must be the basis of all else that is done, if this be done to good account. Merely to fill up time, merely to transact business, merely to excite the feelings, merely to obtain a good collection, are inferior, and may become unworthy ends; but to beget an intelligent appreciation of a great purpose; to enlighten reason and conscience as to its claims; to show its grounds in human needs and moral providence; to evince its obligation from righteousness and philanthropy; and to bring soul-wide sympathies into harmony with it—this is the honourable and arduous work. If this be not expected or desired by the people, the more necessity is there for its being done. The platform is a fine sphere, albeit a difficult one, for those who have 'the patience of hope,' as well as 'the labour of love;' who are willing to be *smitten* if they be but *heard;* who, with the ancient patriot, would sooner *deserve* a monument than *have* one.

There are many things in the arrangement and conduct of

public meetings that deserve serious consideration—many things capable of amendment. We would speak with becoming care and respect of *the chairman's office*, but it may be questioned whether the mode of filling it is always the most judicious. In general meetings the office is a sinecure; that is, the direct and proper duties of a chairman have no place. It seldom happens that there is any necessity for a presiding authority to preserve order in the well-trained assemblies of our countrymen, and where such a necessity does arise, it does not always happen that the person selected for the purpose commands the needed powers. In a stormy and tumultuous meeting, where opposite parties are assembled, passions are strongly excited, and discussion is allowed, the chairman should be no common man; perfect self-possession, imperturbable good temper, knowledge of human nature, impartiality incapable of impeachment, courage which cannot be cowed, patience which cannot be provoked, and a good measure of mother-wit, should all be possessed. Lamentable results have we witnessed in the disorder and failure of meetings from incompetency in the president, from passion and petulance, weakness and timidity, from too much strictness and too much laxity, from interfering at the wrong time and not interfering at the right time. But, in most cases, the chairman is not required to keep order; he has simply to introduce the business; and who requires to be told that the mode of doing this is often most unsatisfactory? Chairmen's speeches are proverbially dull and wearisome. Exceptions there are, and glorious exceptions too, but frequently the invitation to 'take the chair' is either a way of showing respect, or of tempting to brevity—the respect being founded on position rather than personal qualities, or, like gratitude, contemplating future favours rather than past—and the brevity often failing. It would be a healthy sign if our religious associations were less anxious for worldly patronage, paid less regard to rank and title: we have no wish to exclude riches and nobility from such seats of honour as the Church possesses, but it is seriously to be deprecated that Christian men should so far lose sight of their spiritual dignity, and the spiritual dignity of their work, as to place them on high when not in alliance with marked mental and religious worth, and select for distinction those who, to adopt an idea from Dr. Johnson's severe criticism on Lord Chesterfield, are only saints among lords, and not lords among saints. If chairmen there must be, they should be chosen either to preside simply; or else merely to introduce the meeting with a brief statement of its objects and plan; or else to make a set speech, in which case the power to do this should be the only or the main condition of the choice.—*The report* is a tempting subject. How comes it to pass that this is generally the least

interesting part of the proceedings? Indeed, what is termed 'the business' of the meeting is commonly that which few hearers have any care about, just as to 'take tea,' though the substance of the invitation, is in every sense the least, and the least attractive, element in a modern evening party. Called to 'receive the report and appoint officers for the year ensuing,' in most cases the report would be gladly dispensed with, and the officers are appointed when the meeting is in a rapid process of dissolution, or its interest is altogether exhausted. As to the report, we must be allowed to say that we do not think justice is done to it, or justice done to public meetings in reference to it. It is much in the same predicament with sermons: we hear, on all sides, of the popular distaste for sermonic literature, that sermons will not sell and are not read, and all kinds of expedients are had recourse to in order to shun the effects of this disfavour, sermons being wrought into lectures, divided into chapters, denuded of texts and titles: you may not know it, good reader, but three-fourths of religious literature is nothing but sermons in some state or stage of metamorphosis. Now, as to this supposed prevalent disesteem for sermons, *simply as such*, we are entirely sceptical. There may be a strong repugnance to published sermons, and probably is, but that it is owing to any dislike of the mere form of pulpit discourses, we are more than doubtful. On the contrary, we believe in the existence of a wide-spread and vigorous prejudice in its favour, a prejudice the operation of which is checked by the too frequent failure to give it healthy and befitting scope. The true remedy for the imagined evil is not to abandon the accidents but to improve the essence; not to preserve a sermonic incognito, but to make sermons not ashamed to be recognised. And, in like manner, we dare to hint that there is no inveterate dislike in the popular mind to reports, but that the quality of most reports is such as to exhaust the most powerful patience of general hearers. We see no reason why the report should not be a most instructive and attractive contribution to the proceedings of a meeting: in connection with our chief institutions, all that is required to make it so is more condensation, and skill, and method—a judicious selection of materials, a graphic description of facts, a graceful drapery of style, and a profound respect to brevity. No wonder that with bare details, lumbering statements, and prosy reflections, a report as long as a gospel should be as dry as a dictionary. We would commend to the literary caterers of our public meetings the models of the evangelic histories; from them they may learn the double arts of happy insertion and severe omission.—*The length* of public meetings is a frequent topic of complaint. Whitefield said, on one occasion, that he

had been prayed *into* a good frame and prayed *out of it*; many may say that they have been *spoken* into and out of a deep interest. The cure of this is not so much to have fewer speakers —though that is sometimes desirable—as to have shorter speeches. This end might easily be attained by a judicious selection and assignment of topics. The plan of having three or four lengthy resolutions, and two or three speakers to each, is about as unwise as any plan could be. The effect is to tempt speakers to occupy too much time, and different speakers to go over the same ground. The plan of having resolutions at all is very questionable: there may be some advantage in committing people directly, and by their own act, to principles and purposes, but this is more than counterbalanced by the evils of formality, if not of hypocrisy, attendant on it; and we are therefore glad to perceive that this plan is gradually going out, giving place to the adoption of 'topics' and 'sentiments' as texts of discourse. But whatever form the basis of the presented remarks may take, it should not be too wide, and each speaker should be expected to address himself to one thing, and have ample time for premeditation upon that; it is notorious that men talk most, as a rule, when they have least to say, and that condensation is much more difficult to most than expansion. Let speakers be duly informed beforehand of the subject on which they will be expected to comment; let that subject be selected and limited with a view to the order and unity of impression, afford no occasion for desultory discourse, and no excuse for 'having nothing to say,' which is almost sure to end in saying a great deal too much; and not only will public meetings acquire a much higher character, but they will occupy a much shorter time; their interest will be deepened, and it will be sustained to the close.

Before terminating our remarks on public meetings, we would say a word on one or two of their forms and uses, to which we have not referred.

The custom has been growing among us, of late years, of making public meetings *the arenas of controversy*. Questions political and social, and even questions ecclesiastical and doctrinal, are often discussed by selected champions, and according to fixed rules of debate, before promiscuous audiences. The representatives of important creeds and theories deem it wise to summon miscellaneous congregations to witness feats of polemic gladiatorship, and to 'set a great assembly against' the advocates of opposite opinions; and thus, not only matters relating to the present and outer life, the economics of states, and the operations of philanthropy, but matters relating to the church and theology become the subjects of oral debate. Protestants and Romanists, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Voluntaries and Established Church

men, have all appeared before the unselected public, and committed the claims of their respective faiths, for the occasion, to the adjudication of excited assemblies. We confess that we contemplate this custom with unaffected and unmingled regret. It is not in the interest of any particular parties or principles that we do so. We know not of any reason in the nature of our opinions, or in the qualifications of their representatives, to cause such regret; and we are not aware that the results of past polemical encounters of the kind referred to have been unfavourable to those opinions: indeed, we question if any results of importance in the way of conversion do generally follow these encounters, most people retaining their previous opinions, or both sides affording about an equal number of converts. But in the interest of *truth* these exhibitions are to us exceedingly painful. The atmosphere of a public meeting is necessarily unfriendly to that calmness of spirit and intentness of thought which grave and difficult problems imperatively demand; and it is the essence of a debate to make the issue dependent to an injurious extent on mere accidental circumstances and inferior powers. Not only is it reasonable to suppose that a popular assembly, met together for the purpose of beholding a combat of opinions, is in no mood, and has but little power to do justice to such delicate things as statistical, historical, and philological reasonings—being often, for the most part, in as poor a plight as the cobbler who patiently listened to discussions in a tongue to him unknown, and assigned defeat to him who was soonest angry; but the conditions of oral disputation place the principals in a relation to the truth which is unfair to it. We do not simply complain that, on such occasions, the contest necessarily becomes one between men rather than between opinions, that the question is not what is worthiest but who is ablest, that the display is more of personal qualities than of the merits of things; we complain that an artificial and unjust value is attached to the lower personal qualities. It by no means follows that the victory shall be ascribed, or even be thought fairly to belong, to the most learned and thoughtful, the most logical and correct; on the contrary, it is possible for the combatant fullest of his theme, most deeply acquainted with it, and able, when self-possessed and free, to do it utmost justice, to appear to serious disadvantage in oral conflict with one far inferior to himself in acquirement and the higher orders of faculty. To say nothing of the vices to which platform controversy affords an occasion, if not a temptation, effrontery, unfairness, untruthfulness, partiality, and passion, it gives ample and dangerous scope to gifts and methods at best of little worth—the cunning artifice, the ready humour, the felicitous memory, the dexterous use of authorities, the adroit appeal to feeling. The pure and

lofty mind will eschew resources, not absolutely false or dishonest, that are likely in most popular assemblies to extricate from difficulty and win applause. On these grounds we witness with no favour the growing practice of substituting, in the discussion of the gravest and most spiritual topics, the platform for the press, and shall be glad to see the advocates of opinions on all sides abandoning so tempting but so dangerous an arena, and contenting themselves with scenes and instruments of controversy less exciting but more worthy—giving greater honour to truth, and, in the last result, doing more good to man.

An important form of public meeting, and one which promises to become more important in proportion to the increase of popular intelligence and zeal, is that of *the conference*. It will be seen at first sight that this may afford an admirable means of quickening and guiding public sentiment, and of making available, and applying, resources for public action of inestimable value. All the greatest movements of modern times have been largely indebted to conferences for their success, if not for their existence. That the choicest and most influential minds, deeply concerned in the attainment of ends connected with the good of man, should meet together to take counsel of each other respecting the desirableness of action, and the modes and methods it should assume if taken, and to stir each other up by the varied representations of truth and duty which such minds are sure to make, is a dictate of the simplest and directest wisdom, so long as 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety,' so long as some men are destined to lead and others to follow, so long as truth is elicited by a comparison of judgments, and strength is gained by a union of powers. At the same time we deem it worthy of consideration whether conferences are always or generally conducive, as they might be, to the results proposed. It is a delicate inquiry, and one scarcely fit for introduction at the conclusion of a paper. We can suggest only a hint or two of thought. Perhaps something might be done to secure a fitter and fuller representation of calm and weighty wisdom than is always obtained. We are aware that there are difficulties in the way of this: the infirmities of human nature, the desirableness of conciliating, here a man, there a party, and elsewhere a district, and the incidental evils of any and every mode of selection, are serious obstacles. But something may be done, if it be felt that conferences are more means than ends, that their business is not to make a show, but to do a work, that their value is not arithmetical but dynamical, and that, according to the old saying, the half is sometimes more than the whole. But if conferences are susceptible of improvement in the way of a wiser selection of their constituents, no one conversant with them will deny, that

they are capable of amendment also in the manner in which they are conducted; and their name suggests the chief need and method of amendment. They often fail of being *conferences*, in the possible and desirable degree. The vice of speechifying, for it becomes a vice on many occasions, has crept into them, and weakened them. Harangues are often substituted for counsels, eloquent declamations for fact and reason, the orations of the few for the thoughts of all. A proverb has been happily described as 'the wit of one and the wisdom of many:' in this sense the decisions of conferences should be proverbial, the condensation and definition by the practised and practical of the prevailing meaning of a varied assembly. We have many times been grieved that persons summoned to deliberate have been expected only to listen, or at least to speak only in the direction of foregone conclusions; that unexpected views have been hastily rejected, and honest dissidence impatiently condemned; and that conferences, instead of being what their name imports, have denuded themselves of their proper character, and resigned their noble function, and have become in one sense mere public meetings, and in another mere private meetings—public meetings, but without their numbers; private meetings, but without their secresy.

Were we disposed to moralize, many reflections are suggested by the various facts and topics that have been now adverted to. It is obvious enough that, here as elsewhere, 'there is much to be said on both sides.' Public meetings are neither more nor less—and no reasonable man can expect them to be—than a mirror of human nature, and the good and evil, the wisdom and folly, the strength and weakness of human nature will be reflected by them. Men in assembly will not greatly differ from men apart; there is no magic in convocation; the aggregate of imperfection is not perfection. And, therefore, whatever may be within the reach of particular individuals and organizations—whatever may be done by the counsels and the virtues of the few—the chief remedy for admitted defects must be in the general improvement of society. The spread of knowledge, a healthier moral tone, a deeper faith, will improve public meetings as they will improve all things else. To these let us address ourselves. They are worthy of the toil which they demand. The elevation of our race is a great but gradual process; 'neither is this a work of one day or two.' Meanwhile, let us be thankful that public meetings have had and have their place in this high service, that they have rendered no inconsiderable help not only in applying men's activities but in making men fit to act; and let each one seek, according to the measure of the ability entrusted to him by God, to increase their might in word and

deed, that they may more powerfully co-operate with all the benign and blessed agencies now at work in hastening the time when their success shall be witnessed in their extinction; when in their present form they shall cease, because their ends shall be all attained.

Brief Notices.

CONTENTS.

1. Brittany and La Vendée.
2. A Boy's Adventure in Australia.
3. Works of Rev. T. M'Crie.
4. The Voices of the Seven Thunders.
5. Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists.
6. The Divine Love.
7. The Ethics of the Sabbath.
8. Life Spiritual.
9. Life of George Washington.
10. Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social.
11. The Calendar of Victory.
12. Sermons by the Rev. A. P. Mendes.
13. Public Worship.
14. Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty.
15. Historic Notes.
16. Theological Tracts.
17. Nature of the Mediatorial Dispensation.
18. Lectures.
19. A Pastor's Sketches.
20. Preces Paulinæ.
21. The Truth and the Life.
22. The Disciple whom Jesus Loved.
23. Christ and His People.
24. Modern Popery.
25. Twenty Years' Conflict in the Church.
26. Universal Parallel to Chronology.
27. Address Delivered on the Fast Day.
28. Alexander Menschikoff.
29. Works of Dugald Stewart.
30. Hallam's Middle Ages.

Brittany and La Vendée. Tales and Sketches; with a Notice of the Life and Literary Character of Emile Souvestre. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 301. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

ANOTHER volume of Constable's 'Miscellany of Foreign Literature,' to which we are glad to find prefixed a biographical notice of the author. This is accordant with the suggestion we made in noticing some of the former volumes of the series. We do not imagine that it is in consequence of such suggestion, nor are we concerned on this point. It is enough that the thing is done, and we hope the plan will be continued in future volumes. The present contains eight brief tales of one of the most pleasing and instructive of the modern authors of France. They are distinguished by various qualities, but all bear the impress of a refined, sensitive, and pure mind, in which the social affections largely predominate. 'The Bargeman of the Loire' is on the whole our favorite, though all will be read with pleasure. The author died July 5th, 1854, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. His works were very numerous, though but little known in England. They are, however, unlike many contemporary productions, eminently worthy of translation, and the present volume will probably serve to introduce others to our countrymen. The conversational powers of Souvestre are said to have been more remarkable than his writings. 'In the one, as in the other case,' say the translators of this volume, 'the moral tone was ever predominant, so that it has

been said of him, that if he had been born a French Protestant he would have no doubt become a pastor, so wholly was his heart set upon the moral and religious instruction of his countrymen.'

A Boy's Adventure in the Wilds of Australia; or, Herbert's Note Book. By William Howitt. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 376. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.

We are not surprised at this small volume having reached a second edition. It is well entitled to the distinction, for a more interesting book of its class we never read. It 'was written amid the scenes and characters which it describes,' and there is a freshness and life-like reality about it which is perfectly captivating. It is just the kind of book which Mr. Howitt can write better than any other man. The grave and the gay; the moralizing of age, and the aspirations of youth; descriptions of natural scenery, sketches of animal and vegetable life, personal incidents, with a due allowance of exciting adventures, are mingled in fair proportions. In our own circle we have witnessed the interest it excites, and can assure our readers that none of them will be disappointed in its perusal. Should they be so—which we scarcely deem possible—they should seriously ask themselves whether the fault is not their own. Mr. Howitt has done his part admirably, and the reader who is not gratified by the perusal of his volume, has need to suspect himself rather than to mistrust the author.

Works of the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, D.D. A New and Uniform Edition. Edited by his Son. *Part I. Life of John Knox.* 2s. 6d. pp. 368. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

The reputation of Dr. M'Crie as an ecclesiastical historian was firmly established by his 'Life of Knox,' which was published in 1813. That reputation is well sustained by the works he subsequently produced. Of some of these, several editions have been called for, and we know not that a better service can be rendered than by a cheap and well-edited issue of the whole. The *Lives* of Knox, and Andrew Melville, the Histories of the Reformation in Italy and Spain, together with his Sermons, critique on Scott's 'Old Mortality,' &c., are now to be issued in four volumes; each volume to consist of two quarterly parts, or five shilling numbers. In general these works will be issued exactly as they proceeded from the author's hands, though, in a few cases, notes will be added, either from the *author's* own manuscript, or from other sources. The *Part* now before us is printed on good paper, and in clear, readable type, and the series can scarcely fail to secure what it is well entitled to, a very cordial and extensive reception.

The Voices of the Seven Thunders. Royal 8vo. 2s. pp. 24. London: Cash. 1855.

This book is addressed 'to the human family, of every clime, nation, kindred, and tongue, now located upon, and scattered over this orb, who, through the eternal and vital effluxion of the one inimitable

law of all being, have now become the heirs in possession of the highest kingdom of terrestrial form; and to those holy and incarnate intelligences, the Church invisible, now scattered and sown within such form, who, through the operation of the same inimitable law of being, and by virtue of their entombment within, and holding possession of the flower of the human family, have now become the heirs in immediate reversion of the highest kingdom of celestial form.' In this passage our readers must find our apology for being unable to give any opinion of the contents or character of the work. Although, as reviewers, accustomed to difficult tasks, we confess ourselves fairly beaten. We have made some attempts to ascertain the author's meaning and drift, but have been obliged to desist in despair. We dare not say that he is not very deep and very correct; if he be, we are sorry that he has placed his truth beyond the reach of such faculties as we possess.

The Ecclesiastical Principles and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists. Comprising a full and impartial account of all their Ordinances, Institutions, Laws, Regulations, and General Economy, &c. &c. By William Peirce. Royal 8vo. pp. 688. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1854.

We cannot pretend to pass a judgment upon this extensive work. Such a judgment would demand a kind and an amount of knowledge which very few persons indeed can be supposed to possess, and perhaps none out of the body immediately concerned. 'The work,' says the author, 'merely claims to be a faithful compilation of laws scattered throughout the various connexional documents. The compiler sits not in judgment on those laws, but gives them, in their integrity, as they exist in the official records of the Connexion, appending to each the title and page of the work from which they have been extracted.' So far as we can perceive, the author has performed his laborious task with fairness and pains-taking diligence.

If we are not in a condition to criticize, we certainly are in a mood to moralize. Is all this system of law necessary to the vitality and order of a Christian community? Is it possible for its members, or even ministers, to know the rules and obligations by which they are bound? Is not this mass of legislation one source of the strifes and divisions which have so painfully marked, and seriously injured, the Wesleyan body? We rejoice, not boastingly, in our freedom from such a yoke of bondage.

The Divine Love. A Series of Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental Discourses. By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. pp. 367. 5s. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co. 1855.

This volume belongs to a series called 'The Christian Family Library,' consisting of works 'intended to elucidate clearly the principles, practice, and truth of the Christian religion.' Dr. Eadie's work is on a delightful theme, but it has the disadvantage of not treating that theme with any attempt at systematic analysis or uniformity of style.

The book has the appearance of a variety of papers composed without unity of design, and under widely different circumstances. Our readers will understand us when we say that there are five discourses on 'the Love of God,' 'the Love of Christ,' the 'Father's Love to the Son,' 'the Sin and Doom of the Loveless,' and 'the Friendship and Sympathy of Jesus;' an argument on 'the Love of the Spirit;' a soliloquy on the hundred and sixteenth psalm; a lecture on 'the Adopting Love of the Father;' a meditation on the hundred and seventh psalm; an exposition of the fourteenth chapter of Hosea; detached annotations on various portions of Scripture; and an appeal on the love of Christ as 'the sustaining motive in the missionary enterprize.' Under the heads and in the forms thus indicated, will be found a large amount of solid matter. The 'things by which men live' are given forth without stint, and in a style addressed to a healthy and not diseased spiritual appetite.

The Ethics of the Sabbath. By David Pirret. pp. 242. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

EVERY man is entitled to be heard who essays to place old truths in new lights, and every man is entitled to be respected who succeeds in doing so. Mr. Pirret bases an argument for the Sabbath not on 'the statements of Scripture or the results of experience,' but on 'the dictates of conscience.' It is only a fair request which he makes, that the reader should 'suspend his judgment till he knows precisely *how much* is intended to be proved, and *how* this is attempted to be done.' The successive steps of his argument involve the following points:—that the worship of God demands *the appropriation of time*, the appropriation of *a set time*, the appropriation of *an entire day*, the appropriation of *a seventh day*, and the appropriation of *the first day of the week*. We cannot enter into an examination of the author's reasoning, nor indicate how far we agree or how far disagree with it, but we can honestly say that he brings much keen and careful thought to his task, and that his essay is a valuable contribution to a subject of first importance to the welfare of men, and one which is rendered especially interesting by the circumstances of the times.

Life Spiritual. By the Rev. George Smith, Minister of Trinity Chapel, Poplar. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. pp. 288. London: Snow. 1855.

No subject has stronger claims for clear exposition and earnest enforcement than that chosen by Mr. Smith. It is gratifying to see the place occupied by that subject in the thought and religious literature of the country. The very words, *spiritual life*, indicate a juster view of the nature and functions of religion than at one time obtained. Mr. Smith's volume—consisting of the substance of a course of Sunday lectures—deals with this subject in a sensible and practical manner. It is a book for the closet, and those who are supremely set on the true life of the heart will find in it much Scriptural instruction, admonition, warning, and encouragement.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Post Octavo. pp. 340. 2s. 6d. London: Henry G. Bohn.

THE interest of *Washington's* biography will never cease. It is an undying tale, which may be repeated again and again without weariness. The qualities combined in his character were so happily balanced and their combination was so rare; his patriotism was so unalloyed; and the theatre on which he acted was so unparalleled; that ages will probably elapse before another such a man is presented to our view. His *Life has* frequently been written, so that little in the way of addition was left to be supplied to his biography. There was, however, ample room for such a work as the present. Mr. Irving is admirably adapted to give to the history of the American hero the popular cast it required, and we are glad to find that Mr. Bohn, to whom the copyright of most of Mr. Irving's other works belong, has made arrangements with him for the publication of this.

The volume now before us is devoted to the earlier portion of Washington's life, and appropriately terminates with the commencement of the Revolution. Mr. Irving has executed his task with candor and fidelity, avoiding the exaggerations to which American writers are prone on this subject, and diligently availing himself of whatever was adapted to throw light on the character and career of Washington. 'Though a biography,' he says, 'and of course admitting of familiar anecdote, excursive digressions, and a flexible texture of narrative, yet for the most part it is essentially historical; Washington, in fact, had very little private life, but was eminently a public character. All his actions and concerns, almost from boyhood, were connected with the history of his country.'

Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social. Reprinted with Additions from the Edinburgh Review. By J. W. Conybeare, M.A. 8vo. pp. 440. London: Longman & Co.

WE have read this volume with very considerable pleasure. From some of the views advocated we of course dissent, but there is a freshness, reality, and power; a large mindedness, breadth of view, and extensive information on the matters treated, with which we rarely meet, and which are perfectly refreshing. It is one of the most valuable of the *Edinburgh reprints*, nor do we deem it the less so because it is the production of a churchman, obviously bent on perfecting the organization of his ecclesiastical body, 'both with a view to internal discipline and external efficiency.' The volume contains six papers, reprinted with additions from the 'Edinburgh Review,' and their titles sufficiently indicate its general character. These titles are—'The Church in the Mountains,' 'Church Parties,' 'Ecclesiastical Economy,' 'Vestries and Church Rates,' 'Mormonism,' and 'Agitation and Legislation against Intemperance.' The second of these papers has been issued in a separate form, and is probably known to many of our readers. The present edition omits the names of all living individuals who are criticized, and enlarges considerably the description

which is given of the *broad church party*. This article has been fiercely assailed from opposite quarters, but its substantial correctness is beyond question, and few probably will fail to derive both information and improvement from its perusal. We strongly recommend the volume to our friends. It is the production of a vigorous and intelligent mind capable of independent thought, and temperately exercising the right of free speech. Belonging to another school than Mr. Conybeare, and differing from him on many points of considerable importance, we yet tender him our thanks for the service he has rendered to the truth we hold in common, and hope that his labors will stimulate many other minds to pursue a like course of free and honest inquiry.

The Calendar of Victory; being a Record of British Valour and Conquest by Sea and by Land, on every Day of the Year. Projected and commenced by the late Major Johns, R.M. Continued and completed by Lieut. P. H. Nicholas, R.M. London: Longman & Co.

THE title of this book sufficiently describes its contents. They consist of brief but graphic records of those brilliant achievements upon land and sea, which have made the name of an Englishman loved, or feared, or hated, throughout the world. Commencing with the wars of the Crusades, they come down to the battles of the Alma and of Inkermann. Should a second edition of the work be called for, we trust the editor may be able to add to the triumph of the British arms the capture of Sebastopol, and the final conquest of a lasting peace. A well arranged chronological table and index enable the reader to refer at once to any battle or engagement, or to trace the career of any distinguished officer, whether naval or military.

Sermons. By the Rev. Abraham P. Mendes, Minister of the Birmingham Hebrew Congregation. pp. 200. London: J. Chapman. 1855.

THESE sermons, dedicated to the wardens of the Birmingham Hebrew Congregation, 'as an acknowledgment of their powerful co-operation in the good cause of salutary and legitimate reform,' may be ranked among the signs of the times in relation to the ancient people, and will possess interest to those who study intelligently and religiously their condition. They are, observes the author, 'adapted to the various solemnities of our religion, developing the doctrines connected with those sacred occasions, and inculcating the duties to which they summon us.' They must be regarded from a Jewish point of view—not a Christian; and, so regarded, deserve a favourable judgment. They have many qualities of good pulpit ministrations; warm, practical, earnest often to eloquence, they are adapted, so far as the theological matter may permit, to fulfil the author's hope in not failing 'to excite some improving efforts in the souls of those who read and those who listen.' We cannot say this without breathing the prayer, that He

who is the true glory of Israel may shine into the author's mind baptizing his religious principles with the new spirit of the Gospel, and giving an unknown success to his endeavours to reform his hearers.

Public Worship; or, Praise, Prayer, and Preaching. By J. Smith, M.A., Author of 'Scottish Clergy,' 'Sacred Biography,' &c. pp. 204. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1855.

THE author was engaged during several years in preparing a series of sketches of clergymen of various denominations. In the course of this task he had abundant opportunities of observing the different methods and manners of conducting public worship, of noting what was good and what was bad in them. The result appears in the present volume, which, eschewing all personalities, aims 'to remove the objectionable, and to stimulate to propriety in conducting the sacred services of the church.' On matters having so much to do with taste, feeling, and religious thought, there will naturally be differences of opinion; nevertheless, Mr. Smith has furnished hints for the improvement of worship, which few will question the wisdom of, and many may profit by in England as well as Scotland. He is a sagacious observer and a judicious critic of what passes before his eye, and we trust that his much needed suggestions will meet with the attention they deserve.

Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. Discourses by John James Tayler, B.A. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. pp. 329. London: Longman & Co.

Mr. TAYLER is known to many as a highly respected Unitarian minister; but this is saying but little as to his theological or religious position. In a thing so multiform as Unitarianism there may be, and are, men of very different creeds and sympathies. It represents all opinions ranging between orthodoxy and deism. We shall not undertake to decide to which school, or whether to any, our author belongs. Nor is it necessary, inasmuch as he seldom deals with controversial topics, but chiefly presents those 'aspects of faith and duty' which all intelligent and devout minds will love to contemplate. Sometimes he comes into direct collision with things which are to us most true and most important; and we often feel that considerations which have no place in his creed would give a force and pathos to his representations and reasonings which they do not now possess; but the general tenour of his thought, his firm hold of the verities that lie at the foundation of all religion, the purity and strength of his moral sympathies, the calmness and gentleness of his spirit, and the tastefulness and elegance of his style, will secure for his discourses respect and appreciation far beyond the limits of the sect with which he is nominally connected.

Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments. By Samuel Sharpe. pp. 259. London: Edward Moxon. 1854.

WE are informed that portions of this book have already appeared in the 'Christian Reformer,' and Bonomi's 'Nineveh and its Palaces.'

The author is known by several works on Ancient Egypt. The 'Historic Notes' indicate a mind conversant with the topics treated, and accustomed to free and independent decisions upon them. They are 'neither theological nor devotional. They are an attempt to explain, by means of the history, the circumstances under which the several books and portions of books were written, and the times when the writers lived.' The character and comprehensiveness of the work would afford abundant matter and motive for criticism, and indeed only a lengthened article would suffice to convey an exact judgment of its merits. We must content ourselves with saying, that, though unable to recommend it as an independent guide to the biblical student, he may find in its judicious use a help to his inquiries. From many of the opinions expressed by Mr. Sharpe we are obliged to dissent, while cheerfully admitting the value of much of his information and the wisdom of many of his suggestions.

Theological Tracts, Selected and Original. Edited by John Brown, D.D. Vol. III. London and Edinburgh: Fullarton. — Thirteen Doctrinal Dissertations, one by the Rev. John Howe, M.A.; another by Andrew Marvell; five by Dr. Balmer; one by Dr. John Martin; one by the Rev. Samuel Pike; one by Dr. John Snodgrass; one by Dr. Thomas Hardy; one by the Rev. John Bonar; and one by Dr. John Smalley. The whole combined make an admirable compendium of divinity. The reprint of Andrew Marvell's acute and witty tract in defence of Howe, which has never been included in any collection of his works, and was in great danger of being lost, gives a peculiar value to the publication. This document alone is worth more than the price of the volume. Great credit is due to the learned Editor for the excellent taste and judgment he has displayed in compiling this volume.

The Nature of the Mediatorial Dispensation. By the Rev. James Meikle. London: Ward & Co. 6s.—Mr. Meikle has rendered valuable service to evangelical theology in giving to the world this excellent treatise. He has judiciously treated a subject which has long been encompassed with difficulties. He has clearly pointed out a *via media* between the extremes of Pelagianism on the one hand, and the dogmas of hyper-Calvinism on the other.

Lectures read at a Mechanics' Institute in the Country. London: John W. Parker & Son.—Fifteen lectures on popular topics, written in a clear, bold, and interesting style. They are all adapted to the purpose for which they were written. They include great questions relating to history, science, and literature. The volume is full of suggestions to a lecturer, and replete with instruction to the diligent student devoted to the culture of his own mental powers. It teaches the elements of geology and of mathematics by two very lucid lectures.

A Pastor's Sketches; or, Conversations with Anxious Inquirers respecting Salvation. By J. S. Spencer, D.D., Pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. With an Introduction and Editorial Notes, by J. A. James. Fcp 8vo. pp. 285. London: Hamilton, & Co. 1855.—The high reputation of the editor will be a sufficient guarantee for the orthodoxy and adaptation to usefulness of this volume. The author assures us that these sketches are 'facts, not fancies,' without 'an item of colouring.' They are forty-two in number, and present with much graphic power, a very faithful and skilful mode of handling the human heart and conscience in some of their most interesting and important states. The value of the volume is enhanced by a very characteristic 'Introduction' by the editor, on the means and methods of a successful ministry.

Preces Paulinæ; or, the Devotions of the Apostle Paul. pp. 244. Nisbet & Co. 1855.—It is a worthy task to bring before the minds of Christians the facts and features of apostolic devotion; to show how he, who 'laboured more abundantly than all,' 'laboured' also 'in prayers.' This is done, in the little work before us, in the right temper, and with intelligence. In two parts, entitled, 'Historic Notices,' and 'Epistolary Records,' the first containing ten chapters and the second twenty-seven, the occasions, contents, and general characteristics of Paul's recorded prayers are presented in a manner to exhibit impressively one of the God-ward aspects of his soul. The manual is for the heart rather than the intellect, and thus most in keeping with its subject. We commend it to the spirit which it aims to instruct and to stimulate.

The Truth and the Life. By Charles Pettit M'Ilvaine, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Ohio. Crown 8vo. 5s. pp. 402. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. —A volume of sermons on fifteen subjects of permanent Christian interest. Without any special profundity of thought, acuteness of reasoning, or eloquence of style, they possess many of the qualities of good and effective pulpit discourses. They are sound, clear, faithful expositions of the fundamental verities of the Gospel, with more earnestness and unction than episcopal authorship, at least in this country, would generally prepare us to expect.

'The Disciple Whom Jesus Lored,' being Chapters from the History of John the Evangelist, with a Preliminary Sketch. By James Macfarlane, D.D. pp. 324. London: Hamilton & Co. —Twelve Chapters on the chief scenes of John's life, bringing out, in a practical form, their more obvious lessons. They are the popular result of a studious acquaintance with the subjects discussed. As delivered from the pulpit, we can easily imagine them to have been effective, but for ourselves the value of the book would be enhanced by more discriminating thought, and a less declamatory style. However, tastes differ, and we are too glad to witness the increase of biographical exhibitions of truth, and have too high an estimate of the substantial excellence of the present one, not to thank the author for his warm, vigorous, and able sketches of the beloved disciple.

Christ and his People. By the Rev. Frederick W. Krummacher, D.D., author of 'Elijah the Tishbite,' 'Elisha,' &c. Translated by Samuel Jackson. 5s. pp. 379. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1855.—This volume consists of passages extracted from a series of discourses delivered during the last four years by the author. Not having seen the original work, we can form no opinion respecting the manner in which the selections have been made. There are five on 'The Forerunner,' twenty-four on 'The Messiah,' five on 'The People of God,' and six on 'The World.' Those persons who are acquainted with Dr. Krummacher's previous publications will expect to find striking thoughts, vivid pictures, and animated appeals; nor will they be disappointed. The author retains the vigour of his mind, while age has mellowed and moderated it.

Modern Popery: a Series of Letters on some of its more Important Aspects. By B. Evans. pp. 214. Leeds: J. Heaton & Son. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1855.—These letters are on the following subjects: 'Rome and the Bible,' 'The Supremacy of the Pope,' 'Auricular Confession,' 'The Worship of the Virgin Mary,' 'Saints, Images, and Relics,' 'The Doctrines of Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead,' 'The Doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Mass,' and 'The Moral Teaching of Romanists.' In discussing these topics, the writer has made large use of 'the popular literature of Romanists,' and has produced a work eminently adapted to instruct and convince the general mind. We will only add that the original stimulus to its production was the agitation of 1851; which we always believed would prove useful, chiefly in the way of enlightening and deepening the Protestant feeling of the country.

The Twenty Years' Conflict in the Church, and its Remedy. London: John Chapman.—The title of this small publication led us to anticipate something wider and more comprehensive than we found. The pamphlet deals mainly with the divisions of the Established Church, and its general tone may be gathered from the following sentence: 'The error of the Reformers was in not laying the axe to the root of the evil by abolishing "justification by faith," as well as the ceremonies by which that error was set forth.' The pamphlet abounds with most remarkable illustrations of the *petitio principii*, and is altogether one of the most unsatisfactory publications we have ever met with.

Universal Parallel Chronology. From the Creation to the Present Time. Being a Complete Guide to the Study of History. London: Hope & Co.—The chronological works already before the public which lay claim to completeness are too expensive for general use. This evil has long been felt, and the present is an attempt to correct it. 'It is for the young,' says the author, 'that I write. I wish to provide them with a complete guide to the study of every period of history; and by showing the mutual dependence of nations on each other, to give a clear and comprehensive view of it as a whole.' This end is happily attained in a series of parallel columns, from which a large amount of interesting and very valuable information may be gleaned. The work needs only to be known, in order to be greatly prized.

Objections to the Royal Proclamation, with Illustrations of the 'Terribleness' of God's Doings towards Men and Nations. An Address delivered March 21, the day of General Humiliation, at the King's Weigh-house Chapel, London. To which is added the Press and the Pulpit, a Postscript. By T. Binney. pp. 32. London: Ward & Co.—We do not agree with all the views urged by Mr. Binney in this admirable little tract, but it contains so much sound sense expressed in a terse style, that we shall be glad to find it in extensive circulation. It is one of the many publications called forth by recent events, and is greatly superior to most of them in the clearness, the force, and the right-mindedness with which it discusses the great topics of the day.

Alexander Menschikoff, the Founder of a Family. Translated from the German of Gustav Nieritz. 9d. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.—This is one of the Messrs. Constables 'Cabinet Series of Translations.' It is somewhat difficult to say to what extent it is historical The drapery of the picture is evidently fictitious, but those who are curious in such matters will find much to strengthen the impression of Russian venality derived from other sources. Few of our readers will expect to find in the ambassador to Constantinople, and the commander in the Crimea, the descendant of a pastry-cook's boy. Such, however, is the fact, and the prince of to-day is no unworthy scion of his progenitors.

History of Christian Churches and Sects from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Marsden, M.A. Part V. 3s. 6d. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.—This fifth *Part* of Mr. Marsden's History fully sustains the character of its predecessors. It completes a sketch of the 'Society of Friends,' and furnishes an account of the 'Greek Church,' 'The Gnostics,' 'Lady Huntingdon's Connexion,' 'The Independents,' 'The Church of Ireland,' and the earlier portion of an article on the 'Irvingites.' As the work is intended for the many rather than the few, it is popular without being superficial. Its candor and impartiality are such as might have been expected from the previous labors of the author.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Vol. VII. 8vo. pp. 413. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.—The second volume of 'The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man,' enriched by appropriate notes which evidence the sound judgment and profound logic of the distinguished editor. Two more volumes will complete this rare and

beautiful edition of Stewart's works, the latter of which is to contain Sir William Hamilton's Memoir of the author. We defer till its appearance the remarks we have to offer on the philosophical system of Stewart.

View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL.D. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Post 8vo. pp. 506. 6s. London: John Murray.—It is needless to say one word in commendation of this work. The present is the *eleventh* edition, so that it is already widely known, and we need not say very highly appreciated. We have simply to report that it is now brought out at half its original cost, and is to be followed in the same style by Mr. Hallam's other historical works. We are glad to find our most respectable publishers issuing some of their best works in a form and at a price adapted for general circulation. We have no objection to the more costly edition. Let it by all means have priority, but when the more affluent have been supplied, let the other and much larger class be provided for. We doubt not that our publishers will find it as advantageous to themselves as it will be beneficial to the public to continue the plan now happily commenced.

Review of the Month.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER WE ANNOUNCED THE TRIUMPH OF MINISTERS over Mr. Disraeli's party resolution. To that resolution it will be remembered Sir F. Baring proposed the following amendment:—'That this House, having seen with regret that the Conferences of Vienna have not led to a termination of hostilities, feels it to be a duty to declare that it will continue to give every support to her Majesty in the prosecution of the war, until her Majesty shall, in conjunction with her allies, obtain for this country a safe and honorable peace.' This was done avowedly in the interest of Lord Palmerston's Government, and on the rejection of Mr. Disraeli's motion, Sir F. Baring's amendment took its place. Mr. Lowe proposed—'After the words, "regret that," to insert "owing to the refusal of Russia to restrict the strength of her navy in the Black Sea;" and after the words "declare that," further to insert "the means of coming to agreement on the third basis of negotiation being by that refusal exhausted."' The debate was resumed on the 4th, and was continued during four evenings. We have no space nor inclination to follow it *in extenso*. It is enough to remark, that it brought out all the strength and the weakness of the respective parties, and without satisfying the expectation of the public, serves to convince us of two things; first, that the present House of Commons does not represent the feeling of the community; and, secondly, that the men to whom we have been accustomed to look as the nucleus of a new political organization, are deficient in some qualities essential to British statesmanship. Before adverting to this point, however, we must take occasion to notice that the position assumed by Mr. Gladstone and the other ex-Peelites—

to which time prevented our referring last month—fully accounts for the manner in which our earlier military movements were conducted, and justifies the demand for change so universally made. We need not wonder at the dilatoriness, want of forethought, and disasters, which were so rife, when we find what were the views of the men to whom the conduct of our affairs was entrusted. Their late associates may well exclaim, 'save us from our friends.'

Recurring to the more recent debate, we must express our unfeigned sorrow at the acrimonious and partisan complexion of some of the speeches delivered,—more particularly that of Mr. Bright. The bitterest personal enmity or party spleen could scarcely have vented itself in forms less creditable to the speaker, or more unsuited to carry with them the sympathies of the British public. We were mortified on its perusal. We say so with extreme regret. The position of the speaker ought to have imposed moderation. We know it was encompassed with difficulties, but in that precise degree ought he to have guarded against every ebullition of temper. Differing widely as we do on this subject from Mr. Bright, we yet regarded him as the sincere, though, in our judgment, mistaken advocate of a great moral principle. It was therefore most painful to see the moralist merged in the partisan, the calmness of the judge giving place to the virulence and bitterness of the advocate. There was too much truth in what Lord Palmerston alleged, that the only exception to the calmness, moderation, and temper of the debate, was evinced by the advocates of peace at any cost. 'With peace in their mouths,' said his lordship, 'they have nevertheless had war in their hearts, and their speeches were full of passion, vituperation, and abuse, and delivered in a manner which showed that angry passions strived for mastery within them. I must say, judging from their speeches, their manner, and their language, that they would do much better for leaders of a party for war at all hazards, instead of a party for peace at any cost.'

Mr. Lowe's amendment was ultimately negatived without a division, and the resolution of Sir F. Baring was declared to be carried. The country was somewhat disappointed at this issue, but the chief solicitude of the House was to secure an unanimous declaration on the subject of the war. Any appearances of division, it was well known, would be speedily reported at St. Petersburgh, and could not fail to strengthen the warlike propensities of the Czar. This is one source of Lord Palmerston's success, another is the want of confidence in any other man as a national leader at this momentous crisis.

Lord Grosvenor's Bill for the Suppression of Sunday Trading has passed through another stage, notwithstanding the fierce opposition it has encountered. On the motion for its committal on the 13th, Mr. Massey moved that the bill be committed that day three months, and in doing so pointed out in explicit terms what we regard as the distinctive and most praiseworthy characteristic of the measure. The various Acts of Parliament respecting the Sabbath which have been passed since the time of Edward III. have contemplated, in addition to a prohibition of secular labour, an enforcement of religious worship. Against the latter of these objects

we have uniformly protested, and if the measure now before the House proposed anything of the kind, we should take our place amongst its most earnest opponents. Such, however, is not the case. 'One remarkable feature of this bill,' said Mr. Massey, 'was that the *religious part of the case was distinctly and entirely disavowed in it.* This was purely a secular measure; it relinquished altogether any attempt at what was called Sabbatarian legislation, and it professed to have for its object simply to secure to the tradesmen and working classes of London a day of rest from their ordinary labours. Whether they spent that day in innocent recreation, in attending religious worship, or in any less desirable manner, was a perfect matter of indifference, so far as this bill was concerned.' Mr. Fox, Mr. Duncombe, and others opposed the bill; but on a division the House resolved on going into committee by 158 to 51. We rejoice in this decision, believing that the measure has been introduced in compliance, as Lord Grosvenor stated, 'with the wishes of a number of the inhabitants of the metropolis principallv belonging to the lower and trading classes.' Petitions in its favor with upwards of 50,000 signatures have been presented, and we are in a position to state, that the parties most interested in the success of the measure are those whom Messrs. Fox and Duncombe represent as aggrieved by it. Several divisions took place in committee, which brought out prominently the anti-religious element which is so actively zealous against the bill.

One of the exceptions of the bill will produce a result not contemplated by its framers, and we shall be glad to have their attention carefully directed to it. It runs thus: 'Nor to the selling, offering, or exposing for sale any newspaper or *other periodical paper* before ten o'clock in the morning.' Now the words which we have *italicised* will render it illegal to continue in our Sunday schools what has hitherto been universal. Magazines, tracts, and other papers are supplied weekly to the children in such schools at the lowest price for which they can be produced. This is done after ten o'clock, A.M.; but every such act will manifestly be illegal should this bill pass, and the present wording of the clause in question be retained. We hope Lord Grosvenor's attention will be called to the point, when the danger may be easily obviated by a slight alteration of phraseology. The chairman ultimately reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on the 4th of July.

We are aware that the bill is partial, but are not prepared on this account to reject it. So far as it goes it has our approval, and we shall be equally ready to support any other well-considered measure which extends its principles over cases beyond its range. Whilst earnestly opposed to all legislative attempts to enforce a religious observance of the day, we see no reason why the better and sounder portion of our small shopkeepers should not be protected from their less scrupulous competitors. Sunday is emphatically the poor man's day, and we are ready to do our utmost to protect him in the enjoyment of this right. It is, therefore, as Sir John Shelley truly remarked, 'in the interest of the working classes' that we advocate the measure. But the bill is restricted to London, and Mr. Duncombe, in the hope

of defeating it, proposed that it should be extended to the whole country. To this objection we reply in the words of Lord Stanley, that we are 'prepared, after the bill has had a fair trial in the metropolis, to extend it to the other towns of the kingdom.'

THE REPORT OF MR. ROEBUCK'S COMMITTEE HAS BEEN AGREED UPON, and, on the motion of Mr. Disraeli, was read at the table of the House on Monday evening, the 18th. It first addresses itself to the conduct of the Government at home, who assumed the responsibility of ordering the siege of Sebastopol, who now justify that step and the time at which it was taken, and whose duty it was to make every provision for so great an expedition which could insure its success. How lamentably these duties were unfulfilled is patent on the face of the evidence. The Duke of Newcastle declares that he felt his means insufficient for the performance of his duties as Secretary-at-War; that he considered the organization of all the War Departments and their relation to each other to be in a very unsatisfactory state; but that he felt it impossible, consistently with attention to pressing business, to attempt their reorganization. Such is the mild official description of a system, or rather an anarchy, which has been the cause of miseries unnumbered and unutterable. The Report next notices, with *regret* (!) that the Cabinet did not meet in August or September, during which months the most important omissions might have been remedied; and shows that the Minister was for months left in total ignorance respecting the state of affairs in the East; that he was unacquainted with the dreadful state of the hospitals at Scutari, and of the horrible mode in which the sick and wounded were conveyed; in short, that the Government were kept in ignorance of all which it was most important that they should know. Who are responsible for this ignorance on the part of the Government the Report does not point out. Indeed, it is throughout far too gentle in the exposure of abuses, while its almost total silence upon individual delinquency is highly reprehensible. This remark, however, by no means applies to the draft resolutions submitted by Mr. Roebuck, the chairman, and subsequently published in the daily papers. These, while they expose in the strongest light the ignorance and neglect both of the home administration and of individual officers abroad, contain nothing which the evidence taken before the Committee does not fully establish, but were nevertheless negatived by a majority.*

On the vicious condition of the Ordnance Department, the Report is more distinct. No substitute was provided for the Master-General, who was abroad in the Crimea; and the department was in a state of the

* Since writing the above we find Mr. Roebuck has given notice that on the 3rd of July (subsequently adjourned) he should move the following resolution:—'That this House, deeply lamenting the sufferings of our army during the winter campaign in the Crimea, and coinciding with the resolution of their committee that the conduct of the Administration was the first and chief cause of those misfortunes, hereby visits with its severe reprehension every member of the Cabinet whose counsels led to such disastrous results.' This motion will test the sincerity of many honorable members who have been amongst the loudest condemners of our military misdoings.

utmost confusion and inefficiency. Hence the fatal delay in the supply of huts, warm clothing, Minié rifles, tents, flooring, and tools; the last-mentioned having, when they arrived at the camp, after the most ruinous delay, been found almost useless, owing to the incapacity of those who ordered them, and the infamous fraudulence of those who supplied them. As regards the Transport and the Commissariat Departments, both at home and abroad, the evidence teems with the records of insufficient ships, mixed and ill-stowed cargoes, stores landed at the wrong ports, lack of animals to convey them to the camp, and uselessness when they arrived there. The supply of food and the medical department were, if possible, still worse;—coffee supplied in a green state, and no means provided for roasting it; shiploads of vegetables detained in the harbor until the cargo was putrid; immense stores of onions lying on the wharf, while the diseases specifically dependent upon the want of vegetable diet were ravaging the camp; irregular and insufficient rations, insomuch that for weeks together the exhausted soldiers were daily sent to the trenches with no food but a little biscuit and rum. So also with the medical department. The hospitals, through the criminal inefficiency of this department of the service, were in a condition utterly indescribable. The authorities incapable and negligent, the staff small and inefficient, the stores inadequate and inferior, and individual responsibility utterly unknown. Probably the horrors of war were never before witnessed in such ghastly perfection; and such an example of official incapacity and neglect is not, we believe, to be found in the history of any civilized people. If these facts do not force on an immediate and complete administrative reform, it will be owing to popular infatuation, which will constitute the omen of the decline and fall of this empire.

The Proceedings of the House of Lords on the Religious Worship Bill, have been eminently instructive. A more damaging exhibition of genuine churchism has rarely been supplied, and if the interests involved were not so grave as to overpower all minor considerations, we should be gratified, rather than otherwise, by what has happened. But Dissenters as we are, we are still more Christians, and are therefore grieved at the position taken up by the episcopal bench, as well as astonished at the short-sightedness of their policy. A bill on the subject of *religious worship* was introduced into the Lower House some time since by Mr. Kinnaird, and passed through its several stages without opposition. All parties concurred in it, or at least shrunk from the odium of interposing any obstacle to its progress. Some hon. members were no doubt unfriendly to its object, but they preferred leaving it to the tender mercies of the bishops to becoming themselves its executioners. The Earl of Shaftesbury took charge of the bill in the Upper House, and on the 12th he entered at large into an exposition of the measure, having been apprised that exceptions would be taken to it. The object of the bill, as explained by the noble lord is, 'to repeal so much of the Act of the 52nd of Geo. III. as prohibited the assembling of more than twenty persons above the number of the members of a household for purposes of religious worship.' This object is apparently so simple and inoffensive,

that in our forgetfulness of the character of ecclesiasticism we did not anticipate opposition. The end sought affects not Dissenters but Churchmen. The registration of our places of worship exempts us from civil penalties; but then such registration is tantamount to a declaration of dissent, and cannot therefore be taken advantage of by Churchmen. The aim of Lord Shaftesbury is simply to relieve members of the Establishment from the difficulties of their position, by enabling them to meet for religious worship without violating law on the one hand, or establishing a conventicle on the other. But the bishops see great danger in such a measure. Its possible consequences fill them with dread. It endangers, they tell us, 'the whole parochial system of the Church of England.' No matter what good may be compassed, how many of the ignorant and half-heathenized may be instructed, the spiritual edifice must be preserved intact. Better far, at whatever cost, protect the ecclesiastical system, than afford facilities for the religious instruction of the people which may possibly impair reverence for 'Mother Church.' The Bishops of London and Oxford led the opposition; both admitted that the obnoxious statute was not now enforced, but their lordships differed in the course to be pursued—the former being contented that the law should remain a dead letter, whilst the latter would quicken it into life and employ it, to some extent at least, as a means of ecclesiastical discipline. A meeting of such bishops as were in London was held on the 11th, when it was unanimously resolved to oppose the bill. We are not surprised at the regret expressed by the Earl of Roden at the position taken up by the episcopal bench. 'It would pain,' said his lordship, 'a large majority of the people of this country, and members of the Church of England, to find that a measure directly opposed to the propagation of religious truths obtained supporters upon the right reverend bench.' On a division the bill was carried by a majority of one only, the numbers being 31 for, and 30 against it.

Three days afterwards the Earl of Derby, whilst admitting that he was 'not very conversant' with such matters, proposed that the bill should be referred to a select committee, and on a division carried his motion by 47 to 30. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Earl of Shaftesbury opposed such reference, and when the committee was nominated on the 18th declined to serve upon it. The *animus* of the proceeding cannot be mistaken, and pious Churchmen should think much upon it. If there be one thing clearer to our view than another it is that, however praiseworthy their efforts to infuse religious vitality into their ecclesiastical system, such efforts are vain. They may be pure in intention, be persisted in with singleness of purpose and at great personal cost, but the conclusion must ultimately be arrived at that the machinery of the Establishment is too cumbersome, its spirit too secular, and its condition too servile to admit of success. If they would stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ makes them free, they must refuse the patronage and renounce the servitude of the State. They have to learn a bitter lesson. The discipline through which they pass may be deeply mortifying. A protracted period may be required for their instruction, but the conviction will ultimately be

forced home upon them, that in order to meet the claims of conscience, and to discharge the obligations of religion, they must assert their spiritual freedom, and walk forth in the liberty of the sons of God.

WE NOTICED LAST MONTH THE SEVERAL BILLS WHICH WERE BEFORE THE HOUSE on the subject of national education, and the course of events has confirmed the report to which we then alluded. On the 22nd, Sir J. Pakington admitted that 'he did not expect these bills could be disposed of during the present session,' and expressed a hope that, 'they would be allowed to pass a second reading and be referred to a select committee, in order that a bill might be introduced early in the next session by that committee.' Lord John Russell avowed his opinion that more than this could not be looked for by the hon. member for Droitwich, and distinctly notified his own conviction, by stating that he thought it 'quite sufficient for the House to come this year to a decision upon the principle, and wait until next year before we decide how the principle is to be carried out.* 'I confess,' said his lordship, 'my impression is that, *although voluntary efforts have done and can do a great deal, it cannot do sufficient for the education of the people of this country.* I think, likewise, that although the measures of the Committee of Education of the Privy Council have done much and can do more, they will not be able completely to remove the ignorance which prevails among a large portion of the people of this country.' Mr. Hadfield, the able and vigilant advocate of voluntary education, pointed out a most suspicious omission from the former speech of Sir J. Pakington, and described his present speech as 'the funeral sermon of his bill.' The infatuation of our senators on the subject of popular education is extreme. We much marvel that the facts of the case do not make a deeper impression on some of them. That the advocates of centralization and of governmental influence should seek to strengthen their position by undertaking the mental training of the people does not surprise us, but that our more liberal senators should close their eyes to the danger which threatens is truly marvellous. When so much is being done by a simple, inexpensive, and healthful, agency, it is the height of folly to attempt to inaugurate another system, so unsound in principle, and so productive of vast evils in many other cases.

THE QUESTION OF ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM IS RAPIDLY MAKING WAY. It is felt to be a necessity of the times, and its progress is consequently unexampled. The terrible illustrations we have recently had of the incapacity and negligence of our officials have done the work of years. Under ordinary circumstances a long period would have been needed to secure the unanimity and zeal which now exist. The sufferings and death of thousands of our brave countrymen in the Crimea have served to convince the most incredulous that our national

* With this view, the statement of the Premier on the 25th coincided. 'It is generally understood,' he said, 'that all the bills connected with the subject of education which stand for a second reading will, if the House should agree to read them a second time, be referred to a select committee, not with a view of being passed this session, but of obtaining the opinion of the committee with regard to their individual and aggregate merits.'

affairs are conducted on a vicious and ruinous system. This conviction has grown up with unparalleled rapidity in the public mind, and has at length embodied itself in the *Administrative Reform Association*. We are glad to report that this association has commenced a *series* of public meetings in Drury Lane Theatre. This is a wise step, and will serve to give expression to public sentiment, and to stimulate the co-operation and zeal which are already so prevalent.

The first of these meetings was held on the 13th, and the style of speaking was full of promise. There was no flourish of trumpets, no mere oratory, no partisan zeal, nor personal bitterness. It was a meeting of earnest and intelligent business men who knew what was to be accomplished, and were resolved to effect it.* The meeting was presided over by Mr. Samuel Morley, than whom the kingdom does not furnish a man better fitted to represent the sound sense, earnestness, and integrity of the middle classes. Mr. Morley's opening speech was admirably suited to the occasion. It was earnest without being inflammatory; intelligent yet popular; clear in its denunciations of official delinquency, yet free from the slightest tinge of partisanship. Mr. Layard was the principal speaker, and correctly described the meeting when he said, 'Most of the gentlemen present were essentially men of business, and they had only been induced to leave their desks and studies by the conviction that there were times when their own comfort and personal advantage must give way to public considerations.' Referring to the scandalous attacks which had been made on him in the Commons' House, Mr. Layard stated that he derived consolation from an anecdote told of the late Mr. Tierney, who, on remonstrating with a man who was kicking his opponent when down, was replied to, 'Ah! sir; if you had had so much trouble to get him down as I had, you would not let him off without a few kicks.' The meeting was admirably adapted to its object, and if its character be faithfully imitated by those which follow, a powerful influence cannot fail to be exerted over the public mind.

A vastly different spirit was evinced in another assembly two days afterwards, when Mr. Layard according to notice moved the following resolution:—'That this House views with deep and increasing concern the state of the nation, and is of opinion that the manner in which merit and efficiency have been sacrificed, in public appointments, to

* Since the above was written, we have read the report of what occurred in the Lower House on the 22nd, and are compelled, in consequence, to make one exception. As the case at present stands much explanation is required from Mr. Lindsay. It is possible that he may plead ignorance of the circumstances detailed by Sir Charles Wood, and we therefore suspend our judgment for a season. It is due to Mr. Lindsay to state that, in a letter to the 'Times,' inserted on the 27th, he pledges himself, 'on the earliest opportunity the rules of the House will permit, to meet and disprove every charge' of Sir Charles Wood.

The Society is, of course, clear in this matter. It is in no way responsible for Mr. Lindsay's statements. They were made on his own authority, and must stand or fall, according as evidence of their truth or falsity is adduced. The proofs of official incapacity and recklessness are so abundant that there is no need to exaggerate a single case.

party and family influences, and to a blind adherence to routine, has given rise to great misfortunes, and threatens to bring discredit upon the national character, and to involve the country in grave disasters.'

The speech in which he supported this resolution was one of signal moderation and great ability. The honorable member has evidently profited by what has recently occurred. His opponents have unwittingly taught him wisdom. 'I will endeavour,' said Mr. Layard, 'to be moderate. I will state facts; if I am wrong, I hope honorable and gallant gentlemen will tell me so without any irritating expressions, and I trust they will not find me unwiling to admit the errors I may have fallen into.' Sir E. B. Lytton moved as an amendment, 'That this House recommends to the earliest attention of her Majesty's ministers the necessity of a careful revision of our various official establishments, with a view to simplify and facilitate the transaction of public business; and, by instituting judicious tests of merit, as well as by removing obstructions to its fair promotion and legitimate rewards, to secure to the service of the State the largest available proportion of the energy and intelligence for which the people of this country are distinguished.' Several members spoke on the question, some in favor and others in oppositon. All admitted the principle for which Mr. Layard contended, and thus furnished evidence of the rapid progress which has been made. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with singular hardihood, affirmed that the measures of the Government were the *ne plus ultra* of administrative reform. He described the motion as a vote of want of confidence in the Government, and announced that its adoption would be followed by the resignation of ministers. The debate was adjourned from the 15th to the 18th, when no efforts were spared to break down the case submitted by Mr. Layard. We have not space to dwell in detail on the various speeches which were delivered. Mr. F. Peel replied to the charges advanced against certain military appointments; Mr. Drummond delivered himself of one of his characteristic speeches; Mr. Disraeli endeavored to turn the question to party purposes; and Lord Palmerston, amidst the cheers of his supporters, thought it worthy of himself and of his position, to refer to Mr. Layard in ungentlemanly and coarse terms. Alluding to the speech of the latter on the previous Wednesday, the Premier remarked, 'I wonder when the honorable gentleman made that statement, a blush of shame did not suffuse his face at making charges which his conscience ought to have told him—if on points of this sort he has any conscience at all—were utterly and diametrically the reverse of the truth.' It is all well for his lordship, on his own ground, and amidst his supporters, to talk thus. We can only say that the country are with Mr. Layard, not with Lord Palmerston. The public press may have misrepresented his lordship, but if not, then we are ready to adopt the language which he thus *temperately* denounces. He may have learnt wisdom since, but prudence must not be mistaken for principle, nor the discretion of to-day be permitted to obliterate from our memory the buffoonery of yesterday. Even when talking thus largely, and evidently seeking to repossess himself of public favor, his lordship could not forget his former bad habits

When he refers so sneeringly to the 'Drury-lane private theatricals,' his countrymen will know the worth of his patriotism. His lordship may yet live to know, if not to acknowledge, the folly of the sneer. In conclusion, he announced his adoption of Sir E. B. Lytton's amendment, declaring on the part of himself and his colleagues, 'We will direct our serious attention to a continued revision of the different offices connected with the Civil Service of the State, and that any improvement we can make, any administrative reform which we may think practicable with advantage to the public service and with justice to the persons concerned, it will be our pride and pleasure to adopt.' This was a skilful party move on the part of the Premier. It neutralized at once the Conservative party, and in conjunction with the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, secured to the Government an overwhelming majority. On a division Mr. Layard's motion was rejected by 359 to 46. That it should have obtained so many votes is, under the circumstances, matter of surprise rather than otherwise. We remember the time when a Whig Premier declared that it would be madness to contemplate an abolition of the corn laws, and are therefore far from being discouraged by only forty-six votes having been recorded in support of the motion. We are glad to find in the minority the names of Messrs. Hadfield, Miall, and Pellatt. Where were some others?

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., the Incumbent.

The First Cause; or, a Treatise upon the Being and Attributes of God. In Two Parts,—viz., 1. The Proof from Reason; 2. The Proof from Revelation. By J. C. Whish, M.A.

Memoir of the late Rev. James Scholefield, M.A. By his Widow. With Notice of his Literary Character, by Rev. William Selwyn, M.A.

Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. Discourses, by John James Taylor, B.A. Second Edition.

A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada. By Charles Richard Weld.

Beatrice; or, the Unknown Relatives. By Catherine Sinclair.

To Love and to be Loved. By the Author of 'I've been Thinking.'

Manna in the Heart; or, Daily Comments on the Book of Psalms. Adapted for the Use of Families. By Rev. Barton Bouchier, A.M. Psalm 1st to 78th.

The Book of Esther typical of the Kingdom of God. By R. C. Morgan.

Public Worship; or, Praise, Prayer, and Preaching. By J. Smith, M.A.

Jonas Clint. A Tale.

A Model for Men of Business; or, Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah. By Hugh Powell, M.A.

THE

Eclectic Review.

AUGUST, 1855.

ART. I.—*Exposition Universelle de* 1855. *Explication des ouvrages de Peinture, Sculpture, Gravure, Lithographie et Architecture des Artistes vivant Étrangers et Français, exposés au Palais des Beaux-Arts, avenue Montaigne, le* 15 *Mai*, 1855. [Universal Exhibition of 1855. Explanation of the works of Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, Lithography, and Architecture of Living Artists, both French and foreign, exhibited at the Palace of the Fine Arts, Avenue Montaigne, the 15th of May, 1855]. *Paris: se trouve chez Panis, place de la Bourse*, 10. *Vinchon, imprimeur des Musées Impériaux, rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, 8.

2. *Exposition des produits de l'Industrie de toutes les Nations. Catalogue Officiel publié par ordre de la Commission Impériale.* [Exhibition of the Products of the Industry of All Nations. Official Catalogue published by order of the Imperial Commission.] *Paris: E. Panis, Éditeur, place de la Bourse*, 10.

THE opening of the French Universal Exhibition was judiciously postponed from the 1st to the 15th of May. The opening of the Palace of Industry on the 1st of May, and the experience of a fortnight of the weather which the Parisians have to endure at the period of the Red Moon, would have dispelled from the minds of many visitors the delusion derived from the smoky canopy of our great metropolis and the hardy assertions of our neighbours, that the climate of Paris is superiorto the climate of London. As it was, and even on the 15th—

> 'Heavily in clouds the morning lour'd,
> Which ushered in the day, big with the fate'

of the great struggle of the world in the arts of peace. It was not until the 18th that a summer day enabled us to survey fairly the outside of the Palace of 1855, and compare it with the exterior of the Palace of 1851.

The Champs Elysées are one of the boasts of Paris. Standing with our backs towards the Tuileries, we see beyond the chesnut trees of the gardens, and the statues of careering horses in the Place de la Concorde, a broad and long avenue of rows of trees and mansions, ending in a magnificent and lofty triumphal arch. Not far from the Place de la Concorde, on the left hand side, is the Palace of Industry. It is a long white stone building, stuck full of windows. In the centre there is a lofty porch, above which are a number of figures in relief in the wall, too high up to be seen, and all are surmounted by a statue of a woman, with golden spikes issuing from her head, who is theatrically throwing wreaths with both hands. The French newspapers tell us she is France throwing crowns to the elect of genius.

The truth is, the building is a failure. There are three buildings, when there ought only to have been one, and none of them is handsome. The principal one is of the most commonplace conception, and the poverty of the conception is not redeemed by ornaments which seem to have been borrowed from the architects of bride's cakes. Conscious, apparently, of their architectural failure, the administration have tried to make up for it by placing a horticultural *parterre* before each wing of the Palace. A tank of water in play, sloping green grass, and an outer border of the brightest coloured flowers, may prevent the contemplation of a piece of architecture little creditable to French art or taste. There are, moreover, in front of the principal entrance, a couple of fantastic wooden boxes, where placards announce in French and English that they change money; and a couple of sheds with coloured slates in lozenge shapes, with boards in front saying they don't change money, in French, English, Italian, and German.

In 1851 Louis Napoleon promised the French an exhibition which would leave them nothing to envy in any other, and people remarked, Why, the President counts on being in power in 1855! and his friends pointed out for observation the respect with which he mentioned the Republic. The excuse of want of time cannot be alleged for the defects of the Palace of 1855. The rapidity with which the Palace of 1851 was erected was justly admired. Writers compared it to an exhalation, a vast crystal apparition, a glassy halcyon, one day a green sod and the next a palace of fairy land or of the 'Arabian Nights.' The use of glass was a novelty. The idea of a show of the products of the useful arts was a step of progress, towards the elevation and

amelioration of the lot of the populations of the world. Pictures are only luxuries of the rich, while the products of the useful arts are benefits for all. The Palace of 1855 falls off from all these merits. It is a stone building with a glass roof, and ministers to the rich in the most exclusive way. Inferior in architecture, and rapidity of execution, and in material, and, as a sign of popular progress, less in short of an expression industrial and social of the age, it remains to be seen whether it makes up by its contents and interior for such numerous and important inferiorities.

The exhibition of pictures is, while we write, the least incomplete of the shows, and certainly furnishes us with the best opportunity we have ever enjoyed of studying the different schools of art of the present day. Specimens are presented of the application of all the different principles of taste in the fine arts which are at present prevalent in the world. The French painters and sculptors of course occupy most space, yet the effect of the exhibition is fatal to the reputation which their self-laudations had imposed upon Europe. There is a marked contrast between the British and the continental styles of painting, and an equally obvious similarity between the whole of the painters of the continent. The competition in the fine arts is one of the British against the world.

In this race of merit, the French are nowhere. They not merely have no claims to comparison with the British, they have no claims to comparison with the painters of Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands. The inferiority is pitiful. They exhibit many landscapes like nothing on earth. They put on canvas many military uniforms, many corpses, many horrors, but they do not exhibit a single picture which is at once a work of genius and good taste. The French, in addition to their faults, we had almost said their crimes, against moral taste—the perversion of soul which leads them to expend their spasmodic force, false science, and ostentatious skill on subjects which are odious and painful in themselves—display great poverty of ideas. They repeat subjects and ideas as old as sin, as senile sin. There are pictures of what are called Bacchante, and Leda, repetitions of ancient pagan obscenities by a painter of the present day! Many a man has been marched through the streets of Paris between three soldiers, and sent to prison by a commissary of police, for the perpetration of less flagrant offences against public decency than are committed by this idealess artist. Surely there are enough of such things at the Louvre and Luxembourg and in a hundred other galleries, for which historical and antiquarian excuses may be pleaded, without the perpetration of new repetitions of the obscenities.

The persons uppermost for the hour at Paris unite in crying up M. Ingres as the first painter in Europe. He perhaps is entitled to the position in right of the decree of an infallible pope, and certainly the Jesuits labour to spread the doctrine with the zeal required by the vow of obedience. He has a room to himself in the Palace of the Fine Arts. He is a pupil of David; and received the first great prize at Rome for historical painting in the first year of the present century; and M. Ingres has been a member of the Institute of France since 1825. Yet in point of fact he never seems to have had an idea in his head; and his drawing displays gross ignorance of anatomy and physiology. He is a blind imitator of the old Italian masters. He does not display the knowledge even of scenic effect, of the melodramatic situations which the French derive from frequenting their theatres. He exhibits, for example, a Francesca da Rimini:

'La bocca mi bacio tutto tremante,
Quel giorno più non vi leggemino avante,'

and his delineation consists of a silly-looking girl and lean plain youth, and a devilish-looking man drawing his sword behind a curtain to revenge the amatory liberty. The whole scene is worthy of a penny theatre. His historical portrait of Chérubini displays the Muse of music stretching forth her protecting hand above the head of the composer. We have said enough to indicate the originality and novelty of the design. The thing is very nearly a caricature, there is such good humour in the face of the composer, and such commonplace in the buxom beauty of the Muse. A portrait of the late M. Armand Bertin, editor of the 'Journal des Debats,' is the only picture which shows talent superior to pedantry, and almost equals some of the ordinary portraits by Mr. Pickersgill. It is really a life-like portrait, liable, however, to the criticism that it looks at a little distance like a face done in wax, and then cut off and stuck on canvas. The truth is, the Roman school of painting is one of the means of seduction of the Papacy, and the laudations of painters like M. Ingres is a *mot d'ordre* of priestcraft.

M. Vinchon, a native of Paris, and a pupil of Serangeli, obtained the first great prize at Rome in 1814. He displays the French knowledge of melodramatic situations and predilection for horrors. 'Martyrs under the Emperor Diocletian' exhibits three young sisters about to be burned alive for refusing to sacrifice to false gods. An 'Episode in the History of Venice' is a young lady, whose betrothed being suspected of a plot against the doge, was imprisoned on the eve of her marriage in the dungeon of the Tribunal of the Ten. After having been stripped of her clothes, and dressed in the robe of torture, and having passed her first

trial, she is threatened with the torture of fire if she persists in refusing to make revelations. The picture is as large as life, the details are minute, the legs of the bride are in wooden stocks, and her feet are over a large fire. 'The Voluntary Enrolments of the 22nd January, 1792,' is a large theatrical representation of the first scene of the last Gallic irruption, in which the French overran the Continent with conquest in their hearts and liberty on their flags. The incredible audacity with which the French falsify their history is manifested by the statement in the catalogue, 'The country is declared in danger.' At this date, all the world were only too desirous to be at peace with them, and they had not a single good pretext for quarrelling with anybody. The perverse taste of M. Vinchon induces him to exhibit a picture of Boissy-d'Anglas refusing to re-open the National Convention, of which he was president, although menaced by the ferocious crowd who have invaded the Assembly with the fate of his colleague Feraud, whose head has been cut off by a young girl named Aspasie Migelli in the Hall of Liberty. The gory clothes and head are held up on a pike, and a young officer falls under three wounds, amidst indescribable confusion.

The French taste for gaudy colours and horrid incidents spoils all their marine pieces. A native of the north-east coast of Scotland recognises with difficulty the scenes of his infancy when presented to him upon the gorgeous and fanciful canvas of M. Gudin. Peterness and the 'Brig o' Balgownie' receive ornaments which are not improvements from the brush of the painter of the 'Quartier Beaujon.'

The truth is, the French are at present the worst painters in the world. It is, doubtless, disagreeable to adduce proofs of such a proposition; but it cannot be stated without an indication of the evidence in support of it, at a time when the Jesuit interest is ascendant in Europe, and repeats indefatigably their incessant self-laudations.

The real competition is between the British and the protestant and constitutional nations. We all remember how our court painters were beaten several years ago by a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Herr Winterhalter made his name known all the world over by surpassing all his numerous competitors in the portraiture of Queen Victoria. His treatment of the German features of the Queen was so true and beautiful that we can account for it only by supposing he must have been in his youth in love for years with a similar face. When the picture was exhibited at Colnaghi's, people came out exclaiming, 'A portrait of the Queen at last!' However, we do not find he has been equally successful with the French Emperor and Empress. He had to contend with greater complexity in the features of his

personages. The Scotch beauty of the Empress is spoilt by an air of astuteness and hardness almost unwomanly. There is a magnificent picture of her in a sylvan scene, surrounded by her maids of honour, without their bonnets, and all looking as charming as possible, as if each were resolved to become known to fame and go down to posterity only in her very best looks. The plan of the picture is based on a celebrated one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and this poverty of design is displeasing in a master of portraiture like Herr Winterhalter.

The papal nations, Spain, Portugal, the Pontifical States, the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, Tuscany, Peru, and Mexico, display along with France the extinction of genius by the weight of authority. Their artists have, according to the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds, lost nature without acquiring art. Robert Hall told a learned doctor he had heaped so many books upon his head, that his brains had not room to move freely, and the papal artists require to be told they have looked at the pictures of the ancient masters until they have become blinkers which hide from their eyes the pictures of nature and life. From the way the pictures are hung in the Palace of the Fine Arts, it is not always easy to distinguish to what nation a picture belongs; and the first three days we spent among them we took no note of nations or artists, remarking only the pictures as they struck us, pleasantly or disagreeably. We do not find we have jotted into our copy of the Catalogue a mark of admiration—!—opposite a single picture from any of the painters of the Papal nations. Michel Angelo and Raffaello Sanzio were distinguished by the daring which produces new and high excellence. They made Rome the best school of art; but their followers have made it the worst. Painting is expression by form and colour. A picture is a truth told or a sentiment expressed by the pencil. The very nature of painting abhors imitation—the imitation of imitation, the expression of expression. The orator has only a right to the attention of our ears when he has something to say, and the painter has only the right to the attention of our eyes when he has something to express. Every system of authority is a system of prejudice which entails imitation and mediocrity.*

The Belgians are strong in the fine arts. The Dutch and British influences, with a constitutional government, seem to have enabled them to triumph over the benumbing effects of the papacy. M. Louis Robbe, a native of Courtrai in West Flanders, has a picture entitled 'La Campine,' a landscape with cattle,

* An acquaintance of ours, after acquiring a fortune in commerce, travelled much upon the Continent collecting pictures. His taste never having been grounded in youth upon truth by a profound study of the fundamental principles of art, he fell of course into the fashionable cant about the ancient

which belongs to the Belgian government. The cows are like enough to tempt a milkmaid to milk them, and the water makes a spectator feel thirsty, while cows themselves might try to chew the grass. 'La Promenade' shows a young Abbé in the prime of life with a tottering old Abbé upon his arm, while across the corner of the corn-field passes, with elastic steps, another young man with a splendid young lady whom his arm clasps. The face of the young Abbé is highly intellectual and his bearing distinguished, but the expression of his countenance is not favourable to the celibacy of the clergy. Out of the British department, we have not seen any picture attract such groups as —'Ce qu'on appele le vagabondage'—What they call vagabondage—by M. Alfred Stevens, of Brussels. Three soldiers are marching through the streets on a wintry day a family who have seen better days, and who have been caught begging. The snow on the street and houses is like real snow. The mother, who has been arrested begging, has a child at the breast, and a weeping boy by her apron. She is stalking mechanically along in a state of stupefaction, and her husband, an intelligent man in the middle of life, looking prematurely old from misery, disease, cold, and famine, cripples along after them on crutches. A lady, smitten with compassion, holds out her purse to the stupified mother, and one of the soldiers tries to attract her attention to the benefaction, but she is insensible for the moment to external things, and the whole of the poor family are absorbed in their misery.

The Dutch, our ancient rivals on the sea, are our masters in the delineation of it. Mr. Tennant has exhibited a most beautiful picture of an 'English River,' and the 'French troops wading the Magra,' and 'Tilbury Fort,' by Mr. Stanfield, are certainly admirable pictures of river and sea scenery. Admitting there is room for two opinions on the subject, we confess, however, it appears to us certain they are surpassed in excellence by M. Louis Meyer in his 'Ship stranding upon the coast of England;' by M. Pierre Jean Schotel's 'Port and Harbour of Flushing;' and M. Antony Waldrop's 'View of a Port in Holland.' The Dutch

masters. He filled his house in Portman-place with pictures, which he persuaded himself he bought cheap in France, Italy, and Belgium, and which he regarded, not merely as ornaments to his mansion, but as shrewd investments of his money for the benefit of his heirs. When he died they were sold, and fetched much less than they cost. It was not merely that he had been taken in, and several of his costliest paintings found to be counterfeits, the pictures were comparatively worthless in themselves. This Mecænas of the West-end was jealous of the genius living near him in time and place, and his ignorance and his jealousy made him commercially foolish, doing himself the very thing for which he despised artists and literary men,—that is, throwing away his money.

painters have a simplicity and truth when painting water which is not reached by any other painters in the Exhibition. They seem to know water more scientifically, and in consequence, to see it more poetically than their rivals. They are more submissive to nature. The beauty of their pictures grows out of their truth, and not from *à priori* conceptions in the minds of the artists. They have less of the *beau ideal* which is derived from the study of the old masters, and more of the ideal beauty which issues out of the study of reality. Most other artists, we fear, live in inland capitals, and visit the sea-side to get subjects for their pictures; while the Dutch, we imagine, live by the sea, study it, know it, love it, and paint it because they can paint it truly. The Scotch fisher-people say they are born with the sea in their mouths, and the Dutch painters appear to be brought up with the sea upon their pallets.

There is no school more hardily and successfully true than the Dutch. They seem to try to copy anything which is real, feeling sure it will be beautiful if it is truthful. M. Pierre Kiers, of Amsterdam, for example, has three pictures to show the effect of the lamp, inside a Dutch house, on a painter in his workshop, and on a Dutch lady reading the Bible; and M. Rosieres, of Dordrecht, has a picture entitled 'The effect of the lamp.' The Dutch painters of the day indeed seem to be vying with each other to show the effects of the light of the lamp on objects and persons, as physiologists study the effects of the sun in colouring the races and species of men and animals. The maritime Dutch, like many of our own seafaring people, fit up their sitting rooms to be as like as possible to the cabins of ships. The effect of their lamps within them upon the furniture and faces which surround their tables, is curious, and the domestic interest of the subject seems to have made it a popular one with the employers of their artists. They excel in showing the effects of the lamp as they excel in painting water. M. David Bles is a painter of a high order. His picture of the 'Young Housekeepers and the Old Aunt' is one of the most popular pictures in the Palace of the Fine Arts. The jealousy of the bad French artists has been called forth by it, and they have shown it in their usual way by scratching it; a fate which menaces, if we may judge from what has passed before our eyes, some of the best British pictures. The aunt has come on a visit to the young couple, and finds them all in disorder, the furniture higgledy-piggledy, the baby asleep in the cradle, the husband asleep on a chair, and his wife asleep with her head on his shoulder. The aunt has penetrated into the room without awaking them; two men are entering after her, and she is trying in vain to awaken them by playing

on their piano. All the faces are most expressive. The fair oval face of the wife, the shrewd, round, ruddy face of the moustachioed husband, the fat face of the baby, and the worn, wan, and exigeant face of the model aunt in black, are most excellent. We feel as if we should know the family if we met them at the Hague. Judging from this exhibition, our artists have nothing to learn in Paris, Madrid, or Rome, but the most distinguished of them might pick up some lessons in Amsterdam. The successors of Jan Steen, Teniers, and Rembrandt, of the limited but true Dutch school, maintain still some of the superiorities of their forefathers.

The papacy preverts the taste of the nations subdued by it. Individual minds which escape from its idolatry and superstition into deism do not thereby escape its perversions of the judgment, on whatever subjects it may be employed, for the system appeals to the fancy and weakens the judgment, which when employed on questions of morals is called conscience, and when occupied with questions of beauty is called taste. Austria is a papal power, and all the heterogeneous nations subjected to the house of Hapsburg are liable to the remark we made against France; they scarcely display a single work of painting or sculpture, which is at once a *chef-d'œuvre* of genius and taste. The statue of the Bride of the Song of Solomon, by Signor Motelli, of Milan, is wonderful for the power with which he makes marble expressive of passion. Artists of his sort, however, ought to be reminded that there is a struggle between right and wrong in every heart, every life, and every home, and by siding with wrong in stimulating what requires regulation, he acts the part of a personal enemy to mankind. A French picture of 'Memory' shows an old man seated by his cottage fire, and seeing in the ascending smoke visions of the scenes of his past life. The idea is more suitable for a poem than a picture. Moreover, the number of women and babes among his victims, one woman especially, with a stab on her breast, and a dying babe in her arms, suggests that the scene ought to have been laid in a condemned cell. Wherever artists are placed in circumstances which are unfavourable to the growth of the intellect and health of the conscience, they will produce sculptures and pictures which are corrupt in point of taste.

Switzerland holds an honourable rank in the fine arts. The portraits on enamel of M. Baud, of Geneva, show he has studied the works of Bone with great advantage. M. Louis Grosclaude is a very distinguished painter. 'Les petites sœurs de lait,' or foster sisters, is one of the most pleasing pictures we have ever seen. It is just made up of two happy children, with eyes beaming forth their perfect health and joy. Critics growing old and

weary of the world rejoice to be reminded there are moments in which life is so well worth having, and artists at the height of fame reaping joys from art sweeter still than the smiles of infancy. 'La tireuse de cartes,' or Fortune-teller by cards, and 'Les bulles de savon'—the Soap-bubbles—are very well done, but the subjects are hackneyed, and artists and authors never can be too deeply impressed with the truth that freshness is as important in pictures, sculptures, and literature as in eggs. But the truth is, on the Continent, and partly elsewhere, wherever governments interfere as promoters of art by giving prizes, pensions, and places, imitation, alway easier, becomes more profitable than invention, and men capable of originality fall into mediocrity.

The instinct of all governments leads them to prefer imitation to invention, because they live in routine, and dread innovation. We think we see, by the way, in 'La Fenaison' (Auvergne), or Haymaking, by Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, a young French painter of great promise, an example of this malign influence which has taken place under our eyes. Her 'Marché aux Chevaux,' or Horse Market, exhibited some years ago, was an admirable picture; the result of the study of reality. It had the stamp of its epoch, and of life in Paris, upon it. Meanwhile the imperial government, which for the moment holds France in an iron grasp, have been carping at the study of reality, and recommending the study of the old masters in writing and painting, and this young lady exhibits this year a picture of Hay-gathering, consisting of oxen drawing a cart laden with hay and haymakers, which is an admirable painting certainly, but on a subject which has been done and used up for centuries. The minister of state, M. Achille Fould, in obedience to his imperial master, directed the attention of writers and artists in 1853 to the ages of Pericles and Leo X. for the arts, and Augustus and Louis XIV. for letters. Like almost all advice, it smacks more of the interest of the adviser than of the advised, and serves the interest rather of the despot than of authors and of painters. When a government has such power as every French dictator has successfully wielded, it can crush genius itself into mediocrity.

M. Henry Schlesinger exhibits several paintings which we have examined with much pleasure. He is a native of Frankfort upon the Main. 'Les Préférences' is a brilliant picture of a somewhat fantastic lady giving sugar to her favourite parrots, cats, and lapdogs. 'La chasse aux papillons,'—or Butterfly-catching—is a bevy of young ladies in a garden, some with parasols, and some with green gauze nets, trying to catch a little yellow and black spotted butterfly, which has alighted on a flower. The

picture would be a very charming one if the ladies were less richly and more simply dressed, with some protection on their heads against the sun, and if they did not look such pretty fools. But we much prefer to all his other pictures 'La Penitente.' This is a little girl of six or seven years old, who is confined in an empty garret on bread and water, with her lesson book which she has culpably neglected. Every detail in this picture is admirably done: the brown earthenware mug out of which she is to drink her penitential water, the morsel of dry bread, of which she has munched very little, and her repentant face, on which we read at once that she is sorry for her fault, and that she will one day be a beautiful woman.

Genius seems to have been crushed out of Prussia by the jesuitical despotism of the recent and the actual king. We have passed the pictures and sculptures in review in the Prussian department five or six times, and do not find in our catalogue more than one mark of admiration. This is opposite a model in plaster of the monument of Frederick the Great at Berlin, by Chrétien Rauch. Judging from the model, we should deem the original monument the finest in the world. Everybody knows how difficult we have found it to honour in the monumental way the popular heroes of this island. Sir Walter Scott is not badly lodged in an open Gothic tower in Princes-street, Edinburgh. Robert Burns, however, is located in a Grecian temple near the Brig o' Doun. Nelson is mastheaded in Trafalgar-square. Wellington is riding on horseback on the top of a Grecian arch on Constitution Hill, and doubtless would blush if he could at the sight of the Achilles erected in his honour by the ladies of Great Britain. The first Bonaparte caused three monuments to be erected in honour of himself in Paris, in the Place Vendôme, the Place du Carrousel, and at the Barrière de l'Etoile; and now there is a fourth in the Hôtel des Invalides. A strange feeling of pity comes over the observer when he witnesses such numerous souvenirs erected by a people in memory of a war in which they endured such bitter humiliations. The French have two triumphal arches, and their enemies made two triumphal entries. The figures on these monuments are too elevated to be seen, and too classical to be intelligible. The Prussian Rauch has been more sensible and successful in his monument to Frederick the Great. It is a square erection, with a platform surrounding it, surmounted by an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. The platform is occupied by equestrian statues of the most illustrious of his associates in arms. The groups are picturesque, the costume is true to the period, the effects are pleasing and surprising, and best of all the figures can be seen, which is a happy result of

genius and of good sense. We applaud this Prussian production immensely.

Bavaria has produced several beautiful landscapes. We find we have admired a moonlight landscape in Norway, by M. Baude, of Munich, and the Lake of Kœnigsee in Bavaria, by M. Zimmerman. This last is full of the feeling inspired by the solitary study of mountain lakes. We caught ourselves in a dreamy contemplation of the picture, wondering what botanical and zoological specimens we would find by spending a day in the Lake of Kœnigsee. It is doubtless a capital place for observing the transformations of batrachian and insect life.

There are faults in the taste of all nations. We used to think the British inferior to the French and Belgians in the charms of grace and elegance, and guilty beyond all other nations of vulgarity. The British we now deem the least imperfect in regard to taste of all the nations of the world. They have no doubt a peculiar vulgarity which the Americans exaggerate, and hence the saying of an Austrian lady—'Oui, les Americains sont odieux, ils sont les Anglais exagérés.' This vulgarity is a national fault. When a successful digger, in a shop in Melbourne, demands a dress for his wife, saying, 'Ma missus was married in a cotton gownd, but noo she shall have a real gold 'un,' no one is at a loss to perceive the vulgarity of purse-proud ostentation. But it is just as conspicuous in the picture painted by Mr. Grant, and owned by the Earl of Chesterfield, of the meeting for the Ascot Hunt, of noblemen and gentlemen who have had themselves drawn in red coats and on fine horses, because they can afford it. Grant, Hayter, Leslie, or Landseer, try it as they may, cannot redeem such pictures from their inherent and national vulgarity. Great dignitaries, who have themselves painted in their orders when they are unnecessary for the business of the scene, place themselves among the vulgar. Some of these personages remind one of the German Duke who, being disgusted at the equality which shows itself among the bathers in the mud baths at Wiesbaden, had a tin case made for his orders that he never might bathe without being distinguished by them. However, if it is any comfort, the British have plenty of companions in vulgarity. The Queen of Spain surpasses all rivals. Not merely has she had portraits painted of herself and husband, her friends and children, there are representations of the nurse of her daughter in several costumes, and an apotheosis of her son! She can afford it, and her boy shall have an apotheosis on canvas. There is a French picture of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, which is a curious satire in 1855 on the persons who figure in it, for never probably did nine hundred clever men combine less common sense. But they were

just the men to have their portraits taken. They were the elect of the people, they made fine speeches, and they admired themselves; and Prince Napoleon, who presides over the Exhibition, consents to the display of their likenesses amassed on canvas. Vanity displayed unworthily and needlessly by the temporary possessors of fine horses and red coats, or of blue and red ribbons bearing stars, or of the sashes of representatives, the display of purse or position unnecessarily, is always, in the cottage or the palace, on the turf or in the senate, the offensive thing called vulgarity. To bring out our meaning: in St. James's Palace, the picture of Nelson in the simple costume of a captain of the navy, the thin, worn, wiry, wild, grey, fearless man, is a portraiture of grandeur; and the picture of George, Prince Regent, in his splendid robes and orders, the fat, puffy, pompous, ostentatious, worthless man, is a portraiture of vulgarity.

The vulgarity of a people is a sign of deep things in their character. The moneyed vulgarity of England and the United States is displayed by countries in which a man is called 'good' according to his wealth, and everything is bought and sold. The vulgarity of *éclat* of the French is displayed by a people who measure worth by force, noise, and tomfoolery. The vulgarity of a queen who deifies her boy indicates the degradation of a nation besotted in the despotism and superstition of the papacy.

British artists show vulgarity chiefly under the pressure of oligarchical influences. But their art is, we fear, to several of them, only a beautiful trade. Sir William Ross and Mr. Thorburn, we should fancy, must estimate their worth by their annual guineas. The wealthy persons whose vanity they please ought to pay them well, for they sell admirable gifts for gold; and the sovereigns in their *rouleaux* and the coronets on the carriages at their doors must be their pay, and not the celebrity given by critics. They exhibit to the critic exquisite likenesses of persons who may be black, brown, or fair for aught he cares; and must clink their gold when the representative of the public interest passes them by with pity. However, it is only just to say they are not equalled in their line by any miniature portrait painters in the palace.

It is the desire to ascend to a nobler region, doubtless, which suggests the pictures of Mr. J. R. Herbert, 'Lear disinheriting Cordelia,' and 'Saint John the Baptist before Herod.' A lovelier, worthier, or more graceful portraiture of female beauty, moral and physical, we have never seen than his delineation of Cordelia. Conscious only of the moral impossibility in which she is placed of saying anything but what she has said, she hears her disinheritance calmly, and nothing betrays the pang she suffers

when ejected from the heart of her father, but the convulsive clasp of her thin little hands. The scene is dramatic without being theatrical. Lear and the other figures are less successful. Mr. Herbert would have been happier in the Lear if he had thought more of the business-like way in which men of a certain age express their injustice, and less of how Macready acted the part, or of how a Raffael would have painted it. 'John the Baptist before Herod' is a great picture. It is beyond comparison the finest picture on a sacred subject in the Exhibition. 'For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife.' The words have just made Herod shiver upon his throne, and Herodias start up from his side, her eyes flashing assassination. Admirably as this expression is given, there is something in it which makes us believe it is drawn from imagination instead of observation. Mr. Herbert has probably never seen it in reality. We have. Circumstances have given us opportunities of studying the expression and witnessing the flashes of the eyes of two of the most cruel murderesses in Europe in our time—we had glimpses of one of them at her work; and we saw the countenances of the soldiery who, under General Canrobert, perpetrated the massacre upon the Boulevards of Paris on the 4th of December, 1851. Artists who wish to see the flash of assassination, can have it at will by rousing a rattlesnake in any collection of reptiles. The supercilious cowardice of Herod is expressively rendered. John the Baptist is grand. His Maker speaks by him. He knows as well that he incurs death as that he is rebuking sin. Most powerfully does the young, lean, sublime figure announce the prophet of the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. No man can study these pictures without wishing to live nearer than ever to Eternal Justice all his life after.

Sir C. L. Eastlake's 'Pilgrims in sight of Rome' is a picture which inspires less admiration on renewed inspection than it did when it first appeared. The devotion is well done, but mind is wanting there. The attitudes of kneeling and kissing the ground comport ill with the intellectual elevation of protestantism, and pilgrimage itself is a sentimental part of a system of authority.

Great subjects are not needed to make great pictures. Mr. Ward, whose fame rests upon his 'Dr. Johnson waiting in the antechamber of Lord Chesterfield,' has a couple of large historical pictures in the Palace—'The last sleep of Argyll,' and 'The execution of Montrose.' The head of Argyll is a very fine one. His tranquil sleep is grand. There is historical truth, also, in the gorgeous ostentation of the death of Montrose. The dashing fanatic of royalism, unscrupulous enough to allow his agents to assassinate Dr. Dorislaus at the Hague, and vain

enough to flaunt it from court to court on the continent as the hero of the forlorn hope of a beheaded monarchy, the Marquis of Montrose died characteristically in fine clothes and fine feathers. These pictures have undoubtedly great merits, yet the 'South Sea Bubble' is a much better picture. Generally speaking, all historical and biographical painting is dangerous for painters. They stand when painting such pictures upon a scaffolding of ice. The facts they assume to be true, on some authority they trust, may be proved to be untrue. Nearly all the pictures hitherto painted, for example, on the scenes of the life of Oliver Cromwell, along with innumerable plays and novels, have during the last twenty years been proved to be illustrations of falsehood. A Mr. Lucy has had two pictures admitted into the exhibition probably because the falsehoods they illustrate are acceptable to the powers that be, 'Cromwell at the death-bed of his daughter;' and 'Cromwell taking the resolution to refuse the Crown.' Mr. Lucy conceives Cromwell to have been a man with the face of a highwayman. It was the peculiarity, the idiosyncrasy of Cromwell, to care for nothing but religious liberty. The crown, he said, was a cap with a feather, and while he had the cap, he did not care for the feather. As for kingship, one of his first sayings was, he would as soon fire into the breast of the king as into the breast of any other man; yet he did not mistake his time, and saw truly and said openly that something in the nature of kingly government was necessary to the stability of religious liberty. A more preposterous story could not be imagined than to suppose his dying daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, rebuked him. He was adored by his family. We ourselves have repeatedly heard the last accents of this family love and praise from the last direct descendant of his eldest son. Another painter, whose name we cannot remember, has a picture of the puritan soldiers puffing smoke into the face of their prisoner, Charles I. Was there a man in the army who smoked? How long is it since common troopers could afford to buy tobacco? The historic romances of rhetorical historians impose upon painters, who in turn convey the falsehoods to fribbles of both sexes until kindly oblivion covers the stories, the pictures, and their painters.

Still worse than these historical fictions on canvas are pictures which show that nations glory in their shame. Spain exerts her whole pictorial skill on her bull-fights. France glories in her attempts at conquest; and if most of her painters describe her truly, her moral sublime is brigandage. But the crowning picture of this kind is the American Healy's large picture of Franklin pleading the cause of the American colonies before Louis XVI. We can well imagine the pleasure with which the

Bonapartists see this picture, which records the treacherous violation of all the moralities, and all the laws of nations, of which the French under the Bourbons were guilty, when, while at peace with Great Britain, they supplied the colonists with arms and money, and secured the success of their rebellion. Thomas Paine refused to vote for the death of Louis XVI. because he was the founder of the republic of the United States.

Painters who paint good portraits of public personages establish solid claims to fame. Photography is evidently increasing the truth of portraits. When, however, a really good painter has devoted himself to represent his subject, he has always succeeded in a way photography has not yet surpassed. Nasmyth's portrait of Robert Burns, which a friend of his said was exactly Burns as if seen through a reversed telescope, conveys such a knowledge of his appearance to the student of it, that he feels ever after as if he had seen him somewhere. Louis Cranach's Martin Luther, enables us to say of the Reformer—'We knew him by sight.' Whoever has not seen Mr. Samuel Rogers, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Lord John Russell, and Signor Lablache, has only to study Mr. Carrick's miniatures of them upon marble to feel as if he had seen them. Professor Wilson is placed on canvas by Sir Watson Gordon with such reality, that an acquaintance is reminded by it of the last conversation he had with him. He has the same look as when he had stated his opinion, and was listening to yours. The Dr. Wardlaw of Mr. Macnee is thinking, and looked, as he is painted, when penetrating his subject with his clear Scottish intelligence. Mr. Thomas Carlyle is painted by Mr. Carrick as he looks when people try to look into him. The type of a Dumfriesshire peasant may not be your previous conception of him, yet the Scottish borderer who cannot now give scope to his wild impulses in a foray into England, whose steel is a pen, is the root of the man, and his style is the Dumfriesshire idiom coloured into grotesque splendour after Goethe and Richter.

Truth is the *a* and the *z* of all rules in art. We have watched the impulsive groups of all nations in the Palace of the Fine Arts, and as surely as we found a picture had the power of attracting a series of groups around it, we were certain to find a touch of nature in it. Mr. Webster's 'Game at Foot-ball' has occasioned continual collections of spectators. The humours of the game are faithfully seized and rendered; and boys are boys in France and Germany as they are on the village greens of England. The chœur of the village church is another picture of life made popular and pleasant by truth. A musician might tell the amount of the knowledge of music possessed by each performer from the expression of his face. Mr. John Phillips's

'Presbyterian Baptism' has attracted great notice, and would have been more admired if not hung like Leslie's 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield' in a light, which, in the height of the day, makes the excessive amount of white colour disagreeable. Mr. Frank Stone's 'Last Appeal' and 'Old, old Story,' have the merit and the suggestiveness of reality. His 'Remonstrance' is not so intelligible, or we have been too dull to catch its meaning from the height at which it is hung. Study of art is often perversion in taste. May we be pardoned for saying we have derived more pleasure from Outrim's engraving of Leslie's 'Rustic Civility' than from all the five expensive paintings Mr. Leslie has sent to the Palace. 'Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman,' however, is capital. The mental blindness which prevents Uncle Toby from seeing what is plainly enough to be seen in the eyes of the widow is exquisite. If the song had been written at the time, she might have enlightened him by singing—

Think wi yersel, *Toby*, wha ye hae need o',
Ye may de waur than tak up wi' the widow.

The Parisians have been captivated by Mr. Frith's picture of 'Pope courting Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.' It is itself as smart as a French epigram. An old gentleman, who fancies wit will suffice for the want of youth when soliciting the favour of a brilliant young beauty, plays a ridiculous part, which is seized by the Parisians at a glance. Lady Mary is flattered and amused by his homage. Her vanity laughs at him with delight. Pope is perspicacious enough to see he is ridiculous, yet wilful enough to resolve to fool it to the end. The picture is delicious to Parisian malice.

Two British artists have produced such a sensation in Paris, that we feel sure they have given an impulse to a revolution in French taste. From this time henceforth there will be in France emulators of Landseer and Mulready. Rage and rapture are the opposite terms, equally complimentary, in which the French speak of them; the artists of the old school expressing the wrath and the public the delight. We have seen groups of French artists with such envy in their minute criticisms, that we have trembled to see their nails flourishing near the pictures, and they have been followed by groups of the public whose eyes have sparkled with joy while exclaiming, 'Delicious!' 'Delicious!' 'Ah! that is genius!'

Sir Edwin Landseer shows as much genius in painting animals as ever any ancient master did in delineating sacred personages. Landseer loves mountains, animals, Highlanders, nature, reality, truth. Like all original men, many persons cannot see him when they look at him. Landseer is the Buffon of painters; and the painter with colours has, we think, a more profound zoological

philosophy guiding his hand than had the painter with language. Dogs, parrots, monkeys, donkeys, and horses are delineated by him with as much genius on canvas as ever was expended on their description on paper. In his 'Islay and Macaw' how admirably does he express the zoological psychology of the old parrot with the morsel of bread, of the young parrots looking for protection to their mother, of the begging dog, and the dog chewing the feather. Insight cannot but be ideal. This truth is still more obvious in his 'Dogs beside a fire.' We despair of being able by our prosaic words to convey an idea of the poetry of this common-looking little picture. There is nothing but dogs and a fire, and yet the picture gives pleasure. 'The Tethered Ram' is another picture, which rewards study by the admirable rendering of the expression of the face of the ram. The picture of the 'Brazilian Monkeys' is made exquisite by the feeling of reality. The 'Smithy' consists of a horse, a blacksmith, a donkey, and a dog, and from its perfect truth it is more ideal than any picture we have ever seen of angels and virtues. His 'Highland Drovers leaving for the South' has been censured for the prominence he gives to the leg of the drover with his baby in his arms. It is nevertheless a physiological fact of great value that similar locomotive machines have often in former days carried men over a hundred miles in four-and twenty hours. Nobody who reads English, and has not neglected the print-sellers' windows, needs any description of Landseer's pictures. We are passing them by with the expression of a remark or sentiment, and we are not describing them. There are minds to whom the 'Highland Breakfast' appears coarse, and all we say is—the worse for them, for they suffer from a nasty disease which they call 'refinement,' and the lacteal system seems to them coarse, because they themselves are unwholesome. 'Jack en faction'—Jack as sentry, which is delightful to the observer of London life, is lost upon the Parisians, benightedly ignorant as they are of the knowledge which surround the dog's-meat man and his barrow. The 'Sanctuary' is one of the greatest pictures of modern times. A deer distressed by the hounds takes to the water, and disturbs the wild ducks among the water flags and rushes, in a solitary lake among the mountains; and the poor deer is alone with the Fear of Death!

Mr. Mulready has had still greater success with the French than Sir Edwin Landseer. His pictures are more appreciable. But we have heard French artists maintain, in the teeth of the catalogue however, that there were two Mulreadys. This is the compliment he gains by painting in his different styles. The courage, the perseverance, the resolution to avoid repeating himself, which produces such different pictures, is doubtless commendable. But

he is far from equally successful in his different styles. His 'Bathers' is no doubt a beautiful picture on a hackneyed subject; 'Blackheath Park' is an exquisite little landscape; and 'The Discussion upon the principles of Dr. Whiston' is most admirable, from the expression of the countenances. But they are far surpassed by the 'Butt,' the 'Cannon,' the 'Brother and Sister,' and the 'Wolf and the Lamb.' 'The Butt,' the 'Cannon,' and the 'Brother and Sister,' are three delightful comic pictures from life. The boys, in the 'Butt,' one of whom is knuckling a raspberry into the mouth of the other, whose eyes are shut, gives a pleasure superior to what we derived from the 'Beggar Boys,' and we had almost said the 'Flower Girl' of Murillo. The picture of the boys firing a cannon is full of reality. 'Put a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' represents a little boy put forward by his lady relatives to give money to some gipsies encamped in a lane. 'The Wolf and the Lamb' is Mulready's masterpiece. The wolf is a ferocious boy about to assault with blows and kicks a gentle orphan who has lost his father, who is returning from school, and who clings to his books and avoids the combat, not from cowardice, but from respect for the position he is in, and the injunctions of his mother. A little girl has called the attention of an elderly lady to the scene, whose dry hand it is to be hoped will teach the wolf a lesson. No picture we have ever seen inspires a similar contempt for the insolence of brute force. Landseer's 'Sanctuary' and Mulready's 'Wolf and Lamb' may be cited as the pictures which best represent the British School of Art in the Palace of the Fine Arts.

But the Palace of Industry? We reply we have searched it for something to say, and have found nothing in it. The effluvia of paint-pots, the noise of hammers, and planks menacing the head with knocks, may have prevented us from seeing the signs of progress it presents. When it is finished it may show signs of improvement in the industrial arts at present undiscoverable. But while we write, this is how the fact stands; in November, 1851, Louis Napoleon promised the French an exhibition surpassing every other, and he seized the wealth and force of France to wield at will; and in June, 1855, he was storming with rage in an unfinished erection, where everything seems higgledy-piggledy, an acknowledged and derisory failure.

ART. II.—*The Hero's Canticle, and other Poems.* By Robert Fletcher. Jackson & Walford.

2. *Within and Without: a Dramatic Poem.* By George MacDonald. Longman & Co.

No feature in the present revival of poetry is more cheering than its obvious aim to deal with man primarily in his connexion with the SOURCE of all being, and to find in this first great relation the key to his collateral ones with his fellows and with the world of circumstance. This aim is distinctly revealed throughout Mr. Fletcher's volume, and even where he treats of humanity in its social and political aspects rather than in such as are directly religious, it is evident that the faith of the Christian has ennobled and inspired the feelings of the citizen.

So much for the spirit of his book. As to its poetry, it is the author's own fault if there be two opinions about it. That he possesses imagination, and a keen sense of beauty, both moral and material, we have abundant proof. But his defects are serious. His verse—sometimes melodious—is often rude and unmetrical. The poet seems to think all vehicles equally suitable that will transport us into the region of his fancy. For our part, we confess to a choice in the matter. Whatever the beauty of the ideal landscape, we would rather not *jolt* through it. We decline to feast our eyes at the risk of dislocation, and reject all overtures for an excursion through Tempe, if Pegasus is to be harnessed to a cart. Mr. Fletcher tells us in his preface that his metre is accentual not syllabic; but we put it to him whether by either process the dew of melody can be exhaled from such flinty lines as these?

> 'They made the tyrants feel in spite of all their steel,
> They prepared for a kingdom called man's common-weal.'
>
> 'Of Egypt and the baffling Turk,
> Of all his king-making and unmaking work.'
>
> 'And we mourn as he mourned for Peel,
> No two such servants ever served this common-weal.'

Nor is it simply in the frequent harshness of his verse that the random impulses of our author are apparent. In many cases he passes from emotion to emotion, from assumption to conclusion, without indicating that plain path of logical sequence upon which the reader *must* travel, even if the poet can dispense with it. It should be unnecessary now to state that Reason—although operating in a higher sphere, arrayed in a fairer garb, and directed by a nobler impulse in the world of Imagination than in that of Fact—is as essential to the former as to the latter. If

Mr. Fletcher's neglect of the faculty arise from accident or carelessness, a warning will suffice; but if it be another assertion of a heresy increasing, we fear, amongst our new poets—that they are to be understood only by 'chosen' readers, and through the medium of mystic affinities which scorn the common methods of intellectual appeal—no rebuke can be too strong. If it be true that no very great poetry was ever *immediately* popular—at least not for its best qualities—and that the general mind can but gradually rise to the true estimate of noble works, it must still be held that the very existence of the difficulty demands the aid that should meet it. The speaker who feels that the world is a tyro in his language, should at all events *pronounce it distinctly*, and take care that, where his clearest utterance of the imaginative tongue may be mistaken, he do not complicate the hardship by adopting its rarest dialect. In some quarters it would seem fast growing into a creed, that plain motive and lucid development rob art of its dignity. The bards of old spoke to nations. The seers of our day eschew the crowd. Their mission they hold to be esoteric. They appeal to the initiated, and are to be interpreted only by a sort of free-masonic sympathy. They are as mysterious as a Cabinet, and transact the diplomacy of Parnassus amongst themselves. They write intellectual cipher, and feel that they have secrets. Unfortunately the world is apt to feel so too, and with a well-bred irony declines to pry into them.

But every critical abatement made from Mr. Fletcher's poetry, we must admit a large residue of undoubted beauty. The leading poem in this volume, the 'Hero's Canticle,' is divided into two parts, and narrates, with picturesque vigour and conciseness, the principal events in the Great Duke's career; including, moreover, the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the general state of Europe at the period. The narrative is at once relieved and applied by many pregnant reflections to which it gives birth. These touch chiefly upon the world's providential government generally; the proofs of it in special instances like that of Wellington; the subordination of strife and wrong to human progress, and the advent of that better kingdom for which the wrath of man may indeed prepare, but which it can never establish. What life, picture, and music, Mr. Fletcher can give to his verse when he pleases, may be learned from the following extracts. The first is from the lament of India.

> The Warrior's hand is cold—
> 'Tis now no more than common mould:
> His eagle eye no more shall see
> Each meteor-stream unfold,

As in his fervid youth, so wise and bold,
He helped to plant it on the Hold
Of TIPPOO on the CAVERY!
While from the Thousand Garrisons
Of that indomitable Host,
From Sea to Sea, and Coast to Coast,
Boom o'er these Realms, the Minute-guns—
And with muffled Drums,
The Music comes
From Trumpets, Gongs, and Clarions—
Sad and slow as the Tidal flow,
When Bengal's Waves by Midnight go,
And the Moon mixeth her pale beams so,
With the ruby wrecks of the red Sun's glow,
That the sleeping darkness wakes,
And as one Surge of light outbreaks,—
The while its mighty breast upheaving,
Mounts to the Glory it is receiving;
Such Glory is there in Their grieving!
And Hearts full of the Warrior's glow,
With a rush and a burst of proudest woe,
Bow, only where all must bow!—pp. 12, 13.

The second division of this poem, suggested by the events of the first, is a sort of moral upon the mystery of death; upon the transiency of all individual greatness, as contrasted with the permanence of Nature and the stereotyped forms of life; and upon the faith which by unveiling the future explains the present. We do not know that the pathos and the awe which belong to man's finite condition have ever found a nobler or more graphic expression than in the lines which succeed. Man, begirt by the infinite and unseen, treads for a brief while this mortal stage, enacts deeds or utters words which change the fate or thrill the hearts of his kind, makes himself a centre for homage, devotion, and wild love, and with the plaudits of the world in his ear, with its passionate desires twined round him—fades from the scene. From *this point of view*, and measured by his capacities and aims, what so idle as the life of man! He passes—the greatest of his hour,—another succeeds, and the same pageant goes on. Again, and for ever, 'the thing that hath been shall be.'

The Babe leaps on its Mother's knee,
The Bride she comes from Church,
The Bells ring in the Sanctuary,
The Corpse waits in the Porch:
The Ship sails, with Venturers strong,
The Miller tends his Mill,
The Courts are full of Right and Wrong,
The Streets are crowded still:

The Lover clasps his own True-love,
The Courtier fawns and hates,—
The Fatherless must look above,
The Pauper haunts our Gates:

The Peoples of all Climes kiss rods,
The Captains' Swords are red,
The Slave is cast off by the Gods,
The Sparrow still is fed:

The Merchants buy, the Merchants sell,
The Weaver plies his Loom,
The World goeth well to the passing bell,
And will to the day of doom

And so reply—were the Mother-sky
To lose each Daughter-Star,—
For still we sigh, all who live die,
And the Worms our Brethren are!—pp. 55, 56.

Nor is Mr. Fletcher less happy in the solution of his problem than in the statement of it. He finely urges that it is not from man's sense of himself, but from his sense of God, that human destiny must be descried. There are points of the ensuing argument that touch the sublime.

Why out of every glorious thing
Should we make gloomy fancies spring,
Fill Flowers with blight, and Suns with Night,
And, in the Bosom of Delight,
Plant Doubts, sow Fears, and reap Despite?

Why, placed in this engirdling scene,
The twin-Eternities between,
Refuse to gather as we may,
The golden moments of our stay,
And unwinged make a winged way?

Who with this green Earth at his feet,
While o'er his head Heaven's Arches meet,
Would fail, his own Heart to present
To mirror this fair Firmament,
The landscape round, and concave sweeps,
In its own deepest loving deeps,
This visible inheritance!
'Tis ours to measure this expanse,
Not by our insignificance,
But by His munificence:
For all this glory overflowing,
Is for thy loving and thy knowing—
For such and so great is the Trust
Of Life, Thou Atom of quick Dust,
That all that's seen, seems for thy seeing,
And all that is, seems for thy Being!

For Man! Worlds made and shown for him!
As if there were no shining ones,
Angel, Cherub, and Seraphim,
More countless than the countless Suns,
Flocking unseen Empyreans!
Yes! Walk this Earth, salute these skies,
And listen to their harmonies,—
For Thou for Them, and They for Thee,
And All for HIM, is Love's mystery!

Like as a Bride taketh rich Dowers,
So comes to us this Life of ours,
And we take Worlds! This Earth, yon Heaven,
By our one Maker both are given!
Each *One* of His partaketh of *All*,
Omnipotence is ineffable!
For verily in this Reality
Of God's World-revelations,
Standeth Man's Individuality,
Created for Creations—
Each by his loving Ideality
Working out great Probations,—
By slow degrees, conquering each sphere
Of Being, in great Joy and Fear!
For may we not each say *I*, and may we not each say *Mine*,
And thus we dare to face the Stars, and breast the gold sunshine,
And thus how dauntless walk we each the wondrous vale of Time,
And pluck the plenteous way-side Fruit, and weave the Flowers sublime.—pp. 64-67.

We have quoted so largely from this first and best poem of Mr. Fletcher's, that we have no space for further examples. His 'Dirge for the Great Sea-Captain,' though patriotic and ardent, cannot be compared with his tribute to the illustrious Soldier. We may mention, however, with approval, the 'Sunset Trilogy'—for its moral suggestiveness and beauty of description; the 'Inquest'—for its solemnity of tone and force of appeal; and 'Heaven Lost'—as being a study—and by no means an unsuccessful one—after Milton. Every page in the present volume shows the presence of imaginative gifts; while—we are bound to add—many pages show how little those gifts have been fostered. Mr. Fletcher is an uncertain but genuine poet, and he has the power at a future time to turn our verdict, already given without doubt—into a verdict without qualification.

The name of Mr. MacDonald is that of a new aspirant in poetry, and, probably, also that of a young man. Yet, we heartily admire his volume, and are disposed to say so in emphatic terms. True, our friend Platitude—that veteran critic—remonstrates against the imprudence, and tells us that admiration at

first sight is no less indiscreet than love under the same circumstances. We should wait—so Platitude urges—to see what our tyro will turn out. It will be time enough to give a decisive opinion of him when we have cautiously ascertained that of the public. Besides which—adds our friend—enthusiasm for a beginner is a sentiment which no critic should evince who would be thought to live on terms of easy familiarity with the ancient models of literature, or with the works of its living masters. Willing to give a lesson from social life, Platitude bids us observe the career of Shuffleton.

Shuffleton, as all the world knows, is the oracle of Court circles. He stole into them; originally a *parvenu*, but a blushing one. The excess of his bashfulness atoned for the presumption of his *entrée*, and he continued to hold his position by owning himself unworthy of it. What could the grateful creature do but repay toleration by homage? He knew the traditions of every old Norman house, all the quarterings on its shields, and could unravel all the twisted threads of its genealogies. The current peers of old lines saw in Shuffleton the mirror of their glories. He that was at first suffered, became in time desired, and finally, required. Shuffleton is now a necessity of the *vieille noblesse*, a distinct part of that institution. But mark him when a *novus homo* enters—how careless, how accidental is his greeting. He allows him a finger, but he *does* allow it, for the new comer may one day wear stars, and his newness be forgotten even as Shuffleton's own. 'Are you wise, young critic?'—says our Mentor—'behold your model! For you, too, there are old feudal houses to propitiate—the men of acknowledged genius, who years back wore their spurs (ay, spite of your foregoers, Platitude), and of whose chaplets, long ago decreed, you cannot do better than admire the verdure. But for this young Bard, whom Heaven sent yesterday—this fresh miracle attesting its power—what welcome for him? Pray you a finger only. No *new* hero is one to his valet: can any *new* poet be one to his critic?'

We would not be lavish in awarding the honours of genius, nor make intellectual crowns as cheap as knighthoods. Nevertheless, if a claim be proved, we see not—spite of Platitude—how it can fairly be ignored. We shall say, therefore, that Mr. Mac Donald's dramatic poem, called 'Within and Without'—this book of a new man—discloses such high qualities of thought and imagination, such fair auguries of coming fame, that we would advise Platitude, with an eye to the future, to allow him *two* fingers.

We are conscious, nevertheless, that Mr. MacDonald has rather proved himself to be a poet than his work to be a great poem—great, we mean, in the sense of a noble design powerfully and clearly worked out.

The central idea of the book is that of a soul which—famished amidst the routine and ceremony of the Romish Church—seeks to know God on its own account, and to commune with Him through living experience, rather than through dead traditions. To realize the Divine paternity, to pierce the mystery of Providence, to have the baffling suggestions of inward doubt and of life's external problems answered by some special illumination, and thus to walk through time by a light reflected from eternity,—such are the yearnings which possess the hero of this book at its opening. The moral of the poet runs—that a consciousness of the All-Good being granted, the deeper knowledge of Himself and of his workings must be gained through *love;* that He who cannot be found out by *searching*, will manifest Himself to the lowly and to the pure in heart. These are they that shall *see* God. Likeness to His nature is the condition through which we gain insight into His plan. One line from Mr. MacDonald's book suggests its argument—

'When unlike God, how can we hear His words?'

The truth, then, which this poem seeks to express wears no aspect of novelty. It is, on the contrary, an axiom of revelation echoed by every heart into which the faith that works by love has entered. But to incarnate this sacred truism in the story of a human spirit, to array it in forms of imaginative beauty, to bring it home to the heart by some pathetic crisis in man's daily struggle—is a task in which poetic genius may well find scope and reward. To a certain extent this task has been accomplished by Mr. MacDonald. The character of his hero, Julian, is profoundly conceived. In the Italian nobleman, impassioned and sensitive, yet earnest, truthful, and self-devoted—we have finely portrayed both the motives and feelings that belong to the Christian ideal, and those brief flashes of self-will, which, like the fitful watch-fires of a routed foe, mark the arena of a past struggle—it may be of a lingering danger. The fault of the book is, that its leading idea wants force and simplicity of treatment. The stages of development are not sufficiently marked, and the purpose of the poem—professedly a dramatic one—instead of being evolved by the inter-action of character and event, is chiefly conveyed through the soliloquies of the hero. Those new perceptions which show the growth of his character are eloquently told at various points of the story, but seldom appear to flow out of it. We see the result, but not the process. We have glowing announcement where we wish to trace inevitable consequence,—a philosophy reasoned rather than exhibited, a sermon instead of a drama.

Yet so lofty is the teaching that pervades this series of medi-

tations, so informed is the writer's style with subtle thought and delicate fancy, that if he have not ransomed all the hostages which a high poetic design gives to imagination, we may at least accept his poem as a rich instalment of the debt. That he has a natural dramatic faculty only needing culture, is sufficiently proved at the opening of the poem. Here the characterization is excellent. Julian, the earnest truth-seeker, wrestles in his lonely cell with agonizing doubt, to the end that 'haply he may find God.' Stephen, the sleek orthodox monk, assured in his routine theology and glib at dogma, denounces the heresy of doubt over his salad; while Robert, a third monk, vacillates between the impulses of a sincere nature and the *veto* of tradition. Julian, being in danger from a charge of heresy, Robert aids his escape from the convent. The strife that ensues in the mind of the latter, shows no common analyser of character and motive :—

> *Robert.* One comfort is, he's far away by this.
> Perhaps this comfort is my deepest sin.
> Where shall I find a daysman in this strife
> Between my heart and holy Church's words?
> Is not the law of kindness from God's finger,
> Yea, from His heart, on mine? But then we must
> Deny ourselves; and impulses must yield,
> Be subject to the written law of words;
> Impulses made, made strong, that we might have
> Within the temple's court live things to bring
> And slay upon His altar; that we may,
> By this hard penance of the heart and soul,
> Become the slaves of Christ.—I have done wrong;
> I ought not to have let poor Julian go.
> And yet that light upon the floor says, yes—
> Christ would have let him go. It seemed a good,
> Yes, self-denying deed, to risk my life
> That he might be in peace. Still up and down
> The balance goes, a good in either scale;
> Two angels giving each to each the lie,
> And none to part them or decide the question.
> But still the *words* seem to come heaviest
> Upon my conscience as that scale descends:
> But that may be because they hurt me more,
> Being rough strangers in the feelings' home.
> Would God forbid us to do what is right,
> Even for His sake? But then Julian's life
> Belonged to God; He could do as He pleased.
> I am bewildered. 'Tis as God and God
> Commanded different things in different tones.—pp. 25, 26.

For our purpose the plot of this book needs but an occasional reference. We prefer directing our readers to some of those

lessons, which, as we have said, can too easily be detached from the story. Here is one involving the poet's main idea, while touching on the use of sorrow :—

O God, I thank thee for the friendly eye,
That oft hath opened on me these five years;
Thank thee for those enlightenings of my spirit,
That let me know thy thought was towards me,
As moments fore-enjoyed from future years,
Telling what converse I should hold with God.
I thank thee for the sorrow and the care,
Through which they gleamed, bright phosphorescent sparks
Crushed from the troubled waters, borne on which
Through mist and dark my soul draws nigh to thee.
Five years ago, I prayed in agony
That thou wouldst speak to me. Thou wouldst not then,
With that close speech I craved so hungrily.
Thy inmost speech is heart embracing heart;
And thou wert all the time instructing me
To know the language of thy inmost speech.
I thought thou didst refuse, when every hour
Thou spakest every word my heart could hear,
Though oft I did not know it was thy voice.
My prayer arose from lonely wastes of soul;
As if a world far-off in depths of space,
Chaotic, had implored that it might shine
Straightway in sunlight as the morning star.—pp. 71, 72.

A Christmas musing tells what needs in man's very being call aloud for a divine incarnation,—how until '*the* Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us' in visible love, all other utterances of God were misapprehended.

Let those with whom age is the blight, not the maturity of youth, those who deny the beauty for which they have lost the sense, lay to heart the following :—

The Lovely is the True. The Beautiful
Is what God made. Men from whose narrow bosoms
The great child-heart has withered, backwards look
To their first-love, and laugh, and call it folly,
A mere delusion to which youth is subject,
As childhood to diseases. They know better.
And proud of their denying, tell the youth,
On whom this wonderment of being shines,
That will be over with him by and by:
'I was so when a boy—look at me now.'
Youth, be not one of them, but love thy love.
So with all worship for the high and good,
And pure and beautiful. These men are wiser!
Their god, Experience, but their own decay;
Their wisdom but the grey hairs gathered on them.

Yea, some will mourn and sing about their loss,
And for the sake of sweet sounds cherish it,
Nor yet believe that it was more than seeming.
The man in whom the child's heart hath not died,
But grown into the man's, still loves the Past;
Believes in all its beauty; knows the hours
Will dissipate the mist; and when this day
Has laid its stone upon the monument,
A morning light will break one morn, and draw
The hidden glories of a thousand hues
Out from the crystal depths, and ruby-spots,
And sapphire veins, unseen, unknown before.
Far in the future lies his refuge. Time
Is God's, and all its miracles are his;
And in the Future he o'ertakes the Past,
Which was a prophecy of times to come;
Where lie great flashing stars, such as shone out
In childhood's laughing heaven; the wonderment
With which the sun went down and moon arose;
The joy with which the meadows opened out
Their daisies to the warming sun of Spring;
And so, to reach it, climbs the present slope
Of each day's duty—here he would not rest—
Believing that the glory still is near,
Though o'er its face a covering is spread,
As o'er the bride's dear face the bridal veil:
He knows the beauty radiant beneath.
Till faith dies into sight, the cloudy veil
Melteth away pierced through with inward light;
And the man knows God never mocked a man
With beauty meant to die and make no sign.—pp. 98-100.

The above is somewhat diffuse, and Mr. MacDonald as yet lacks the power to condense the rays of thought into a focus, and to charge one or two pregnant lines with the whole life of an emotion; but his high and tender philosophy, his wealth of fancy, and grace of manner, are beyond dispute.

The total interest of the poem as a story consists in the apparent estrangement which comes between Julian and Lilia, his wife, and the part which Lily, their child, plays between the two. In Lilia the author has depicted the southern heart, with its sensuous thirst for love and beauty. In Julian (with whose Italian blood mingles that of Germany), we have with the fervour of the south the devout, speculative, and somewhat mystical intellect of the north. The wife fails to apprehend the husband's aspirations, and fears that he must despise her. The husband can find no charm in the fair but transient ends for which his wife exists. He brings her no joy, and fears that he repels her. And yet, withal, each is possessed by an intense but

hidden love for the other. This interest, it will be seen, is very similar (doubtless by mere coincidence) to that between Amy and her husband in 'Balder.' Nor is the following example, in which Lilia mourns the moral distance between Julian and herself, unlike those noble lyrics which Mr. Dobell has endowed with such psychological instinct, and with forms of natural beauty that claim no second place in the whole gallery of poetic description :—

'O will thine eyes shine always, love, as now ?
And will thy lips for aye be sweetly curved ?'
Said my song, flowing unrhymed from my heart.
'And will thy forehead, ever, sunlike, bend,
And suck my soul in vapours up to thee ?
Ah, love ! I need love, beauty, and sweet odours ;
Thou livest in the hoary mountains ; I
In the warm valley, with the the lily pale
Shadowed with mountains and its own green leaves ;
Where odours are the sole invisible clouds
Making the heart weep for deliciousness.
Will thy eternal mountain always bear
Blue flowers upspringing at the glacier's foot ?
Alas ! I fear the storms, the blinding snow,
The vapours which thou gatherest round thy head,
Wherewith thou shuttest up thy chamber-door,
And goest from me into loneliness.'
Ah me, my song ! it is a song no more !
He is alone amidst his windy rocks ;
I wandering on a low and dreary plain !—pp. 83, 84.

Frenzied with doubts of her husband's love, Lilia for a moment gives ear to the idolizing passion of a certain Lord Seaford. Remorse, ere too late, rescues her from dishonour, though not from the imputation of it. Slander is busy with her name, and at last reaches Julian. There is a fierce struggle in his breast ; yet he forgets not who said, 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick,' and with the divine impulse of a Christian's heart he yearns to the fallen one (as he believes her) *on account of her fall*. We must make room for part of his lament. The pathos of the lines quoted in italics needs no comment :—

O my poor Lilia ! my soul weeps for thee.
(*Weeping bitterly.*)
How shall I win thee, save thee, make thee mine ?
God, can she never more be clean ? no more,
Through all the terrible years ? Hast thou no well
In all thy heaven, in all Thyself, that can
Wash her soul clean ? Her body will go down
Into the friendly earth—would it were lying

There in my arms; for there the rains will come,
Fresh from Thy skies, in streamlets through the sod,
All the long winter night, and we should lie
Mouldering away together, gently washed
Into the heart of earth; and part would go
Forth on the sunny breezes that bear clouds,
Through the blue air. But her stained soul, my God!
Canst thou not cleanse it? *Then should I, when death*
Was gone, creep into Heaven at last, and sit
In some quiet place by her, with glory shadowed.
None would ask questions there. And I, content
To sorrow still a little, so I might
Look on her with the darling on her knees,
Should know that must be pure that dwelt within
The circle of thy glory.—pp. 129, 130.

Lily—the child of Julian and Lilia—is one of the poem's loveliest features, and deserves something better than the passing allusion to which our space limits us. Spite of an occasional blemish in the picture through an attempt to over-realize, it is on the whole as truthful in its details as charming in its conception. Lily is throughout a sort of ministering spirit to her father, and touching is it to see how the faith of the child's heart—the faith of innocence—answers to that faith in the man which has been conquered through the strife of experience; how the 'heaven which lies around us in our infancy' sleeps, like a vale, at the foot of those heights in the same kingdom which the 'violent have taken by force.'

We must now close Mr. MacDonald's volume. A fair estimate of his powers may be gained from the instances which we have cited. They can hardly fail to delight his readers, though insufficient to convince them that he has accomplished a great work of art. The highest crown of genius may not now be decreed to this writer; but he has proved his title to enter those lists where knights alone are privileged to contend. And we cannot but bid 'God speed' to one who has shown these great attributes of mental chivalry—allegiance to the sacred behests of religion, and tender reverence for childhood and woman.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, Knight, Engraver, Member of several Foreign Academies of Design; and of his Brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden, Private Secretary to the Stuart Princes, and Author of 'The Antiquities of Rome.'* By James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

JAMES DENNISTOUN of Dennistoun, is a name favourably known in the antiquarian researches of his country, and in works of more general interest demanding care, industry, and literary skill. These Memoirs, which had scarcely issued from the press ere the public journals recorded their author's death, will not diminish his well-earned reputation. If they can boast of little that is striking or brilliant, at least they do not contain a word which with his dying hand he could have wished to cancel. By marriage with a descendant of Sir Robert Strange, he came into possession of letters and documents forming the basis of these volumes, and which may possibly be found to possess an interest and importance sufficient to rescue them from oblivion.

The career of Strange the engraver was not eventful. His life is little more than a record of his art, of the difficulties which therein beset him, of his unflagging industry and ardour, of the renunciation for many years of family bonds and domestic comforts to the paramount claims and charms of an all-engrossing profession. His wife, a Miss Lumisden, of honourable descent, and an ardent Jacobite, makes fighting 'for her Prince' in the Scottish Rebellion of last century, the condition on which she accepts her lover. Strange is thus unfortunately, if not somewhat unwillingly, involved in the ruined fortunes of the Stuart dynasty. He fights at Culloden, engraves a portrait of 'the Prince,' executes plates for the issue of paper money, and, involved in the general consternation and overthrow, with difficulty escapes capture, and remains for a time in close concealment. It is evident that the connexion between Strange and the Rebellion was more professional than political, and in after-life he allowed no romantic or wild notion of legitimacy to divide the allegiance he had sworn to his art. With his ardent wife it was far otherwise. Ambitious, made to govern and to dictate, the sphere of family duty was far too narrow for her enterprise, and in a cause less hopeless and desperate, she would gladly have become the focus of faction and intrigue. Andrew Lumisden, her brother, with less vigour and impetuosity of character, would seem in the blindness and constancy of his attachment to the Stuart dynasty, to supply his want of enthusiasm. Fighting and defeated with

'his Prince' at Culloden, he was for years a proscribed exile from his country; suffered the privations of poverty, was rescued from absolute want by pittances in the form of pensions, and after assiduously serving for four-and-twenty years as Secretary in the mock court which the Stuart princes held in Rome, he was once more cast out upon the world a victim to his master's drunken caprice.

Having thus indicated the general character of these volumes, we will now enter on a more detailed examination of that art of which Strange is here the representative. We have recently seen it stated that line engraving is in danger of becoming in this country extinct, from want of due appreciation and patronage; and we think that we may be doing some service to a languishing art, if, in bringing the life of Strange before the notice of our readers, we succeed in claiming for the legitimate product of the graver increased attention and support. We are not insensible to the bewitching softness of mezzotint, but its delicate effeminacy only makes us prize more highly the character and manliness of line engraving. Neither would we for a moment assert that the popularity of lithography is disproportioned to its merit: the rapidity and economy of its execution, no less than its capabilities, make it the stepping-stone by which Art descends from its heights and becomes the domestic associate of the peasant instead of the sole prize of the prince. Wood engraving is no less popular and diffusive in its character, and the capability it possesses in the printing process of illustrating and combining with letter-press, has led to one of the most marked Art developments of the present day. Art, like literature, has become democratic, and subsists not on a patron, but on the applause of the populace. Competition, small profits, quick returns, with a rapid multiplication, such as only machinery can accomplish, have popularized Art, certainly without elevating it. This is a result which, with all its attendant disadvantages, we are far from regretting. The wider the basis upon which Art rests, the more stable is the structure, and the better capable of being reared in beauty and security to heights which may ultimately transcend all past attainments. Still we must confess that the prospects at least of line engraving are far from hopeful; we fear that already it belongs more to the past than to the present. We know what is the character of the modern plates hung in printsellers' windows; and we know, likewise, what it is to turn with mingled admiration and regret over a portfolio of old and sterling engravings. There we see Claudes translated by Vivares, without trick or ostentation, into soft, aërial tones; landscapes by Wollett, tremulous in line and emotional in feeling, rendering the infinite variety of nature, by a scarcely less infinite variety of manner; or we turn, perhaps,

to a Holy Family by Bartolozzi, uniting precision of line with brilliancy of effect; the forms well rounded and modelled, the execution manly without degenerating into soft voluptuousness. It was no slight merit, we may rest assured, which, in a period thus fertile in engravers and prodigal in the excellence of their works, could entitle Strange to the foremost rank. We have recently had occasion to consider the life and genius of a man, the chief excellence of whose pictures was in the beauty of their colour; and now we are not less anxious justly to appreciate works which, wholly destitute of colour, seize upon the mind by merits of a totally different character. But so widely various and yet so potent and all-sufficing are the powers and capacities of Art in all its manifestations, that each phase in turn, while it holds the eye captive, is omnipotent, and exercises a sway, if not a tyranny, that for the moment admits of no superior. Under the spell of Etty, 'dazzled and drunk' by the glory of colour, we feel that colour is all in all; yet, again, chastened by the purity and unostentatious merit of a line engraving, we willingly surrender the gaude and glare of colour which appeals to sense for the tranquil and calmer, because more intellectual, feast of beauteous lines and expressive light and shade.

Sir Robert Strange did good service to Art, not only by the excellence of his execution, but likewise by the high character of the works which he undertook to engrave. He not unreasonably turned to Italy as affording the pictures most worthy of his skill and labour. In the principal cities of that country he spent several years, making in the churches, palaces, and galleries careful drawings of the most celebrated pictures as subjects for his future engravings. He thus familiarized the public mind with works of the highest order, and by his merits and the boldness of his enterprise created a taste and a patronage alike honourable to the public and to himself. When we think of the service which he and others no less celebrated have conferred on Art, we cannot but regret that engraving was not earlier discovered. We might then have known something of the Greek paintings, which many have conjectured as scarcely less perfect than their sculpture and architecture. But the arts of the Revival were more fortunate. Raphael had his attendant genius in Marc Antonio, who, by engravings executed with a loving hand and kindred spirit, translated and diffused the works of the master. Thus have the genius and fame of the great painters been perpetuated and extended, and in our day so far popularized, that not long since we purchased, more for curiosity—it must be acknowledged—than edification, a print of Raphael's Transfiguration for fourpence. Engraving is to painting what printing is to literature; a man's picture is as yet in manuscript till it is

engraved, hung in the shop-windows, and put within the actual possession of the multitude. A painter's fame is then, and not till then, secured from oblivion. When we think of what engraving has done and is doing for Art, and the Art education of the people, we fear that it is scarcely sufficiently estimated or understood. Whatever widens the circuit of our vision, 'the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses,' confers upon the race the greatest boon. Addison tells us, that our sight 'fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired.' It is Art, and especially engraving, which nourishes and enriches the mind through this faculty of vision. It educates and delights the child in his earliest years, and in his maturer age instructs and refines the man. Limited himself to time and space, it brings within his view the best and fairest of every land, with the riches which have been rescued from time's destructive deluge. Thus is the imagination through the eye fed with things of beauty, and by the outer gate of sense enter into the storehouse of the mind countless riches.

We were never more impressed with the value of engraving than in Parma, the city of Correggio's labours. We spent the morning, with opera-glass in hand, visiting the churches, endeavouring to decipher and understand the exuberant creations with which Correggio adorned the cupolas. We knew that his object had been to paint the heaven of heavens, and surely no fitter sphere could be found, either for his genius or the boldness of the attempt, than the interior of a church dome. We had heard of the magic charm of his light and shade; that in these cupolas Art, no longer circumscribed by lines and figure, combined reality and immensity in one, spanned earth and air; and that Correggio had here built heaven, even if he had failed in peopling it. In vain did we attempt in the obscurity of church interiors to comprehend the subjects, or to judge of the merits of individual figures discoloured by damp, and obliterated by decay, and we were ready to join with the enemies of Correggio, who, at the close of his labours, raised the cry that he had painted a 'hash of frogs.' It was not till we visited the studio of Chevalier Toschi, the greatest engraver of which Italy in our day can boast, that we really understood the merits of these works. To the carefully executed drawings of Toschi, and the effective boldness of the engravings, executed by himself, and the school he formed around him, will Correggio owe in future days his fame as a painter of fresco. Since our visit, the Chevalier Toschi is dead; indeed, his age and infirmities almost precluded the hope that he could live to complete the arduous work on which he was engaged; but we understood that the numerous pupils whom we saw around

him in the studio would be able from his finished drawings to complete the entire series of works. For the sake of the expiring honour of Italy, and for the credit of engraving as an art, we trust that nothing may impede the publication of these plates.

It may perhaps be well to recal to the reader's recollection the special qualities by which the different methods of engraving on copper are distinguished. Firstly, the great merit of line engraving consists in force and firmness, with precision and determination of form. Mezzotinto, on the contrary, is more alluring by its softness, by the unity of its tone, and breadth of shadow; from the absence of harsh positive lines it most nearly approaches the manner by which objects in nature are relieved and yet blended. Lastly, in etching, we find qualities not less individually marked. Deficient in the vigour of line engraving, and utterly wanting in tone, it has in rapidity and playful facility of execution a merit exclusively its own. Now, line engraving, as improved and practised by Strange, embraced, in some degree, the distinctive merits of all these processes. The outline of the subject, with even some of its details, was first etched, which gave a freedom of execution unknown to rigid line engraving; by the extensive use of the dry point the softness of a mezzotinto was somewhat approached, while strength and decision were attained by the firm, bold stroke of the graver. This gave to line engraving, in the hands of Strange, a combination of resources and expression almost exhaustive of the capabilities of light and shade in Art.

In order the more correctly to estimate the special characteristics of Strange as an engraver, it may be well to dwell more particularly for a few moments on the intrinsic elements upon which the merits of the art depend. It must, however, be borne in mind that we do not profess to write for the instruction of professional engravers, but for the information of the general public. We shall not, therefore, attempt to enter on the mere technicalities of the art, to lay down rules for the use of the etching needle, the graver, or the dry point, to determine when lines should be firm and when undulating, when crossed in squares or when oblique. Suffice it to say, that lines, in their curves, intensity, and arrangement, should always be expressive of the character of the object they are intended to represent; that they should interpret with fidelity the meaning, the purpose, and sentiment of the work they transcribe. The eye of the connoisseur is specially sensitive to the delicacy, dexterity, and intention of lines in linear engraving. They must, in all respects, be echoes to the thought; and their skilful management by the engraver, and the rewarding applause of the public, will depend upon that delicate intuition by which thought and feeling are expressed

through corresponding forms. Herein consist the interest and inherent superiority of line in contrast with all other styles of engraving. The mental character of a line engraver can be predicted from his works, which is a sure test that his task is mental as well as manual. We may rest assured that a work which is bold without being extravagant, tender without feebleness, brilliant and yet not ostentatious, well balanced and regulated in its parts, sustained by an individual unity in its whole, requires a mind as rightly tutored as the work is fitly executed. The fine arts differ from the useful in this, that in the one while mind conceives the mechanic may be left to execute; but in the other, on the contrary, the conceiving thought must actuate the expressive hand. Strange evidently felt this, and hence it was with great unwillingness that he delegated to others the execution of any, even the most trivial portions of his works. Now these expressive qualities, which are inherent to lines judiciously disposed, are conspicuous in the engravings of Strange. In recently looking over a portfolio of his works, we were insensibly fired by the ardour which impelled his mind and hand:—the brilliancy and the beauty of execution, the transparency and softness of the flesh-tints showed that the artist's eye had directed the engraver's hand. We marked his judicious treatment of a subject in the Venetian school; florid, romantic, and enthusiastic in execution, it still maintained a becoming dignity, while it did not degenerate into extravagance or coarseness. His style, in fact, seems a happy medium between the coldly classic and the lawlessly romantic. It contrasts favourably with the geometric and mechanically accurate lines of Wille, alike incapable of texture, quality, or expression, while on the other hand it escapes the Carlo Dolci soft effeminacy, so captivating to the dilettante, so repulsive to manly and healthful taste.

It must not be forgotten that an engraving is not so much a copy as the translation of a picture. In the absence of colour, and with materials and execution wholly different, engraving seeks, nevertheless, by the means within its power, to convey to the mind the conception and treatment of the original work. However, in one element, and that perhaps the highest within the range of Art, engraving is co-equal with painting. Without drawing to define the boundaries of light, shade, and colour, a picture would be a mere chaos destitute of form or meaning; drawing is the basis of every art, whether the instrument be pencil, brush, or graver. Engraving then should make accuracy of drawing its leading feature, especially as in the absence of colour, the eye is the more exclusively directed to the form. When we think of all the attributes pertaining to form, we shall at once perceive how wide is the range, how expressive the

meaning, of engraving. In their enumeration we should exhaust the best resources of Art, and call into play all the faculties of mind. Michael Angelo, in the grandeur of his line, and the giant proportions of his figures; Raphael in the purity, amenity, and expressive character of his design; the grace and the beauty of Guido and Correggio, and the savage wildness of Salvator Rosa, can be thus brought within the sphere and capability of engraving. But so wide is the scope, so diversified and opposite the character of these masters and their works, that it is scarcely possible that one and the same engraver should be possessed of powers sufficiently extended to do equal justice to them all. In the nature of things, a man if left to his choice will select the master and subject most congenial to his tastes and feelings. He will then labour in a kindred spirit, the mechanism of his art will be imbued with feeling and expression, and as in a skilful translation, the character of the original will be transfused into a new form and different language. Strange, by his lengthened residence in Italy and the devoted zeal with which he executed drawings from the best masters, must have become deeply imbued with Italian thought and manner; so that entering into the creative spirit, the actuating motive of the original work, his engraving was no dead literal transcript, but the vital product of an artist's mind and hand—a poet's translation of a poet's work. The range of Strange's masters and subjects was very great, indeed, nearly exhaustive. We find him engraving Cleopatras after Guido, St. Cecilias after Raphael, Madonnas and Saints of Correggio, Cupids and Venus by Titian, Charles I. after Vandyke, and the Good Shepherd after Murillo. But his versatility and untiring industry did not keep pace with the loftiness and scope of his ambition. During his sojourn in Italy, he made drawings which during his life of unbroken labour he was never able to engrave. The secret indeed of his accomplishing so much was the constant feeling that he was doing so little.

In analysing the essential elements of engraving, we have dwelt on the technicalities and mechanism of lines, then on accuracy of form and drawing, and now, lastly, we shall say a few words respecting the general distribution of light and shade in a picture or engraving. To be impressive or pleasing, it is primarily requisite that a painting or engraving shall have a well managed chiaroscuro. Upon this the mental expression greatly depends. Light, the physical symbol of life, beauty, and truth, wages eternal warfare with darkness, the empire of death, error, and sin. These two conflicting elements in the world within us, and creation without, meet as harmonized discords in the light and shade of a picture. This union of antagonistic powers is, as we have said, a fertile source of pictorial

expression, and makes art, like nature, an animated symbol of mental emotion. The moontide brightness, the stillness of twilight, the thick veil of night, the terror of the storm or the benignity of sunshine, whether seen in nature or transcribed by art, are impressive, because they are expressive of the ages of man, the phases of his being, and the vicissitudes of life. This light and shade, by which nature and the life of man are alike checkered, become in art likewise the chief source of mystery. The confines where clear vision ends and the region of faith begins, the dimness of things distant, and the darkness which ofttimes overcasts things near at hand, belong to the obscure territories of mystery. The shadows thus cast across the field of our knowledge, this transition of the seen into the invisible, are in art more than indicated, they are depicted and foreshadowed by the darkness in which it shrouds things invisible, the twilight by which it in part reveals the distant and unknown. Now all that in painting can be expressed by the magic of chiaroscuro is equally within the power of engraving. All who have seen engravings or etchings of 'The Crucifixion' by Rembrandt, or his 'Raising of Lazarus,' must feel in their ominous light and shade some sense of the mystery of miracle, somewhat of that awe which filled all minds when the veil of the temple was rent asunder. Even in our own time we have all seen the startling creations of Martin, his infinite distances, terrible skies illumined only by lightning, vastness of space bounded by immeasurable depths of darkness, the obscurity in which brood fire, pestilence, and earthquake,—all the supernatural working of a frenzied imagination. But we must pause for a moment, and somewhat divert the current of our thoughts, in order to estimate the special qualities of Strange. His works, too, are celebrated for their light and shade, but not as those of Rembrandt or Martin. He differs from these masters, as the serenity of an evening sky contrasts with the thunder cloud. The works chosen for his graver do not startle by abrupt transitions. Light passes softly into shade, and the individual parts are blended into one general harmony. His plates consequently possess to an eminent degree the quality of tone; they are thus suited to the sobriety and dignity of high art, and they claim attention, less by an alluring and emphatic manner than through their intrinsic merit.

In the concluding chapter of the 'Memoirs,' Mr. Dennistoun makes a careful estimate of the merits of Strange as an engraver. In a comparison with his rival Bartolozzi, the latter is designated as spirited, bold, and dexterous, but rapid and flimsy, and inferior to Strange in 'solid principles and finished practice.' Bartolozzi, from advantages enjoyed in youth, had greater knowledge of drawing, but his works are frequently marred by a pre-

dilection for superficial graces. In continuation of this portion of our subject, we cannot do better than quote the exact words of Mr. Dennistoun :—

'If we extend our comparative estimate to other eminent engravers, beginning with a pupil of Bartolozzi, who connects him with higher names, we may grant to Volpato the advantage of long and constant contact with Raphael's works in his Roman period, and also the judgment which gave to these a marked preference. But though superior to Strange in the selection of his subjects, the latter ceded nothing to him in their treatment. Morghen and Longhi, to whom Volpato's influence successively descended in ameliorated degree, are open to criticism, as devoted rather to the manner than the matter of their work; their exquisite elaboration (cold, perhaps, in the latter—effeminate, it may be, in the former) savours of a technical or academic perfection, and sometimes sacrifices the qualities of the painter to the merits of the engraver. This cannot be said of Strange, who, even in his finest and most successful execution, exhibits no laborious straining.'—Memoirs.

Mr. Dennistoun proceeds to state that Desnoyers stands alone in the conduct of Raphael's best works, and he finds in Müller's Sixtine Madonna a solemnity, and in his St. John from Domenichino a purity, to which Strange never attained. Yet we are told that the success of Sir Robert Strange pervaded all that he undertook; that his aquafortis preparation was carried further than with any other engraver, imparting freedom to his style and great advantage 'in rendering colour.' We are further told that he was perfect master of the graver, and unequalled in the resources of the dry point; that he is often singularly happy in expressing the touch of his original, although with occasional monotony; but at the same time it cannot be denied that his drapery was less perfect than that of those who enjoyed greater academic advantages; and, lastly, that while his strokes possess clearness scarcely ever excelled, his skies are opaque and his backgrounds unpleasantly dazzling; but by general consent it would appear that no one excelled him in the softness and porous texture of flesh, which he rendered without the appearance of effort, labour, or servile adherence to rule.

We are not quite certain whether we have used a wise discretion in perplexing our readers with this elaborate and somewhat conflicting criticism, the intricate refinements of which we would not ourselves presume fully to comprehend. Adroitly to balance technical terms is a species of literary legerdemain, which, from its ingenious dexterity, is entertaining to witness, but it usually ends as a mere brilliant feat without rendering our knowledge more definite or our judgment more discriminative. This is especially the case when the attempt is made to adjudicate in

words before the tribunal of memory upon the merits or defects of the objects of sense. Words can express thoughts, but cannot picture things; hence it is that criticism on the arts is so often vague, loose, and contradictory. A flagrant example is here before us. After the remarks of which we have above given a concise digest, Mr. Charles Le Blanc is called in as witness for the purpose, it would appear, of throwing the previous evidence into confusion. He pronounces the engravings of Strange to be cold, defective in force and feeling, in purity of line, vigour of colour, and mellowed execution. We believe this estimate to be not only false but morbidly affected. It would, perhaps, be presumption to ask of so high an authority, what is meant by an engraving being 'cold;' but we would venture to stigmatize the application of 'vigour of colour' to a work of mere light and shade, as mere critic-cant hazarded on the presumption that it may be received by the public for gifted insight.

We are happy to have it in our power to adduce authorities which reinstate Strange in his foremost rank as an engraver. Walpole says, 'I cannot omit so capital a master as Mr. Strange, lest it should look like the contrary of flattery. When I have named him, I have mentioned the art at its highest period in Great Britain.' Richardson pronounces Strange's prints to be unequalled in harmony of tone, as well as delicacy and softness of flesh-tints. John Thomas Smith says, 'He was unquestionably the best engraver England ever produced. His close attention to the texture of each particular article . . . perhaps no one in any part of the world has ever equalled.' By Leigh Hunt, Strange is designated as 'the greatest engraver, perhaps, this country has seen; that is to say, supposing the merits of an engraver to be in proportion to his relish for and imitation of his originals. Other men may have drawn a finer mechanical line, but none have surpassed Strange in giving the proper diversity of surfaces, or equalled him in transferring to hard copper the roundness and delicacy of flesh.' Mr. Dennistoun would appear to sum up the collective evidence upon the merits of Strange in these words: 'Altogether, he is ranked by the best judges among the first and most pleasing artists of his age.'

But not only is Strange entitled to our admiration as an artist, he equally merits our respe as a man. His was a genius calm and earnest in purpose, assiduou y devoted to the high development of his art; gladly submitting to the drudgery of an arduous profession, not so much as a sacrifice to the necessities of family, as a willing and ardent service i he art he loved. The innate integrity of his mind in the conscientious care with which his works w For the attainment of a noble object he made many In his early career he declined to en-

grave a portrait of the Prince Regent, and thus lost the prospect of Court patronage in order that he might travel in Italy, and devote his life to the execution of great works. For the same high object he refused book illustrations and other commissions, which would have yielded certain and rapid returns. And in the end we find his devotion and self-denial rewarded in honours upon himself, credit to his profession, and benefit to his country. For his talents and labours he was knighted by his sovereign: he raised his art at home to European renown; and in restoring the lost reputation of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Guido, he elevated the tastes and revived the arts of his country. It is consolatory to find that a life so devoted was rich in reward to himself, his family, and the age in which he lived.

The character of Mrs. Strange is too remarkable to pass without notice. Strong sense and shrewdness united with acute worldly wisdom; enlightened views dashed with unbending prejudices; education and self-culture clashing with an ignorance which, in our day, would startle; constitute a character as marked and idiomatic as either fact or fiction can supply. Her letters contain passages, racy and pungent, in which she is as reckless in thought as she is regardless of all grammar and orthography. We will venture on a few extracts, as they are amusing in themselves, and may constitute a not unwelcome episode after more weighty matters. Writing to her brother, Mr. Lumisden, secretary to the ruined dynasty of the Stuarts, she says—

'O had I been of a more useful sex! Had my pen been a sword I had not been here sitting tamely by my fireside, desiring you to do me simple office like this. In those days so many and so long, I have not been altogether idle, for I have made three fine boys, who I hope will do me credit; they'll be recruits when I'm gone; I hope they'll all have Roman spirits in them. I'll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them.'—Memoirs.

In another letter to her brother, she thus claims credit for the education she has bestowed upon her little daughter:—

'Indeed, I must not neglect to tell you that I have taken great care in her education: for example, whenever she hears the word whig mentioned, she grins and makes faces that would frighten a bear; but when I name the prince, she kisses me and looks at her picture.'—Ibid.

Again, in answer to a request from her husband and brother to come to Paris:—

'I told Mr. Bell I hoped neither you nor he would insist on my coming to Paris, as I was too squart a cub for that dissipated, giddy, worthless people; besides, I can speak nothing but broad Scotch, plain truth, and common sense. Such bairns as me makes the best figure at home.'—Ibid.

She speaks of her son as follows:—

'If he appears aquard, say he does so by the positive command of his worthy old mother, who never did or said anything but what she had a good reason for.'—Ibid.

Mrs. Strange is thus well portrayed, in contrast to her husband, by a connexion of the family:—

'His wife and he are the very opposite; for she is all fancy, fire, and flash, yet very steady to the main chance; but he admires her, and is so well amused with her fancies that, when silent, he starts a subject to make her shine.'—Ibid.

Andrew Lumisden, her brother, was of a different stamp, fitted to serve, not to govern: the whole interest of his life consists in that he served the Stuart princes, in their Roman exile, as secretary. His blind attachment to their fallen fortunes might have been praiseworthy, had it not under the circumstances been wholly absurd. The revelations in these volumes serve, if anything further were wanted, to show how utterly unfitted was the Stuart race to govern the people of England. They appear not to have been more cast down in fortune than degraded in character. These volumes contain a melancholy picture. Intriguing with Rome and Romanism, plotting with the discontents in Europe and the enemies of England, the last hopes of these puppet princes were sought in their country's misfortune. Preyed upon by needy followers, whose fortunes had fallen with the cause, a mock royalty starving in penury kept up the hollow pomp and ceremony of a Court. Mr. Lumisden's duties as secretary appear to have been divided between dunning for pensions and stipends unwillingly paid, and satisfying clamorous claimants by courteous letters in lieu of moneyed remittances. Such a state of things could not continue. Even royalty at last dies out, and worshippers desert a faith to which nothing more substantial pertains than a divine right. Mr. Lumisden, we think, fortunately for himself, was 'at length relieved from all further part in a kingly comedy, which had gradually fallen to a lamentable farce.'

These Memoirs, it will be seen, are diversified by variety and contrast of character. Sir Robert Strange furnishes the artistic element, Mrs. Strange the popular and piquant, and Mr. Lumisden takes the literary and historical department. Yet we can scarcely call the work entertaining, or even interesting. It is careful but dry; learned, technical, and wholly free from emotion of any kind. Minute details on obscure points of Scottish history are anxiously rescued from oblivion, and certain Scottish families, which may be on the verge of extinction, will feel deeply indebted to its foot-notes. It is a work in which dead materials are

brought together, wanting the breath which should give them life. There are biographies, like maps, painfully accurate and minute, in which all facts, figures, and names are studiously recorded. There are biographies likewise that are panoramic pictures, in which are life and motion, light and shade,—the objects brought under pictorial treatment, and thrown into their true perspective. But of these volumes we can at least truly say, that there is nothing false in colouring, or repulsive to taste; and we think their author exercised a wise discretion in bringing the materials in his possession before the public.

ART. IV.—*An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.* By the Right Honourable Sir G. Cornewall Lewis. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1855.

IT has been said, that a great book is a great evil; this may be true, yet it is sometimes a great necessity. In our tranquil judgment, all that was really needful in the present volumes might have been equally well said in one-tenth part of the length; yet the world in general would not so have judged. When a man of genius and learning writes a huge book, full of erroneous and delusive theories, which can be sufficiently confuted in a mere pamphlet, the prejudices of men will not accept such a confutation, but insist on a bulky work as the reply. The literary duel must be fought out with equal weapons on both sides. Had Sir G. C. Lewis put the substance of these 1100 pages into 100, Niebuhr, if still alive, would probably have thought it enough to reply, that the writer was a 'superficial blockhead;' and the public would argue,—'Niebuhr must no doubt be right, for he is a man of genius; his opponent probably cannot appreciate him,—and at any rate he has shown no learning which can compete with Niebuhr's wonderful erudition.' But when a great work, like the present, appears, filled with marks of diligent research, with elaborate notes and exhaustive text,—then the manes of Niebuhr receive sufficient honour by encountering such a champion. Even to be overcome in the encounter is not inglorious. Besides, it is not worth a bookseller's while to press the purchase of a mere pamphlet. Such an article is apt to drop still-born. Even if it have a great run, the author is well off if he does but lose a few pounds. On the contrary, two respectable-sized volumes may bring pecuniary reward alike to the zealous bookseller and to the

meritorious author; and at the same time, such a book *mole suâ stat*. It obtains its deserved place on the shelves of public libraries, and becomes a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ as a witness to truth. So important is it to have material as well as spiritual weight!

Those considerations nearly reconcile us to the elaborate and intrinsically tedious nature of the volumes before us, which do not appear to deserve the charge anticipated in the introduction of being 'either presumptuous or superfluous.' In our youth, we waded through the distressingly difficult volumes of Niebuhr, with a constant sense of discouragement and perplexity at being unable to appreciate his arguments. This we dutifully ascribed to our own ignorance. To our extreme surprise, we found him magisterially passing sentence on the works of authors which have perished, describing their excellences or defects, sometimes with severe remarks, and displaying a most marvellous acquaintance with the sources from which this or that piece of information was gathered by an extant author. One who finds himself unable to follow Niebuhr's reasonings intelligently, is still apt to fancy it is useful and necessary elaborately to digest all his results. When Dr. Arnold came out so strong in allegiance to the surpassing discernment of Niebuhr, a new load was added to the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, which, though it could not wholly hinder a student from thinking for himself, has forced many a one to let out only in whisper and in hesitation his grave distrusts. For fifteen years at least, no man could bluntly express disbelief of Niebuhr without ruining his own credit, except indeed a few eminent persons, who all along were, on occasions, frank and outspoken. In the retrospect, we cannot but think that a serious disservice has been done to students by forcing upon them the painful and difficult process of 'getting up' Niebuhr's volumes, while an ever-increasing chorus of scholars proclaims that Niebuhr undertook an *impossible* problem—viz., positively to reconstruct a lost history; and that he has done it, not merely arbitrarily, but by methods, to adopt which is an elaborate practice in the art of bad reasoning.

In writing this, we do not intend to express agreement with the practical conclusions of Sir G. C. Lewis, concerning which we have many words; nor do we intend to say that Niebuhr's works have not, *on the whole*, advanced ancient history. We sincerely judge that they have; but we believe their benefit has been entirely for historians and professors, not for young students, to whom we are disposed to regard his writings concerning the early age of Rome as rather pernicious. But Niebuhr was a man of great imagination, great memory, great power of combination. He threw his heart into his subject with passion,—as indeed did Mitford; but with far more learning than Mitford.

The effect produced by his living voice was much greater than that of his writings, as is manifest in the zeal and love of his immediate pupils. Germany had already reared scholars, who were not, like the Italian antiquaries, mere children of vast memories and fine taste, but men who inquired freely, and who asked not only what did ancient writers assert? but also, how much of it was true? But none of them had such passionateness as Niebuhr, or so intense a belief that truth was attainable; and though his immediate attainment was only a phantom, and his resentment against those who did not bow to his idol an unseemly bigotry, yet this passionateness, joined to his vast learning, had a kindling and electric effect. He did not communicate any great *results* to his pupils (one or two perhaps may be rescued from Sir G. C. Lewis and Rubino), nor any new *method* which can be for a moment approved; but he did communicate to those of them who dedicated their lives to literature his own insatiable thirst for knowledge, and much of his aptitude for combination, and a most ambitious grasp of every subject. His influence has reached far beyond the limits of Roman antiquity. In fact, he was by no means the first to discern the uncertainty of the early Roman history. Perizonius, De Pouilly and Beaufort had elaborately maintained this, and had rejected many narratives as incredible. Niebuhr, however, treated the modest *uncertainty* in which they were satisfied to abide, as a superficial scepticism, and assumed for himself the problem of re-constructing the history, while fully aware that he had often no better source than his own conjectures. Sir G. C. Lewis writes concerning this as follows:—

'There is no doubt that long habit, combined with a happy talent, may enable a person to discern the truth, where it is invisible to ordinary minds possessing no peculiar advantages. This may be observed, not only in historical researches, but in every other department of knowledge. In order, however, that the truth so perceived should recommend itself to the convictions of others, it is a necessary condition that it should admit of proof which they can understand. Newton might have perceived by a rapid and intuitive sagacity the connexion between the fall of an apple and the attraction of the earth to the sun; but unless he could have demonstrated that connexion by arguments which were intelligible and satisfactory to the scientific world, his discovery would have been useless, except as a mere suggestion. In like manner we may rejoice that the ingenuity and learning of Niebuhr should have enabled him to advance many novel hypotheses and conjectures respecting events in the early history, and respecting the form of the early constitution of Rome. But unless he can support those hypotheses by sufficient evidence, they are not entitled to our belief. It is not enough for a historian to claim the possession of a retrospective second-sight, which is denied to the rest of the world;

of a mysterious doctrine, revealed only to the initiated. Unless he can prove, as well as guess; unless he can produce evidence of the fact, after he has intuitively perceived its existence, his historical system cannot be received.'—Vol. i. p. 14.

In our article on the 'Life and Letters of Niebuhr' ('Eclectic Review,' June, 1852, p. 665), we ourselves briefly noticed this very point, entirely agreeing with Sir G. C. Lewis. We said:—'To go into details is impossible; but we may and must say, that Niebuhr totally mistook the duties of a historian. He supposed it was his place to dogmatize, and *make no attempts to convince the understanding of his reader*, and, if any one made objections, reply that he is an ignorant blockhead and evidently incompetent to judge.' It is indeed peculiarly difficult for a reader of Niebuhr to find out what part of his assertions needs, and what does not need, proof; for he quietly narrates his own theory as if it were attested by some ancient authority, and alleges that we have the 'express testimony' of Dionysius, or some one else, when nobody but himself can find anything of the sort in the passage to which his foot-note refers. He also talks so familiarly about what the ancient annalists recorded, that the reader little suspects that their very existence is a doubtful hypothesis of Niebuhr's own. Sir G. C. Lewis is fully justified in protesting here against adopting hypothesis as fact; nevertheless, we think the doctrine by which he tries to establish pure unhypothetical history must annihilate all history whatsoever. In fact, our difficulty in reviewing the work consists in this, that the reader will not easily believe our representations concerning Sir George to be correct.

That there was no attempt among the Romans at *a continuous history* before Fabius Pictor, a contemporary of Hannibal, is universally admitted. Sir George quotes Livy and two passages of Dionysius in proof, and lays stress on the latter (vol. i. pp. 37, 81, 196) as of firstrate importance, and as totally disproving Niebuhr's belief in the existence of family memoirs, annals, and chronicles. To us they appear to have no such tendency. Fabius was the first systematic historian,—*παλαιότατος τῶν τὰ Ῥωμαϊκὰ συνταξαμένων*: how does this prove him to be the first who noted down contemporary occurrences? Such a phrase as 'a man who *compiled* the Roman affairs,' never could be used of one who merely committed to writing notices of passing events, or of his own life. Yet Sir George actually brings these passages (vol. i. p. 196) as sufficient disproof of Niebuhr's belief, and speaks of him as *setting them aside on mere conjecture*. Niebuhr may be right or wrong in his belief of such memorials; but such belief is no more inconsistent with Fabius' being the oldest compiler of Roman history than Sir George's own belief; for Sir

George makes concessions quite surprising. He employs the bulk of his treatise, from chapters vii. to xiii. inclusive, to prove his case; and deduces (vol. ii. p. 488), that 'the extant narrative, for the first 472 years, *was not originally framed by contemporary historians*,'. . . . which the reader will fancy to mean, *was not originally noted down by a series of contemporary chroniclers*; inasmuch as no historian can live through five centuries, and be contemporary with them all: hence it is difficult to see what else can be meant than the absence of all written contemporary memorials; yet he continues thus:—'but was derived by writers posterior to the events related, though prior to the extant historians, partly from oral traditions, and *partly from written documentary sources, the nature of which is imperfectly reported.*' There is a comprehensive phrase! The extant narrative of nearly five centuries was derived (it seems) by Fabius and Cincius, partly from oral traditions, and *partly from written documentary sources*, about which Sir George does not know much; not whether they were not all contemporary with the events, as we certainly know some to have been. But if there were contemporary documents, what else is the man who wrote them but a contemporary chronicler, annalist, or historian? Evidently in so far as the after history was based on these documents, it is as authentic as any history in the world. The documents may have been few, and in consequence the true history discontinuous and fragmentary; but (except by misinterpretation) not less true and less certain on that account. And this appears to us to be Sir George's pervading fallacy; he treats a fragmentary history as essentially fabulous. If he reply, that oral tradition has mingled fable with truth, and that as we have not the original documents, we can no longer disentangle the truth, we admit the difficulty; but it is not confined to the early history: it infects all history; and *it is the duty of criticism to attempt the separation.* Are we to forget that the exploits of the two Scipios in Spain, in Livy's Hannibalic War, have been discredited since Sir Walter Raleigh's criticism? that Thirlwall, and other very eminent modern Greek historians, reject the Peace of Cimon? that Gibbon has rejected the stupendous Persian victory of Alexander Severus? Oral tradition is liable to err; but so is that which we call history, and which at first sight seems well attested. As to the Roman written documents, Sir G. C. Lewis admits (as everybody must admit) that alphabetical writing was known and was used from the time of the kings,—that international treaties were in the earliest times carved in brass, and came down to later ages,—that Fabius found a continuous list of annual magistrates, more or less complete and authentic, ascending to the commencement of the

consular government,—that from the burning of the city there was extant a series of meagre official annals, kept by the chief pontiffs,—that many texts of laws, including the Laws of the Twelve Tables, were preserved, together with notes of ancient usages and rules of customary law, both civil and religious, recorded in the books of the pontiffs; (to which indeed Dionysius, says he refers as containing *ancient stories* also; Dionys. i. 73: G. C. L. vol. i. p. 89): finally, what is perhaps of great importance, though slightly passed over, he admits that the decrees of the senate were from the very beginning written and carefully kept, and (when it was found that the officers garbled them, in order to cheat the people) they were, from after the Decemvirate, deposited in the temple of Ceres, under custody of the plebeian ædiles. Sir George acknowledges that Livy mentions a written record of a decree of the senate, 442 B.C. (vol. i. p. 142); which was fifty-five years before the Gaulish conflagration. At any rate, after the burning of the city, damp and worms were the chief causes of destruction to the decrees of the senate.

To us it appears that these concessions lead to Beaufort's position as the just one; nor does Sir George's reference to Greek history, which occupies his last chapter (69 pages) seem to prove anything else. His conclusion is (vol. ii. p. 551), that 'a *connected account* of the affairs of the principal Greek states begins about a century before the birth of Herodotus; and that a *continuous narrative*' begins from the subjection of the Ionian Greeks to Lydia. Ascending higher, we have first uncertainty, confusion, and at last nearly total darkness. True: but what is this to the purpose? First, a connected account is not identical with a true account; for, as we have said, a fragmentary history, based on contemporary monuments, may be true (seriously, we cannot find whether Sir George consciously means to deny this); next, it is not pretended that the Greek traditions, which plunge us into uncertainty, confusion, and darkness rested on carved monuments and official registers like those of Rome. The entire chapter seems to us gratuitous and misplaced. He has just told us that at Rome there *were* such monuments and registers, only he does not know whether and when and how far they were used; hence he treats it as mere hypothesis (p. 491) to suppose that Fabius learned of the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud from oral tradition, and 'in reducing it to writing *was assisted by some documentary materials* which served to fix the outlines of the transaction.'

We may shortly state his position in the following words:—I admit that there were numerous early written memorials at Rome,— how many I know not; I admit that the memory of a past time is not necessarily lost, *if* 'oral tradition be fixed and

assisted by official record, private documents,' &c. (vol. ii. p. 492.) I cannot deny that Fabius *may* have rested this or that account on some memorial coeval with the event, but I can never *know* that he did: I have nothing but internal evidence (which is mere conjecture and hypothesis) to help me to guess when he did and when he did not; hence I have no materials for a solid judgment; I conclude that all is uncertain, that all criticism is vain, and no more books should be written. We must give his actual words:—

'All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will in general be wasted. The history of this period, viewed as a series of picturesque narratives, *will be read to the greatest advantage in the original writers, and will be deteriorated by reproduction in a modern dress.* If we regard a historical painting merely as a work of art, the accounts of the ancients can only suffer from being retouched by the pencil of the modern restorer. On the other hand, all attempts to reduce them to a *purely historical* form, by *conjectural omissions*, additions, alterations, transpositions, must be nugatory. The workers on this historical treadmill may continue to grind the air, but they will never produce any valuable result.'—Vol. ii. p. 556.

This is rather cruel of Sir George. He writes a work of 1100 stout pages on the early Roman history, and then implores other people to write no more on the subject. It a little reminds us of Queen Clytæmnestra, who, as Æschylus tells, hewed down her husband with an axe, and then piously prayed that the house might in future be free from intestine murders. Did Sir George not foresee, that as murder produces murder, so a big book of controversy produces another big book? Well! but we accede to his doctrine, that by no conjectural omissions can we reduce the earliest Roman story to a *purely historical* form, if this mean that in no case can we arrive at certain truth. Only (we must retort) that is no reason why we should not make (what he calls) 'conjectural omissions.' May we not omit the miracles which presaged the future greatness of Servius Tullius? Is it 'an arbitrary hypothesis' that these miracles are credulous inventions? We think he will grant to us, that they *certainly* are not true; but he will not say, it is *as* certainly untrue that Servius instituted the comitia of the centuries, and divided Rome into four tribes or parishes. We think then he has no right to lay down so strongly that internal evidence is no ground for rejecting one part of a tale positively, and retaining another part, retaining it, not as certain, but as probable.

If we rightly understand Sir George's canon, it would lead us to results far beyond those which he seems to contemplate. It is not the habit of the ancients to inform us systematically of their sources. They had no foot-notes and references. How

seldom does even Tacitus tell us whence he learnt this or that! how seldom Plutarch or Dionysius, who means to be most scientific! If we know that a man has *no* sources of information, we of course reject his evidence as a whole; but if we know that he had *many* sources, we do not reject his statements barely because he does not tell us on each occasion what he learned from what. Most witnesses mix up their own hypotheses and inferences with dry fact, and leave us without external means of discriminating; yet many of such witnesses are highly useful, if *due criticism be used.* Sir George appears to us to be making, unawares, a protest against ALL discriminating criticism.

Nor can we concede to him that the narrative ought to be read in the original writers; in fact, we should draw precisely the opposite conclusion from the doctrines which he presents to us. First indeed we might ask—Is no one to read the tale of early Rome who cannot read it in Latin and Greek? Are there to be no cultivated persons, male or female, in England, who do not find it expedient to study these difficult languages? But, dropping this topic, why may we not rather argue as follows?—'*All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will in general be wasted.* It is THEREFORE highly inexpedient for the young student to devote his valuable hours to read ten long books of Livy, and the eleven extant books of Dionysius, to say nothing of Diodorus and of certain lives in Plutarch, and the fragments of Appian and Dion Cassius. It is the part of the judicious modern historian to shorten this vast mass of writing into a very narrow compass, proportioned to its slight value. The ancients, who believed all of this to be genuine history, did not grudge elaborate study; but we who cannot so accept it, must naturally decline to wade through lengthy narratives, many of which are undoubtedly fictitious.'

And here we have to speak of the distinction drawn by so many writers, and particularly insisted on by Rubino, between the constitutional history of Rome and the narratives of wars and adventures of celebrated persons. The former is maintained by Rubino to have a far higher degree of credibility than the latter. The laws and treaties were in great measure consigned to writing at a very early period; and even where they were handed down by a merely oral doctrine, were connected with permanent institutions—were kept alive by the proceedings of the senate, the courts of justice, and the popular assembly, and were carefully passed on by statesmen and priests to their successors. The latter, on the other hand, were for a long time left to the exclusive keeping of popular tradition; and from their nature were exposed to the embellishments of fancy, and to the

distortions of national and family pride. Hence the reasons which prove that the later Romans were destitute of an accurate knowledge of the events and circumstances of their early ages, apply almost exclusively to the historical class of traditions, not to those concerning the constitution. Such is Rubino's argument. Sir G. C. Lewis, who is in antagonism, not to Niebuhr only, but also to those who have headed reaction against Niebuhr, differs so vehemently from this, as to avow precisely the opposite judgment. We acknowledge the clearness and force of his argument, though we think it admits of adequate reply:

'No such broad line can be drawn between the history of a constitution and historical events, as this distinction appears to assume. Unless we are more or less informed respecting the events of the history of any country, we cannot follow the progress of its constitution. For example, if we take England during the seventeenth century, we cannot treat its constitutional changes *in vacuo*, and as abstracted from all public transactions and occurrences. The constitutional history of England during that period cannot be understood, unless we are informed as to the nature of the struggle between Charles and the Parliament; the characters of the leaders of the contending parties; the grounds of the civil war and the manner of its outbreak; its progress and final issue; the king's execution; the Protectorate; and, lastly, the restoratron of kingly government under Charles II. . . . . Without knowing the events and facts, we cannot know that constitutional forms retain the same meaning. The forms of a government may be preserved intact, while its essence and operation have undergone a radical change. They may become a mere mask, behind which the real face is concealed. Among a people like the Romans, who attached great importance to legal forms and to the connexion of religion with the state, it was peculiarly likely that constitutional changes, demanded by the altered state of society, and by the increased power of new classes of the community, should be effected with little apparent departure from ancient usage. A constitutional history, written without a knowledge of events and actions and of the forces silently operating through society, might represent Augustus Cæsar as the mere annual magistrate of a free commonwealth, or might suppose that the relations of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria to their respective parliaments were identical.'—Vol. i. p. 126.

We accept the challenge here held out. Let it be supposed that the history of the Emperor Augustus were lost, except a few decrees of the senate and people, in which we read such honours as the following: 1. That Caius Cæsar Octavianus shall receive the titles of Augustus and Chief of the Senate and Imperator, with power to assemble the Senate though he hold no magistracy, and a right to lay five propositions before the Senate in priority to the annual consuls. 2. That Cæsar shall possess for his life the power of Censor, of Tribune of the Plebs, and of

Chief Pontiff. 3. That the provinces be divided into Senatorial and Imperatorial; and that Cæsar as Imperator shall appoint his lieutenants to the command of the armies in the Imperatorial provinces; and shall hold this power for the next ten years. —Three such documents fill but a few lines, and might survive on a tablet of brass in an age which had no paper or linen books, and which could not write a *history* of Augustus. Surely Sir G. C. Lewis must admit to us, that such dry decrees would at once suffice to prove that Rome had undergone a total revolution and that Augustus was a military despot, although retaining the old republican titles. Nor only so; but we say the imagination of man would so stimulate memory, and the short written documents would so bridle imagination, that oral tradition, in a nation without literary habits, might faithfully retain, for many ages (in fact, so long as the habits and ranks of society, and the old hereditary families survived), a pretty accurate outline of the Cæsarean revolution. All the same applies to Charles I. or to Tarquin. If no documents had survived concerning the English War of the Parliament, except the Petition of Right, and the Warrant for Beheading Charles Stuart, it appears to us certain that these would have sufficed to retain a generally correct oral tradition of the nature, progress, and issue of that great quarrel, in any or all of the great noble families of England, for two, three, four or more centuries. And in this method we cannot doubt the outlines of the early Roman history were retained. During the republic, an approximately correct chronology was kept up in the list of the consuls. The chronology of the regal period is an invention of theory, and the number of kings (in our opinion) wholly uncertain. The history tells of those only, each of whom happens to have had his name attached to some monument, or (in the case of Romulus and Numa, if these are real) by its being typical of a race and dynasty. Sir G. C. Lewis seems to us to misrepresent Rubino as thinking constitutional history can ever be *wholly* disentangled from public events. He says justly that we need to know "more or less" of public events to interpret the constitutional facts. "More or less" means the broad outlines of the national life; and this is just what we actually have, and what Sir George acknowledges *may* have been retained by monuments and by tradition conjoined. It is never to be forgotten, as regards such broad facts as the distress of the people from debts, the call for agrarian laws, invasions of Æqui and Volsci, &c. . . . . that we do not, after all, *know* that the statements were *not* registered by a contemporaneous writer. Sir George says, we cannot prove that they were: we reply, he cannot prove that they were not.

Sir G. C. Lewis is a learned man, and we cannot presume to

think that any of our topics can be otherwise than familiar to him; in fact, he states with much energy and clearness the mutual action of oral tradition and of documentary memorials; but as it may not be familiar to the reader, it may be usefully here a little enlarged upon. To fix attention, we will select a single case. In Dionysius (iv. 26) we read as follows:—'From the moneys contributed by all the Latin cities, Servius built the Temple of Diana on the Aventine, and wrote out the terms of the treaty between them all, and made enactment concerning the feast and the common celebration. And that no time might obliterate them, he set up a brazen pillar, and carved on it the decree of the congress, and the names of all the cities that took part in it. This pillar *remained till my time* in the Temple of Diana, having characters in such Greek letters as ancient Greece used.'

Let us imagine what a contemporary of even Dionysius, and of course all earlier ages, was able to read. It must have been something considerably longer than the following, though antiquity did not indulge in protocols and lawyerlike verbosity:—'Servius Tullius, King of Rome, offers on the part of all the Romans alliance with all the cities of the Latins; to count the same as friend or as enemy, and to have good and faithful commerce everywhere between Romans and Latins, and redress by law for injuries. The Latins accept the alliance. The names of their cities are herewith inscribed. To commemorate the treaty, the Romans and the Latins have at joint expense built this temple to Queen Diana.'

A short *text*, such as this, would be commented on by oral tradition; and it affords various fixed points to fasten tradition down, and bridle its flightiness and its tendency to gradual change, growth, and perversion. It yields a small number of positive facts, which are as trustworthy to the hundredth generation as to the second. Such are—1. That there was a king of Rome named Servius Tullius; 2. That Rome under him dealt in public treaty as on a par with the Latin cities collectively; 3. In fact, the Latins yielded primacy to Rome, in agreeing that the temple be built at Rome, and the inscription set up there; 4. The treaty virtually united Rome and Latium into a single military power; 5. It made Rome the centre and head of that power, since no single city of the Latins could compete with her, when she competed with them collectively.—Surely we need not press how the memory of the character and events of Servius's reign must have been stimulated by the existence of such a document. We will not venture on any general doctrine, that the human memory is more tenacious in countries which make little use of writing; for we think this depends upon *motive*

and developed tendencies. But we know that the ancient Romans were intensely attached to precedent; and they are the first people known to us who had family surnames and a hereditary policy in families; which strongly suggests a careful constitutional and historical teaching from father to son.

'A nation which held so strictly to legal and constitutional precedent in the administration of public affairs, and to an established course of practice, must have possessed an accredited, if not an authentic and true tradition respecting its past transactions; respecting its former successes, dangers, and reverses; respecting its great men and their great deeds; respecting the origins of the political forms, the military regulations, and the religious institutes round which their patriotic feelings clustered, and which, in their belief, were the sources of their power and greatness. The leading families of the state, in whom the high and important offices, civil and religious, were almost hereditary, who furnished a succession of consuls, prætors, censors, quæstors, and pontiffs to the Roman people, and who successively contributed members to the dignified Roman Senate, were doubtless the depositaries of a traditionary belief respecting the past ages of the city.'—Ib. p. 83.

Thus the historical consciousness was not merely born; it was active and eager. The Roman nobility lived *in* and *for* their polity; the knowledge of the past was with them the foundation of morals, the source of power, the means and strength of administration. Law and morals were alike historical; and can we doubt that historical teaching was cultivated and historical monuments valued? After books of continuous history had been produced, these were read, and the brazen pillars and linen books were comparatively neglected; but before systematic books were written, Sir George, we think, will allow, that young men who aspired to become senators, would necessarily read all public documents of antiquity, including decrees of the senate, and glean up oral comments upon them. 'Who was this Servius?' would each young Roman, after reading the treaty with the Latins, ask his father. 'He was the last good King of Rome; a Latin by birth, and highly acceptable to the Latins; he it was who established the now existing parliaments, though they were temporarily destroyed by the usurper and tyrant who murdered him.' If this reply was true, surely it is one which oral tradition (aided by the treaty) was competent to preserve, not for two generations only, but for as long time as there was no social revolution and breach of continuity in Rome itself.

But let it further be remembered, that while even one such monument as this of Servius would greatly aid tradition, it would hardly be the only one, and we know it was not. Sir G. C. Lewis admits that the treaty of Tarquin the Proud with

the Gabii, and of the same with the Sabines, existed till the days of Horace. Every such additional document, *where the historical effort has developed itself*, is of ever increasing importance in fastening down tradition; just as two fixed points give to a body more than double the fixity of one fixed point, and three fixed points make a mechanism actually immoveable. Documents which are neglected, of course go for nothing; but in patrician Rome, no important document of antiquity could be *neglected*, though it was sometimes purposely *falsified*, to damage the plebeian order. Thus even allowing to Sir G. C. Lewis that there were no written family memorials, biographies, partial chronicles, other than the pontiff's books; allowing further (though we hold this most unreasonable) that *all the decrees of the senate* had perished before the days of Fabius; still, oral tradition, based on public monuments, was by no means a despicable source of knowledge.

Sir George knows all these topics as well as we do; he himself furnishes both facts and arguments, and then draws precisely the opposite conclusions from us.

'It is impossible to say we have been able to discover any solid or stable foundation for the history. . . . . The narrative is principally composed of events which we can trace to no *determinate* source. We can scarcely *place our finger on any fact*, and affirm with reasonable confidence that it was taken from the Annales Maximi of *such a year*, that it was derived from the memoirs of *such a family*, or from the funeral orations of *such a man*, that it was founded on *such a ballad* or poem, or on an oral tradition preserved in *such a district*, in *such a college* of priests, in *such a line* of public officers, or in *such a family* or *gens*. *If*, therefore, we require that a historical account *should rest on the testimony of known and assignable witnesses, whose credibility can be scrutinized and judged*, we shall find ourselves compelled to WITHHOLD OUR BELIEF from the history of Rome, down to the landing of Pyrrhus in Italy.'—Ib. pp. 264, 265.

We have at last, after long floundering through these volumes, got our eye fixed on the sentence which sharply marks the point on which we and Sir George part company. '*If we require*,'—he says: but we do not require it. We cannot require it, without rejecting contemporary narrative; for instance, without rejecting the accounts in Thucydides, or in Tacitus, who are esteemed the most anxiously correct historians of antiquity. We open Thucydides at random, in order to test a passage by Sir George's canon. We read:—'The Bœotians instantly sent for darters and slingers from the Melian Bay; and since, after the battle, 2000 heavy armed Corinthians, &c., came to help them; they marched against Delium, and attacked the fortifications,' &c.

Hereupon we ask. Was Thucydides in person at Delium at that time? He does not say so, and if any modern suspects that he was, it is an *unsupported hypothesis*, in our opinion improbable. Who then told Thucydides of the facts? Is the witness *known and assignable?* Produce him, that we may *scrutinize and judge of his credibility.* May he not have been a liar? &c. But you cannot produce him. You cannot *lay your finger* on any single incident in the siege, and say, Thucydides learned it from *such* a general, from *such* a spy, from *such* a deserter, from *such* a sailor, from the note-book of *such* a foot traveller, of *such* a merchant, &c.

Sir George of course will reply, that we must *assume* Thucydides to have used his means of information diligently and wisely, although he does not tell us distinctly *who* were his informants on each separate occasion; that human witnesses are not immortal, and could not be produced, so as to enable us to judge of their credibility; that it suffices for us to know *in general* that Thucydides *had* means of knowledge, and to presume that he was willing and able to avail himself of those means; that we are free to criticize his works, to judge of his capacity, but must not claim to rehear his witnesses;—a claim which obviously overthrows all history. This is true: but it is Sir George's own canon which enacts the overthrow.

No contemporary author of antiquity gave his authorities in detail; and we are always satisfied to accept them in the lump. But do therefore no errors arise? Are all narratives of contemporaries equally trustworthy? Surely we discriminate one narrator from another, testing their trustworthiness in various ways, by external or by internal evidence. All the same applies to narratives of earlier events. Lapse of time is not the sole difficulty in the way of ascertaining truth, nor are the safeguards against error different in principle whether time or space be our difficulty. A speech printed in a newspaper, and attributed to an English minister in Parliament, is unhesitatingly believed at the ends of the earth, though the reporter, the press, the very name of the journal, happen to be unknown. The same speech, if attributed to the same man in the Privy Council, will be disbelieved, *until* it be shown how the reporter got access, and other accessory proof be given. Just so Sir G. C. Lewis disbelieves speeches recorded by Livy (or Fabius) in the Carthaginian senate, though Fabius was a contemporary. We thus see clearly that the main condition for credibility of *details* lies in a *general* belief that sources of knowledge are open to reporters. Without this, we not only do not give credence (as, to a history of affairs in the moon), but we do not even criticize. Sir George remains in this same posture, unless, farther, we know

what particular original witness guaranteed each particular statement. *How*, for instance, did Fabius know that Tarquin the Proud did not die on the throne of Rome? In what particular family was there an oral tradition to this effect? On what particular written memorial was this grounded? Was it positively asserted in some decree of the senate which Fabius had read? We cannot answer: we *know* absolutely nothing: there is therefore nothing even to criticize, says Sir George. This, we avow, annihilates all history whatever. We maintain, that where intelligible sources of truth are conceded to have been open, a narrative is *primâ facie* admissible for criticism, and may in the result be firmly believed, even if we can in no one instance lay our finger on a fact, and state on what particular information it was first recorded.

Every student of the early Roman history feels a strong conviction that it is a real world, not a fiction, with which he is dealing. To have *invented* such a history, would have been an achievement of first-rate genius. To use Sir George's own phrase, the inventor must have been a 'Roman Defoe,' endowed with a perversely applied faculty, aiming to overthrow precedent, law, tradition, everything in which a Roman nature prided itself, by obtruding on his countrymen ingenious fiction. In vol. ii. p. 444, speaking of the controversy between the dictator Papirius and Fabius his lieutenant, Sir George writes: 'The whole of this remarkable transaction is narrated by Livy in great detail. It contains nothing improbable, and it is highly characteristic of the Roman notions respecting the maintenance of military discipline; but as it *could not* have been recorded by any contemporary historian' [annalist? chronicler? memorialist?] 'we are at a loss to know from what authentic source Livy could have derived his circumstantial account.' *Could not!* This is rather strong, when all that he has a right to say is,—We have not been informed from *what* contemporary writing it was derived. Perhaps Niebuhr might reverse the argument by saying: 'So circumstantial an account obviously *must* have come from an old annalist contemporaneous to the event.' But neither would we justify that inference. A continuous narrative, impressing the imagination and illustrative of Roman discipline, may well have been traditional, and amplified in later times. A far stronger argument for Niebuhr in proof of 'memoirs' is based on the petty isolated facts which we often meet in the pages of Livy, exactly such as are chronicled in an almanac, but such as no rhetorical historian invents, and no enthusiast could believe himself inspired to state. Niebuhr is wrong in *resting* anything at all on his hypothetical annalists; but the more we think of Sir George's decisive *disproof* of their existence, the more it surprises us,

from one who lays down positively that Dionysius was aiming at truth. This historian complains (i. 6) that Fabius and Cincius, who 'wrote accurately the events at which they were present, ran summarily over the ancient events;' which is Dionysius's reason for giving those ancient events at great length. Yet Sir George (vol i. pp. 37, 81, 196) produces the passage as proof positive that Dionysius knew of no written sources for history earlier than Fabius. Hence Dionysius is made to say: 'Since Fabius has written in so meagre a style, and *I have no other materials than the work of Fabius*, I propose to narrate the history in full.' Surely, Niebuhr may reply; the truer view of Dionysius's argument is: 'Since Fabius, hurrying to his own times, *has neglected to use many written documents which still exist*, I intend *to avail myself of these* to fill out the history.' This would be the right interpretation, if Dionysius were Hallam. But we do not think he understood what are the conditions of truth: we believe rhetoric to have been his chief aim, and that, like Niebuhr, he trusted his own insight to reconstruct in fulness a history preserved only in outline. To us the passages in Dionysius seem to be wholly neutral, neither proving nor disproving Niebuhr's 'annalists.'

If we know a tale to have been worked up out of a poem, the rule is absurd which directs to drop whatever is marvellous and believe all the rest. The residue thus obtained has no more *primâ facie* title to be accepted as history, than the marvels which we have dropped. But when a tale has been made up like that of early Rome, by a studious effort to recover the past, even if from mere traditional explanations, orally transmitted, of treaties and monuments, *it is, à priori, probable* that there will be some truth in it. Hence, when that part which ministers to national or patrician arrogance or to the love of the marvellous is dropped, it is not unreasonable to esteem the residue,—not indeed as ascertained truth, but as an approach to truth, which is to be received until disproved. We have tried to find a point of reconciliation with Sir George in a rigid interpretation of the word *history*. He wants to get rid of *hypothesis*. He is sarcastic against the word *perhaps*. He aims at actual certainty. But he will never get it thus. Every human utterance which intends to state fact is blended with inference: the very judgments of sense are full of inference. Speculation and hypothesis domineer in the reports of the most simple-minded. The word *perhaps* honestly warns the reader not to mistake a speculation for a fact; and after all, to know that a speculation *is* a speculation secures that it shall not deceive, even if it be erroneous. Nothing could be more unendurably slavish than to *commit to memory* the old Roman tales without believing them, and with-

out speculating how much of them is credible; without venturing on 'conjectural omissions' or 'hypothetical reconciliations.' To set young people to such work, would be ingenious torment. Much better were it to burn all the books at once. We do not read them as beautiful poems; but first, because the Romans believed them, and we are thus aided in understanding their minds; next, because we think that they contain *some* historical truth. 'How much?' is of course more or less hypothetical, whether Sir George likes it or not. Nor only so; but the memory refuses to retain a load of wholly isolated events. We must be allowed to string them together by some hypothesis; and this, however unproved, we say is harmless, so long as its nature is distinctly remembered.

But Sir George forbids our revising the moral judgments of antiquity! Here again, we think his reaction against Niebuhr and the whole modern school to be extravagant. Livy tells us that a Roman knight, Spurius Mælius, hoping to become elected to the consulship, distributed corn freely to the people in time of dearth. The aristocracy took the alarm, and appointed a dictator to control him. The dictator sent his master-of-the-horse, Servilius, to command Mælius to come before him. Mælius, not relishing martial law, refused, and invoked the judgment of the people; whereupon Servilius killed him on the spot, and the dictator justified the deed. Since it was not pretended that there was any difficulty in arresting Mælius and bringing him to trial, if he was engaged in a conspiracy to make himself tyrant, the moderns regard this imputation as an after-invention of the patricians to justify an atrocious murder; especially since the imputation is intrinsically improbable, and is almost stultified by Livy's addition that the tribunes were in the plot. Yet, because all the ancient writers uniformly treat Servilius as a patriot, Mælius as a criminal, Sir George C. Lewis tells us that we must not think of reversing their decision in the deficiency of our information. Nay, but the facts, *as deposed by them*, show their judgment to have been perverted, here, as so often beside, by unjust patrician sympathies.

But while we resist what appears to us an extravagant prohibition on the part of Sir George, we here also see the extreme in Niebuhr, and indeed in Arnold, from which he is justly receding—viz., the omniscience with which they seem to decide concerning the moral characters in that early era, and the passionate censure in which the former indulges. When we consider how hard it is to learn certainly the character and motives of living statesmen in our own country, the accurate acquaintance of Niebuhr with early Romans seems to us to border on the ridiculous. Sir George, indeed, appears to laugh in his sleeve at Niebuhr's

knowledge where this and that ancient historian had gained his information. We also commend the following sensible remarks to the reader's attention :—

'With respect to the indifference about remote antiquity which Niebuhr attributes to Polybius, it may have arisen from a belief that all labour in investigating it will be lost; and it is certain that if he had attempted to penetrate the obscurity which enveloped the primitive history of the Italian nations, his endeavour would have been fruitless. The history had not been written, and the traditionary memory was long since extinct. This censure of Polybius for not informing himself about the history of a period for which no authentic materials existed, may be compared with a similar censure cast on him by Dr. Arnold for his ignorance of geography [the geography of the Alps]: the fact being, that geography had, in the time of Polybius, been very little cultivated; that there were no accurate maps or geographical treatises; and that no means existed of acquiring an accurate idea of the geography of any country. It was, therefore, just as impossible to Polybius to be a good geographer as to be a good astronomer or a good chemist.'—Ib. p. 130.

Let us now endeavour to sum up the distinct positions assumed at different stages in this whole subject.

The first is, to believe everything which was written by antiquity; and when ancient writers contradict one another, to revere both alternately, and try to believe both.

The second, to believe all that is narrated unanimously, but select by our own preference, or by some kind of criticism, where there is variety.

The third, to take the additional liberty of rejecting whatever is miraculous, or otherwise strongly opposed to *à priori* probabilities.

The fourth, to inquire what evidence was present to the first writers, and to reject whatever they tell beyond the sphere in which we think they had information.

The fifth, to examine the internal growth of society and of the constitution, and on the *assumption* of internal congruity and continuous development, allow of speculative remark or judgment, negative and positive, which tends to bind the history together; but at the same time carefully and sharply separating between ancient statement and modern speculation.

The sixth, to demand to know on what *particular* evidence each *particular* statement was made by ancient writers; and on finding it is impossible to answer, pronounce that all belief is groundless, all speculation vain, all preference of one part to another gratuitous, all historical writing a grinding of the air, all moral criticism a foppery :—*yet*, exhorting people to read (and remember ?) on the subject, the ample volumes of the ancients.

We stop short in the fourth and fifth stages; Sir G. C. Lewis would bring us into the sixth. Niebuhr practically modifies the fifth as follows:—

Fifthly, on the *assumption* of a peculiar development discerned by Niebuhr's insight, and by divining strange misinterpretations of lost writers made by Livy and Dionysius, to reconstruct the history speculatively, and take all possible pains to make the reader unaware, *when* he is receiving ancient statement, and *when* modern speculation.

Sir G. C. Lewis has not, in our opinion, added anything of argumentative importance to what many have written against Niebuhr; but as a *protest*, his work has much moral weight. It will be felt in England. It will not (as he wishes) hinder the writing of the early Roman history; but it will lead to writing it far more concisely and less ambitiously than by Niebuhr and Arnold.

ART. V.—*A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

A MORE delightful book than this has rarely fallen under our notice. When the great causes of civilization, humanity, and freedom walk, as John Bunyan would say, 'in silver slippers,' we are apt to forget those great and good men who laboured for their promotion amidst disadvantage and obloquy, and only to remember those whose heroic self-sacrifice was crowned with the honours of martyrdom. Even some of these exist but as *nebulæ* in our maps and catalogue of the historical firmament, and 'their ashes flew no marble tells us whither.' For two reasons the memory of Sydney Smith will be exempt from these conditions. The first is, that he eventually obtained as much of wealth and fame, of patronage and distinction, as could be embraced within the limits of an innocent ambition; and the second is, that his qualities of mind, whether intellectual or moral, appeal irresistibly to those sympathies which can never decay while human nature continues in a civilized and especially in a progressive condition. A finer intellect, embellished with more varied accomplishments, a wit more original, exuberant, and refined, a more comprehensive appreciation of human rights, a more generous and tender heart, were perhaps never seen than

in the fascinating subject of these Memoirs. In the entirety of his character he reminds us of the language of South on the emotion of joy as existing in the mind of Adam unfallen. 'It was refreshing but composed, like the gaiety of youth tempered with the gravity of age, or the mirth of a festival managed with the silence of contemplation.'

There is an inexpressible charm about the character of Sydney Smith, as delineated in the pages before us. His early scholarship was ripened by habitual study. No subject which could affect human interests—from the deepest principles of political government and the highest abstractions of metaphysical philosophy, down to the simplest cookery and medicine which can meet the wants and enhance the humble comfort of a rural parish—was foreign to his investigation. His friendships with the men most distinguished in his age by rank, learning, genius, and political power, had nothing about them of the stately rigidity which too often marks and mars such connexions, but were pervaded and imbued with a sort of fraternal affection. Indeed, his very countenance was illuminated with the inner virtues which his simplicity could not conceal, and his witty delineation of a poor clergyman whose face he represented as 'expressive of the cardinal virtues and the ten commandments,' is somewhat eclipsed in its effect by the intervention of the image of the author. In a word, it may be said of him, as was said of Charles Fox, 'that he was made to be loved;' and so charming was he in all the relations of life, that we seem to envy all who were connected with him, from his wife, his children, and his friends, down to his humblest dependents—his servants, his parish clerk, and his poor parishioners, all of whom possessed in him an endeared and inalienable property.

Our chief regret in reviewing the career of Sydney Smith is that he was forced into that which was to him at first distasteful, and to the last we fear a mere profession—the ministry of the Gospel. Not that Mr. Smith was insensible to the grandeur of the Christian religion, nor that his outward character was such as could disgrace it by any departures from its practical morality, nor that he was wanting in the assiduity and beneficence of pastoral ministration; but that, in one word, the explicit preaching of the Gospel was not his vocation; it was not a voluntary and therefore not a reasonable service. His mind was eminently practical: a doctrinaire was his aversion; and under these combined conditions he failed to recognise the fact, that all that is valuable in religion springs out of intelligent notion and earnest faith. As a supplement to the essence of Christian preaching, Mr. Smith's sermons were admirable, but as a preacher he was an architect, and not a builder; his designs, though never florid,

were chaste and classical to the last degree, but he entrusted the foundations to the contractor.

'It will be seen,' says Lady Holland, 'and in justice to my father it ought not to be forgotten, that he entered the Church out of consideration for, and in obedience to, the wishes of his father; and like his friend Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, with a strong natural bias towards another profession, so that in his passage through life he had often to exercise control over himself, and to make a struggle to do that which is comparatively easy to those who have embraced their profession from taste and inclination alone. But having entered the Church from a sense of duty, I think the narrative will show that he made duty his guide through life—that he honoured his profession, and was honoured in it by those who had the best opportunities, of observing him—that, ever ready to perform its humblest duties, he gathered (as he says) from the study of the Bible that the highest duty of a clergyman was to calm religious hatreds and spread religious peace and toleration.'—Vol. i. Preface, p. ix.

Were we to set ourselves to the selection of the chief duties of one who had professed himself 'inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office and ministration,' neither of those here specified would have suggested themselves to our mind. But thus it must ever be with a system which proposes the Christian ministry only as a rival profession to the army, the navy, and the law; a profession which its own members have frequently designated as a lottery with its prizes and its blanks; the prizes being allotted by wealth, patronage, or political compromise, with as little regard to qualification as common decency and the safety of the system necessitate, and the blanks assigned to those who may be intellectually and morally superior to bishops, or in both respects far below the village schoolmaster.

The obtrusion of Sydney Smith against his will into an office fenced round with such solemn guarantees of personal earnestness is never alluded to by him, for the purpose either of condemning others or of defending himself. Nevertheless we find him putting forth that which, though not expressly, is virtually an apology for the ethical character of his ministry.

'A distinction,' he says, 'is set up with the usual inattention to the meaning of words between moral and religious subjects of discourse, as if every moral subject must not necessarily be a Christian subject. If Christianity concern itself with our present as well as our future happiness, how can any virtue, or the doctrine which inculcates it, be considered as foreign to our sacred religion? Has our Saviour forbidden justice, proscribed mercy, benevolence, and good faith? or, when we state the more sublime motives for their cultivation which we derive from revelation, why are we not to display the temporal motives also, and to give solidity to elevation by fixing piety upon interest?'—Ib. pp. 44, 45.

To very many readers this exposition of opinion will appear both sound and admirable; but we fear, or rather we hope, that it will not bear investigation. If the Bible contained only the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus, and the Sermon on the Mount, we might regard these views as held by a minister of religion in a different light; but if we place this paragraph in one scale, and in the other a passage which commences with the words, 'The love of Christ constraineth us, because, &c.,' we shall hardly think this the right principle to be held by a minister of the Gospel. To commend the beauty of the Christian virtues is one thing, to nourish the great principles from which they spring is another, and a very different thing; and between the two there is all the difference that there is between nourishing a plant and descanting on its efflorescence, or between that plant as it thrives perennial in the soil, and those cut flowers which adorn the dress for an hour, and then die of disjunction from their root. Mahomet might, with the materials available to him, have constructed a code of morals correct, lifeless, and impracticable, 'a piety fixed upon interest;' but it is the intrinsic principles of the Gospel alone which can amalgamate that code with the nature of man, and superinduce as a living and motive instinct what without that vitalizing touch would be a naked and an abstract plan.

In a word, the effect of Mr. Smith's reasoning is to show that the Christian religion has in it nothing new and peculiar, and does not constitute a specific addition to our moral notions and motives, so that the Christian teacher has no special advantage over Socrates and Cicero, neither of whom any more than our own Saviour 'forbade justice' or 'proscribed mercy, benevolence, and good faith.'

The passage on which we have commented occurs in a preface published by Mr. Smith as early as the year 1801, which opens some further glimpses into Mr. Smith's professional character and views. To these we must point attention as being thoroughly characteristic, though they will not require to be further illustrated or refuted than by the occasional use of italics: 'The clergy,' he says, 'are allowed about twenty-six hours every year for the instruction of their fellow-creatures, and I cannot help thinking this short time had better be employed on practical subjects, in explaining and enforcing that conduct which the spirit of Christianity requires, and which *mere worldly happiness* commonly coincides to recommend. These are the topics *nearest the heart*, which make us more fit for this *and a better world*, and do all the good *that sermons ever will do.*'

On the next page we find a coincidence which may well excite a smile, namely, that of Mr. Smith adopting precisely the same

train of observation which we find in Foster's 'Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion,' as to the habitual use of the antiquated phraseology of our authorized version of the Scriptures, almost the same phrases being selected for condemnation—'the old man,' 'the new man,' 'the one thing needful,' &c.

He next puts forth his strength in portraying the chilling dulness of the established clergy, though why he should designate the dissenting minister, whom he so favourably contrasts with the clergyman both as to the outward propriety and the success of his ministry, as a semi-delirious sectary, it is hard to conjecture, except on the principle of Dryden:

'It is their duty, all the learned think,
To praise the means by which they eat and drink.'

This is not worthy of Mr. Smith, simply because it is absurd. Can he seriously have meant to record an opinion that the great bulk of his contemporary dissenting brethren, whose ministry attracted the largest numbers, were 'semi-delirious sectaries'? If not, this aspersion should not in truth and honour have found its way into a serious publication like the preface before us. There is a more ingenuous method of escaping from a false position than a loose reprobation of those whose principles were too sternly honest to allow of their placing themselves in a similar situation. His conversational jokes on the same subject we can heartily enjoy: for example, in allusion to his extreme debility in an illness, he says,—'I am so weak, that if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have vigour enough to stick a dissenter.' On another occasion he says,—'If a midshipman is to be mastheaded for neglect of duty, I for my part do not see why a parishioner should not be weathercocked for not paying his tithes.' Six years afterwards, however, he published a sermon on Toleration, preached in the Temple Church, the preface to which contains a passage of so opposite a tendency that it is due to his memory to insert it. 'Charity towards those who dissent from us on religious opinions is always a proper subject for the pulpit. If such discussions militate against the views of any particular party, the fault is not in him who is thus erroneously said to introduce politics into the church, but in those who have really brought the church into politics.'

The paragraph on the clergy which has led to these observations is as follows:—

'A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the extacies of joy and fear with a voice and face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no

more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if by mischance his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigid sameness. Is it wonder then that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head and foot with a thousand voices Why is this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling.'—Ib. pp. 45, 46.

One more characteristic sentence shall close our notice of this preface. He says,—'There is always a want of grandeur in attributing great events to little causes, but this is in some small degree compensated for by truth. I am convinced we should do no great injury to the cause of religion if we remembered the old combination of *arœ et foci*, and kept our churches *a little warmer!*'

Amidst the circumstances we have noticed, it is not remarkable that Mr. Smith's companionships are found among the literary and the cultivated of our nobility and statesmen, and that we scarcely find among them a single individual whose religious principles and habits distinguished him from the fashionable world. Amidst all the brilliant conversation, and all the confidential correspondence recorded in these volumes, we do not recollect a single instance in which Sydney Smith was recognised as a minister of religion, while many of his choicest witticisms are barbed with a sly satire upon the church to which he belonged. Thus we find (vol. ii. p. 143), 'M., I see, retires from his present situation to sit in judgment upon the lives and properties of his fellow creatures. When a man is a fool, in England, we only trust him with the *immortal* concerns of human beings.' Again, in a letter to Mrs. Baring (vol. ii. p. 351),—'What is real piety? What is true attachment to the church? How are these fine feelings best evinced? The answer is plain. By sending strawberries to a clergyman.' In another place he sentences a certain dean, whose conversation was uncommonly dull, 'to be preached to death by wild curates;'—a parody on a well-known

phrase which reminds us of another frolic of his to a lady who was utterly unable to understand the joke, and who was complaining of the oppressive heat of the weather,—'That he had been compelled to take off his flesh and sit in his bones.' To the last, his tendency to joke upon the Church never deserted him; and shortly before his death we find the following passage in a letter to the Countess of Carlisle:—'I am in a regular train of promotion; from gruel, vermicelli, and sago, I was promoted to panada; from thence to minced meat; and (such is the effect of good conduct) I was elevated to a mutton-chop. My breathlessness and giddiness are gone, chased away by the gout. If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me.' His joke about the paving of St. Paul's Churchyard with wooden blocks is well known, though not recorded in these volumes. On one of the canons objecting that a sufficient number of the blocks could not be obtained, he blandly observed, 'that that difficulty might be easily overcome if his reverend brethren would lay their heads together.'

In mitigation of our censure upon Sydney Smith's mode of preaching as being deficient in the essential characteristic of evangelical doctrine, we must do him the justice to say that his moral teaching was distinguished by the highest degree of soundness, pathos, and eloquence; and we must yield to the temptation to extract a single passage from a sermon preached for the benefit of those who were deprived of sight, and in circumstances of indigence.

'I implore you by the Son of David, have mercy on the blind. If there is not pity for all sorrows, turn the full and perfect man to meet the inclemency of fate. Let not those who have never tasted the pleasures of existence be assailed by any of its sorrows; the eyes which are never gladdened by light should never stream with tears. How merciful our blessed Saviour was wont to show himself to their afflictions. Blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, and as the crowd passed by he cried with a loud voice, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me! Jesus stopped the multitude, and before them all restored to him his sight. The first thing he saw, who never saw before, was the Son of his God. These blind people, like Bartimeus, will never see till they behold their Redeemer on the last day, not as he then was, in his earthly shape, but girded by all the host of heaven—the Judge of Nations, the everlasting Counsellor, the Prince of Peace. At that hour this heaven and earth will pass away, and all things melt with fervent heat, but in the wreck of worlds no tittle of mercy shall perish, and the deeds of the just shall be recorded in the mind of God.'—Ib. pp. 59, 60.

Such passages as these, characterized by deep feeling and no ordinary amount of eloquence, were not the exceptions to Sydney

Smith's ministry; yet is it uncharitable to say that his preaching was more adapted to endear man to his fellow man than to bring the sinner to God? Can we be wrong in pronouncing that he sought to lead men through the paths of morals into the labyrinth of faith, instead of pointing them to that great evangelical centre from which all moral duty emanates? and may we not sigh over his ministerial teachings as 'being not far from the kingdom of God?'

Mr. Smith's debut as a clergyman was in the character of curate at Netherhaven, a parish in the middle of Salisbury-plain. 'The squire of the parish,' he says, 'Mr. Beach, took a fancy to me, and after I had served it two years he engaged me as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that I and his son should proceed to the University of Weimar in Saxony. We set out, but before reaching our destination Germany was disturbed by war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' It was during this period that he made the acquaintance of Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, and others, in connexion with whom he launched the 'Edinburgh Review,' of which he was the original editor. His connexion with this celebrated work was the great event of his literary life. He informed it from the beginning with his own genius, and to use the illustration of Horace—the new cask long retained the odour of the generous wine infused into it by Sydney Smith. We are inclined to believe that no single work extant in any language contains such stupendous variety and depth of knowledge, such amplitude of suggestive illustration, such manly and correct views on most of the greatest subjects such a condensation of all the beauties of ancient and modern literature, such force and purity of style, such depth of argumentation with such phosphorescent illumination of wit and eloquence upon its surface, as the 'Edinburgh Review.' If men, young or old, smitten with a love of those intellectual and literary acquisitions which circumstances have denied to themselves, desire to supplement their deficiencies, let them master to absolute familiarity the 'Edinburgh Review.' The rich and racy delight of many of its classical, historical, and scientific allusions will necessarily be lost upon them, as appealing to a lacking sense; but we repeat our conviction, that the most effective supplement of a defective education to a vigorous and ambitious intellect, is a thorough acquaintance with the 'Edinburgh Review.' It is the inner treasury and strong-room of English literature, where, instead of heaps of small coin, they will find the paper of the intellectual millionaire, the deeds and titles to vast domains, and, as compared with the innumerable tomes of anterior literature, what Mr. Burke calls 'a ton of ancient pomp condensed into a phial of modern luxury.' If Sydney

Smith had only inaugurated the 'Edinburgh Review,' he would have made his name and fame as lasting as the literature of his country.

The merit of Mr. Smith's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' is the more remarkable from the comparative unimportance of the subjects which he frequently undertook. Though utilitarianism was his abhorrence, yet the practical character of his mind and the humanity of his disposition led him not unfrequently to such topics as the Game Laws, Man-traps and Spring-guns, Climbing Boys, &c. But his was a mind which invested with a sort of æsthetical interest every subject which he touched ;—*nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.* Indeed it was well said of him, 'that if he had not been the greatest and most brillant of wits, he would have been the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers ; and if he had not been distinguished for these, he would have been the most eminent and the purest writer of English.' A writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in an article published since we commenced this paper, takes some exception against this eulogy, emanating as it does most naturally from the pen of his son-in-law, Sir Henry Holland, and in this, as in some other respects, the writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' somewhat disappoints us by what we think a too low estimate of Sydney Smith's talents and merits. We confess our acquiescence in Sir Henry Holland's panegyric, and certainly, if that opinion is to be shaken, it must be by a criticism far more convincing than that of the Edinburgh reviewer. He instances, as examples of an impure style, the humorous introduction of classical words in his happy descriptions, such as a curate wiping his face with his cambric *sudarium*, and the like. This, we confess, appears to us most superficial criticism, and the observation which follows it appears to us absolutely silly :—'This is certainly not pure English ; it is not even popular writing like De Foe's, or Swift's, or Cobbett's. It is *caviare* to the multitude, and would require to be interpreted for the benefit of the ladies and the country gentlemen.' This is simply ridiculous, as exemplified in this very sentence, for what do the multitude know about *caviare*, and as to country gentlemen, he utterly stultifies himself by immediately adding, 'that is, if the country gentlemen did not constitute one of the most highly educated classes of our society.' This is very much as if he had said that a definition of the parallax would be utterly unintelligible to astronomers, if they were not as well acquainted with it as they are with their multiplication table. We must adduce one further instance of this critic's inappreciation of the subject he had in hand. He says, 'Many of his allusive expressions, rich with the raciest humour, could not be

enjoyed beyond the political circles of the metropolis. He wrote for the meridian of Holland House, and one reason why he, notwithstanding, exercised such wide-spread influence, is to be found in the aristocratic constitution of our legislature.' This is somewhat singular from the pen of a writer, who has declared in the same page that *country gentlemen* constitute one of the most highly educated classes of our society. The allusion to the aristocratic constitution of our legislature is singularly absurd, inasmuch as the writer, after one moment's consideration, will agree with us, that for every one member of our aristocratic legislature, there are five hundred who would profoundly appreciate the beauties of Sydney Smith, and who would lie in the direct meridian of Holland House; while not a few of our aristocratic legislators would, in the comparison, lie so far without the geographical limit, as to realize the epithet of Virgil—

Penitus divisos orbe Britannos.

We must say that the Edinburgh criticism, from which we had naturally entertained great anticipations, disappoints us.

After five years' residence in Edinburgh, we find Mr. Smith settled in London, and making the acquaintance of some of the most distinguished men in the liberal party; and his next change is thus described by himself. 'A diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher, I was suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and, without capital, to build a parsonage house.'

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, were delivered, at the Royal Institution, the lectures first printed for private circulation by Mrs. Sydney Smith in 1849, and subsequently published under the title of 'Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy.' Did our limits permit, we should present an analysis of these brilliant and beautiful lectures. We must content ourselves with presenting a single extract from one lecture on Wit and Humour, which constitutes, as we think, a most happy though unintentional portrait of himself:—

'The meaning of an extraordin[illegible] man is, that he is one man; that he has as much wit [illegible] f he [illegible] no sense as if he had no wit; t[illegible] his [illegible] id [illegible] is as [illegible] were the dullest of human [illegible] if he were inextricably rui[illegible] w[illegible] wit [illegible] and information, when it i[illegible] u by [illegible] by strong prin[illegible]ple, wh[illegible] it [illegible] ls or a [illegible] o [illegible] despise it [illegible] be w[illegible], who love[illegible]

ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then, a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and laughter, and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'—Vol. i. p. 40.

Up to the year 1829, Sydney Smith continued at Foston, where his pursuits were rural enough, and his social tastes occasionally regaled by visits to and from some of his most distinguished friends. A few reminiscences of these are found in his Memoirs.

'I turned schoolmaster to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive, so I caught up a little garden girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals. Bunch became the best butler in the country.'—Ib. pp. 157, 159.

Mrs. Marcet, the well-known author of 'Conversations on Science,' was witness to one of Sydney Smith's most amusing demonstrations of his success in the tuition of Bunch, which is thus recorded:—

'"Come here, Bunch!" (calling out to her) "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;" and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle-fly-catching, and curtsey-bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle-fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open, and not attending, sir." "And what is curtsey-bobbing?" "Curtseying to the centre of the earth, please sir." "Good girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on state occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well, but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork."'—Ib. pp. 185, 186.

And here we must quit for a moment our indulgence in Sydney's genial wit, to make a graver allusion to his behaviour to

his servants. He once told a friend who was querulous on the subject, that he 'never had a bad servant, because he always studied their comforts; and that, he said, is one receipt for securing good servants.' And a note on this passage informs us 'that he hardly ever lost a servant, except from the circumstance of marriage or death.' The dying words of Mr. Justice Talfourd still linger in the ears of the public, 'That the crying vice of society is the lack of social sympathy, insomuch that we do not know if the servants who wait upon us day by day have parents, brothers, or sisters, or anything indeed of their dearest personal interests.' Sydney Smith was a most benign exception to this rule; he compelled the love of his humblest domestics, one of whom, having served him, and enjoyed the crumbs of his society through his life, attended him in his death, and not long after mingled her dust with his. A beautiful instance of his fond condescension is recorded in these pages. Accompanied by some distinguished visitor, he called upon his parish clerk, who was laid aside by a serious accident, which forbade his performing his duties at the church:—

'Ah!' he said, 'I shall miss you very much next Sunday morning, especially in the singing.' Then turning to his friend, 'If you were to hear him lead off the Old Hundredth, you would be delighted.' "Oh, sir!" said the old clerk, with tears in his eyes, "you only say that to cheer me up a bit." Indeed his benevolence was absolutely boundless; witness his 'receipt for making every day happy:' 'When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature; it is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves as light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity.'—Ib. p. 295.

During his residence at Foston he was continually visited by the most distinguished intellectual men of his age, and a few of his innumerable witticisms are recorded in these volumes. One or two of these we must re-produce. 'I always write best,' says Mr. P—, 'with an amanuensis.' 'Ah!' says Sydney, 'but are you quite sure that he puts down what you dictate?' 'One day,' says Lady Holland, 'when we were on a visit at Bishopsthorpe, soon after he had preached a visitation sermon, in which, amongst other things, he had recommended the clergy not to devote too much time to shooting and hunting, the archbishop, who rode beautifully in his youth, and knew full well my father's deficiencies in this respect, said, smiling, and evidently much amused, "I hear, Mr. Smith, you do not approve of much riding

for the clergy;" "Why, my lord," said my father, bowing, with assumed gravity, "perhaps there is not *much objection*, provided they do not ride too well, and stick out their toes professionally."' In his conversations about this time, we find some things which every critic seems to deem worthy of record. Speaking of diminutive men who have possessed great intellectual power, he said, 'Why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.' In another conversation he comments on Dante's conceptions of Infernal Torture as exceedingly feeble, and proposed such substitutes as the following; 'You,' turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs. Marcet, 'you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay; let me consider? Oh! you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence, and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence.'

The list of Sydney Smith's promotions comprise his preferment to the living of Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, to a prebendal stall at Bristol, and a canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral. While enjoying these preferments, he continued to cultivate the society of the most eminent men of his day, and he was thus thrown more deeply into the political agitations which then disturbed society. Throughout these he exhibited himself as a thorough Whig, and the extent of his views as a reformer is shown, we think, rather humiliatingly in his letters. For example, in a letter to Lord Jeffrey, he says: 'I am strongly inclined to think, whether now or twenty years hence, that parliament *must* be reformed. The case that the people have is too strong to be resisted. An answer may be made to it which will satisfy enlightened people perhaps, but none that the mass will be satisfied with. I am doubtful whether it is not *your* duty and my duty to become moderate reformers to keep off worse.'

Mr. Smith's politics were the result of his position, and we turn with pleasure from this phase of his character to some nobler illustrations of his nature. The living of Edmonton fell into his gift, and the death of the former incumbent had left the family, whose eldest son was the curate, in very indigent circumstances. Sydney thus relates, in a letter to his wife, his interview with the distressed family:—

'I then said, it is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living of Edmonton, and have

written to our chapter clerk this morning to mention the person to whom I have given it. And I must also tell you that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence, I added, that the gentleman I have selected is a namesake of this family; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name? "No, we have not." And by a more singular coincidence his name is Thomas Tate; in short, I added, there is no use in mincing the matter, you are vicar of Edmonton. They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently.'—Vol. ii. p. 291.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Sydney Smith to close this notice, without mentioning one other act of genuine benevolence. 'Almost the last act of his life,' says Lady Holland, 'was to bestow a small living of £120 per annum on a poor, worthy, and friendless clergyman (a high Tory by the way), who had lived a long life of struggle with poverty on £40 per annum. Full of happiness and gratitude, he entreated he might be allowed to see my father; but the latter so dreaded any agitation, that he most unwillingly consented, saying, "Then he must not thank me; I am too weak to bear it." He entered, my father gave him a few words of advice, the clergyman silently pressed his hand, and blessed his death-bed.'

We are compelled by our limits to omit scores of witticisms with which we have been delighted, and numerous traits of goodness which would charm the heart of every reader. A happy piece of dog Latin we must subjoin for such of our readers as are interested in this species of wit? In writing to Lord Holland on the threatened invasion of Buonaparte, he closes his letter in the following humorous style. 'Omnes ibimus ad Diabolum, et Buonaparte nos conquerabit, et dabit Hollandiam Domum ad unum corporalium suorum, et ponet ad mortem Joannem Allenium.' To the last day of his life his wit and humour blazed with its wonted intensity, and shed their livelier tints over the sunset of a most benevolent life.

We would have wished that Sydney Smith had followed his own inclinations, and had not become a clergyman; but it is only doing justice to his memory to say, that his compulsory ecclesiasticism may well be laid aside, and his character viewed from that stand-point which he himself would originally have chosen. So viewing him, we cannot but regard him as one of the brightest ornaments of our age. A man of singular force of intellect, of vast and varied attainments, of unparalleled wit and fancy, free from the slightest taint of party bitterness or personal venom, with a heart as large as the world, and sympathies

as various as the tribes and classes of mankind, and as deep as their wants and their woes; a writer who strained to the utmost the capacities of our language, and whose presentation of truth was enforced by singular logical powers, and by the rarest graces of style;—in a word, a man who will stand as a lasting model of that character which genius, learning, and virtue may combine to make, to charm, enlighten, and reform mankind.

ART. VI.—*The Thirty-first Annual Report of the Directors of the Manchester Mechanic's Institution.* Presented by the Retiring Board at the Annual General Meeting of the Members, held in the Lecture Theatre of the Institution, on Tuesday evening, February 27th, 1855.

THE Manchester Mechanics' Institution has been in existence twenty-eight years. We believe that it is the oldest, and, on the whole, the most flourishing society of the kind in the country. Perhaps there are not two others which can claim equal maturity or equal merit. Whatever faults may be laid to the charge of its managing officers (and they are numerous and serious enough), it will be obvious from even a cursory perusal of its reports, that large and long-sustained efforts have been made,—much energy and wisdom displayed,—considerable sums of money annually expended, in the service, and for the intellectual well being, of the artisan class. The founders of this institution were earnest, business-like, determined men,—true types of the 'Manchester school,' ere yet that 'school' had become nationally notorious. These men believed they had a worthy object in view, and laboured with characteristic zeal through fair weather and foul. As a necessary consequence, their institution has had a distinctly perceptible growth; irregular it is true, but not the less real. Operations were begun in hired rooms, affording slender accommodation, and offering few attractions to those not in earnest about self-education. Men of the bank, the warehouse, and the mill, met nightly to conduct, by disinterested labour, classes for the tuition of the swarthy denizens of the machine-shop and the factory. By dint of great perseverance, they drew together a large number of anxious and exacting scholars. Their scarcely respectable premises became too small to hold them. The infant outgrew its garment, and it became necessary to provide a larger and more suitable exterior. Money was not long wanting for

this purpose. Those were soon found who were willing both to give largely and to incur future responsibility on account of the nascent institution. A commodious structure was erected, providing lecture hall, library, class-rooms, gymnasium, and offices, commensurate to the wants of a large town. The Mechanics' Institute was now a *significant*, if not a 'great fact;' and from that period it has played an important part amongst the moral and social agencies in the district of which Manchester forms the centre.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this institution performs its original functions, or that it fairly answers the object of its projectors. Far from it. The advantages it offers are not now accepted by the *mechanics* and working classes generally, who are the parties for whom they were solely intended. Very few indeed of the hard-handed, sturdy wealth-producers are now amongst its members. Some invisible but certain agency has gradually severed them from their legitimate school,—they have deserted their own college, nor do we know that they have taken to another. What this cause is may presently be indicated; meantime, we call attention to the fact that the educational apparatus supplied by this Institution is not used by the working-class, but by a medley of shopkeepers, warehousemen, clerks, and persons who do not need a *cheap* education merely, but who find it an easy and convenient makeshift for a system of higher and more worthy culture.

This Manchester Institution, in its rise, progress, and present aspect, may be taken as a fair sample of all other kindred societies, by whatever name they may be known. Few large towns, nay, few important villages are without some such association. Go where you may, you will find in the locality an 'Athenæum,' a 'Literary and Scientific Institution,' a 'Temperance Hall and Reading Room,' or a 'Mechanics' Institution,' as the case may be. Although these names are various and high-sounding enough, they stand for societies identical in object if not organization. For all practical purposes they may be taken *en masse*, and so considered.

If the condition of such associations be any test of social progress, we cannot, at present, claim much credit. This is strictly true, whether they have fulfilled their original purpose or not, for they are not adequately supported by *any* class. Yet, is it not a strange anomaly in this fiercely educational epoch, that institutions whose sole aim is to teach the labouring population, should be allowed to trail on a miserable and beggarly existence? Such, however, is the lamentable fact. Could we trace here the brief chronicle of the smaller institutions, we should exhibit a picture of well-meant effort struggling for sup-

port, and battling against difficulties which only require the merest charity for their removal. We should show a few philanthropic men working silently, earnestly, nobly, but vainly; unable to reach the hearts of those they would bless, and equally unsuccessful in obtaining help from those who can best afford it. It may be said that the day for such institutions has gone by. Perhaps so; but we think not. We believe that they will yet serve an invaluable purpose in the progress of national education, and it may be, supplant schemes which to-day seem only valuable to create social and religious enmity. Amidst the hurry and clamour attending the propagation of new schemes for teaching the people, the means in hand have been almost completely overlooked. In the matter of richly-endowed but wofully mismanaged grammar schools—of strangely misapplied educational charities, few have thought of asking, 'Would it not be wise to examine our present resources, before imposing new taxes or begging more money?' It may be that in a majority of cases, inquiry into the state of such schools and charities, followed by an immediate and honest attempt to comply with the conditions of their endowment, would furnish facilities for extensive education far beyond present belief. In the case of some charities whose funds have increased enormously by the accumulated interest of centuries, we know that so far as examinations have been instituted, a deplorable amount of misappropriation has been revealed. We believe that the full extent of such *silent sin* is scarcely dreamed of. But leaving such matters to other hands, we turn to the existence of popular institutions available to the masses of the people, as a fact on which may be built most valuable plans for their intellectual improvement. And we think that few persons will be unwilling to admit that it would be a grand solution of the educational difficulty just now puzzling the national head, if, from materials within easy reach, requiring the imposition of no tax, out of the pale of legislative interference, and unobjectionable so far as regards the collection of necessary funds, a plan of general education could be developed and brought into action. We do not profess to be able to propound such a plan. We have no *nostrum* for the cure of national ignorance. Quacks there are abroad in plenty who are prepared with their 'certain cures,' their 'undoubted specifics.' Like all such 'patent medicines,' the cure they work will be worse than the disease itself. We believe that no plan founded upon legislative and compulsory enactments will ever succeed; we believe, moreover, that no sect, party, or government, however influential, however popular, *can* educate the people. As no man was ever recognised as a purely taught man who did not teach himself, or make the best

use of all the 'aids to development' within his reach, so no nation can ever be an educated nation which does not itself provide the means for its intellectual culture. We believe, therefore, that the people must voluntarily pay for, and make use of, educational means, before such means will be either valuable to or valued by them.

The system feebly and partially illustrated by mechanics' institutions, meets the requirement of our age. Such associations are based upon a co-operative and self-sustaining principle, and indicate the only safe and permanent plan of general education. The great question for solution seems to be this—'How can the masses be best educated at the cheapest rate?' In reply, we offer the following remarks suggested by an examination of the Report named at the head of this article. The accumulation of small periodical subscriptions from a large number will provide the means for intellectual improvement, of a kind usually attainable only by the few. Such a fund is the necessary support of mechanics' institutions. The money thus obtained is the result of *equal* contributions from men of *equal* rank. It is spent (or rather, ought to be spent) solely for the educational benefit of the subscribing class. The object in view is to provide that elementary instruction which has not been imparted in youth. Referring to the case of the Manchester Institution, the early Reports show how honestly this purpose was served in the labour of the directors, and how largely such labour was successful. The fruits of these efforts remain to this day. Men who, at the period to which we refer, were scholars to the first managers, are now, or have been, directors of the Institution. They date the commencement of their success in life—their rise in respectability—the reception of their greatest incentives to diligence and honourable attainment—from the day they became members of a mechanic's institution. Such are some of the legitimate and much-to-be desired results of the system. They are worthy fruits of a precious tree. Attention to these Reports will, however, show matters more important than even these. The great success which followed the first purely educational efforts is the best evidence of the value of such an institution under proper management, and the most severe condemnation of that folly and short-sightedness which has so often wasted the funds and sacrificed the interests of its members. These remarks are fully justified by the substance of every Report we have examined. The impression produced upon the mind of an attentive reader will certainly be, that as soon as the institution became prosperous, its managers lost sight of their duty. It may be that the capabilities of the organization over which they presided suggested lofty notions and ambitious designs. Certain it

is, however, that when they commenced those small exhibitions of 'practical industry,' which after all seem to have been a very heterogeneous combination of articles of no great tuitional value, they introduced an innovation which lowered the dignity of the institution itself, and bequeathed a legacy of difficulty and trouble to succeeding directors. Attempts were subsequently made to render the society a means of introducing cheap concerts, and minor exhibitions of various kinds. The natural, the inevitable result has been that the true *conservative* element has gradually evaporated, and instead of a mechanic's institution truly so-called, we find a curious nondescript sort of society, which does a great number of things imperfectly, and nothing well. We need scarcely point to the only proper remedy for such a state of things. To any candid observer it will be abundantly clear that the wisdom of a board of directors will be best shown in an immediate return to a purely educational system. With a firm conviction of the truth of this statement, we proceed to put before our readers some suggestions as to the possible part such institutions may be fitted to take in the future education both of the young and the adult population of the country.

We commence by directing attention to their original design—viz., *the education of adults in such matters as are deemed elementary, with further instruction of a kind likely to be useful in the avocations of the artisan class.*

Happily the question is not now—'Is such instruction desirable?' but, 'How can it be best communicated?' So far as any records go with which we are acquainted, the success of purely elementary classes has ever been signal and complete. Whatever may be said about popular indifference to education, it is an indisputable fact, that at all times and in all the circumstances of an institution, these classes have had a large and satisfactory attendance. Indeed, so evident does this appear, that it seems utterly unaccountable how directors and others should have pursued a line of policy completely ignoring the fact. On the very face of the Manchester Report these truths are legibly written; —the Mechanics' Institution has been most consistently and valuably supported by the members availing themselves of its scholastic arrangements; its losses, difficulties, and dangers have been the result of foolish and suicidal speculation in exhibitions, concerts, amusements, and the like. Taking our stand here, therefore, we are prepared to perceive how it is possible to make such an institution immensely useful. Let us see how its affairs are now managed. The members are, of course, composed of those who pay the required subscription, which is usually payable either quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly. Having purchased

a ticket of membership a person is at once free to all the privileges, which may be thus enumerated:—access to a library, a news and reading-room, admission to lectures on various subjects, attendance at evening classes in which reading, writing, arithmetic (and occasionally grammar and geography) are taught. In most large institutions classes are arranged for the study of French, German, Latin, drawing, elocution, mathematics, dancing, and it may be other matters, ornamental and useful. A 'debating club,' or 'mutual improvement society' is commonly to be found amongst the arrangements. These, however, as necessitating increased outlay on the part of the institution are regarded as extras, and paid for as such. Up to a certain point general arrangements of the kind here sketched are well enough; they afford a large field for self-improvement to those working men who are willing to spend their leisure evenings profitably. Nay more, we will admit that it is quite possible for a member to acquire some amount of general information from such means, in addition to instruction in 'common things.' But the admission is certainly not very important. A fatal defect is instantly apparent to every thinking man at all concerned for a real education. It is seen that there is a want of consecutiveness and of method in all that is done; a want of systematic, logical arrangement both in the formation of the classes, and in what is taught. When a member enters the rudimentary school, he does so no doubt from a sensible impulse, a sincere desire within himself to become more intelligent. He takes his place at a seat; he reads, he writes, he counts, he spells, when and how the teacher directs. But this is all. No further interest is taken in him. His attendance may be checked, his conduct noted, but beyond this nothing more is done. He is a solitary student to all intents and purposes; he has no higher class before him; no ascent to climb which shall bring him to a higher level, shall introduce him to a more extensive field of labour. No presiding mind directs the course of his studies, or points him to a more intellectual sphere, where more practised minds and more advanced schoolfellows await him. Thus many powerful incentives to diligence are lost; no ambition is awakened; no stimulus is given. The end of the whole affair is a very poor, superficial, fragmentary education. A pupil may learn to be a fair reader and writer; he may be able to work the commonest rules of arithmetic with facility by attendance upon these classes. At the lectures he may accumulate a number of facts and impressions, valuable in themselves, but having no coherence, no connexion, so that a man's mental culture depending upon the aids afforded by such a society, will be of very questionable value. In this we do not speculate or theorize. We *know* from personal observation that

this is the result, and could give other testimony than our own of the same kind.

The *remedy* will be found in a complete re-organization of the entire business. System must be introduced, and the class department based upon a methodical and intelligent plan. All the classes must form parts of a known and recognised scheme, the end of which will be the impartation of a sound and thorough education. With this view directors of institutions, or those having immediate authority, must lay out a curriculum of studies mutually dependent, mutually assistant. Intelligible in its arrangement, it will be eminently progressive, and must be such as to throw the entire responsibility of improvement on the pupil himself. The choice of studies must not be left to the judgment, wish, or whim of the member. Having decided upon the branches to be taught, the officers will expect all who become learners to follow the same track, to submit to the same rules of tuition, the same mode of treatment. In short, the plan adopted must be as nearly *collegiate* as possible, and bear unmistakeable proofs of wisdom and scholastic skill. It may be objected that working men cannot find time to attend to such strict training; that they cannot guarantee attendance at regular and stated hours. We reply that however irregular their attendance may be, it were far better to go to a school systematically conducted, than to one without plan and without internal order. May it not be urged too that if they are willing to give their money and spare time for such an education as is at present supplied, they will be disposed to make more strenuous efforts and larger sacrifices for that which will be everyway more desirable? It is a well-known truism amongst tradesmen that the best article has the largest market —creates the greatest demand. In education the same truth holds good. Wherever a cheap and sound education is offered, pupils are sure to be found, and in such numbers as to encourage the greatest diligence and the most strenuous efforts. As matters at present stand with institutions, there is an air of insincerity about their educational arrangements which is anything but attractive. So far from being the centre on which all else turns —from which all their influence radiates, they seem mere accessory plans, and command but secondary attention. The reverse of this should be the case, and a mechanics' institution should be to all intents and purposes a 'People's College.' As the most important step, therefore, towards this object, a well-arranged system of *evening classes for adult education* is of primary interest.

Beyond this, adult subscribers may make other demands upon an institution; but these are already fairly met in the department-

ments which include the library, reading room, and lecture arrangements. Of the two former we need not speak. Generally speaking, these are the most attractive features of institutions, and in those of large towns they appear to embody standard works of high value sufficient for all purposes of self-culture, and more current literature than is either wanted or perused. The 'lectures,' however, may claim a remark or two in passing. As educational means, popular lectures are comparatively useless. Never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that, in sitting for two or three hours a-week in a lecture room, an important part of education was fulfilled. Science, the arts, the various branches of human learning must be *studied* before they are known, and studied too with patient, persevering labour. But lectures, belonging as they do to a kind of agency intended for momentary influence and very temporary ends, are unfitted by this very fact for educational media. We know too well how poor and profitless is the result of *preaching* at regularly recurring intervals, to lay much stress upon the value of occasional lectures prepared to please a miscellaneous, and, too frequently, a poorly-educated audience. Impressions may be made, but systematic teaching cannot be thus imparted. Our remarks do not apply to such subjects as have a *local, national*, or *passing interest*. Occasions will present themselves on which the members, as a part of the great 'public,' may be called together to hear an oration, an exposition, or a lecture upon some topic of general interest. Such occasions, however, will not happen frequently, nor ought they to be permitted to interrupt the regular routine of business. They will be accepted as hours of relaxation from study, to be used and not abused, and will be judiciously chosen and well-timed.

We come now to indicate another important modification of the purposes of mechanics' institutions. So far, all that is included in the programme of arrangements occupies only the hours of cessation from daily labour. But the question very properly and naturally arises, 'Can no good use be made of this extensive educational apparatus during the day?' This question, we think, may be answered most satisfactorily by the addition of a system of day-school tuition *for the children of the members*. Our proposition is this:—*To make the member's subscription to the institution include both the cost of his own evening instruction, and the daily education of his children.* To such an arrangement we can imagine that many objections might be started, but we cannot at present see any sufficiently important or tangible to require refutation. In the early history of the institution at Manchester, day-schools for boys and girls were important features in the general business. In the

boys' school more than two hundred pupils were occasionally taught, and with a success which drew forth the highest commendations from men whose encomiums were really valuable. The schools were first removed from the premises of the new institution, and ultimately given up altogether. From the reports we gather no satisfactory reason for this serious and (in our opinion) lamentable loss. Admission to these schools was obtained by a payment equal to the charge for adult membership, and it does not appear that this was an objectionable rate. But to meet the requirements of the bulk of the working classes now, we must be prepared to offer education at the lowest possible price. To secure the greatest cheapness we must educate on the largest scale, and draw the funds from the widest surface. Data will be required on which to calculate the cost of tuition for large numbers, and statistics cannot be difficult to obtain which shall answer every purpose. We are supplied with some in the reports of the Institution before us. In the 'treasurer's balance sheet' appended to the report for 1853, we find the sum of £237 14s. 10d. entered as the amount expended on the 'evening classes' during that year. The sum of £70 18s. 6d. is entered on the credit side of the account as receipts under the same head, leaving the sum of £166 16s. 4d. as the total expense of conducting *eleven* different evening classes, which were attended by 605 members. The following is the list of separate classes, with the numbers attending each:—

Elementary	235
Mechanical and Architectural Drawing	93
Geography	26
General Drawing	17
Grammar	24
Mathematics	24
French	52
German	19
Dancing	35
Commercial Writing	35
Natural Philosophy	45
	605

The annual sum received from this number of subscribers at five shillings per quarter is of course six hundred and five pounds, —so that the cost of all these classes is little more than twenty-five per cent. of the subscriptions of the members who attend them. It may simplify the matter to say, that at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution these evening classes cost one shilling and fivepence per head, per quarter. Surely this education is cheap enough, and will speak for itself. We suggest, therefore, with perfect confidence in the result, an attempt to make the instruc-

tion of a member's children a part of the duties of such institutions. And in what more legitimate direction can these efforts be extended? It is certainly one of the most desirable and praiseworthy objects to cheapen and to improve the supply of juvenile education amongst the working classes; and who so likely to be successful in such an undertaking as the directors of institutions which profess to educate adult operatives themselves? Looking at the matter from every point of view, the proposal seems eminently feasible and desirable; and we may corroborate this opinion by briefly hinting how easily such a system of procedure would get rid of the difficulties which now unfortunately surround the question of general education. If we understand this great question rightly, two sources of disagreement divide the nation. First,—the mode of raising educational funds; second,—the parties who shall superintend the application of the funds when obtained. Let us suppose the suggestion we have made carried out, merely for the purpose of illustration, and we shall find affairs thus arranged. A large number of individuals become members of a Mechanics' Institution. After the lapse of a certain period these parties (according to the system which most commonly obtains) become possessed of the power of voting in the election of directors. The directors are members of the Institution, of a certain age, standing, and intelligence, and are selected because of their peculiar fitness for the office. They are chosen to manage the business of the Institution, in accordance with a code of laws which regulates its constitution. Whatever, therefore, is done, is the act of this popularly elected body. To what more appropriate hands can the education of the artisan and his children be entrusted? Who will give greater attention to his wants, spend his money more economically, or guard more sedulously his interests? By this system the education of the people is in their own hands; and the knotty points of religious teaching, state interference, priestly influence, and the like, are nowhere introduced. As the directors are chosen annually, the members have speedy redress in case of mismanagement, or want of economy, and can place in office those and only those whom they believe best fitted to be entrusted therewith.

It is probable that our remarks may draw forth the assertion that the plan we propose would require a reorganization of Mechanics' Institutions, and totally change their character, facts which might injure rather than benefit them by removing many of their present members. We admit the facts, but not the conclusion. The change which would come over them would indeed be desirable, as we have before shown; but that any loss would result we cannot for a moment believe. Place the advantages we recommend before the working classes; let a tithe of the

agitation and advertisement spent upon either of the two rival educational schemes be spent in letting them know what benefits await them in the newly arranged Mechanics' Institutions, and there cannot be a doubt of the happy result. Should the change be made, its permanency will solely depend upon the quality of the instruction given. With the present arrangements and kind of tuition, there can be no satisfactory attainment; let there be a complete remodelling of all scholastic business. Let every pupil be in reality a student, who has a certain course to go through, the credit or discredit of which rests with himself. Let teachers be provided who will give themselves unreservedly to the duties before them, with a view to make success certain, and to place it out of the category of merely possible events. Much depends upon the spirit in which tuition is undertaken. Some teachers create their own success in spite of all obstacles; others are merely professional, and perform duty as a means to private ends. It is from the first class that teachers should be drawn to superintend the classes at public institutions, and more especially in a new and untried scheme. With heartiness and hopeful energy, the battle would be half won.

In thus indicating the possible use of a great system of education already within reach, we lay ourselves open to assaults of various kinds from those who are committed to the support of the 'local' and 'national' schemes. We know that any suggestions which have for their object the attainment of an educational system, wholly left in the hands of the people, will be received with derision by those who are determined to give more power to the legislature, and to secure a preponderance of influence and emolument for those already unduly fostered and favoured. Such is ever the case with popular progress, which has not only to thrive upon ungenerous soil, but to bear ungenial weather from every quarter of the social atmosphere. The people's advance in education would seem to be more difficult than their political enfranchisement, and to be the unhappy cause of the bitterest dissensions. Why should it be so? Why should a large and intelligent portion of the community be divided into hostile camps, which vilify, misrepresent, and fight with each other for the welfare of the working classes? Would it not be better to unite in an earnest endeavour to help those classes to educate themselves? Would it not be wiser to direct their attention to an independent and satisfactory mode of securing their intellectual well-being, in which the strife of party shall not be heard, and the jar of politics be forgotten? Why should a large portion of the nation be pauperized in the matter of education? If we mistake not, one great value of intellectual training is the mental and moral independence it eventually engenders. Why,

then, should the possibility of such a good result be at once and for ever destroyed? Let us not be deceived; let us not do evil that good may come. Educational systems must stand upon a just, firm, and broad basis, else they are better let alone.

This we know is not the opinion entertained by the promoters of national systems at present before the public. These schemes are different in many points, but unanimous in this one—viz., the necessity of taxation for educational purposes. Before yielding our assent to this belief, we pray that all the materials now at command may be gathered together, wisely arranged, and economically employed. Let the country have the benefit of its own property, and let its own funds be applied to rightful purposes. It will then be seen that the energy expended in propagating new plans may be more profitably directed in other ways. Let those who desire the executive to take the education of the people into its care, urge government to use its authority where it can now usefully and legitimately do so, in the restoration of popular privileges long absorbed by the wealthier class, and in the wisest expenditure of money, which, in a thousand instances, never circulates for the intellectual benefit of the necessitous poor.

Let those who reject government interference, but who still demand powers of taxation for a similar object, direct their earnest attention to the present state of popular and valuable institutions, with a view to their wise conduct and their most enlarged usefulness. Let them exert a preparatory influence upon the poor, which shall awaken in their minds a desire for secular training, alas! too seldom to be found. Let educational missionaries be sent to the ignorant, neglected, disreputable places, where morality holds no sway, and ignorance reigns supreme. Let them, then, heartily co-operate with those already engaged in the work of conducting mechanics' halls and institutions of a similar character,—assist in developing their resources, enlarging their sphere of operation, and directing into purely educational channels their means and appliances. Should it be said that the artisan classes do not meet present advances, then, let them be advised, lectured, appealed to, in every desirable way, that their consciences may be aroused, and their desires quickened. The same objection would stand good against every scheme, and is simply the result of the ignorance we all deplore. In fact, the first grand object of every educational movement ought to be the production of this very desire for improvement. No plan will be available without it, and *compulsory* education itself will be comparatively fruitless in the absence of personal co-operation on the part of those who are taught. Referring to the hints we have thrown out, we think they would produce incalculable

results for good if earnestly followed, and might prove a bond of union upon a great question which, to-day, has separated men and parties widely asunder.

It has been hinted that an important party which has propounded and supported one of the great rival education schemes, has its eye upon the very societies of which we have been speaking, and intends to make an effort to get them under its own direction. How this will be ultimately attempted, we do not know; nevertheless, it is a wise move, and indirectly strengthens the view we take of the future value of these institutions. It will give us little or no satisfaction to see them in the least influenced by the party to whom we allude, for, if they be not conducted with a truly popular aim, irrespective of mere sectarian views or party objects, they will eventually sink and fail. But we sincerely hope to see them prosper under economical, watchful, judicious management; regardless of schemes which entail only vexation and loss, and to take a high stand as educational agencies, by an immediate return to their original aims, and an honest fulfilment of the designs of their founders.

ART. VII.—*Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, by Lieut. R. F. Burton. Vols. I. & II. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THE eastern and central regions of Arabia are usually denoted in our maps by a vast blank space. Two or three geographical points are fixed, and some faint lines indicate the course of ancient travel; but the country itself has been closed against European curiosity more effectually than Japan. Charlevoix and Kœmpfer, Thunberg and Morrison, disclosed the secrets of the most zealous among heathen empires, while the religious centre of Islam, though visited by pilgrims from all quarters of the Mohammedan world, remained under a mystic veil which was guarded by the faith of every true believer. Since the year 1688, only two European travellers—Burckhardt the Swiss, and Lieut. Burton—have described the interior aspects of El Medinah and Meccah. 'As no unbeliever is permitted to enter the city,' wrote Gibbon, 'our travellers are silent.' But by many zealous geographers this blank on the map has been regarded as a reproach to modern science. In the autumn of 1852, Lieut. Burton, animated by the desire to put an end to an ignorance so inconsistent with the pretensions of the age, offered to explore,

under the sanction of the Geographical Society, the sacred places of the Moslem, and to disperse the mystery which hung over all those portions of the Arabian peninsula.

It was his wish to allot three years to this journey. The Court of Directors, however, holding that on the eve of war the duties of an Indian officer were somewhat incompatible with the wandering propensities of a Bruce or Della Valle, gave him liberty for one year only; and, the Geographical Society furnishing him with means, he resolved to sojourn in cities which Christians are forbidden to approach. It was necessary, therefore, to travel in disguise. The Eastern languages, costumes, and manners, were equally familiar to Lieut. Burton. In April 1853, accordingly, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer 'Bengal' took on board at Southampton, not a plain lieutenant in the Bombay army, but a *Persian prince*, clothed in gorgeous raiment, surrounded by Oriental accessories, and prepared to walk, speak, ejaculate, quote Hafiz, raise his eyes, salute his friends, and perform all the acts and gestures of life with the stateliness and composure of Ispahan. Nor is it less difficult to act on such a stage than to interpret the passions of other men before an audience of your own nation. The lady who looks Roxalana to perfection in the winter performances at Gothic Hall, would be taken, in the East, for anything but an Eastern queen. And Lieut. Burton very judiciously warns us not to suppose that he could eat his dinner like a Persian without rehearsing all its small yet essential forms, otherwise his costume would have been as the images in 'Laila Rookh' compared with the style of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' With us, for example, to drink a glass of water is an operation which requires only that the hand and the mouth shall have such a mutual understanding as shall enable the one to find the other; but with an Indian Moslem it is far different. He grasps the tumbler firmly, and ejaculates—'In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful,' he raises it to his lips, and pours the contents into his throat; he grunts, he says solemnly, 'Praise be to Allah!' and then, if any friend be near to utter 'Pleasurably and Health!' he must reply, 'May Allah make it pleasant to thee!' Moreover, he does not remain standing while he drinks water, unless it come under the category of exceptions. The value of such tutelage is never appreciated so well as by the European when he attempts to pass among Orientals for one of themselves.

Lieut. Burton travelled, then, as a Persian prince, a physician, and a philosopher. His royalty was represented by the airs he assumed, and by the attire he wore; his medical skill was genuine, and had been carefully acquired; his 'philosophy,' of course, was a synonym for whatever notion, spiced with cynicism,

he chose to entertain of creation in general, and of his fellow creatures in particular. It will perhaps disappoint some readers to find that a large portion of the first volume refers to a journey in the Mediterranean and across Egypt, and that the third, which contains the account of Meccah, has not yet issued from the press. But the narrative of a journey through the Arabian peninsula and to El Medinah forms a fresh and striking contribution to our library of travel. We will note some general observations on Arabia to familiarize the reader with Lieut. Burton's special object, before we accompany him within the sacred city.

The overland journey to India has caused so much to be written of Suez that it is scarcely less known to the English public than Constantinople or Mont Blanc. Its interest is derived, in the present instance, from the fact that it is one gateway to the Mohammedan's holy land. Formerly, ten thousand pilgrims annually passed through it on their way to the prophet's tomb; but the waning power of the Crescent has been felt even by this favourite city. Though wanderers still throng to it from Bokhara, from Persia, from Circassia, from Turkey and the Crimea, from Damascus and from Bagdad, from Algeria and Egypt, from the black kingdoms of Central Africa and from the unconverted tribes on the Abyssinian Hills, it slowly declines, and may, at no distant period, be little more than a stage between Great Britain and India.

From Suez, Lieut. Burton took his departure in a pilgrim ship. A turbulent crew and quarrelsome passengers promised little enjoyment on the voyage, even if the reefs and shoals of the dangerous Red Sea allowed of any tranquil nights and days. At the first halting place—for the vessels never sail in the dark—Lieut. Burton viewed a landscape round the spot where, as Father Sicard seeks to prove, the Israelites came down to the water. A barbaric beauty invested the scene. Not a trace of verdure touched the surface of the rocks, glowing under an orange and violet sky like huge and irregular heaps of jewels piled on the gilded beach, and glittering with innumerable splendid colours. At early morning the voyage was continued, and varied by trifling accidents and perils, which heightened the romance of the locality as well as of the occasion. Sometimes, on a little promontory, a Christian town was reached, whose inhabitants subsisted by providing the seafarer with water and food. Sometimes, under a grove of dates and pomegranates, the pilgrims ate the fruits of the land, and drank of its pleasant waters. Sometimes, for nearly two days, they did not approach the shore, but sailed forward towards an horizon bounded by Titanic rocks, broken and castellated, and flaming in the glow of the sun. The wind, like the breath of a furnace, blistered the skin;

the sea and sky appeared milk-white; the entire range of vision disclosed only an expanse of motionless water; streaks of scorched and thirsty cliffs, and the arch of the heavens, pale and dead, but filled with insufferable heat.

At sunset the Red Sea changes. Its waves are turned into a tender green; the East brightens with gorgeous tints—crimson, and rose, and tawny orange—a soft purple flush spreads over the water; the shores reflect all the coruscations of the zodiacal light; and as darkness comes on, the blue of the skies, with the radiance of the moon, and the pearly glimmering of the waves, forms a contrast with the aspects of the day, more perfect than any that can be witnessed in the North.

At Yambu, one of the gates of the Hejaz, Lieut. Burton halted. The town is much frequented by pilgrims, and maintains a prosperous trade, but it is here that the Christian traveller discovers the value of his disguise. The inhabitants are inspired by all the conceit and bigotry of a border population. Even their fellow Moslems walk among them armed and ready for instantaneous combat. The gentleman of Yambu stalks about with weapons in his belt that suggest to all new comers the necessity of a 'counterpoise'—on Lord John Russell's principle. Consequently his visitors arrive in panoply; the civilized Arab from El Medinah brings his pistols loaded; the soldier carries 'an armoury;' the 'peaceable' citizens never roam abroad without clubs, which they apply with practised energy to the head of any thievish Bedouin, or too officious guard, who provokes their anger.

In this delectable city Lieut. Burton made his final preparations. He was about to plunge into a country every inhabitant of which would have considered it a virtue to kill him, had his real character been known. But he shall himself confess to the reader how he deceived those subtle Mohammedans. Possibly there may be some difference of opinion as to the propriety of his artifices; but we may mention, at this point, that the Lieutenant has theories of his own on civilization and its system of etiquette:—

'Pilgrims,' he says, 'especially those from Turkey, carry a "Hamail," to denote their holy errand. This is a pocket Koran, in a handsome, gold-embroidered, crimson velvet, or red morocco case, slung by red silk cords over the left shoulder. It must hang down by the right side, and should never depend below the waist-belt. For this I substituted a most useful article. To all appearance a "Hamail;" it had inside three compartments: one for my watch and compass, the second for ready money, and the third contained penknife, pencil, and slips of paper, which I could hold concealed in the hollow of my hand. These were for writing and drawing; opportunities of

making a fair copy into the diary-book are never wanting to the acute traveller. He must, however, beware of sketching before the Bedouins, who would certainly proceed to extreme measures supposing him to be a spy or a sorcerer.'—Vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

The departure from Yambu took place in the evening. Mounted on camels the pilgrim and his companions threaded their way beyond the shady streets into the Desert, took a due easterly course, and advanced steadily towards the Holy Places of El Islam. A caravan under ordinary circumstances does not accomplish more than two miles an hour, so that the progress of the company was slow; but when the heat was too severe, or the twilight too dense, a halt was made, and pleasant festivities cheered the bivouac. Wretched villages were occasionally noted by the way; but Lieut. Burton judiciously avoided cataloguing their names as items of geographical knowledge. The appellations of such places throughout the East are constantly changing, though innocent travellers inquiring of their guides distinguish every spot they reach by some incorrect or ridiculous name. Thus one of our popular maps of the Euphrates contains a village named 'M'adri,' simply meaning, 'I don't know,' which was, no doubt, the reply of some native to a traveller's interrogation.

In the depth of the Eastern Arabian wilderness singular communities were found, leading humble and primitive lives, but subject, nevertheless, to the far-reaching extortions of the Ottoman exchequer. The Wahhabis, or the Bedouins, says Lieut. Burton, must one day rise and shake off the alien yoke which oppresses and degrades them; they have already produced men whom the Sultans of Constantinople have learned to fear:—

'Saad, the old man of the mountains, was described to me as a little brown Bedouin, contemptible in appearance, but remarkable for courage and ready wit. He has a keen scent for treachery, and requires to keep it in exercise. A blood feud with Abdul Mettaleb, the present Sherriff of Meccah, who slew his nephew, and the hostility of several sultans, has rendered his life an eventful one. He lost all his teeth by poison, which would have killed him, had he not, by mistake, after swallowing the potion, corrected it by drinking off a large pot full of clarified butter. Since that time he has lived entirely upon fruits, which he gathers for himself, and coffee, which he prepares with his own hand. In Sultan Mohammed's time he received from Constantinople a gorgeous purse, which he was told to open himself, as it contained something for his private inspection. Suspecting treachery, he gave it for this purpose to a slave, bidding him to carry it to some distance: the bearer was shot by a pistol, cunningly fixed, like Rob Roy's, in the folds of the bag.'—Ib. p. 383.

The country now traversed was disturbed by war. The soldiers of the Desert occasionally crossed the pilgrims' path. At

one city a parade of Arnaout cavalry exhibited the remnants of 'Turkish force,' and rumours of conflict thickened as the caravan drew near to El Medinah. At length, after troubles and disasters the explorer arose on a bright morning, and observed that all his companions were hurrying off in a deep silence. 'They are travelling with their eyes,' said Mohammed, the servant, as the entire party advanced with unusual rapidity towards a ridge of black basalt in the distance. Arrived at the summit of this, they passed through a dark defile, and at the end stood on a plateau, and saw before them El Medinah, the Holy City. All stood still with a tacit concord, and the Arabs, not dreaming that their companion in Persian attire was other than a good Mussulman, ejaculated fervent expressions of their joy, in obedience to a phrase in the Moslem ritual, 'And when the pilgrim's eyes fall upon the trees of El Medinah, let him raise his voice and bless the prophet with the choicest of blessings.'

The Bombay lieutenant, though he could not participate in their pious exultation, was not less gladdened than the more genuine pilgrims, who stood by his side, gazing 'on the trees of El Medinah.' He had been eight days travelling from Yambu, a distance little more than 130 miles, and reached the sacred city on the 8th of July. There, below him, lay the celebrated town with its suburbs, crowded with orchards and gardens. In its eastern quarter a bright green dome showed where the prophet reposed. To that shrine the pilgrim is bound to repair, as soon as he conveniently may, before he tastes the refreshment and pleasures of the Holy City. Complying with this law, the Persian prince and his companions performed all the ordained ablutions, used the tooth-stick in the manner directed by the Moslem ritual, dressed themselves in white clothes, and proceeded to the sanctuary of the Mohammedan world. Lieut. Burton, whatever the believers thought, was disappointed—

'I came suddenly upon the mosque. Like that at Meccah, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy "enceinte," others separated by a lane compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican-square. There is no outer front, no general aspect of the prophet's mosque; consequently, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity. And, entering the Bab-el-Rahman, —the Gate of Piety,—by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished by the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan mosque, grand and simple, the expression of a single sublime idea; the longer I looked at it the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour.'—Vol. ii. p. 60.

But the pilgrim takes only a cursory survey of this beloved

interior. Too much curiosity might betray that he is a traveller and not a devotee. The attendant sheikh inquires if he is religiously pure, arranges his hands in a lawful attitude and guides him forward, with slow steps, to the venerated shrine. The whole company recited a prayer, and a series of intricate rites was enacted, which put to the test Lieut. Burton's powers of hypocrisy. All the attributes of Allah and the Prophet were mentioned in a sonorous chant; not a step was made by pilgrim or priest except in accordance with rule. At last, after these interesting but monotonous ceremonies were concluded, the Persian prince was summoned to a little window that he might look into the chamber containing the tomb of Mohammed and his two immediate successors:—'Here my proceedings were watched with suspicious eyes. The Persians have sometimes managed to pollute the part near Abubeker's and Omar's graves by tossing through the aperture what is externally a handsome shawl, intended as a present to the tomb. After straining my eyes for a time I saw a curtain, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions, informing readers that behind them lie Allah's prophet and the first two caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is moreover distinguished by a large pearl rosary.'

The great ornament of jewels, said to be placed in darkness that its refulgence might not blind the believer's eyes, appeared to this critical pilgrim to consist of knobs of common glass; but he would not pay the exorbitant sum which would have gained the privilege of a more near approach. Nothing in the scene was attractive or poetical. As to the remains themselves, not even Moslems can tell in what position they lie; the historians dispute on the point as fiercely as though all the circumstances were lost in tradition. No one dares to examine the sepulchre, lest the discussion should be ended by proving that the prophet's body does not exist at El Medinah at all. However, the mystery has its fascinations for all professors of the faith, and a large revenue accrues to the keepers of the tomb. Lieut. Burton disbursed a pound sterling before he could complete his first visit, and never could enter the mosque without paying at least half that sum.

Having performed the duties of a good Mussulman without displaying any of that unaccountable malignity for which the Persian sectaries have gained a bad reputation at El Medinah, he was free to examine the city. His description is minute but picturesque.

El Medinah, or the City, stands on the borders of Nejd, upon the vast plateau of high land which forms Central Arabia. This elevated plain is bounded by ridges and precipices of basalt

rock, and is composed in general of a white chalk and a loamy clay, though patches of salt sand are scattered over its surface. The town abounds in water, though of a poor quality, and is subject to considerable variations of climate. The saying of Mohammed was, 'that he who patiently endures the cold of El Medinah and the heat of Meccah merits a reward in paradise.' On the hills, indeed, ice may be seen in the extreme of winter, though this fact is not consonant with popular English ideas of the Arabian wilderness. Rain also falls, and copious dew, which is not regarded as unhealthy. The Arabs of the district, however, are subject to many complaints, and have long lost their repute as the most skilful of natural physicians. Charms and amulets have enfeebled their wits, and taught them to forget their ancient cunning. Other influences, too, have aided in reducing the spirit of that once proud race.

'I may remark that the Arabs have little idea of splendour either in their public or in their private architecture. Whatever strikes the traveller's eye in El-Hejaz is always either an importation or the work of foreign artists. If strangers will build for them, they argue, why should they build for themselves? However, they have scant inducement to lavish money upon grand edifices. Whenever a disturbance takes place, domestic or from without, the buildings are sure to suffer; and the climate is inimical to their enduring. Both ground and air at Meccah, as well as at El Medinah, are damp and nitrous in winter; in summer, dry and torrid; palm timber soon decays; even foreign woodwork suffers, and a few years suffice to level their proudest pile with the dust.'—Ib. p. 194.

In course of a ride to the Mosque of Kuba, Lieut. Burton gives us a picture of the Arabian plain and its garden :—

'Recently, the Nakhil, or palm plantations, began. Nothing lovelier to the eye, weary with hot red glare, than the rich green waving crops and cool shade—for hours I could have sat and looked at it, requiring no other occupation—the "food of vision," as the Arabs call it, and "pure water to the parched throat." The air was soft and balmy, strange luxury in El Hejaz, and a perfumed breeze wandered among the date ponds; there were fresh flowers and bright foliage—in fact, at midsummer, every beautiful feature of spring. Nothing more delightful to the ear than the warbling of the small birds, that sweet, familiar sound, the splashing of tiny cascades from the wells into the wooden troughs; and the musical song of the water-wheels. Travellers—young travellers in the East—talk of the "dismal grating," the "mournful monotony," and the "melancholy creaking of those dismal machines." To the veteran wanderer, their sound is delightful from association, reminding him of green fields, cool watercourses, hospitable villagers, and plentiful crops. The expatriated Nubian, for instance, listens to the water-wheel with as deep emotion as the "Ranz des Vaches" ever excited in the heart of Switzer at Naples,

or "Lochaber no more" among a regiment of Highlanders in the West Indies.

'The date trees of El Medinah merit their celebrity. Their stately columns or stems here seem higher than in other lands, and their lower flowers are allowed to tremble in the breeze without mutilation. These enormous palms were loaded with ripening fruit, and the clusters, carefully tied up, must have weighed upwards of eighty pounds. They hung down between the lower branches by a bright yellow stem, as thick as a man's ankle.'—Ib. p. 199.

The pleasure-seeker, no less than the invalid, may find a pleasant loitering-place midst the 'cool shades of Kuba.' These graceful gardens are divided into alleys, fenced on either hand by tall reeds. There the elegant boughs of the tamarisk and of the broad-leaved castor plant, pearled with dew, glisten in the sun, offering a tempting refuge from its rays.

In this luxuriant region, fruit-trees are abundant. Little can be said for their produce, palatable as it is to the tastes of the inhabitants of El Medinah, the chief favourite being a fruit which has been successively compared to a 'bad plum, an unripe cherry, and an insipid apple.' An exception must be made in favour of the shami, a luscious fruit, 'almost stoneless, delicately perfumed, and as large as an infant's head.'

Little attraction is presented by the interior of Kuba, composed of the elements which characterize the vilest of Eastern villages. A disorderly heap of huts and houses, foul lanes, rubbish, and barking dogs, constitute all that is to be met with. The people are singularly in accordance with the uninviting peculiarity of the spot; 'so fearfully and wonderfully,' remarks Lieut. Burton, 'do the children resemble tailless baboons!'

The Mosque of Kuba, invested with peculiar sanctity from the superstition of its frequenters, though no longer 'mean and decayed,' as when Burckhardt beheld it, is an unpretending building of small size, with a minaret of the Turkish style. Here, wedged in an oppressive crowd of devotees, our indefatigable Lieutenant performed the prostrations, recited the prayers, supplications, and all the elaborate liturgy of the mosque; finding time during devotions, moreover, to direct his attention to the reading of a Cufic inscription on the wall.

A more inviting sanctuary was the Bir-el-Aris, visited by Lieut. Burton; a deep well in a garden to the west of the Mosque of Piety, with a little oratory adjoining. In this retreat, a Persian wheel went dreamily round; and the water, cool and crystal, fell into a pool, imitating the refreshing murmur of a stream. So soothing was the sound, combined with the rich, overpowering fragrance of limes and pomegranates, of which the scent was wafted through the air by the warm breeze, that our

traveller, unable to resist such delicious influences, forgot his prayers, and fell asleep.

The arrival of the Damascus Pilgrimage, as it is popularly called, or the Great Caravan, bearing stipends, pensions, and perhaps even a new curtain for the Prophet's Hujrah, is a period of great excitement. The Barr-el-Munakhah then presents a most animated appearance.

'I arose early in the morning,' says Lieut. Burton, 'and looked out from the windows of the *mazlio*, the Barr-el-Munakhah, from a dusty waste, dotted with a few Bedouins and hair tents, had assumed all the various shapes and colours of a kaleidoscope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one small field; and however jaded with sight-seeing, it dwelt with delight upon the vivacity, the variety, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, colour, and shape—round, square, and oblong—open and closed—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the pasha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the haram, to its neighbour, the little, dirty, green "rowtie" of the tobacco-seller. They were pitched in admirable order: here ranged in a long line where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound? Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hezay appeared mere pony camels, jingling large bells, and bearing shugdups, like miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous takhtrawan, or litters, borne between camels or mules, with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed "dromedaries," and clinging, like apes, to the hairy humps; Arnaout, Turkish, and Kurd irregular horsemen, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounted, grumbling, from jaded donkeys; Kahwagis, sherbet-sellers and ambulant tobacconists crying their goods; country people driving flocks of sheep and goats, with infinite clamour, through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; townspeople seeking their friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tent ropes in their hurry to reach the haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit-venders fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of fine old Arab Spagkhs of Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzah or war-dance; compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself—firing their guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their light-coloured rays floating in the wind, tossing their long spears, tufted with ostrich feathers, high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters

their tents, with vain cries of Ya Mohammed! grandees riding mules, or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters shouting to clear the way; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another; there the low moaning of some poor wretch seeking a shady corner to die in; and a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter; and I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, and the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any word-painting of mine can convey a just idea of the scene.'—Vol. ii. p. 227.

From a very remote period, certain rumours have prevailed in the West, as to some peculiar institutions attributed to the race of El Nakhamilah, of El Medinah. It is indisputable that their character throughout the East is low; as a caste, they are despised, though they professed Mohammedanism; and their social position is similar to that of the pariahs in India. In fact, by orthodox Moslems, they are held in so much contempt, that among the current reports of their sins and vices it is impossible to distinguish between sectarian calumnies and relations that are strictly true.

The narrative of Lieut. Burton should be studied by all who would obtain an exact view of the actual state of belief in the Mohammedan world. It reflects, from its centre, the civilization of the Koran. The author, perhaps, may not intend to produce in his reader's mind such results as these volumes, in our opinion, suggest; but his story, told with simplicity, exposes much corruption and imbecility, even in the citadels of Islamism. From other points of view, the book is as valuable as it is entertaining. It certainly widens the area of geographical science: it unfolds the life and manners of a strange people; it depicts singular and dramatic scenes in the interior of lands which have hitherto been mysteries to Europe. Lieut. Burton is an accurate observer, a liberal and intelligent critic, a faithful and pictorial narrator. His record of travel, also, while it is steeped in Eastern colours, bears the signs of ripe scholarship, and though some mannerisms may displease a fastidious taste, all who read to be informed as well as to be amused will consult his narrative of rare enterprises and curious adventures.

ART. VIII.—*A Copy of a Despatch to the Government of India, on the subject of General Education in India.* Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated July 18, 1854.

IT is undoubtedly pleasant to find the Court of Directors of the East India Company, in whose hands, by a recent Act of Parliament, the Government of India has once more been placed, sensible of the responsibility which such a trust involves, and, professedly at least, disposed to 'the adoption of such improvements as may be best calculated to secure the ultimate benefit of the people' committed to their charge. We do not adopt this qualified tone of commendation, either because we indulge in suspicions ourselves, or because we wish to cherish suspicions in our readers; on the contrary, we give the Court of Directors, and the Board of Control, on the suggestion of which latter body more particularly it is well understood the measure before us has been adopted, full credit for good intentions; and we congratulate them on their resolving at last to go so much farther in the direction of popular improvement than they have previously ventured.

The measure, or rather the series of measures sketched out in the present despatch, is in itself of sufficient importance to claim at least a passing notice from us, and it will be matter of surprise if, before we have done, we should not find something on which to animadvert; but we can truly say that we approach the document in no captious or censorious spirit, and that, if we are constrained to find fault, it must be ascribed, not to the irritability of our temper, but to the necessary influence of our principles.

It is not now absolutely for the first time that the attention of the Government of India has been directed to the subject of education, but the plans now proposed are much more extensive and complete than hitherto. We shall briefly indicate the principal points.

1. The most prominent part of the scheme consists in the institution of universities, in accordance with a proposal made some years ago by the Council of Education in Calcutta, but at that time not acceded to by the Court of Directors. They acknowledge their conviction that 'the time has now arrived for the establishment of universities in India, which may encourage a regular and liberal course of education, by conferring academical degrees as evidences attainment in the different branches of art and science, and by adding marks of honour for those who may desire to compete for honorary distinction.' Universities are forthwith

to be established at Calcutta and Bombay, and hereafter at Madras, and any other points where a sufficient number of pupils is likely to present themselves. The model of these institutions is to be, with some variations, the University of London.

2. After this provision for a liberal education of the higher classes, follows the promotion of what may be strictly termed popular education. We use here the very words of the despatch.

'Our attention should now be directed to a consideration, if possible, still more important, and one which has been hitherto, we are bound to admit, too much neglected; namely, how useful and practical knowledge, suited to every station in life, may be best conveyed to the great mass of the people, who are utterly incapable of obtaining any education worthy of the name by their own unaided efforts; and we desire to see the active measures of Government more especially directed, for the future, to this object, for the attainment of which we are ready to sanction a considerable increase of expenditure.'—Despatch, par. 41.

The Directors proceed to say most justly, that 'schools whose object should be, not to train highly a few youths, but to provide opportunities for the acquisition of such an improved education as will make those who possess it more useful members of society, in any condition of life, should exist in every district in India,' and they propose to encourage the formation of such schools by two methods. First, by the institution of collegiate scholarships, which would be attainable as rewards of merit. Secondly, by the pecuniary resources of the government, combined with a system of grants in aid after the manner of the Committee of Council in England, with the liberality of private individuals, and the weekly payments of the pupils. On this subject we make no remark now, but we shall return to it.

3. In the order of educational measures, the preparation of teachers naturally follows. This, of course, is to be effected by the establishment of normal schools, after the manner of England and the Committee of Council; and 'by giving to persons who possess an aptness for teaching, as well as the requisite standard of acquirements, and who are willing to devote themselves to the profession of schoolmaster, moderate monthly allowances for their support during the time which it may be necessary for them to pass in normal schools or classes, in order to acquire the necessary training.'

4. The next item, which is certainly 'equal in importance to the training of schoolmasters,' is the provision of vernacular schoolbooks. For this purpose the best translations of particular books, or the best elementary treatises in specified languages, are to be advertised for and rewarded; the object being, 'not to translate European works into the words and idioms of the native languages, but so to combine the substance of European

knowledge with native forms of thought and sentiment as to render the school-books useful and attractive.'

5. Last in the series appear what may be called professional institutions, or colleges for teaching specific arts and sciences, as law, medicine, and engineering, for example.

Such, in a few words, is the extended scheme of educational measures, now about to be carried into effect by the government of British India. The only part of it on which we feel disposed to make any remark is that which contemplates the extension to this vast dependency of the British Crown of the system of 'grants in aid' to elementary schools, out of the public funds, as adopted by the Committee of Council on Education in this country; we think this, however, so grave a matter, that we request for the observations we offer very serious attention.

The mode in which the adoption of this system suggested itself to the Court of Directors—or, at all events, to the framers of the despatch—is clearly indicated by the following paragraph:—

'When we consider the vast population of British India, and the sums which are now expended upon educational efforts, which, however successful in themselves, have reached but an insignificant number of those who are of a proper age to receive school instruction, we cannot but be impressed with the almost insuperable difficulties which would attend such an extension of the present system of education by means of colleges and schools entirely supported at the cost of Government, as might be hoped to supply, in any reasonable time, so gigantic a deficiency, and to provide adequate means for setting on foot such a system as we have described, and desire to see established.'—Ib. par. 48.

It seems, then, that but for the enormous and impracticable cost of it, the Court of Directors would really have gone about to establish an entire system of elementary schools throughout India at the expense of the Government. And this is quite in unison with the theory which is propounded at the commencement of the despatch. 'It is one of our most sacred duties,' say the Directors, 'to be the means, as far as in us lies, of conferring upon the natives of India those vast moral and material blessings which flow from the general diffusion of useful knowledge.' As a portion of the philosophy of government, this is, in our opinion, entirely untrue. The education of children is in India, as it is everywhere else, primarily the duty of parents, and it is a duty which no government can, either with right or with wisdom, take out of their hands. It is matter of chagrin to see how incurably blind generally enlightened and far-seeing men are in this respect, and how some dozen merchants are no sooner made governors of a country, than they immediately fancy that to be 'one of their most sacred duties' with which, as

governors, they have nothing on earth to do. What an excellent opportunity would the framing of this despatch have afforded for a few sentences of truly philosophical wisdom on this interesting subject! How admirably it might have commenced with an acknowledgment of that arrangement of Divine will and wisdom by which the education of children has been placed in the hands of those who love them best, with an expression of regret that this arrangement was turned to so small advantage, and a desire to adopt such means, and such means only, as might tend to awaken natural energies, so deeply slumbering but not extinct, to the work for which they are destined. Then, practically, we should have heard of the parents being stimulated to exertion, and the Government doing something to help them; as it is, we have the Government going forth to a labour which it wrongfully claims as its own, and when it breaks down under the pecuniary burden, asking for help from the parents of the children! Might it not be retorted on them—'O no! if it be your duty, do it. You are rich enough; at all events, you are much richer than we are.'

The system of grants in aid of elementary schools in India would seem at the first glance to be open to an objection of a practical kind, arising from its implication of the Government in religious teaching. This, it is well known, is one of the grounds on which grants in aid, as distributed by the Committee of Council in our own country, are strenuously objected to—namely, that they practically make the Government a teacher of religion, which it ought not to be, and worse, a teacher of various and contradictory religions, which it cannot be, without not only injustice but absurdity. And the case is still stronger in India than it is in England. There, it is true, we have Christianity and Judaism, Romanism and Protestantism, Evangelism and Socinianism, with a variety of other *isms*, all putting their fingers into the same purse; but in India, to probably all these are to be added Mohammedanism and paganism, the latter in a thousand forms, each more gross and abominable than the other. Yet the grants in aid are to be made to ALL schools of a satisfactory grade of secular instruction. Can it be this Babel of instruction which a British—and to allow ourselves for once a latitude in the use of words which we usually avoid—a Christian Government is about to dignify and consolidate by the sanction and the pay of the State? The Court of Directors say no, and endeavour to evade this obvious difficulty by saying, 'O! we will have nothing to do with religion, be it Christian or Moslem, Buddhist or Hindoo.' This last particular is stated in the despatch in unequivocal terms. 'The system of grants in aid which we propose to establish in India will be based on an entire abstinence

from interference with the religious instruction conveyed in the schools assisted.' 'Very well,' we think we hear some one saying, 'that is liberal and fair, and what can you desire more?' We ask, in reply, if our monitor be not too impatient to hear us, whether by grants in aid so administered the Government does not *in fact* uphold the teaching of religion also, and of any religion which may happen to be taught in the assisted schools? The only answer to be given to this question, so far as we understand the case is, that the grant in aid is to be put to the account of the secular instruction given, and of that exclusively. Now, we submit that this, however honestly intended, is nothing better than a piece of glittering jugglery. The money may be given for the secular instruction exclusively, but, when given, it supports the entire school, with all that it teaches, secular and religious, and as effectually helps the dissemination of the one kind of knowledge as of the other. The allegation reminds us of a case in which some wealthy and benevolent Quaker (we use the term without disrespect) is applied to for a donation towards erecting a dissenting chapel; and at once to show his courtesy and save his principles, he says, 'Friend, thee knows we do not subscribe to chapels, but there are five pounds towards pulling down the old one.' Or perhaps (to bring a case more closely parallel) he asks, 'Hast thee a school?' If the answer be happily in the affirmative, the knot is untied. 'There are five pounds for thy school-room, but remember I give thee nothing for thy chapel.' These somewhat excessive refinements of morality are well understood, and generally pass with a smile; but is the case essentially different, or any more easy to be reconciled with strict and simple-minded integrity, when you say to a schoolmaster who teaches both physics and religion, 'I give you money for the secular instruction, but none for the religious?' 'Do as you please,' the teacher may well reply, 'in either way you support the school in a manner equally effectual.'

To show how mere an evasion is the proposal to make grants for secular instruction exclusively, let the same experiment be tried by effecting a division between the various parts of secular instruction itself. Suppose, for example, that one should say to the teacher or patrons of a school, 'I will subscribe towards your teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but I will give nothing towards your teaching of geography and astronomy;' would not the thing be universally pronounced ludicrously absurd? The money contributed would, of course, go into the common school fund, and by supporting the school itself, would as truly support all that was taught there as if it had been specifically designated for that purpose.

It is to be observed, also, that in the case before us, the grants

in aid will constitute precisely that portion of the school funds by which the existence of the schools themselves will be rendered possible. The Government scheme is designed to promote the efficiency of existing schools, and, on a great scale, the creation of new ones. The grants in aid are to be the vital and germinating principle of the system. Now let it be observed what the effect of this will be on existing indigenous schools. At present these establishments are, to a considerable and increasing extent, experiencing a competition with superior schools of foreign origin, which present greater secular advantages, for the most part connected with protestant religious instruction, and under the influence of evangelical missionaries. The multiplication and growth of schools of the latter class, which, although it may not be rapid, is sure, necessarily entails the gradual diminution and decay of the former, a change of infinite value for the country, and brought about by the tranquil operation of inoffensive causes. This salutary process the new scheme of the Government will directly tend to impede and arrest. All schools —that is, schools of every name and description of paganism, are to be in the most rapid manner qualified to impart the best secular instruction, and to be supported in doing so by the public money; and thus will a host of establishments, not only effete but pernicious, be at once revived, consolidated, and made perpetual—forbidden to die out as seats of polluting religious instruction, because the patronage of the government sustains them as places of secular learning.

To this mischievous embalming of the old schools, must be added the equal, perhaps greater, mischief of the creation of new ones, which but for the grants in aid would never exist. The proffer of such a grant by the Government is to be the first step, and an appeal to local benevolence is to be founded upon it, so that the Government is the prime mover, and the grant the principal moving power. And yet the Government is not to be held responsible for the immense amount of religious teaching which will thus be brought into activity, because they provide funds only for secular instruction! A pretty juggle this, by which, if our statesmen themselves are blinded—as perhaps they are, though we are not sure of it—we cannot believe the straightforward people of England will be. The plain fact is, however unwilling men in power may be to acknowledge it, that the grants in aid are to be for the support of all schools, let them teach what religion they may, and therefore for the support of all the religions taught in them, let them be what they may.

Indeed, the case is much worse than this; for, under the grant in aid system, the Government will not only become a teacher of religion, and of all religions, but to a large extent, and for the most part, a teacher of paganism. It is certainly true that there

are in India some efficient and highly valuable christian schools, but these are few as compared with the indigenous schools which now exist; and when indigenous schools shall be multiplied, as is expected under the forcing apparatus which is to be applied to them, the christian schools, whatever may be the amount of *their* increase, will inevitably, in comparison, be fewer still. Thus, for the sake of disseminating instruction in secular knowledge, will the Government actually create and set in motion a vast and widely extended machinery for imbuing the minds of the rising population of India more deeply than ever with idolatrous notions and habits.

Nor can the idea of Government sanction to all that is taught in the schools be separated from the fact of a Government grant to the school itself. It pleases some persons to amuse themselves with a notion that so discriminating a people as the Hindoos, and one so peculiarly mindful of truth, would recognise and lay stress on the distinction, that, although the Government certainly did acknowledge the excellency of the secular instruction given at the school, and make a grant of public money on account of it, yet it did not patronize or sanction the school as a whole, and particularly not its religious instruction. We cannot share this fond imagination; especially after the experience we have had of the use made of British interference at the temples, which was quite as little intended to give the sanction of Government to the worship as grants in aid would be to give a similar sanction to the schools.

There is, however, a fallacy in the statement that 'the system of grants in aid which it is proposed to establish in India will be based on an entire abstinence from interference with the religious instruction conveyed in the schools.' As to direct interference, this assertion is, no doubt, intended to be true, and will be true in fact; but there will be an indirect interference by which it will be substantially vitiated. Near the commencement of their despatch, the Directors express themselves as follows:—

'Before proceeding further, we must emphatically declare that the education which we desire to see extended in India is that which has for its object the diffusion of the improved arts, science, philosophy, and literature of Europe; in short, of European knowledge.

'The systems of science and philosophy which form the learning of the East abound with grave errors, and Eastern literature is at best very deficient as regards all modern discovery and improvements; Asiatic learning, therefore, however widely diffused, would but little advance our object.'—Ib. par. 7, 8.

Far indeed are we from disputing the justice of the distinction here made, or the wisdom, and even necessity of the principle so emphatically laid down; what we wish to observe is, that 'European science and philosophy' are in their tendency sub-

versive of Hindoo religion. This is sufficiently notorious, we imagine, to be admitted by all parties without proof; but we may avail ourselves, nevertheless, of an express acknowledgment of it by the Rev. W. Arthur, one of the secretaries of the Methodist Missionary Society. In a letter on this subject to Mr. E. Baines, which appeared in the 'Leeds Mercury' of the 21st of October last, Mr. Arthur thus expresses himself:—

'Another point overlooked in your letter is, that the Government will only extend its inspection and its grants in aid to schools which adopt approved school books. Did they leave the old system undisturbed, your objections would tell with force, but the fact that they will supersede the old books by new ones, not only innocent but useful, is one to which many who know India well, and love it much, look with strong hopes. A Geography and a Purana cannot stand together; and I say without hesitation, though with great deference to any one who forms a different opinion, that no village master capable of teaching such books as only the Government can approve, will have either time or inclination for teaching the Puranas. To prepare for inspection in solid knowledge will occupy him and his pupils too much to leave room for Puranas. Every lesson in European knowledge which villagers get in their own tongue, will lessen their respect for the traditions of their country, and prepare them to hail and to sympathize with missionary books.'

Here is the testimony of a most competent witness, that 'a Geography and a Purana cannot stand together,' and that 'every lesson in European knowledge which villagers get in their own tongue, will lessen their respect for the traditions of their country, and prepare them to hail and to sympathize with missionary books;' and it is for this reason that 'many who know India well, and love it much,' look to the Government measure 'with strong hopes.' And all this concerning a measure, the essential characteristic of which is declared by its authors to be, that it 'is based on an entire abstinence from all interference with the religious instruction conveyed in the schools.' It is plain that the Honourable the Court of Directors and the Rev. William Arthur do not look at this measure from the same point of view. They, honest and honourable, but not very discerning gentlemen, think to teach European knowledge without interfering with puranic instruction; he, clear-headed man, sees plainly that 'a Geography and a Purana cannot stand together,' and rejoices in what the Government are doing because it is adapted, in course of time, to undermine the whole system of Hindooism. But now, gentlemen of the Honourable Court, let us ask you what you really mean, and whether this tendency of your measure, which of course you have not perceived, is in your judgments a recommendation of it? It is now clear that what you intended to do you cannot do—that is, teach European secular knowledge without interfering with Hindooism; are you prepared to do

what you have not intended—that is, to make a disguised attack on Hindooism itself, and under false professions to assail the religious notions of the people you govern?

If, after making these remarks, we should be asked whether we think the existing state of education in India sufficiently satisfactory to be left as it is, and whether we would really stay the hand now stretched out for its improvement, we have no hesitation in answering the former of these questions in the negative, and the latter in the affirmative. Doubtless India wants an improved popular education; but we would not have this directly attempted by the Government. In truth, the effort now made bears upon its very face an argument against itself. For in attempting the improvement of popular education in India, the Government begins by cutting it in two—we might say, by mangling it. Forced to act upon the principle that Government should not teach religion, it throws the religious part of education overboard, and takes up the secular, thus, in its very aim at improvement, leaving one-half of education in all its present inferiority. And not only so; the half thus abandoned is the more important half, and this immeasurably. If there be any respect in which popular education in India cries out more loudly for improvement, it is in the religious portion of it, and whoever among its would-be reformers cannot touch this, had better leave the whole alone. Spiritual and eternal interests far outweigh secular and temporal ones. Little indeed is done for the indigenous schools of India unless they can be made fountains of religious truth and beneficial moral influence; and tending, as all merely secular improvement must, to perpetuate the religious state of the schools as it is, this little were better left undone.

But how and by whom can the requisite improvement be effected? By christian benevolence and missionary zeal; a power, indeed, without the high prestige and boundless resources of the Government, but one by no means feeble or unprepared. It has this great qualification for its task, that it can take a right aim, and comprehend in its view the whole object to be attained, so that all educational improvements effected by its means shall include both the secular and the religious. Amidst many discouragements and difficulties, and even under the long-continued ban of the Government, which is now constrained to caress it, it has done much; the range of its action and the rate of its progress are both on the increase; and its successes are won by influences, not only innocuous and safe, but in all respects salutary and beneficial. It has this great advantage also, that it embraces the parents as well as the children, the preaching of the Gospel providing converted fathers and mothers, for whom such schools will have an indispensable value, while children educated at them will be qualified to take back to their heathen

parents an inestimable treasure of renovating truth. The Court of Directors and philosophical educationists, perhaps, may think a process to be effected by such an instrumentality very slow, and may be too much in a hurry to get the population of India educated to be content with it; they should not, however, quite ignore the maxim of their school days, *festina lente*, nor forget that there still may be cases to which it is wisely applicable. It may be better to have a little work well done than to have much done badly, and the best hopes of the future marred in the doing of it.

We have said that Christian benevolence and missionary zeal are not unprepared for their duty. We should heartily rejoice if we could say with as little misgiving that all the devoted men in the missionary field saw their way as clearly as we do to the rejection of the tempting, but treacherous aid now proffered to them by the Government. We are aware, however, that this is not the fact; nor is it to be wondered at that a diversity of opinion which exists so extensively at home should have its corresponding element abroad. It is possible also, that those on the spot, acquiring the most impressive views of the magnitude of the work, may be more powerfully affected than persons at home by the prospect of enlarged usefulness which ampler funds would open to them. It is certain, however, that a spirit of rivalry between the agents of the various missionary bodies co-operates in cherishing a desire to partake of the Government grants, no one being willing to be, on such a ground, outrun by his fellow-labourers. This last consideration is unworthy of serious regard, and should give place at once to the consistent operation of enlightened principle. On this ground we know that some of the missionaries have already taken a firm stand, willing to relinquish all pecuniary advantages which may thus be withheld from them, and we doubt not they will have their reward. The practical course of missionaries who are of a different opinion from them will doubtless be determined by that of the societies whose agents they are. Upon this point the interest of public attention has been concentrated on the London and the Baptist Missionary Societies, the only ones we believe, which, on principle, repudiate Government aid for religious purposes. Before the former of these bodies, the subject was promptly brought by Mr. Edward Baines, in a letter to the Directors, and laid before the public in the 'Leeds Mercury' of October 7, and as promptly did the Board of Directors dispose of it. At the quarterly meeting of that body, then immediately ensuing, a resolution was unanimously adopted, to the effect that the principle on which the Society had always acted—that, namely, of accepting no money from Government for the support of missionary operations—should still be strictly adhered to, and

no educational grants be received for mission schools. The action of the Baptist Missionary Society, although less prompt, has been in the end no less satisfactory. Delayed somewhat by the consideration due to a proposition made by Mr. John Marshman, that, in relation to educational grants, each missionary should be free to act according to his own opinion, it was not until the 10th of January that the committee arrived at a decision of the important question before them; but that decision, we are happy to say, is identical in its import, and almost so in its terms, with that of the London Missionary Society, thus placing the labourers of both societies in India in perfect harmony. We cannot doubt that the course thus adopted, right as we believe it in principle, will be highly satisfactory to the supporters at large of these noble and important institutions.

What degree of attention the subject we have thus briefly adverted to may hereafter occupy in Parliament we know not, Indian affairs being much less accessible in either House, generally speaking, than matters nearer home; but should it ever again engage the notice of honourable or right honourable legislators, we trust some voices at least will be heard in rebuke of this new blunder, and in vindication of sound principles of social advancement.

Brief Notices.

CONTENTS.

1. Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, &c.
2. i. The Lion of Flanders.—ii. Veva; or, the War of the Peasants.
3. Vindication of Luther against his recent English Assailants.
4. The Revised Liturgy of 1689.
5. The Bible.
6. Alison's History of Europe.
7. Report of Twenty-one Years Experience of the Dick Bequest.
8. Evangelical Missions.
9. The Roman Empire of the West.
10. The Christ of History: an Argument Grounded on the Facts of His Life on Earth.
11. Nine Days Meditations on the Abuses of the Church of Rome.
12. Natural and Experimental Philosophy.
13. A Guide to the Mythology, History, and Literature of Ancient Greece.
14. Popular Harmony of the Bible.
15. Frederick the Great.
16. Chaucer's Poetical Works.

Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A. Crown 8vo. pp. 503. 12s. 6d. Longman & Co. 1855.

ALL who know much of contemporary science and philosophy must be familia with the name of our author, and need not be told that he

is a man accomplished and learned, free and fearless in his spirit of inquiry, and well endowed with faculties both of observation and criticism. Though a clergyman, he never allows his investigations to be interfered with by theological canons or bias. We presume that the manner in which he would connect, or rather separate, science and revelation would astonish not a few even of those who deem themselves independent of traditional orthodoxy. But we are not now concerned with the general position of Mr. Powell, nor his relations to revelation, but with the three valuable Essays which constitute the volume before us. These Essays, though different in objects and dates of composition, yet bear a sufficient relation to each other to give something like unity to the book.

The first, entitled 'The Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy,' consisting mainly of an amplification of a paper in the Oxford Ashmolean Memoirs, 1849, is an acute investigation of the principles and methods of philosophical reasoning. A partial clue to the author's bent and purpose may be afforded by the statement, that 'the subjects of the primary grounds of inductive reasoning, and the theory of causation, have long since appeared to me to be commonly involved in much confusion of thought, which has, as I think, been rather increased than diminished by some recent discussions, from which we might have hoped for greater enlightenment; and which appears to me to be the source of many unhappy difficulties and objections connected with the so-called doctrine of "final causes," and the evidences of natural theology generally;' and by the following expression of leading principle —'If there be any force in what has been advanced, then, instead of any primary or inherent principle,—any original element of the mind, enabling it to see the outward world blindfold,—any intuitive internal power to create external facts, any authority derived solely from the interior resources of pure reason to show us physical and material things without reference to the senses, or the like; the simple analysis of the case would lead us to the more sober belief that the source of inductive certainty, that certainty beyond the mere limits of sense, that superstructure larger than any foundation of facts, is accounted for by natural and acknowledged processes.'

The second Essay, 'The Unity or Plurality of Worlds,' has for its main theme the question recently agitated afresh of the existence or non-existence of a plurality of worlds. That question appears to Mr. Powell of small importance in itself; and he has discussed it chiefly in relation to the more general considerations with which it is connected. As to the debated point, he 'holds the balance between the two disputants,' and, in our opinion, shows a calmer mind and a more trustworthy judgment than either of them. He writes not as an advocate but as a judge, and indicates a clear conception of the real conditions of the question, and its varied bearings. We do not remember to have seen anything on the subject that did it more comprehensive and catholic justice. The manner in which facts are investigated, arguments weighed, the possible distinguished from the probable, and the probable from the certain, and the whole connected with important principles widely related to both science and religion,

commends the Essay as one of the best specimens of philosophical criticism with which we have met.

The third Essay, 'The Philosophy of Creation,' deals with 'the mode in which, and the secondary processes by means of which,' the existing natural world was established, the author feeling that after and notwithstanding recent discussions occasioned by the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' 'a more calm and philosophical analysis of the whole question was much needed.' In this essay he has aimed to 'supply in some measure a review of the general principles and grounds on which all speculations of the kind should be conducted, as well as to examine dispassionately into the alleged religious bearings of any theories by which some part of the steps and processes of creation might be explained.' He treats the subject 'in a purely inductive and scientific light;' keeps the real point, the development and transmutation of things, continually in view; calmly contemplates opposing arguments and apparently opposing facts; and valorously maintains the independence of all theories respecting the processes of creation as matters of pure inductive science.

Nothing can induce our author to go out of his own chosen province as a philosopher, except it be to resist and resent the interference of all foreign, however respectable, authorities. No wonder that he often comes into collision with favourite faiths and established doctrines. We are not prepared to follow him fully either in his scientific conclusions, or in the manner in which, and the extent to which, he separates philosophy and revelation. But we must decline the tempting theme. Meantime, we can safely say that the book is one of ripe and advanced thought, that it discusses deeply interesting subjects in a deeply interesting way, and that it may afford important hints and suggestions even to those who cannot accept all its teachings.

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1. *The Lion of Flanders; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs.* By Hendrik Conscience. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 360. 2s. 6d. London: Lambert & Co.
2. *Veva; or, the War of the Peasants.* An Historical Tale. By Hendrik Conscience. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 256. 2s. 6d. London: Lambert & Co.

THESE volumes are translated from the Flemish, and are to be followed by others, which will enable the English public to judge of the qualities of a writer extensively popular amongst his own countrymen. In our number for February last we introduced the 'Tales of Flemish Life,' in terms of strong, but not unmerited, eulogy; and after having examined the volumes before us, we are prepared to abide by the verdict then pronounced. Hendrik Conscience has hitherto been little known in this country, and it is probable that the national costume of his works will prevent their becoming extensively popular. Should this be the case, the fact will be founded on other considerations than the intrinsic merit of the author. His productions bear a strong national character. They can never be thought English. They wear a foreign air; their speech and their sentiments are foreign. Something

has to be done before an entire sympathy is established between the author and an English reader; but when once this is effected, the presence of many of the best qualities attaching to literature are recognised.

The former of the two works before us was published in 1838. Its subject is chosen from the heroic period of Flemish history, and the most distinguished of the chivalry and statesmen of France and Flanders are introduced. A striking contrast is exhibited between the brilliant chivalry of France and the unadorned leaders of the commerce of Flanders. In this respect, M. Conscience has pursued a much higher and more honorable course than most of our literati. Whilst doing full justice to the knights and nobles of the period, he does not exhibit the plain craftsmen of Flanders in ridiculous and contemptible lights. On the contrary, we see in the cloth-workers, butchers, and other guilds of Bruges, an intense patriotism, which calmly viewed and sagaciously provided for every danger that threatened their beloved fatherland. The character of Peter De Coninck, dean of the cloth-workers, is drawn with admirable skill and truthfulness; whilst that of his associate displays a courage which no peril could daunt, nor any temptation corrupt. 'Bold to rashness, yet docile as a child to the counsels of De Coninck, loving fighting for its own sake, but never striking a blow except in defence of right;—he and his brother butchers represent the sinew and strong right hand of the whole struggle.' The work is in strict keeping with historical truthfulness. 'The author,' as the English editor remarks, 'would make his readers feel what Flanders once was, what Flemings once dared to do.'

'The War of the Peasants' is less historical and more purely a fiction than the 'Lion of Flanders.' Its characters are imaginary, but the truthfulness of its general picture does not admit of question. The scene depicted is the struggle of the Flemings against the armies of the French Republic, and the period chosen consequently is the last decade of the eighteenth century. M. Conscience intensely sympathizes with all that is Flemish, and his work supplies a full-length portraiture of the atrocities perpetrated in the name of liberty on his countrymen. 'It is intended to give us a notion of the oppression and cruelties practised by the revolutionary agents. It shows us how simple peasants were stung to madness by a sense of intolerable wrong, and how they were goaded on to desperate and bloody reprisals.' Had our writers of fiction preserved the healthful tone which characterizes these volumes, they would not have been a proscribed class. Each of the tales may be read by the most modest without a blush, and by the most fastidious without scruple. The author is a Catholic, and the drapery of popery is consistently maintained. With this we find no fault. It was necessary to the accuracy of his sketch, and is vastly different from the partisan spirit and polemical aim which so eminently pervade the fiction recently published by Cardinal Wiseman.

Vindication of Luther against his recent English Assailants. Second Edition. Reprinted and enlarged from the Notes to 'The Mission of the Comforter.' By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 8vo. pp. 308. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THIS masterly defence of Luther ought to be circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a triumphant defence of the great Reformer against the aspersions which have recently been cast upon him by some English writers, amongst whom we regret to find the names of Mr. Hallam and Sir William Hamilton. The defence originally appeared in the form of a Note to the sermons on the 'Mission of the Comforter.' This extended note was enlarged and carefully revised by the author to within six pages of its close; and a better service, one more praiseworthy in its design, or more noble in its execution, was never rendered by an uninspired man. In addition to the misrepresentations of Mr. Hallam and Sir William Hamilton, those of Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are passed under review in a spirit of rigid justice, which leaves nothing to be surmised, but closely sifts every particle of evidence. Extensive acquaintance with the writings of Luther, sound canons of criticism, fearlessness in the exposition of truth, honest rebuke of what is deemed partial, acrimonious, or one-sided, earnest advocacy of sound Protestantism, and a withering exposure of the pretences under which the revenues of Protestantism are retained whilst its leaders are foully aspersed, characterize the volume, and render it one of the ablest and most conclusive vindications of Luther ever produced. 'It seems desirable,' says Mr. Hare, and he has fully realized his purpose, 'not merely for the sake of historical justice, but with a view to checking and dispelling the delusions which have been so busily propagated of late years concerning the Reformation and its authors, that the charges brought against Luther, such at least as come from assailants of any mark, should be carefully scrutinized, and that their groundlessness should be thoroughly exposed.' That Messrs. Newman and Ward should be found amongst the assailants of Luther is no marvel, but that such men as Mr. Hallam and Sir W. Hamilton should dishonor themselves and bring their scholarship into question, by repeating the charges of embittered partisanship, and by relying on second-hand authorities, is matter for deep regret. These latter gentlemen owe much in the way of reparation to the memory of Luther, and we shall be glad to find that they avail themselves of the first opportunity which occurs to discharge the debt.

The Revised Liturgy of 1689*; being the Book of Common Prayer, interleaved with the Alterations prepared for Convocation by the Royal Commissioners in the first year of the Reign of William and Mary.* Edited from the Copy Printed by Order of the House of Commons. By John Taylor. Royal 8vo. pp. xviii., 78. London: Bagste[illegible] & S[illegible].

THIS is a [illegible]le and very interesting publication. To the ecclesiastical stu[illegible]l it will be especially so. No class of readers, however,

is unconcerned in the information furnished, and it will be their own fault if benefit does not accrue from the disclosures which it makes. The English 'Book of Common Prayer' was drawn up under the superintendence principally of Cranmer, and was first published in 1549. Two years afterwards it was revised, with a view of removing whatever might seem, even by implication, to favor the tenets of the papacy. On the accession of Elizabeth, another revision took place of a totally different character, the object being to conciliate the adherents of the old religion. Minor alterations were made in 1604 and 1662; and on the accession of William III. a Commission, consisting of ten bishops, six deans, two Oxford and two Cambridge professors, four archdeacons, and six London clergy, was appointed to prepare, amongst other things, 'alterations of the liturgy and the canons with a view to the comprehension of Nonconformists.' This commission was issued on the 17th September, 1689, and its members continued to meet till November 13. Their work, however, was left incomplete, nor were their labors, so far as they had proceeded, laid before Convocation or reported to the public. On the 14th March, 1854, Mr. Heywood, M.P. for Lancashire, moved for a copy of the alterations agreed on by the commissioners, and a return in conformity with such motion was made. This return was ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 2nd, 1854, and the present volume is edited from this copy, interleaved with the 'Book of Common Prayer' in general use, so as to show the precise alterations which were projected. We need say nothing more to show the value and interest which attaches to the publication. The alterations proposed were in many cases highly significant, and some of them are deeply suggestive. On a fitting occasion we shall not be disinclined to point attention to some of these, but at present we content ourselves with saying, that the volume should be carefully examined by all who are solicitous to purify the services of the Established Church; and that to those who are interested in the study of our ecclesiastical history, it will supply many suggestions of a highly significant and instructive order.

The Bible. What is it? Whence came it? How came it? Wherefore came it? How should we treat it? pp. 127. 1s. London: J. F. Shaw.

We have read this small volume with very considerable pleasure, and hasten to introduce it to the favorable notice of our readers. It is evidently the production of an able, reflecting, and earnest man, who is keenly alive to the vast importance of his theme; clear in his own views of evangelical truth, yet free from the stereotyped forms in which that truth is too commonly exhibited. The canon of Scripture, its authority, its inspiration, its object, the rule of its interpretation, and the spirit in which it should be examined, are treated with a freedom and seriousness, which, while inviting the attention of all, repress every tendency to lightness and irreverence. This publication forms the first part of 'The Excelsior Library,' which is intended to consist of a

series of suggestive works on important topics. 'In preparing,' says the editor, 'this series, it will be a great object to give a comprehensive sketch of the subject discussed, so as to impress the reader with its facts and principles, and, if these prove interesting, to prepare the way for further study.' Should the future numbers be similar in merit to the one before us, 'The Excelsior Library' will be entitled to take very high rank amongst the serial publications of the day. It has our cordial good wishes, and is warmly commended to our readers. Number II. will be an 'Introduction to English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson.'

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon*, 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 694. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.

Our estimate of the historical writings of Sir Archibald Alison is on record. In noticing the former volumes of this work we have expressed at some length our judgment on them, and need not repeat it now. They are distinguished by two qualities, which in our view, detract greatly from their value. First, there is too much of disquisition, and too little of narrative; and secondly, the partisan temper of the writer is conspicuous throughout. The present volume passes over an eventful period, in which Irish politics, terminated by the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, the monetary crisis of 1825, the fall of the Wellington administration, the passing of the Reform Bill, the French Revolution of 1830, the dismemberment of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, the abolition of the hereditary peerage of France, and the Polish struggle for nationality, are comprised. These are discussed after the author's usual manner, but always with a leaning, unfriendly in our judgment, to sound statesmanship and popular freedom. What we deem the faults of the work are special virtues in the judgment of some others, and this history therefore, like its predecessor, is sure to be a favorite with a large and wealthy section of our countrymen. Nor would we have it overlooked by more liberal politicians. There is safety in the collision of different creeds, and we are therefore always glad to find our friends comparing the statements of such writers as Sir Archibald Alison with others whom we deem more trustworthy and instructive.

Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest for Elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, embracing an Exposition of the Design and Operation of the Parish School. Presented to the Trustees by Allan Menzies. 8vo. pp. 478. Edinburgh and L[illegible]: Blackwood & Sons.

All who are interested in [illegible] education will do well to examine this volu[illegible] [illegible]y instructive, and will repay a very attentive [illegible] [illegible] of the *Dick Bequest* have made two former re[illegible]ch, [illegible] with this volume, supply a large array of

facts bearing directly on one of the most important questions of the day. Those who are engaged in the work of tuition will find this volume a highly suggestive manual to which their attention may be advantageously given.

Evangelical Missions. A Discourse delivered on Wednesday Morning, April 23, 1855, in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, on the Sixty-third Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Society. By J. P. Mursell, of Leicester. London: Green. 1855.

It is not our custom to notice published sermons; for which rule their multitude would of itself furnish a sufficient justification. The sermon before us, however, induces us to make an exception to our custom; and we regret that we are compelled to insert our criticism in this department of the journal, instead of expatiating more widely on its contents. Mr. Mursell is well known as the successor of the greatest of modern preachers; and the sermon before us, though not exactly characteristic, is no unworthy exemplification of his powers as a preacher. It is not characteristic on two grounds. The first is, that it was a written discourse, and, therefore, at variance with Mr. Mursell's usual habit, as it was of his illustrious predecessor. Hence we miss that grand freedom and breadth which distinguishes his ordinary ministry. The second is, that his text (Isaiah vi. 6, 7, 8), is only taken as a motto; and the sermon is, in fact, an essay on the great theme which the preacher undertook. This occasions a want of that division and consecutiveness of topics which characterizes the conventional sermon, and gives to it what to the ordinary reader will perhaps appear a character of looseness and dislocation. This, however, is not without its precedents on similar occasions, an example of which is readily supplied by Foster's anniversary sermon for the same object on the text 'They came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.'* It commences with a condemnation of the utilitarian tendencies of the present age. From this theme the preacher goes on to insist on the doctrine denied by the utilitarians, of the radical depravity of human nature. He then develops, in a style of the loftiest eloquence, the great remedial system which 'creates all things new.' He vindicates the scheme of modern missions from the charge of innovation, and shows that this great evangelical enterprise is embraced within the very rudiments of the Christian dispensation. He meets the objections urged against the temporary paucity of its successes, and alludes with grave rebuke (we could wish that he had done it with that scathing irony of which he is so complete a master) to those frivolities in which men, whose talents we are compelled to respect, have exposed to ridicule the labours of Christian missionaries. His descriptions of the effect of the failure of the missionary enterprise on the powers of darkness, and of the influence of its success on the departed souls of the apostles, the glorious army of martyrs, the angels of heaven, the Great Redeemer, and the Divine Father himself, is a masterpiece of earnest, pathetic,

* An intelligent critic, who was present at the delivery of this discourse, once remarked to us, That it should have been preached to a congregation created for the purpose of hearing it.

and sublime oratory. This publication will show to strangers what Mr. Mursell is as a man, and we may well be pardoned if we say that it does not adequately represent him as a preacher.

The Roman Empire of the West. Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, in February 1855. By Richard Congreve, M.A. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THE most learned of our writers seem to recur practically to the Greek maxim, 'That a great book is a great evil,' and in the volume before us, as in the 'Hellas' of Friedrich Jacobs, which we recently noticed, the author has condensed the study of years into a few pages, and presented it in a form which will be found pleasantly readable and highly instructive. Mr. Congreve's lectures embrace the periods from Augustus to Marcus Aurelius, closing with the year of the Christian era 180; from Commodus to Constantine, embracing a period from that date to A.D. 324; from Constantine to Theodosius the First, A.D. 395; and from the division of the empire to the end of the Roman empire of the West, A.D. 476. The author has not introduced into his work any of those historical references which would substantiate his facts. He has, however, prefixed to each lecture a chronological table, which will greatly assist the student. The central point is of course the reign of Constantine, and in commencing this he speaks of 'his conversion and the consequent triumph of Christianity.' To both of these we should most seriously demur. But in spite of this preliminary statement, we apprehend that we may claim Mr. Congreve as a partisan. He represents him as balancing in his mind the probable supremacy of Roman paganism and of the rising religion. 'He abandoned the dead or dying paganism, and put himself and his empire under the shelter of the living and growing Christianity; and, whether himself Christian or not; as emperor he reaped for himself and his successors ample advantages from this policy. The Christian Church accepted with gratitude this release from its sufferings and immediate security, and for the present was content to give in exchange an unquestioning, unresisting submission to the civil power.' We could have wished that Mr. Congreve had been more distinct, we had almost said more honest. What else could have been expected from the usurpation of a pagan and imperial power over the religion of Christ but the establishment of a purely secular hierarchy, which has in all subsequent ages torpefied the inherent energies of the Gospel, and cast its blighting shadow over the spiritual condition and the social prospects of mankind!

The Christ of History: an Argument grounded on the Facts of His Life on Earth. By John Young, M.A. pp. 270. Longmans. 1855.

THOSE who present old and familiar thoughts in a form to arrest and interest mind are entitled to respect, but those who produce new thought in illustration and defence of important truths, should be especially honored as the benefactors of their race. Mr. Young

professes to do this; to furnish an argument, 'in its idea, certainly in its construction,' materially different from those by which his position has been usually supported. He thinks that 'the proper deity of Jesus Christ' demands a novel mode of reasoning—that 'accepted and familiar proofs may not have lost their strength, but they have lost their freshness, and they are wanting in adaptation to the peculiar intellectual culture and structure of the present age.' He does not specify the points wherein these proofs are out of keeping and dry: curiously enough, the only thing he does say is, 'that an excess of resources may prove, in certain cases, hardly less fatal than a palpable deficiency.' However, we accept his view of the case, and are quite prepared to admit that his sense of the need is just, and also his idea as to the mode of meeting it.

The substance of the argument is expressed in the following words:—'The Gospels contain the history of a life once actually spent on this earth. The writers relate *on the whole* what they saw and heard, and *on the whole* convey the impression which was left on their minds by a real living being. It is enough. This lowest standpoint is enough. Take only the earthly life of Christ, suppose only that in a broad general sense it is faithfully represented—behold only the *Man—He* shall indicate and demonstrate union with absolute Godhead. Such a *Humanity* as His is utterly inexplicable, except on the ground of true Divinity.' The reader will at once perceive that the author's task is plain and feasible—that his object is important—and that he makes no extravagant demand of preliminary concessions. His idea—that the earthly life of Christ proves his divinity, is wrought out in connexion with the *outer conditions of His life, His work among men*, and His *spiritual individuality*. We cannot say that the subject is exhausted, or that the conclusion might not be more precisely defined, or that parts of the reasoning do not admit of more discriminating thought and argumentative power: but we can safely declare the book to be a valuable addition to the literature which seeks to lay broadly the foundations of an intelligent Christian theology. The author is calm, serious, and candid; and writes as if his theme had relations to his own spiritual life, and as if he would fain bring it to bear on that of others. Many will rejoice, besides ourselves, that the once minister of Albion Chapel has found so worthy a sphere for those mental and moral qualities that made a pastorate of years a light and joy to them, and will desire that he may long fill it, and with growing delight and success.

Nine Days' Meditations on the Abuses of the Church of Rome. Written originally in Italian, by Alexander Borgia; and now translated, corrected, and enlarged by the Author. pp. 39. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co. 1854.—The author writes with the zeal and indignation of one who not only believes he speaks the truth, but feels personally aggrieved by the system he assails. He says many strong things, quotes some damaging passages of history, and adduces some relevant and forcible reasonings; but we can by no means endorse all his opinions, and cannot expect much fruit from his labour.

A School Compendium of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. By Richard Green Parker, A.M. A new Edition

improved. Thomas Allman & Son.—This manual contains a great mass of information on the various branches of science, carefully arranged, and clearly expressed, with exercises and questions well adapted to the purposes of application and impression.

A Guide to the Mythology, History, and Literature of Ancient Greece. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. pp. 597. Norwich: Jarrold & Sons.—This is what it professes to be—only 'a guide,'—but as a guide, it is most competent. Between sixteen and seventeen hundred questions and answers, historical, political, philosophical, religious, social, military, architectural, literary, with illustrative anecdotes, must serve as a pretty good introduction to ancient Greece. The author is well known as 'a guide' to other departments of knowledge, and his fame will lose nothing by this addition to his labours.

A Popular Harmony of the Bible, Historically and Chronologically arranged. By H. M. Wheeler. pp. 177. 5s. London: Longman & Co.—A good idea, well realized. Most persons not having access to large and learned books, and especially those engaged in communicating biblical knowledge to the young, must have felt the need here supplied. In addition to what the title will prepare the reader to expect, there is much useful information of various kinds in the book.

Frederick the Great. By the Right Hon. T. B Macaulay, M.P. pp. 129. 1s. London: Longman & Co.—This is a reprint from Mr. Macaulay's 'Critical and Historical Essays.' It forms No. LXXXV. of 'The Traveller's Library,' and is well adapted to throw light on European history during the early part of the last century, and to stimulate further inquiries into the occurrences detailed. It is needless to say that the number is well suited to the series, and will prove richly remunerative to the reader.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. V. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 254. 2s. 6d. London: J. W. Parker & Son.—Another volume of 'the Father of English Poetry,' containing the five books of 'Troylus and Cryseyde,' with an *Introduction*, which supplies within narrow limits the results of extensive and judicious research. The notes render an acceptable service to the general reader, on whose behalf we tender grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Bell. Such an edition has long been needed, and ought to be widely diffused.

Review of the Month.

LORD GROSVENOR HAS WITHDRAWN THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL. We unfeignedly regret this, and anticipate serious evils from it. In adverting to the measure last month we pointed out the fact that it was exclusively secular. This was distinctly admitted by Mr. Massey, in moving that the bill be committed that day three months. The grossest misrepresentations, however, have been made. Many who knew better, and who ought to have acted otherwise, have lent themselves to the most dishonest artifices, whilst those who were interested in Sunday trading have labored with a diligence and openhandedness, which were worthy of a better cause. Popular discontent was thus aroused, and at length serious and threatening demonstrations were made. In consequence of these Lord Grosvenor

on the 2nd withdrew his bill, affirming, however, that it was a measure 'not for the better observance of the Sabbath; it was a measure which interfered with no man's recreation, and with no man's religious convictions. It was a measure for the purpose of procuring as large an amount of holiday as possible for the hard-worked and over-taxed thousands of this metropolis.' It is deeply to be deplored that the noble lord gave way to the Hyde Park demonstration. A precedent has thus been set, the fruit of which may be most disastrous, and we much fear that the evil will not be corrected until consequences have resulted which it is painful to contemplate. If such demonstrations are to induce the legislature to abandon measures under consideration, there is no reason why they may not be resorted to in every case which affects the interests of numerous and active classes. Brute force is thus substituted for reason; fear is made to overlay intelligence; and selfishness, nay, brutality and vice, may become the determining force in our legislation. We perfectly agree with Mr. Roebuck in thinking it derogatory to the House that its deliberations should be arrested by a violent expression of popular feeling. It is not for the dignity of our senators, and certainly not for the wisdom of their measures, that such should be the case. We shall not be surprised to find a similar demonstration made against the *Beer Bill* of last year. Indications of this have been already furnished, and the authorities should be prepared with mildness but with decision to uphold the sanctity of law, and to protect our law-makers in the exercise of their undoubted rights. It was not to be expected that Lord Grosvenor should be willing single-handed to contend against the obloquy and clamor raised against him. We should have been glad to see that the Government was unequivocally with him, in a determination to protect his senatorial functions from the disgraceful violence by which they were assailed. A Commission has been appointed to inquire into the conduct of the police. That Commission is now sitting, and the evidence adduced goes certainly to prove that there was much intemperance and even ferocity in the conduct of some of the officials.

THE FATE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORSHIP BILL HAS BEEN WHAT WE EXPECTED. In our last number we reported that, after having passed through the Lower House without opposition, it had been referred by the Lords to a select committee, on which the noble mover of the bill declined to serve. On the 6th, the Earl of Derby proposed the second reading of the bill, as altered in committee, and was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury in distinct and emphatic opposition. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in accordance with the policy his grace usually pursues, recommended that both bills—the original and the amended—should be withdrawn. 'Let the law,' said his grace, 'stand as it has hitherto stood; it has never done much harm.' Lord Brougham warned the House against retaining on the statute-book these so called dead letters; and Lord Derby ultimately withdrew the amended bill with which he had been entrusted. Many members of the Established Church instantly took the alarm. A public meeting was convened, in which strong things were said, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, and the reluctant consent of the Conservative leader, moved on the 16th that the original bill, with certain alterations, should be recommitted. The measure has subsequently passed through its several stages in the Upper House, and we trust that those who have charge of it in the Commons will be duly alive to the dangers which there threaten it. That Lord Derby should lend himself to the selfish policy of the Bishops of Oxford and London is not to be wondered at, considering the exigencies of his position and the defectiveness of his judgment, but that such a measure can be effectually arrested in the Lower House is what we have yet to learn.

In our last number we referred to the Parliamentary Position of the Educational Question, and what has occurred since has served to prove the hopelessness of carrying a measure for State education through the Legislature. On the 2nd, Sir John Pakington, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Milner Gibson withdrew their several bills; Lord John declaring that he contemplated an extension and improvement of the existing system rather than the introduction of a new one. He intimated his dissatisfaction with the administration of grants through the Committee of Council, remarking that, in his judgment, it would be better if the President of the Council were a Minister of Education, 'represented in the Commons by an official person holding the rank of Privy Councillor,' whose duty it would be 'to defend the measures adopted, and to explain the views of Government on the subject of Education.' After having abandoned the English Education Bill, the Government appear to have made a determined effort to carry through the Lord Advocate's Bill for Scotland. They succeeded in the Lower House, notwithstanding the strenuous and unflinching opposition of Mr. Hadfield, Mr Miall, and other advocates of voluntary education. The third reading was carried on the 12th by a majority of three only, and on the question being afterwards submitted 'that this bill do pass,' the motion was carried by 130 to 115. A different fate awaited the measure in the Upper House. For once the decision of their lordships was right, though we fear that the motives which determined the votes of many were far from being of the most enlightened and liberal order. The second reading of the bill was moved by the Duke of Argyll in a speech which urgently solicited the support of the peers. Their lordships, however, were evidently determined to throw out the measure, and in order, probably, to conceal their weakness, its supporters voted with the majority. The second reading was consequently rejected by a majority of 86 to 1. We trust our State educationists will see the folly of wasting their strength, as they have hitherto been doing. If concerned to advance the intelligence of the people, let their energies be directed to those practical measures which are within their reach, and the efficacy of which has been tested by experience. If they decline to do this, we shall deem their professions as dishonest as their principles are unsound.

The Convocation of the Prelates and Clergy of the Province of Canterbury has been again convened, and its proceedings have been of such a character as to call for attentive consideration and vigorous action on the part of the constitutional authorities of the

realm. It is quite clear that a considerable number of the prelates are bent upon the revival of the synodical action of the Church,—thus making the Convocation a legislative estate co-ordinate with the Imperial Parliament. In so far as the success of this attempt is dependent upon the exercise of the royal prerogative, her Majesty occupies a position of weighty and painful responsibility. Nothing would tend more to alienate the respect and affection of the great body of the British people from the Crown than any such exercise of the prerogative as would increase the power of a Church whose hold upon the sympathies of the nation has, especially during the present generation, declined at a rate as rapid as was ever observed in connexion with any extensive social change. The movement originated by the tractarian bishops to effect this object is marked by all the sly jesuitry which characterizes the tractarian portion of the hierarchy. A committee was obtained last year to consider and report on Church Extension, and its members finding themselves an organized body, with a *locus standi* in the Convocation, resolved to avail themselves of their position, not for the purpose for which they were constituted, but for that of obtaining for the Convocation a regular and recognised organization as a legislative body. It will be remembered that this question had not only not been referred to them, but had been avoided by general consent in the very session in which the committee was appointed. With all the tricky manœuvring, and, we might add, the direct misrepresentation which appears in the Report, it may be doubted whether her Majesty's concession to Convocation of the powers for which the Puseyites are clamouring would not precipitate the destruction of the Establishment. The deliberations of the hierarchy, should they assume the importance of a legislative body, would attract the attention of the nation to a state of things which public opinion, even at its present temperature, will not suffer to continue. It would exhibit an ecclesiastical corporation enormously endowed for the purpose of unitedly promulgating and conserving certain great principles, split into jarring sects, propagating diametrically opposite doctrines, pervaded extensively by secular rapacity, and not less widely by a degree of ignorance and stolidity inconsistent with the entertainment of any principle whatever. That the nation, when thoroughly alive to the real state of the case, should permit its property, originally designed for the support of the protestant religion, to maintain, in exorbitant opulence, the betrayers of that faith and the promoters of a diluted and a disguised popery is not to be supposed. Should the Convocation become so important as to arouse public attention, it will make itself sufficiently mischievous to be disbanded, and the Church it represents will at length be disestablished by a solemn act of the legislature.

The resignation of Lord John Russell, viewed in connexion with the circumstances which led to it, is an instructive and even a memorable event. It appears that a proposition from the Austrian Minister, Count Buol, as to the limitation of the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea, obtained the consent, not only of the French nego-

tiator, but also of Lord John Russell, though clearly in opposition to the instructions of his Government. This came out in a statement from Count Buol, of which Mr. Milner Gibson availed himself, to demand an explanation of the strange difference of opinion which evidently subsisted between Lord John Russell and the Cabinet of which he was a member. This drew from the noble lord one of the most astounding revelations to which the House ever listened from a Cabinet Minister. He openly admitted the fact, which could no longer be denied. He declared that the statement of Count Buol was an accurate account of what he had done at Vienna, adding that he had *no instructions* which enabled him to agree to the proposed terms, and that he did not believe they would be accepted by his Government, but that, in his own opinion, they might be and ought to be accepted. 'And,' he continued, 'I said to Count Buol that I could assure him, and that he could convey that assurance to the Emperor of Austria, that I would lay the case before the Cabinet of this country; and that I would use my best endeavours to put these propositions in such a light that they might hope for their adoption. M. Drouyn de L'huys rendered a report to the Emperor of the French, stating the advantage of the terms to be such as I have described; but the Emperor would not accept his advice, and before he knew the decision of the English Government, he determined to change his Minister, and to reject the proposal of Austria, as not affording a sufficient foundation for peace.' This declaration from a Minister who continued to hold his place in the Cabinet, and even to recommend the vigorous prosecution of the war, was answered by an address from Mr. Cobden, which might be well compared to a sentence of death and forgetfulness upon a political culprit. A more solemn denunciation of political infidelity, and of its effect in destroying the confidence of the nation in their public men, and of the consequent damage to our representative institutions, was never heard within the walls of Parliament. Lord John had made a most determined attempt at political suicide, and Mr. Cobden put him out of his misery. To wield the scourge and command the inconceivable horrors and woes of war is at the best an undertaking of awful responsibility; but to apply the match to the artillery of a great nation with the avowed conviction that the contemplated destruction is unnecessary, is an act which need not be left to the *Peace Society* to condemn. Common humanity revolts against the destruction of our species, except under the most imminent and imperative necessity, and the adoption of this last terrific resource, without the full recognition of such a necessity, involves a depth of criminality which it is impossible to exaggerate. Lord John Russell has been mildly punished by the loss of his place, and of the political reputation of a life. A long career of vacillation has been crowned by an ignominious overthrow. Sir William Molesworth has been appointed to the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies;—a tardy recognition of his eminent fitness for the post, for which the Administrative Reform Association very naturally gets the chief credit. Sir William is succeeded in the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods

and Forests by Sir Benjamin Hall, and the vacancy thus occasioned at the Board of Health will not, it is understood, be filled up during the present session.

THE EPISCOPAL AND CAPITULAR ESTATES BILL HAS BEEN AGAIN ADJOURNED BY THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD. Considering the state of public business, and the number of amendments of which notice had been given, his lordship moved, on the 18th, that the order for going into committee on his bill should be discharged. In doing this, he made a statement respecting the income of certain chapters, which, from its importance, we are desirous of placing on permanent record. Whilst glad to have the subject ventilated through the medium of his lordship, we cannot regret the failure of his measure. It is honestly meant, but is most incomplete and one-sided. It is indeed impossible that a person with his lordship's views should do justice to such a theme. His measure falls far short of the evil to be corrected. He must go much deeper before he can extract from the ecclesiastical body the *virus* which exhausts its strength, and is threatening its life. Let his lordship, by all means, continue his labors. When the public mind has been duly prepared, others of larger and sounder views will arise to carry to their legitimate results the principles with which he is familiarizing us. But we must not forget his lordship's statement. It was as follows, and was given as a correction of his former words: 'In 1852 the gross income of the Chapter of Winchester Cathedral was £22,878, the net income was £18,085, and the grants for charities, &c., amounted to £1036. The gross income of the Chapter of Ely was £16,214, the net average income for the last seven years was £11,766; the grants for charities, &c., averaged for the last seven years about £600. The gross amount of income of Canterbury Cathedral for 1852 was £25,211, the net income was £20,972, and the amount of the grants was £1306. The gross amount of income of Durham Cathedral was £57,801, the net income was £47,304, the average amount of annual grants for the last seven years was about £2000. The gross amount of income of Westminster was £30,657, the net was £24,696, the average amount of annual grants was about £700.'

MR. SPOONER'S MOTION RESPECTING THE GRANT TO MAYNOOTH COLLEGE HAS BEEN MET WITH A DOGGED, NOT TO SAY FACTIOUS, OPPOSITION. The Catholic members of the House have evidently resolved to prevent any conclusion being arrived at, by talking against time. The forms of the House have been used for the purpose of delay until the most hopeful became despondent. We are glad, however, to report that, on the 20th, Mr. Spooner's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances under which, in the evidence before the Maynooth Commissioners, titles prohibited by law were allowed to be ascribed to Roman-catholic bishops; and also why some of the witnesses were permitted to make alterations in their evidence; and also into the circumstances connected with the alleged communication to Dr. Cullen of a portion of the evidence, the use he made of the information so received, and the person by whom the evidence was so furnished, was carried by a majority of 97 to 76. The

Government proffered a committee, but the form of the proposal was deemed seriously objectionable, and Mr. Spooner, therefore, persisted in his motion. We shall be glad to find that the Government profits by the intimation thus given. All parties need instruction on this point, and if those associated with Mr. Spooner become the agents of imparting it, we shall be unfeignedly thankful.

WE ARE GLAD TO FIND A GENERAL CONCURRENCE IN THE DISSENTERS MARRIAGE BILL, which having been carried through the Commons by Mr. Cheetham, has been committed to Lord Brougham in the Upper House. In moving the second reading of the bill on the 10th, his lordship remarked that it was rendered necessary by an error in the Act of 1852. The object of that act was to transfer from the bishops' court, the archdeacons' court, and the quarter sessions to the registrar-general, the registry and certificate of dissenting chapels. In pursuance of this object the Act declared that all registries and certificates by the bishop, archdeacon, and the quarter sessions should be absolutely null and void, and instituted in their stead a registry and a certificate by the registrar, adding, however, by a marvellous oversight, 'and such certificate shall have the same force and effect with a certificate by the bishop, the archdeacon, and the sessions.' Under this act no less than 6516 chapels had been registered and certified, and it consequently follows that social consequences of a very serious character are hazarded by the oversight mentioned. As Lord Brougham remarked 'under the Act passed in 1836, with respect to civil marriages and marriages in dissenting chapels, a marriage in a dissenting chapel was only valid, and the issue of that marriage legitimate, when the chapel was licensed; but it could not be licensed unless certified to have been registered, so that every one of these 6516 chapels were prevented from being legally licensed for the solemnization of marriages. But several hundreds, and, probably, all of those chapels, had been licensed, and the marriages that took place in them were null and void, as null and void as the certificates.' The Lord Chancellor expressed his entire concurrence in what had fallen from Lord Brougham, and the bill was read a second time without opposition.

THE CHURCH-RATE ABOLITION BILL IS GIVEN UP FOR THIS SESSION. It was brought in, as our readers will remember, shortly before Easter, and read a second time, about a month after, despite the opposition of the head of the Cabinet. It was then notified to the friends of the measure that the Government would not oppose its further progress, while some hope of assistance was encouraged. It was found, however, in effect, that a day would not be given, and after fruitless efforts to obtain this very ordinary concession, Sir W. Clay at length fixed the 12th of July for going into committee. On that day, the opposition prevented progress by talking against time; Mr. Lloyd Davies finally accomplishing the object of his party by dividing on the question of adjournment, and then repeating one point after another of preceding speakers, until the clock put a stop to further discussion. It was, however, still *possible* to reach the Lords, there being the chance of two consecutive days for getting into and through com-

mittee in time for the standing orders. On the first of these days the Government were known to be anxious for a count-out, and unusual efforts were accordingly made to secure a House. But it is no easy matter to keep forty members together for four hours while one of their number is merely wasting the time; and the patriotism of our friends, we regret to say it, did not in this instance prove equal to the infliction. Most undoubtedly they were wrong. Their absence on Tuesday compelled Sir W. Clay on Wednesday to move the discharge of the order for going into committee, and the bill is lost without the important advantage of a discussion in the Lords.

That it would have passed that House this year we do not now pretend to be sanguine of. But there were not wanting indications of the same unwillingness in the Peers to incur direct responsibility in the matter as was so distinctly observable in the Oxford bill of last session. The very vacillation of the Government is one such indication; the rushing into extremes by the Lords themselves when dealing with Lord Shaftesbury's bill is another. Others are commonly referred to, even more distinct, which it would probably be as difficult to prove as to deny. We entertain therefore no fear of the result. The Church-rate question has now reached a stage at which it is independent of the accidents of party tactics, and even the present delay has this useful consequence,—that the great principles which the passing of the Act will affirm, and which will constitute its main value, are becoming all the stronger, and the better adapted for further application than if we had succeeded without difficulty. No man who recollects the temper of the House of Commons in this country only two years ago can doubt this.

THE SLOW PROGRESS OF THE WAR INFECTS THE NATION with the heart sickness of hope deferred. Since we last recorded its progress there has been a constant alternation of attack and defence, of sortie and repulse, involving a serious sacrifice of life, but unattended with any conclusive results. One action, however, requires particular notice, if only for the terrible carnage it involved. This was the disastrous attack intended to have been simultaneous on the Malakhoff Tower on the part of the French, and on the Redan on the part of the English, on the 18th of June. This grand effort seems to have been frustrated by an accidental mistake. General Pelissier declares that in spite of the great difficulties of the ground, and of the obstacles accumulated by the enemy, and although the Russians, who had evidently been informed of the plans of the Allies, were prepared to repel the assault, the attack, had it been simultaneous, must have been successful. It was agreed that a rocket fired by the French should be the signal for the joint attack. Unfortunately, the burning fusee of a shell was mistaken by the English officer for the rocket, and accordingly he instantly commenced the assault. The result was disastrous. The English troops having been compelled to retire from the Redan, the guns of the latter fort were directed against the French attack, in addition to those of the Malakhoff, and from this double fire they were compelled to retreat. The French were in fact prematurely engaged, and consequently suffered the greater loss owing to the disengagement

of the forces of the Redan by the withdrawal of the British. The carnage on both sides was frightful, but the loss of the Russians out-numbered by thousands that of the English and the French together. Since the 18th of June no grand attack has been made on either of these formidable fortresses; several sorties have been repulsed with great loss to the enemy, and the works of both have been successfully carried forward to the very verge of the Russian defences, and the grand assault is expected to take place towards the close of July.

Meanwhile the interests of the Turkish empire on the east of the Black Sea have been placed in a critical position. A large Russian force is preparing to besiege Kars, the garrison of which is considered utterly inadequate to maintain the defence. A large reinforcement from Constantinople is consequently spoken of, though serious doubts are entertained whether the requisite force can be spared. It is broadly stated that the present and the last government have entirely and most culpably overlooked this aspect of the war, and that even our Indian possessions are threatened through this neglect. The unexpected death of the British Commander-in-chief, Lord Raglan, has deepened the gloom with which all humane men regard the horrors of this terrible war. Though his lordship had exceeded the allotted average of threescore and ten, yet as the disciple of Wellington for a period of twenty-six years, a wounded and mutilated veteran, and one of the heroes of Waterloo, he was appointed to the command of the British army, which was sent to oppose the Russian aggression upon Turkey. Lord Raglan, better known as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, was a younger son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, and was adopted at an early stage of his military career by the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, to whom he acted as military secretary throughout his Peninsular and subsequent campaigns. He was indeed the disciple and the shadow of the duke, and although the greater part of his military career was spent in recording the orders and the movements of his chief, yet he was the first to enter Badajoz, and received the sword of its commander—a service for which the highest military honours were conferred. At Waterloo he lost an arm, and in one of the most terrible actions in the Crimea, while a storm of bullets was raging around him as he was writing an order for his aid-de-camp, when besought by his staff to withdraw from such imminent danger, he calmly replied, 'Don't talk to me now, I am busy.' Having escaped a thousand bullets, the veteran died, it is said, of water in the chest, probably produced, or rather precipitated by the anxieties of his responsible position. His remains have been conveyed by the 'Caradoc' to Bristol, where they have been received and honored by that city with the utmost demonstrations of respect, and after the traditional ceremonies of the House of Beaufort, have been consigned to the mausoleum of that noble family. It is only a just tribute to the memory of the departed hero to say, that his military glory only exceeded that private gentleness and courtesy which made him the beloved associate of his staff, the admired commander of his troops, and the diplomatic general best qualified to sustain the

most friendly relations between his royal mistress and her allies. In this last respect it may perhaps yet be our lot to find, that 'we could have better spared a better man.' Her Majesty was foremost in her demonstrations of condolence to Lady Raglan, and a bill has passed both Houses, settling a handsome allowance upon her ladyship, Lord Raglan, and his heir.

During the occurrence of these events before Sebastopol, the operations of the allied fleets in the East have been far more successful. An expedition to the Sea of Azof has issued in the total destruction of all Russian vessels in those waters, and of provisions with which they were laden, estimated to support an army of a hundred thousand men for six months: while on shore they captured the town of Kertch, and effected the destruction of military stores and manufactories to an extent proportionate to that effected by sea; both of which important services were performed without the loss of a single man. In the Baltic, little has been effected; some vessels laden with grain have been seized; forty-six infernal machines have been found and removed near Cronstadt, off which the fleet is at the present time; and Lovisa in Finland has been bombarded, and the entire town destroyed. Meanwhile, the entire prospects of the war have been well nigh changed by a parliamentary division which threatened to turn out the Palmerston ministry, and to endanger the stability of our alliance with France. The ministerial proposal of a loan of £5,000,000 to Turkey, guaranteed by France, encountered an unexpected opposition founded on the proposed securities; and at a late hour, and in a comparatively thin house, the Government escaped annihilation by the narrow majority of *three!*

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

England's Wane and England's Bane. By the Author of 'A Few Words on the War.'

Sonnets on Various Subjects. By R. W. Elliot, B.A.

Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber; or, The Influence of Romanism on Trade, Justice, and Knowledge. By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D.

Clytemnestra, the Earl's Return, the Artist, and other Poems. By Owen Meredith

Poems. By Alexander Carlile.

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The Senses and the Intellect. By Alexander Bain, A.M.

The Believer's Journey and Future Home in the Better Land. By Rev. Augustus C. Thompson. With a Preface. By Rev. Dr. Archer.

THE

Eclectic Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

ART. I.—*Records of the School of Mines, &c.* Part III.—*On the Mines of Wicklow and Wexford.* By Warington Smyth, M.A., Cambridge. Part IV.—*Statistics of the Produce of Copper, Tin, Lead, and Silver from the Mines of the United Kingdom.* By Robert Hunt. Longman. 1853.

2. *On the Connexion of Geology with Terrestrial Magnetism. . . . . The Laws Regulating the Distribution of Metalliferous Formations and other Terrestrial Phenomena.* By Evan Hopkins, C.E., F.G.S. Taylor. 1851.
3. *The Gold Rocks of Great Britain and Ireland, and a General Outline of the Gold Regions of the World, with a Treatise on the Geology of Gold.* By John Calvert. Chapman & Hall. 1853.
4. *Cornwall: its Mines and Miners, with Sketches of Scenery, designed as a Popular Introduction to Metallic Mines.* Longman. 1855.
5. *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* By Andrew Ure, M.D. Longman. 1853.

BRITAIN supplied the ancient monarchies with metals for purposes of use and ornament, long before the situation of these 'far islands of the west' was known to the earliest geographer. The painted savage of our native land traded with the Moloch-worshippers of the East, in days to which the light of history scarcely guides us. The swords, the shields, and the arrows of the Babylonian warriors, the armlets and the anklets of the Assyrian women, were in all probability manufactured from the

tin which was found in the valleys of Cornwall. Those curious bronzes which Layard and Loftus and Rawlinson are gathering from the sands of the Desert, are of precisely the same chemical composition as the, so called, Celts, which are scattered over our islands,—about twenty-five per cent. of tin being combined with the copper in every case. Meyrick, quoting the 'Welsh Triad,' informs us that Caswallan, Manawy-dan, and Llew Llawgyfes were three chiefs distinguished by the possession of golden cars. Cæsar, in his 'Commentaries,' says, that one reason of his invading the Britons was because they assisted the Gauls with their treasures, with which their country did abound.

The remains of very ancient mine workings are still seen in many parts of this country. Some of these are no doubt of Roman origin, but others, distinguished by their rude character, are unquestionably early British. At Ogofau, near Pumpsanth, in Caermarthenshire, there exists some extensive workings, which exhibit a large amount of experience and skill. In some parts they appear to have been little more than a system of quarrying; but, upon examination, it will be found that some very remarkable levels or galleries, from six to seven feet high, and from five to six feet wide, have been driven about 170 feet through the slate rocks into the hill. There are many unmistakeable evidences to prove this to have been a Roman mine; all its peculiarities have been well described by Mr. Warington Smyth. At two or three places near the Land's End, and in the vicinity of the Lizard Point, in Cornwall, are to be found the remains of mine workings which must have been of a very early date. We have no direct evidence to support the assertion that those great excavations were made by the ancient Britons; but the tradition that they were so receives much collateral support from the statements of ancient historians, and the discoveries which have been made in these and in other districts.

Many of these excavations, from existing peculiarities, render it evident that the ancient miners commenced their operations where they found, on the face of a cliff, the appearance of metalliferous veins, and that they followed them in all their irregularities, without any system, into the rock. More commonly, however, we may suppose, since tin appears to have been the metal they were most desirous of obtaining, that the ancient Britons, and those Phœnician tribes who were often associated with them, contented themselves with collecting the pebbles of tin, which existed abundantly in the accumulated debris of the granite hills brought by torrents down into the valleys. At considerable depths beneath the present surface, rude furnaces, mining implements, and blocks of tin, cast in clay moulds, have been found. More curious still, at Carnon, to the north of

Falmouth, and at Pentuan, near St. Austell, at depths of fifty-three and forty feet respectively beneath the present surface, human skulls have been discovered. These have been pronounced to be, from the peculiar form of the cranium, the remains of an Oriental race; in all probability, therefore, they were some of the Phœnician miners who worked with the Britons, or mariners, who, we are assured, traded with them for tin.

Such are a few of the remaining evidences of the high antiquity of mining in this country. Without doubt the mining operations were continued and extended under Roman rule; indeed, celts and Roman coins have been found together in the stream works of Treloy, and bronze rings and brooches, which appear to be of the same date, in those of Carnon and Pentuan.

It is not our object to trace the history of British mining, but it appears desirable to notice a few of the more remarkable facts in relation to its progress. A passage in the writings of Diodorus Siculus is so curiously corroborative of the mining industry of our ancestors, that we are persuaded to quote it:—'The inhabitants of that extremity of Britain which is called Belerion, both excel in hospitality, and also, by reason of their intercourse with foreign merchants, are civilized in their mode of life. These prepare the *tin*, working very skilfully the earth which produces it. The ground is rocky, but it has in it earthy veins the produce of which is brought down, and melted and purified. Then, when they have cast it into the form of cubes, they carry it to a certain island adjoining to Britain, and called *Iktis*. *During the recess of the tide* the intervening space is left dry, and they carry over abundance of tin to this place in their carts. And it is something peculiar that happens to the islands in these parts lying between Europe and Britain; for at full tide, the intervening passage being overflowed, they appear islands, but when the sea retires a large space is left dry, and they are seen as peninsulas. From hence, then, the traders purchase the tin of the natives and transport it into Gaul, and finally, travelling through Gaul on foot, in about thirty days they bring their burthens on horses to the mouth of the river Rhone.'—Diodorus, lib. v.

It is difficult in this, as in many other parts of the history of Diodorus, to know whether he writes of his own knowledge, or from information furnished him by others. However, he gives us a distinct statement of a physical peculiarity which enables us to fix, with tolerable certainty, the locality to which he refers. St. Michael's Mount, even at the present day, corresponds with the description given by Diodorus, at least forty years before the birth of Christ. Some writers have been disposed to place the Iktis on the north-western coast of Spain, but the probability is,

that the Phœnician colony of Gades, in Spain, was only the medium of commercial intercourse between Phœnicia and Cornwall. Other writers have supposed the Cassiterides, or tin islands of the historian, derived from κασσιτερος, tin, to be the Scilly Islands. Those islands, however, producing none of that metal, this conjecture is not of much value. It is more than probable that the name was applied to Western England generally, which, when surveyed from the sea, might well be mistaken for a group of islands. Indeed, the alteration of but a few feet in the present level of the sea and land, would give an insular character to a large portion of Western Cornwall. Beyond this, but little is known of early British mining.

In the reign of King John, the mines of Cornwall, and indeed nearly all the mines of this country, were in possession of the Jews; and the king, as Earl of Cornwall, granted by charter some especial privileges to the tinners of Devon and Cornwall. It is remarkable that the small town which is situated near St. Michael's Mount, the supposed Iktis, was long generally known by the name of Market-Jew, and that name is still familiarly applied to it by the peasantry and miners, although designated in all the maps as Marazion. The remains of rude furnaces and blocks of tin, of which we have already spoken, are called *Jews'-houses* and *Jews'-tin**—thus proving that the tin market long continued to be held in the same locality, and showing how intimately this people became connected with our mining operations. Charters were granted to the miners of Devon and Cornwall by Edward I. and other monarchs following him, and in the reign of Elizabeth additional privileges were given them, and Courts—the *Stannaries*—perfectly organized for the settlement of all disputes connected with mining operations in these counties.

In the 'Fodinæ Regales' of Sir John Pettus, we find much information respecting the degree of encouragement given to mining operations by our monarchs. The Henrys and the Edwards appear to have granted to many speculators the right to search for gold and silver in various parts of England, Cumberland, Cornwall, and Devonshire being especially mentioned. There is not, however, the slightest evidence existing to prove that gold was ever found in sufficient quantity in any of the localities named in those charters, to render the search for this precious metal commercially valuable.

In a publication, 'The Gold Rocks of Great Britain,' &c.

* A block of this ancient or Jews'-tin, and also some of the bronze ornaments which have been found in Cornwall, may be inspected at the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn-street.

which can scarcely be designated by a name sufficiently reprehensory, all these grants are arrayed as so many evidences of the abundant existence of gold in these islands. The most unwarrantable assertions are made in this book; and by assuming the air of a zealous inquirer, and the phraseology of science, the author aided the deceptions which were practised upon an incautious public, eager to gather that gold which they were told existed at their very doors. Because gold had been found in California and in Australia it was but to be sought for, to be found in England. Pactolean streams were said to be flowing through the valleys of Devonshire, and the fable of Colchis was to be realized anew in the rivers of merry England. Thousands of pounds were extracted from the pockets of eager gold-seekers by the agency of machines, which were to draw out the hidden treasures of Merlin from the Welsh hills, and by *electric blast* to develop *cryptotheted gold* from the barren waste of the Dartmoor tors.*

Gold, it should be understood, is universally disseminated over the surface of the earth, but there are only a few localities in which it exists in sufficient abundance to remunerate the gold-seeker. The most remarkable deposit of gold in these islands was undoubtedly that of Wicklow. In 1795 it transpired that lumps of pure gold had been picked up in a valley on the flank of the mountain called Crogan Kinshela, and hundreds of diggers were soon at work upon the auriferous stream. The success of these people at length induced the Government to take the matter in their own hands; and after raising 944 ounces of gold, the ingots of which were from $21\frac{3}{8}$ to $21\frac{7}{8}$ carats fine, the alloy being silver, they were advised to abandon the undertaking, since it proved anything but remunerative. In the lead hills, Scotland, gold is said to have been found in the last century, but vast sums of money have since been expended in vain attempts to rediscover it. In Merionethshire, gold exists in quartz veins; the working of these has up to the present time been a constant and serious loss to the adventurers, yet trials are still making with the hope of ultimate reward.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find that many German miners came to this country, and obtained peculiar privileges.

* As many of our readers are doubtless unacquainted with the term *cryptotheted*, the following extracts may instruct and amuse them:—'The *cryptothesis*, concealed or impalpable electric dissemination of gold, arises under several conditions. One chief condition is the want of an *iron current*. . . . . Metals generally may remain for an indefinite period in a state of *cryptothesis*, on account of their not meeting their opposing currents. . . . . Gold is *cryptotheted* in quartz when there has been only a partial operation of the *iron current*.'—The Gold Rocks of Great Britain, &c., pp. 302, 303. But for the lamentable ignorance of the great mass of the public on all points connected with science, such trash as this would not be for a moment tolerated.

Thomas Thurland and Daniel Houghsetter were especially permitted to work mines in Cumberland and in Cardiganshire. They appear to have been experienced miners, and so successful that legal proceedings were taken against them by the Earl of Northumberland. Upon the settlement of this dispute in favour of the German miners, the queen established a corporation of ninety-six persons, under the title of the 'Society of Mines Royal,' the patent of which is dated the 28th of May, the eighteenth year of her reign. In 1565, Elizabeth also granted a charter to William Humphreys, her assay-master, and Christopher Shutz, a German of 'great cunning, knowledge, and experience, as well in the finding of calamine, as in the proper use of it, for the composition of the mixt metal called *latten* or *brass*.' By this they were empowered to search for and work 'all mines, minerals, and subterranean treasures (except copporice and allom) which should be found in all other parts of England (not mentioned in the former patent), or within the English pale in Ireland, by the name of gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, quicksilver, cadmain, or lapis calaminaris, and all manner of ewres or ores, simple, mixt, or compounded, latten wire or steel,' &c. From this period may be dated the enlarged sphere of our mining operations.

Connected with the history of mining progress are many subjects of great interest. We find ourselves, however, compelled to notice only two or three incidents connected with the lead mines of Cardiganshire.

The mines of Cardiganshire had been worked by the Romans, but were for a long period abandoned. They became the property of Houghsetter; were worked under the direction of 'The Society of the Mines Royal,' and in the beginning of the seventeenth century we find them rented by Hugh Middleton for £400 per annum. Middleton was a goldsmith in London. By working the mines deeper than the German had done, he was successful in finding very rich lead ore. It is certain that Middleton realized a large fortune by his speculation in the Cardiganshire mines—a clear profit of £2000 a month is said to have been derived from Cwm-symlog alone. The water supply of London was at this time sadly deficient, and Middleton undertook, at his own cost, to bring the New River from Ware to the Metropolis. Upon this truly great work Middleton expended all the profits of his mines, and received a grant of money from the government to enable him to complete his task. King James I. with his Court, the lord mayor and the corporation, witnessed the first issue of the water from the head at Islington; and Middleton was created a baronet, but left a ruined man.

The Metropolis received an ample supply of water from this

source, for these days; but Sir Hugh Middleton, notwithstanding his baronetcy, was rendered so poor by the undertaking that he was compelled to work as a mineral surveyor. Sir John Pettus quaintly says,—'Had he not diverted his great gains to the making of the New River from Ware to London, certainly he would have been master of a mass of wealth; but great wits and purses seldom know how to give bounds to their designments, and by undertaking too many things, fail in all.'

Mr. Bushell, secretary of Sir Francis Bacon, had possession of those mines in 1637, when he established a mint at Aberystwith, and he is said 'to have clothed King Charles I.'s whole army from part of his profits in this work.' Mr. Thomas Bushell was a devoted loyalist; he raised and supported a regiment of miners, sacrificing his fortune in the cause of his king. Aberystwith Castle was besieged and taken by the parliamentary forces, and in those troublesome times the mines were abandoned.

Unfortunately we are but too well acquainted with 'bubbles' blown in the mining share market of London, and bursting to the ruin of thousands, to feel much surprise at an ancient bubble in connexion with these Cardiganshire mines. However, some of the arrangements and pretensions of the scheme were so extraordinary that they merit brief notice.

Mr. Waller, aided by Sir Humphrey Mackworth, in 1698, proposed the scheme of 'The Mine Adventure.' This adventure, says he, 'is recommended to the world as an undertaking whereby not only his majesty's customs, and the trade and wealth of England will be advanced, by the lead and copper being commodities and manufactures of our own country, and thereby the exportation of our coin and bullion, obtained with so great difficulty from the Spanish Indies, in great measure prevented.' A twelfth part of the profits of the mines was to be set aside 'for the augmentation of poor vicarages in Wales; for the assistance and encouragement of such persons as shall endeavour the conversion of infidels in the Indies; for the relief of Greenwich and other hospitals; of poor miners and labourers at the works, their wives and children, and in time of other poor people in most of the great corporations of the kingdom.'

The manner in which shares were disposed of partook of the nature of a lottery. 'Those who drew blanks were only creditors of the mines; they were to receive six per cent. interest, but to have no vote in elections, nor any interest in the capital. Those who drew shares became members of the company, and had voices in the management of the affairs, and a fair proportion of the dividends.'

The excitement got up by works published by Mr. Waller on 'The Mine Adventure,' many of which are preserved in the

British Museum, and by Poems addressed 'To Sir Humphrey Mackworth, on the Mines of Cardiganshire,' was immense, and thousands of persons eagerly sought for shares.

In 1709 disputes arose amongst the directors of this great company, who had not yet realized one penny of profit for the six hundred and fifty shareholders of which it consisted. Mr. Waller accused Sir Humphrey Mackworth of unfair dealing, for which he was discharged. Upon this Mr. Waller petitioned the House of Commons, and a committee of inquiry was ordered. Sir H. Mackworth wrote his defence in 1710, and as late as 1720 'a vindication' of his conduct was considered necessary. In the committee of inquiry the matter is entirely lost sight of; and all we know is that not one of the six hundred and fifty shareholders ever received any compensation for their losses, nor did any of the creditors recover the money they had put into this concern. Since this period a large amount of wealth has been obtained from the mines of Cardiganshire, and many of them are still productive of valuable lead ore.

It is, and ever has been, a peculiarity of human nature to seek after the unknown with eagerness, while it leaves the known neglected, although it may be of far superior value. It is this peculiar condition which renders mining so attractive to many minds. Deeply buried amidst the primary or secondary rocks, may be hidden large accumulations of valuable ores. The earth's crust has been subject to strange convulsions; forces acting from below have lifted hills, and large tracts have subsided into deep valleys. East and west, great rents have been made, and at every angle large fissures, or *faults*, are to be discovered. These disturbances have, even in mineral producing districts, so broken up and moved the *mineral lodes* that the search for them is always a matter of much risk.

Hence there is much of the excitement of gambling in mining, and those who hold the board take care to employ every means to keep up the unhealthy action. As it was with the 'Mine Adventure,' so it has been again and again in our own days. Within the last few years, hundreds of thousands of pounds have been lost at this game, and what makes the matter the more lamentable is, that this money has not been expended in any search for mineral treasure, but has been pocketed by jobbers whose study has been to delude the unwary.

It will naturally be asked—Is there no means of obtaining exact knowledge on these subjects? Cannot the public guard themselves against deceptive representations? We feel ourselves compelled to give an answer in the negative to both these questions. To the first we reply: We have not obtained sufficient knowledge of the laws which regulate our mineral formations, to

guide us to any reliable indication. To the second question our answer is: Use every caution, and take the advice of some disinterested person to whom the locality is known in which a projected mine may be situated, before you venture on the purchase of mining shares.

These remarks—required by circumstances which are scarcely past—naturally lead to the consideration of the phenomena of *mineral veins* in general. If we take a map of England and Wales, and mark upon it the localities in which profitable metalliferous mines occur, we shall find the mineral districts are but few.

TIN is found in Cornwall and Devon only.

COPPER is found in Cornwall and Devon chiefly, smaller quantities being extracted in Wales, and in Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Anglesea. While

LEAD occurs in Cornwall, Devonshire, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland; Derbyshire, Shropshire, and Yorkshire; and in Cardiganshire, Flintshire, and the Isle of Man. The quantities found in other places are too trifling to be taken into account.

Of IRON we do not intend now to treat, and the rarer metals are not sufficiently important to detain us; it may, however, be remarked in passing that they occur in the same localities as the metals which have been named.

The geological conditions of these metal-bearing districts are as follows:—Cornwall and Devonshire are mainly composed of granite and clay slate rocks. The lead districts of the North of England, and those of Derbyshire, exhibit alternations of limestone and varieties of sandstone, with here and there the appearance of an igneous rock. In Cardiganshire we have an abundance of Silurian slates and gritstones; while in Flintshire we find limestone, carbonaceous shale, and sandstones. From this we learn that the occurrence of tin and copper is confined to the older rocks, but that lead is found, not only in them, but in many of the more recently deposited stratified rocks.

Standing upon any of the granite hills of Cornwall, and looking over the evidences of mining industry which arise around them in the shape of engine-houses, with their tall chimneys, winding machinery, crushing apparatus, and washing arrangements, one fact will soon become apparent to the attentive observer. *All the productive—the busy mines—are found near the line of junction between the granite and the clay slate.* Scarcely an example occurs of any very productive tin or copper mine being found at a distance from the junction of two dissimilar rocks. Here, then, we have a *constant* of much value in estimating the probability of discovering mineral wealth.

This holds true to a great extent of the lead mines of the stratified rocks of other districts, and the influence of some peculiar condition of the rock formation is strikingly illustrated in the occurrence of lead ore in the mineral lodes of Alston Moor and other places. It may be important to the proper understanding of this subject by those who are unacquainted with a mining district, to explain, in the first place, a *mineral vein* or *lode*.

From the name *vein* being applied to these formations, and from the sectional representations which are sometimes given, many suppose the mineral vein to be a pipe or channel coursing its sinuous path through the rocks deep into the earth, resembling indeed the *vein* or blood-vessel of the animal system. It is rarely or ever so. Let the reader suppose a rent to take place across miles of country, forming a chasm which may be either vertical or at any inclination from the vertical, and proceeding to an unknown depth; then let him imagine this filled in with earthy matter, clay, quartz, or other crystalline matter, and to have disseminated through it, in varying proportions, some metalliferous ore; then, a tolerably correct idea will be formed of a true *mineral lode* or *vein*. Such a fissure as this would, of course, dislocate all the strata through which it passes, and as such a vast crack could not occur in any of the solid rocks constituting the crust of the earth without some great movement, it is generally found, where a series of stratified rocks prevail, as at Alston, that the strata on one side of fissures have been considerably altered in their position. Thus, instead of a band of limestone or sandstone being found at corresponding levels on either side of the fissure, we find the former opposite the latter, and thick beds facing thin ones. In such circumstances as these, lead ore is found to occur only opposite the limestone, and extending into that rock; and where limestone exists opposite to limestone, the ore is more abundant than where a band of limestone is opposed to a band of sandstone. These facts, which are well established, teach us, that some peculiar condition of the rock or rocks, in which the fissure occurs, is necessary to induce the formation of metalliferous matter in it, or to form a mineral lode.

At one period the favourite theory was, that all these formations were due to the action of subterranean heat; that the metals found in the *lodes* were sublimed by the high temperature occurring at considerable depths beneath the earth's surface, and then deposited in the cooler fissure near the surface. In examining a mineral lode, we find no evidences in support of this view. There is nothing whatever in the condition of the rocks enclosing the metalliferous ore, or of the ore itself, which indicates igneous

action. On the contrary, everything appears to support the view that mineral veins have been slowly formed by deposit from aqueous solution; consequently, all the known mineral lodes must have been formed while yet the rocks in which they are found were below the surface of then existing seas.

In one of the works which we have placed at the head of this article an electro-magnetic theory is applied in explanation of, not only mineral veins, but of rock formations. The author is, unfortunately, one of those men who proceed in their investigations of truth, by first framing a theory, and then making all their observations and experiments bend to that theory. This is by no means an uncommon class of philosophers; who, however, unfortunately, rather retard than advance the truth by their inquiries. M. Becquerel, Mr. Robert Were Fox, and others, have imagined that electricity is an active agent in determining the deposition of metalliferous ores. Electric currents have been detected circulating through the mineral lodes, and when these currents have been made to traverse wires, electrotypes have been formed by them, and magnetism induced in iron bars which have been surrounded by those wires. Other observers have thought, however, that these electric currents are due to chemical action going on within the *lode* itself, and not to any current to which the formation of the mineral vein could be referred. On the other hand, Becquerel, Cross, Fox, Hunt, and others, have shown that by weak electric currents artificial deposits can be formed, which bear a great resemblance to those occurring in nature.

Copper lodes have generally an easterly and westerly direction. Lead lodes commonly run from north to south, or nearly so. If, after a *lode* has been formed, it becomes dislocated, and one portion of it has its line of direction changed a few degrees by the movement of a portion of the earth's crust, by no means an unusual occurrence, the character of the mineral immediately undergoes a change. The character of that change will be understood by an example. In one of the tin and copper mines near Camborne in Cornwall, a *lode*, the natural direction of which is from 15° to the N. of E. to 15° to the S. of W., was dislocated after its formation, and *thrown*, as the local phrase is, so that the dislocated portion took a direction of about 8° S. of E. to 8° N. of W. The *lode* originally had been filled with *yellow* copper ore (copper pyrites, which is a sulphuret of copper mixed with sulphuret of iron). In the moved portion of the lode, decomposition had taken place; the sulphuret of iron had disappeared, leaving a large quantity of the oxide of iron filling hollows in the lode, which was here formed entirely of *grey* copper ore, or the true sulphuret of copper. The main direction

of the copper lodes of Cornwall is from the north-east to the south-west, or nearly so; and these lodes contain, almost invariably, the yellow copper ore. In the St. Just district, northward from the Land's End, by some great convulsion of nature, we find the ground greatly disturbed, and the mineral lodes have a direction from the south-east to the north-west; the copper ore in all these mineral veins is the grey sulphuret, and they are very peculiarly characterized by the peroxide of iron which abounds.

From these facts we learn that the position determines, or, at all events, regulates, the character of the metalliferous deposits. One kind of mineral prevailing when the receiving fissure has been formed in one direction, and another when it has exhibited any deviation from that line. Phenomena of this kind appear to lead, as by a natural inference, to the conclusion that some law of polarity has been at work, and we know of no physical force to which we can so appropriately refer the deposition of metalliferous ore in a rock fissure as to electricity. On this point, we quote a few passages from a paper by Mr. Robert Were Fox, whose investigations have been far more extensive in this direction than those of any other man of science:—'Imperfect and limited as is our acquaintance with mineral veins, enough is known to excite our admiration of the order and fitness which prevail amongst them. We observe that many of the most useful metals are the most abundant; and the fact that they are generally confined to certain veins, and to certain portions of them only, is perhaps of greater import than we might at first suppose, for had they been disseminated in the strata, or even dispersed throughout all mineral veins, the labour required to obtain them would have rendered them practically useless: or had they, on the other hand, been much more concentrated, their rapid exhaustion might entail incalculable injury on future generations. Again, we remark that few metals are found in a native state, and those very sparingly; were it otherwise, there is good reason to believe that their electric action and reaction would have been so energetic, that some of the electro-positive metals could not have been permanently deposited. Had the metals generally existed in combination with oxygen or acids, their electric action would have been reduced to a minimum quantity; in which case many metallic and other solutions might, from being but partially decomposed, have found their way to the surface, and impregnated the springs with their deleterious qualities. Sulphur appears to be the only component which enables metals to effect all the required conditions, and this proves to be the combination in which they most frequently occur. Such of the metallic sulphurets as conduct electricity

are highly electro-negative, and their reciprocal action, in most instances, is so nearly in equilibrio, as to prevent considerable changes; nevertheless, they seem to possess sufficient electric activity to act upon other bodies, and to decompose saline solutions which may be exposed to their influence;—and who knows how important such electrical filtration of the ascending water may be to organic existence at the surface of the earth?'

The beautiful investigations of Dr. Faraday into the secret influences of magnetic force upon all matter, proving that a few bodies in nature, like iron, have the power of receiving and retaining that force which gives rise to a north and south polarity—as in the compass needle—but, that an infinitely larger number are imbued with a power which always acts at right angles to the true magnetic force, bears directly on the subject under examination. Every substance in the organic or the inorganic world belongs to one of these classes—*the magnetic* or the *diamagnetic*. The magnetic bodies arrange themselves relatively to the earth's axis nearly north and south, while the diamagnetic bodies place themselves at right angles to this direction. Magnetic bodies possess poles, which have, under certain conditions, powers of attraction and repulsion. Similar magnetic poles repel each other, dissimilar poles attract each other. Diamagnetic bodies, on the contrary, are repellent of each other, and equally so of magnetic bodies under all circumstances. Electric currents are known to circulate around the earth in the direction represented on a globe by the lines of latitude. Magnetic force is exerted at right angles to these electric currents, or along lines which deviate but little from the axial line of our planet. Under the influence, therefore, of electrical excitement, the condition of matter being determined by its position relatively to the modified forms of this force, it is probable that metalliferous deposits have been formed.

Let us not, however, rush to conclusions. In science, as in everything else, much depends on the spirit of the times. Man follows man, and an original thinker frequently establishes a fashion in the very elements of thought, and compels his brethren to dress their ideas in the garments which he has indicated. Electricity is the fashionable science of the day, and every great phenomenon, *the cause of which we do not understand*, is at once attributed to electricity.

This mighty agent, which exerts its powers in the sublime terrors of the thunder-storm, and which we detect in action during every chemical change that takes place in an animal or a vegetable organism—this subtile force which over land and under ocean passes from the scene of carnage to the isle of peace with the intelligence of sorrow or of joy, and which our manufacturers

now employ in the multiplication of the beautiful and of the useful in metal—does beyond all doubt play a most important part in the vast laboratory of the inorganic world. But 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.' There probably are great physical forces superior to electricity. Indeed, we have long imagined their existence; we are beginning to have a dim consciousness of their presence; and these may be the great controlling agents, while electricity may really play a very unimportant part.

Such, then, is the uncertainty in which the theory of the formation of mineral lodes remains, even now, when we talk loudly of the high estate of science. To pass from this. So far from the miner having any dependence on the views promulgated, or on the facts collected by the philosophers, in his search after mineral treasures he trusts more completely to his rude experience, or he pursues his search by the use of the DIVINING ROD.

The *virgula divinatoria*, or divining rod, is far more commonly employed in our mining districts for the discovery of hidden treasure than is generally supposed. In Cornwall, not only do the miners themselves place much confidence in its indications, but very many highly intelligent men employ the divining rod, or engage the diviner in seeking for mineral wealth on their estates. In Lancashire and Cumberland the belief in the powers of the magic rod is widely spread. That, at this time of day, such should be the case, is a lamentable example of the defective character of early education. The divining rod is a forked twig of the hazel-tree, or of the white thorn. The small ends being crooked, are to be held in the hands, in a position flat or parallel to the horizon, and the upper part at an elevation having an angle to it of about seventy degrees. The rod must be grasped strongly and steadily, and then the operator walks over the ground: when he crosses a lode, its bending is supposed to indicate the presence thereof. The position of the hands in holding the rod is a constrained one—it is not easy to describe it—but the result is that the hands, from weariness speedily induced in the muscles, grasp the ends of the twig yet more rigidly, and thus is produced the mysterious bending. The phenomena of the divining rod and table-turning are of precisely the same character, and both are referable to an involuntary muscular action resulting from a *fixedness of idea*. These experiments with the divining rod are always made in a district known to be metalliferous, and the chances therefore are greatly in favour of its bending over or near a mineral lode. Let us hope that with the extension of education, and with improved habits of observation, all these occult experiments will be placed in their proper position, curious as evidences of psychological

influences, but useless to the learned, and dangerous to the ignorant.

In all our mining districts peculiar mineral laws are found to prevail; those of Derbyshire, being perhaps the most remarkable, will, however, alone engage our present attention, as exemplifying the continuance of very antiquated customs.

According to ancient usage every man was at liberty to enter at any time into any part of the king's field, and there dig and search for ore, without being accountable to the owners or occupiers of the soil for any damage which might be done to the surface or even to the growing crops. This custom still remains in force, but a course more in accordance with the principles of common law prevails in practice. A man having found a vein of ore, makes certain crosses on the ground, as a mark of temporary possession, and then having informed the *bar master*, or the presiding officer of the district, this officer attends and receives a measure, *or dish*, of ore, the first produce of the mine, as the condition for allowing the adventurer to work his *mere*, or measure of twenty-nine yards in length of the vein, the bar master at the same time taking possession of the next adjoining fourteen and a half yards, or half mere, of the vein for the king. The miner is then at liberty to pursue his search, and one of the first machines erected usually is a windlass, locally called a *stowse*. A mine in former days was forfeited if the working stowse was not actually in use at least once in three weeks. Eventually, however, this law was relaxed, and occupation was considered good so long as a model of a windlass, a *sham stowse*, was kept in *the sight of all men*. The bar-master furnishes such models, which to be effective must have no nails used in their structure, but be pinned together with wood, according to the state of the actual *stowses* at the time when the use of sham ones was introduced. This singular custom is, however, in the present day but loosely observed. Laws almost as singular prevail in Dean Forest and in the manor of Alston Moor, and many of the customs connected with the operations of mining in Cornwall show the long continuance of antiquated rule.

It is almost impossible, within the limits to which we are confined, to give a correct idea of the manner in which metalliferous mines are worked; indeed, without diagrams, it is not easy by any description to convey a correct idea of the system of *shafts, levels, adits*, &c., which constitute a mine.

When, as is not unfrequently the case, the *mineral vein* occurs in a hill, or at a high level, an *adit* or tunnel is driven into the hill, near the base, and this serves to remove the water from the fissures, which accumulating would greatly impede the progress of the works.

From some higher portion of the surface a *shaft* is sunk upon the vein, and this, communicating with the *adit*, serves to ensure the ventilation of the mine and the extraction of the ore.

Where the contour of the country does not allow of these conditions, expensive machinery becomes necessary for pumping the water from the mines, and for drawing up the ore.

Let us suppose a mineral lode, within the portion of country over which we have the right to explore it, extending from east to west several hundred yards. At one portion, a pit or shaft is sunk so as to meet the lode, which is supposed to lie at some particular angle from the vertical. It will be evident to every one that a single shaft would not allow of any extended working; a few men only could work at a time; winding up the ore from such would interfere with other operations, especially if water had also to be pumped out; and the power of ventilating such a shaft would be limited. Consequently, when the shaft has been sunk about sixty feet, a level or gallery is driven into the lode, and this communicates with another shaft, say at the distance of one hundred yards from the first. Here we have, therefore, two shafts, and *a level*, gallery, or tunnel connecting them. If the reader will imagine this system to be repeated again and again in depth and in length, he will form some idea of the enormous subterranean works which distinguish our mining districts. To those who are not likely to visit a mining locality, we would recommend an inspection of a model of a Cornish mine—Dolcoath, near Redruth—in the National Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn-street. The extent of these underground workings will be best understood by a statement of their extent in one of them. At the Consolidated Mines there are more than twelve miles of perpendicular sinkings, and horizontal galleries extending to nearly fifty miles. The greatest perpendicular depth to which any mine has extended is 320 fathoms or 1920 feet, which is the depth of Tresavean mine, in Cornwall. Machinery of the most perfect kind becomes necessary, to pump up the water which is constantly flowing into the mine from a thousand fissures in the rock, to raise the mineral treasure which human hands are rending from the bosom of the earth, and to lift the hundreds of miners who are toiling ever, in these deep and dark recesses of the earth. In nearly all mines, eight hours is the period allowed to each set of men, so that there are three changes in the twenty-four hours. At Tresavean mine, and some few others, the men are lowered and raised by an ingenious machine called a 'man-engine.'

The Cornish pumping-engine is the most perfect example of the application of steam as a mechanical power. The largest

amount of work being executed by the combustion of the smallest quantity of coal. The Cornish engineer reckons the duty of his engine by the number of pounds lifted a foot high by the consumption of a bushel of coals. Monthly lists are published of the duties of the numerous pumping-engines in that county, and this has led the engineers to devise every possible means for the improvement of these splendid engines, and to secure the greatest economy of fuel. The highest duty recorded is that of Taylor's engine at the United Mines, this being 110,000,000 of pounds lifted one foot by the heat developed from 96 pounds of coal. During the past year the average duty of the best engines has been, however, about 100,000,000. For this enormous mechanical power, without which it would be impossible to work our deep mines, we are indebted to James Watt. The following extract from a letter written by this great man to Mr. Boulton is interesting, as showing the condition of the Cornish mines before he came to their assistance:—

Birmingham, 18th May, 1783.

'. . . . . Chacewater Company sunk £50,000 and upwards in setting that mine to work; and whether they have recovered it all yet seems uncertain, although the mine has been tolerably prosperous.

'Wheal Virgin Company lost £28,000 in ten months' unprosperous working. Poldice has sunk a very great sum, and is not now gaining nor saving. It has cost £35,000 to fit up and drain Wheal Virgin in this working, and it costs above £10,000 a year to drain the water after all that can be done for them. Pool Adventurers have sunk near £14,000, and have no great prospect of recovering any part of it. Roskeare has been long languishing, and does not now pay costs. At Dolcoath mine, it is said they use £500 of timber per month, and a new kibble rope of above a ton weight is worn out in a fortnight. It takes full fifteen minutes to draw a *kibble* of ore there which weighs only about three hundredweight. On the average about two-thirds of the stuff drawn is barren stones. It cost three years' work, and, I believe, as many thousand pounds to sink a new shaft in that mine: every fathom of an engine-shaft that is sunk under the engine costs from £50 to £100. United Mines have been at death's door, and are still in a tottering state. Wheal Union Adventurers, after working near three years, were glad to sit down with a loss of £7000 or £8000. *If we had not furnished them with more effectual means of drawing the water, I believe almost all the deep mines had been abandoned before now.*'

Watt, however, furnished the means, and all the mines named in this letter have since its date returned many thousands of pounds profit to the adventurers, and the majority of them, at still greater depths, are producing abundance of both tin and copper. With the increasing profundity of our mines additional engineering skill must be called into action, for it will only be

possible to extend the search for mineral treasure in depth by the application of new mechanical appliances.

The following statements will show the value of our several mineral industries; coal and iron are added to this statement, for the purpose of exhibiting the importance of her mineral treasures to the United Kingdom; the produce given being that of 1854:—

			Tons.		Value.
Tin.....	Cornwall and Devon	...	5,947	...	£690,000
Copper ...	English Mines	...	13,042	...	1,229,807
„ ...	Irish Mines	...	1,124	...	128,055
„ ...	Welsh Mines.....	...	25	...	2,010
Lead	English Mines	...	44,086		
„	Welsh	...	13,387		
„	Irish	...	2,210	...	1,472,115
„	Scotch	...	1,279		
„	Isle of Man	...	2,137		
Silver ...	United Kingdom ...	700,000 oz.		...	192,500
Zinc	Ditto	...		...	16,500
Arsenic, Sulphur, and Sundry rarer Minerals		...		...	500,000
COALS at Pit's Mouth		...	64,661,401	...	14,975,000
IRON in Pigs		...	3,069,838	...	9,500,000
					£28,705,987

The total annual value of the mineral produce of the United Kingdom may be stated in round numbers as £29,000,000. This estimate is considerably in excess of any which has been previously given; but we are indebted for it to an important official document just published by the Keeper of Mining Records, who gives the authorities upon which he has founded his computation.*

Mining operations are, and it would appear under any circumstances necessarily must be, very uncertain. Great losses are sometimes sustained, immense treasures occasionally realized. To give an example of this uncertainty.

Hudgill Burn Mine,—one of the most celebrated of the Alston Moor mines,—was commenced by the Flow-Edge Mining Company, who drove a level 250 fathoms in the tuft under the great limestone, and found only two weak veins. They sunk shafts, and pursued other operations, discovering only another small vein which they explored for twenty fathoms, and they produced a few trifling specimens of ore, which were not worth washing and dressing. This company lost £2000, and abandoned the undertaking, which lay neglected for eight years. In 1812, some miners obtained leave to pursue the search. Four men were employed to drive twenty fathoms of level in the tuft at four guineas per fathom, by which they made sixteen shillings

* Mineral Statistics for 1854. Longman & Co.

per week. This they continued for a year and three quarters. In April 1814, a vein was discovered, which had a good appearance, but which would not from its situation pay for working. After driving through the vein, which was two feet wide, the miners worked up into the limestone, and found a considerable quantity of carbonate of lead. The four miners took a bargain to work the vein at eighteen shillings per bing (eight hundredweight) until midsummer (nine weeks), and in that time raised 300 bings of ore, and cleared £80 per man. These four miners have risen to opulence, and their discovery has been a source of wealth to many persons, and of employment to vast numbers of the labouring classes. (See 'Sopwith's Mining Districts of Alston Moor.')

Many similar examples might be named as having occurred in Cornwall and other places. By careful observations, we might without doubt eventually arrive at some knowledge of the laws by which these formations are regulated. But science has scarcely yet made subterranean investigations the subject of inductive examination. It is so much easier to speculate than to collect and record facts, that theory has taken the place which should have been occupied by the severe observer. Let us hope that we shall with the extension of scientific knowledge, and with the introduction of science as a branch of ordinary education, advance to a consciousness of its importance, especially in all those operations which are connected with Nature's works.

In practical skill, in hardihood, in draining, no man can excel the British miner. At the Wherry Mine, near Penzance, he sunk his shaft in the midst of the waves of the Mount's Bay. At Botallack Mine he has pressed his works forward until they are nearly half a mile under the bed of the Atlantic Ocean; and at a neighbouring mine the miners followed the lode under the sea *upwards*, so far that a pick went through a fissure into the bed of the ocean, and they actually stopped out the Atlantic waters with a plug of oakum and some wet clay. Everything that is now done is the result of experience, but if to that experience was added the powers of inductive search, and those habits of thought which lead to a correct system of deduction from observed facts, mining would be pursued with less uncertainty, and assuredly with more profit to all parties engaged in any branch of our mineral industries. Britain is the most important mining country in the world, the total value of her mineral produce being as stated £29,000,000 sterling per annum. It is therefore a sad reflection to know that our language is without any one work of authority upon this important national branch of industry.

The 'Cornwall, its Mines, Miners, and Scenery,' professes to be no more than a popular treatise. It is not unpleasingly written, and may serve to beguile an hour for the traveller, as he rushes from Paddington to Plymouth by the express train on his way to Cornwall. The book, however, is written by a man who has no real acquaintance with the subject of which it treats. We should judge that the author had some years since made a rapid journey through the county; that he had now written the book to order, and made up his deficiencies by quoting from the 'Mining Journal' and the few other available existing sources. The book may take its place beside 'Rambles beyond Railways,' as an amusing production, but like it, it must be regarded rather as a work of fancy than of fact.

'Ure's Dictionary' supplied a few years since an important want, and we rejoiced when we found a new and enlarged edition of it was published. It has, however, greatly disappointed us. All that is new in the book has been taken, without any notice, and in the most careless and bungling manner, from the 'Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition.' As an example, under the article IRON, Mr. Samuel Blackwell's classification of the iron furnaces in the United Kingdom, to illustrate his collection of iron ores, has been appropriated by means of scissors and paste—and how? It commences: 'In the following classification the number of the blast furnaces in each district is given, *and the iron stones of the coal measures are arranged in the definite order in which they occur in the different coal beds, so that their position in reference to the beds of coal alternating with them is at once seen.*' Then, a list of the blast furnaces alone is given, the admirable sectional arrangement of the iron stones as given by Mr. Samuel Blackwell being entirely omitted. In some places yet more extreme carelessness is observable, the exhibitor's name and number still remaining in the 'Dictionary.' It is to be regretted that so expensive, and in many respects so valuable a work, should be thus deformed. We have, however, referred to it for the sake of some of the articles on mining, which are full of information.

It is with satisfaction that we hear of the success of the Government School of Mines, established about four years since, in connexion with the Museum of Practical Geology. Many of the students have already distinguished themselves, and now fill situations of responsibility in connexion with mining and metallurgical operations. If the school maintains its strictly practical character, which is of the utmost importance, it cannot fail to be of great value to the country.

We are also glad to see that Cornwall has at length organized a mining school, to be opened in Truro in October next. The teachers have been appointed, and many of the preliminary

arrangements, made. These, judging from the circular issued by the governors appear judicious; and notwithstanding the opposition which is manifested by some of the old mine agents to any kind of education for a miner beyond that of the use of the 'pick and gad,' we augur for it a long continued reign of usefulness.

Competition is now, throughout the world, too keen to allow of our slowly picking up truth by experience. We must press science to aid us in subduing nature to purposes of utility. We must learn to observe quickly and correctly, and to avail ourselves of all the indications which are presented to our view. Bacon's philosopher of the 'New Atlantis' says—'The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes and secret motives of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire to the effecting of all things possible.' This should be our aim; that by the establishment of a 'true Solomon's House' we obey the great command of the Creator, not only to replenish the earth, but to subdue it.

ART. II.—*Literary Remains of Henry Fynes Clinton, Esq., M.A., Author of the 'Fasti Hellenici,' and 'Fasti Romani;' consisting of an Autobiography and Literary Journal, and Brief Essays on Theological Subjects.* Edited by the Rev. C. J. Fynes Clinton, M.A., Rector of Cromwell, Notts. London: Longman & Co. 1854.

AT the general election of 1826 (as many of our readers will easily recollect), the Duke of Newcastle, 'doing what he would with his own,' removed his member for Aldborough, in Yorkshire, who belonged to a collateral branch of his own family, and in his place sent his brother to Parliament to watch over the ducal interests in those ominous times. The great struggle for constitutional reform was then commencing, and the duke justly thought that it was not enough to have a representative who could sit for twenty years together behind the Treasury benches, and go into the lobby with the ministry all through that period of Tory rule, but never say a word either in defence or explanation of his vote, or to promote the intentions of his patron. People in general, however, regarded this as a tolerably high-handed proceeding, for the unseated member was a most respectable and inoffensive man; and as such things were of common occurrence then, they looked forward to some measure of practical reform, which should put an end to those scandals at least; and they did not long look in vain.

Very few knew much about this assiduous but taciturn

legislator, and they who knew him best did not imagine what a martyrdom to 'the Clumber family' his twenty years of public life had been. Deeply imbued with the feelings of his class (for he evidently regarded the seat in Parliament which he held so long, and the 'official post' he vainly tried to obtain, as things of course), and sustained by a sense of duty, which, narrow as it was, never wavered, he nevertheless fretted at the yoke he was doomed to bear, and though not unconscious of the humiliation of his abrupt dismissal, found speedy and complete consolation in the studies which were thenceforward his chief occupation and delight.

In 1819, he thus wrote in his literary journal:—'During this month of February I have been indolent. Being now sworn in as a member of the House of Commons for the fourth time, I was mortified at perceiving that I never could be capable of acting a part in public life. I felt that I was out of my place, and engaged in a department for which I was not fitted. But I consoled myself with the consideration that I might become a writer' (pp. 113, 114). And under date, May 18th, 1820, we find this entry:—'Noctem insomnem. Hinc fortasse factum est ut impar essem rebus gerendis, linguâque deficiens hodie, in the matter of the Aldborough election, mihi certè non satisfaciens' (p. 150). When finally disappointed in his expectation of an official situation, he wrote:—'For the future, my two great objects in this present world are these—to give my children a good education, and to devote my faculties and leisure to the advancement of learning, and moral and religious truth. . . . The loss of a lucrative post is the less to be regretted, because the possession of it would have been accompanied with a sacrifice, in part at least, of both these objects' (p. 222). And thus placidly he recorded the termination of his functions as member for Aldborough: 'By the dissolution of Parliament this day, my parliamentary life has ceased. I have sat in Parliament almost twenty years. Called to a seat in the House of Commons in my twenty-sixth year, without solicitation, without preparation for it, I am now thrown back into my original position without a profession, without occupation, except such as I can create for myself; and at a period of life when it is too late to engage in a profession. I have felt, and always acknowledged, that my faculties are not adapted for public speaking.' And after noticing 'many untoward circumstances' which had marked those twenty years, he concluded:—'All these causes concurring, have contributed to render me, as far as public speaking is concerned, an inefficient member of Parliament' (pp. 247, 248).

Two years before the time when this was written, the delegates of the Oxford University Press published a goodly quarto, intituled thus:—'FASTI HELLENICI. The Civil and Literary

Chronology of Greece, from the LVth to the CXXIVth Olympiad.' It was the commencement of a work to which the unsuccessful statesman had devoted all the leisure he could steal from his ungenial task in St. Stephen's, and which was destined to place his name upon that bright roll of distinguished scholars whereon we Englishmen rely, with honourable pride, as one most unimpeachable evidence of the right of our country to the lofty preëminence which we proudly claim for her.

Henry Fynes Clinton, this illustrious scholar, was born at Gamston, in Nottinghamshire, on the 14th of January, 1781. His father, who had not then assumed the surname of Clinton, was closely related to the first Duke of Newcastle, and had been made by him rector of that parish, and there young Fynes spent the first eight years of his life; learning, as he recorded when more than half a century had passed away, from his father, '*τὸ μὴ περὶ ἑαυτοῦ λέγειν*;' from his mother, amongst other lore, '*τὸ, ἐάν τι μὴ κατὰ τὴν ἐλπίδα συμβῇ, ἄλλο τὶ ἀντελπίσαι*:' and reading 'Sandford and Merton.' In 1789, soon after the living of Gamston had been exchanged for the not less profitable one of Cromwell, in the same county, the boy was sent to Southwell school, to 'pick up,' under the 'very severe' master, the Rev. Magnus Jackson, a tolerable tincture of Latin, and what in after years he wisely deemed of greater account,—'*Τὸ φιλομαθὲς, καὶ τὸ ἀκριβὲς, καὶ τὸ ἐνεργητικὸν ἐν τῷ ἀναγνῶναι, καὶ ἀκούειν, καὶ γράφειν*' (p. 337). 'I always connect with Southwell and its scenery,' he tells us, 'the striking and splendid passages of the Roman history, the story of the first Cyrus, and the sublime images of the Iliad. On these accounts, I remember Southwell school with delight' (pp. 5, 6).

When somewhat more than fifteen, Westminster received him; but there 'he did not make so great progress as he might have done. The necessity of application was not imposed upon him.' A little Greek was added to the Latin he had acquired before; and 'ranging over the books that happened to please his fancy best,' he made himself acquainted with the English poets and their works, read 'Mitford's History of Greece,' and gained 'a taste for geography' by poring over the maps he found at the chambers of his uncle, Job Charlton Brough, at Lincoln's-inn. 'On April 6, 1799, his father accompanied him to Oxford,' and after introducing the youth to sundry notabilities with whom he would be brought into relation, 'the next day returned to London, and left him to himself.'

His report of the benefit he received during the seven years and eight months, for he stayed at Oxford the whole of every term, is such as we should expect from what we know of the condition and studies of the University then. From a fellow-student, John Symmons, he declares that he 'derived more

advantage than from the instructions of the authorized teachers of the College.' Four others are spoken of, 'by whose society,' he says, 'I found my evil propensities corrected, my habits of regularity confirmed, my better affections improved.' But as to that study which was then cultivated at Oxford, to the all but total neglect of every other, he candidly admits his deficiency.

'Though I pursued classical learning with zeal, yet, at my leaving Oxford, my acquirements in Greek and Latin were not extensive. I was versed in the *language*, but unacquainted with the *writers* of ancient Greece. Not only the less obvious Greek authors were unknown to me, but many of those who ought to have been in the hands of one who had passed eight years in these studies. I had never heard, for instance, of Dion Cassius; I had never seen Isocrates, or Athenæus, or Pausanias, or Strabo, or Appian. I had not read any part of Plutarch in the original. Among the poets, neither Callimachus, nor Apollonius, nor Theocritus, nor Hesiod, were known to me; and fourteen of the tragedies of Euripides were still unread. In Latin, my acquaintance with the chief authors was proportionally limited. Except the Orations, read at Southwell, I had not studied any part of the works of Cicero. I was ignorant of Quintilian and Tacitus and Pliny. I had twice perused Livy with attention; and this author formed the only addition to the stock of Latin which I brought with me from Southwell. The amount of what I read in Greek, in the seven years and eight months of my Oxford life, between April 6, 1799, and December 15, 1806, did not equal in quantity the *fifth-part* of what I have since read in the same space of time.'—pp. 22, 23.*

Until the year before he left Oxford, Clinton's views for the future were 'those which are contained in the profession of a clergyman.' But in the beginning of his twenty-fifth year, 'a new prospect was opened to him.' One Isaac Gardiner, finding himself, 'at eighty-one years of age, without an heir by the father's side to whom he could bequeath his possessions,' 'looked around him for the relations of his mother,' and fixed upon our Christchurch student, whose father was her great-nephew, 'as his successor in his landed property.' This unexpected benefactor

* This opinion of the studies at Oxford was not hastily formed, and it was never changed. Writing in 1825, he repeats it thus:—'The Greek language appears certainly to be better studied now at Oxford than it was twenty years ago. When I first went thither Greek learning was perhaps at the lowest point of degradation. During the seven years of my residence there (four of them as an undergraduate) I never received a syllable of instruction concerning Greek accents, or Greek metres, or the idioms of Greek sentences; in short, no information upon *any one point* of grammar, or syntax, or metre. These subjects were never named to me. What I learned was struck out principally in my conversations with my companions, Symmons and Gaisford' (p. 230). He avers, too, that when he wrote, 'young men who obtain the honours of the first class, are not only not encouraged to bring any of these authors (Isocrates, Isæus, Lysias, Plutarch, Plato, Arrian, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and some others), but would find a prejudice excited against them if they did' (p. 229).

'particularly stipulated that I should not take orders,' we are told in this 'Autobiography.' 'His desire was that his heir should be a country gentleman, and capable of secular employments. My design of taking orders was consequently abandoned' (p. 16).

Next year, having visited Clumber ('the seat of the Duke of Newcastle,' we are obligingly informed in a note) during the vacation, 'about a week after my return I was surprised by a letter from my father, announcing the Duke of Newcastle's parliamentary intentions, and conveying an offer of bringing me in for Aldborough. My father mentioned this as a matter which required no hesitation, and to which there could hardly be imagined an objection; and that he had therefore accepted the proposal for me. Accordingly, on the 3rd of November, 1806, I was myself declared one of the representatives for Aldborough' (p. 19). The editor makes much of the trifling incident, that the young senator gave up the forty days which remained of University life, before the meeting of Parliament, to the study of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' and Smollett's 'Continuation of Hume;' thereby imparting (as he has done in other instances) to what is agreeable to read in the original narrative, because of its simplicity, a pompous self-consciousness which renders it half ridiculous. How little real preparation this 'forty days' with Smith and Smollett afforded, the protracted agony of failure, which our readers have already heard of, will declare.

In refreshing contrast with this part of Clinton's life, stands the story of the rise, progress, and completion of his great work; for the sake of which alone we have invited our readers' attention to him, being not without hope that the narrative of it may prove helpful to all, but particularly to the younger men who peruse our pages, and amongst them more especially to the students in colleges and universities, to which last class it particularly commends itself. It will be seen how remarkably Clinton's character, which in other respects was passive merely, taking and preserving each shape that it was successively put into, respecting this undertaking, changes, and becomes active and self-moved, and employs all that comes under its power as material or assistance for the completion of its task. Nor will the apparently casual way in which this, that proved the business of his vocation, came before him and attracted his regard, pass unnoted; nor how by degrees, and in process of time, it came to be the master-work, whereby all else that he did was regulated and determined; whilst the fruitfulness of truthful labour, even in the least promising field, will receive a new illustration, as we observe the conclusions respecting many a question of the day to which Clinton's chronological investigations conducted him.

Early in the year 1808, the 'discussion of an Indian question in the House of Commons' guided our scholar 'to statistical calculations and geographical observations upon the map of Persia and Western Asia generally.' He was soon 'engaged in studies on the *origin of nations*, from Genesis, chap. x.;' in 'Sir W. Jones's Treatise on the Persians,' in the 'Asiatic Researches;' 'the Chronology of Modern Asiatic History;' and 'Geographical Computations on the Area of Ancient Greece.' The chronology of the times of the patriarchs also received attention now, but want of information upon some important points rendered his inquiries unavailing.

Next year he married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wylde, of Nottingham; and under the influence of this new incentive to honourable exertion, he says:—

'I began at Cromwell [whilst visiting his father] to collect dates into the form of a chronological table. I applied myself to the arrangement of the *Old Testament chronology*, with better success than I had done twenty months before, because I found in my father's library information on the subject of the genealogies. The scope of my compilation rather was to illustrate general history, to exhibit modern, and especially Asiatic chronology, than the Grecian or classical portion of it; this last I already destined for a separate and larger exposition. My scheme for a chronological table was founded upon or rather suggested by a general view of the history of the world, contained in a small volume, entitled 'Bigland's Letters on History.' I pursued this study with eagerness.'—p. 33.

Little more than half-a-year after his marriage his wife was suddenly snatched away, the shock of which affecting calamity was nearly fatal to him. No sooner, however, had he recovered, and resumed his residence in town for the sake of attending to his parliamentary duties, than 'finding society of any kind inexpressibly irksome, he determined to begin some course of diligent study, as a resource and occupation to his thoughts.' So, enlarging the ground-plan of his chronology, he began with all diligence to revive and extend his acquaintance with Grecian literature, and by the aid of Mitford's 'History of Greece,' and Gillies' 'History of the World,' constructed a rough draft of a portion of the 'Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece,' that his reading might be turned to account as he proceeded. 'I began this literary labour first in the year 1810,' he subsequently wrote in his Journal, 'as a solace and occupation, to divert my thoughts under the visitations and calamities of that memorable year. In that year the Tables were first constructed, though on a narrow and limited plan' (p. 196).

Our readers will pardon us, if we continue this quotation, which relates briefly, and with a simplicity quite child-like, the progress of the work till very near the appearance of the

first part which was published. It shows the perseverance with which our author employed his scanty leisure in those years.

'During my solitary residence at Wing (July 16th to August 5th, 1811), the Tables were transcribed and improved, with the assistance of Diodorus, whom I then read for the first time. After this the Chronology was laid aside; and other studies (connected, however, with the subject) pursued for some time. In 1815, at Welwyn [his own residence], during the month of February, I returned to the Chronology. In 1816, the Table of Archons was nearly completed in the month of June. In September, 1816, the Chronology was pursued, and the Historia Critica, and Fragmenta Comicorum, were proceeded with. In January, 1817, I began the Column of Events, at B.C. 431, and completed it in its present enlarged form to B.C. 320. I then began the Historia Critica of the Historians, and finished it as far as No. 52 by the end of February. The Second Part of the Greek Chronology was then laid aside for nearly four years, until the close of 1820.'—p. 196.

All this time, every hour he could command was, however, diligently employed in reading which bore upon his great work. He was in his silent manner accumulating materials for continuing it; for 'laid aside' it could not be.

'In 1820,' he continues, 'the Column of Events during the reign of Philip was completed; and the third and fourth columns drawn out in their enlarged form. This occupied seventeen days, November 25 to December 12. In 1821, from September 8 to November 28, was dedicated to the Critical History and Fragments of the Comic Poets of the Old Comedy. In 1822, January 25 to February 16, I laboured at the Appendix to Chron. Græc., Part. II. I returned to the subject April 16, and finished the large copy of the Tables in four columns on the 29th of May. Most of the studies of the last twelve years have illustrated and referred to the Greek Chronology.'—p. 197.

We greatly regret that our space will not allow us to quote more of the *naïves* records of the progress of 'the Chronology,' which, in Greek and Latin, mingled with much lamentation when other cares interrupted his application to it. A few we must insert, but simply as specimens. This occurs in 1810. 'Between November 20 and December 9, besides attendance at the House of Commons in the debate upon the Regency (in which I always voted with Mr. Perceval), I was employed *in tabulis chronologicis describendis*' (p. 44).

In 1819, after a review of his classical reading in the preceding years, amidst other 'resolves, divine, moral, and political,' this occurs. 'Imprimis vero efficiendum est, ut ea quæ habeam ne amittam; et scripta manu collectaque illa monumenta Chronologica literarumque Græcarum deperditarum elimanda sunt. Si igitur quicquid otii mihi Deus concesserit, anno veniente, nullis omnino novis lectionibus perfectis præterierit: non erit

quod doleam, dum perfuero Chron. Gr. p. II., Hist. Comic. Tragic. Epic. vel Philosophorum' (p. 110).

Again and again we meet with a plaintive 'Nulla studia,' 'vix ulla studia,' or 'fere nulla studia;' and once, 'per hoc spatium nulla studia; igitur animus vacans malis cogitationibus.' Interspersed with these are gleams of light, such as these:—'Pursued the study of this author [Callimachus] at every leisure interval during these five days; animus paulatim reficitur viresque recuperat; quanquam adhuc δεινῶς μελαγχολῶν:'—'Eusebius, lib. iii. Animus ad studia alacrior; unde ἐκοιμήθη τὰ χαλεπὰ καὶ δύσκολα ἐνθυμήματα' (pp. 128, 129).

Here is consolation for the patient and faithful labourer, whatever his taskwork may be. 'I seem to proceed slowly. These last ten days have been consumed in the Chronology of Philip, B. C. 359-339; a small portion of a small division of the work. The eleventh year is now far advanced since the first rudiments of this labour in April 1810, and much is yet wanting to complete it. However, the recollection of the time for the completion of similar literary labours may console me.' Then, after citing the twenty-two years consumed by Wolffius in editing Demosthenes alone; the eight-and-thirty years between Wyttenbach's first project of an edition of Plutarch, and the publication of the first volume of annotations; the forty years which intervened between the composition of the first volume of Mitford's Greece, and the completion of the tenth; Barthélemi's thirty years of preparation for his Anacharsis; to which we may add Grote's History of Greece, upon which he was engaged 1827,* though the twelfth volume has not yet appeared;—'None of these undertakings,' he says with perfect truth, 'demanded more laborious research and compilation than is requisite for a 'Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece and Rome,' copiously explained, and verified by the original passages of the authors. . . . . My *eleven years* are at least more encouraging; and I can contemplate my labours as half completed. If Providence shall spare me health, and leisure, and tranquillity, I confidently hope that a second decennium will perfect them' (pp. 160, 161). And not long afterwards he wrote with yet greater buoyancy of spirit: 'I have good hopes of my Chronology, which proceeds towards a probable conclusion. Any one division of it might be completed at a short notice as a specimen.' Nevertheless, in 1853, when two-and-thirty had elapsed since this was written, Death arrested the hand of the scholar, then only in the act of bringing his long and grateful labour to a close.

In 1811,—for we must introduce a few more biographical

* Lieber's Reminiscences of M. Niebuhr, p. 34.

notices,—Isaac Gardiner died, and Clinton came into possession of what he describes as 'a comfortable independence.' And in the following year he married the daughter of Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor; a union which year after year he celebrated in the manner which this entry in literary journal indicates:—'1833, January 6. Anniversary of our marriage: vicesimum secundum annum incipiens, *μετὰ πολλῆς ὁμονοίας· τῷ Θεῷ εὔχομαι μετ' εὐχαριστίας ὑπὲρ τῶν προγεγονότων*' (p. 299). Of the children who sprang from this happy alliance we cannot speak here; and nothing but want of space would prevent the insertion of some extracts from the narrative of the death-bed of one of his daughters, the artless tenderness of which renders it most touching. His records of the time devoted by himself and by their mother to their education might be pondered with profit by many heads of families, who have deprived themselves of the best part of the blessings which their children could bring them, by not giving them a true 'home education.'

About the end of 1816, the thought of publishing the Greek Chronology first came seriously upon our author's mind. 'These labours and compilations,' he assures us, 'had been originally prosecuted with a view to my own private use, or that of my children, if I should ever have some who should be candidates in academical learning. By degrees I began to contemplate, though at a distance, the project of completing a Chronology for public use. I was encouraged by the prospect of my procuring, through Gaisford's [one of the four fellow students, to whom he acknowledged himself so much indebted at Oxford] assistance, an edition of the work, by means of the University Press.' And having received from his old friend all the encouragement he could desire,—'This, therefore,' says he, 'was the period at which my idea of becoming a writer on subjects of ancient chronology and history was first matured' (pp. 82, 83).

Proof in abundance may be found in the literary journal, of the renewed diligence with which this hope of more extensive service, by printing the results of his study and labour, fired Clinton. Not pleased with the arrangement, nor with the accumulation of notes in one part, he remodelled it, incorporating the notes in the text, and comparing the authorities anew. Then arose the question, 'how to proceed?'—'whether it would be better to complete the *First Part* first, or to leave that and proceed with the *Second Part*.' Naturally, as he says, the First Part should come *first;* but then, the Second Part was 'in greater forwardness,' and more likely to interest readers, and to be successful, from the nature of its subject,' and its success might 'secure a favourable reception to the First afterwards;' and he could introduce 'specimens' of the First Part into the Second,

but not so well 'samples of the Second' into the First; and more than all, as we learn from another passage in the journal, 'the chronology of the *second period*,' was his 'original and favourite subject.' So, after a very little time, Part I. was laid aside, and Part II. taken up, upon which he proposed to 'labour exclusively till it was completed.'

Gaisford's appreciating encouragement, we know, gave no little comfort to his friend's mind; but there seems to be a half smile lurking under the rueful expression of the following entry in his Journal—'1822. May 3. My friend S—— called; had much conversation upon our several literary occupations. I showed him, by his desire, my Tables and Appendix for Chron. Græc., Part II. He appeared disappointed; he had supposed that I was engaged in a work of more popular form, for more general readers. He did not understand the nature of my design, and seriously advised me to *translate* the Greek quotations, as he said, *for the benefit of the ladies.*' The gallant *littérateur!* Unfortunately, the *curriculum* of female studies amongst us has been of late so etherealized, that Queen Mab's chariot would as soon bear the weight of the 'Fasti Hellenici,' whether the Greek were translated or not. We have heard that Mrs. Somerville's 'Mechanism of the Heavens' once was purchased for a public library expressly '*for the benefit of the ladies:*' but that was in one of the eastern counties. We deeply sympathize with the scholar's comment on the sciolist's suggestion. 'Is this an omen of the reception which my work, the labour of ten years, is to expect from the half-learned of the day? Is it in 'the power of the half-learned critics of this age to determine the fate of critical or philological works, which are intended for the use of far other readers?' Clinton did not wait long for a satisfactory answer to these questions.

It was while thus busily engaged, that he took part in the little heraldic and *metonomastic* episode we hinted at as having occurred in his family. Up to the year 1822, his father, and, therefore, he himself, had been called only by the name of Fynes, which, in the form *Fiennes*, is not dishonourably known in history;* but he was descended from the Clintons, Barons

* The editor of this work has gone out of his way to approve his churchmanship, in a comment on an old family story. Norreys Fynes, one of our scholar's ancestors, bore arms amongst the malignants during the civil wars, and being taken, as he played the spy in Northampton, was just about to be hanged, when Prince Rupert sent and proposed to exchange a parliamentarian he had made prisoner, for him; which was effected, the soldiers entrusted with his execution having sung the thirteenth psalm at the gallows, and so caused some delay. Whereupon the Rev. C. J. Clinton, without much wisdom, remarks:—'Thus it would seem that the very existence of the future author of the 'Fasti' depended upon the length of the psalm sung by the parliamentarians

Clinton and Say, Earls of Lincoln, and later, Dukes of Newcastle, and the name Fynes was introduced into the family by John, Baron Clinton and Say, who died in 1448, in honour of his wife, Elizabeth Fiennes, 'daughter of Lord Dacre of the South,' whose son John assumed that name. The Duke of Newcastle having laid aside the designation Fynes himself, desired his kinsman, Dr. Fynes, to do the same, as Dugdale's 'Warwickshire' and the family pedigrees justified. The duke's will being law amongst the younger branches of the house, the doctor, 'by royal mandate, resumed the name of *Clinton*, by adding it to that of Fiennes, or Fynes.' The duke had discarded the latter name. 'It is quite clear, however,' says our Henry Fynes Clinton, 'that both the duke and ourselves are equally entitled to the two names of Clinton and Fynes, or (according to the old spelling) Fiennes' (p. 178). It is very wonderful to reflect upon what *time* can do; let it go on long enough, and one or more *aliases* become honours, which even a duke ought to feel proud of being 'entitled to.' So we are Fynes-Clintons now; and though this was only in 1821, in 1855 the old surname has lost its rank, and the new one is the family name.

Early in 1823, on March the 22nd, the delegates of the Oxford University press undertook to print the Chronology; and Clinton 'immediately applied himself to prepare a copy for the printer.' On April the 14th, 'he received the first proofs,' and on the 1st of January, 1824, he 'corrected the last sheet.' On the 14th of the April after it, but he does not note the anniversary, he wrote in his journal—'I have the gratification of finding that the 'Fasti' are well received.' His friend Gaisford thought it would be 'generally recommended to the young men' at Oxford. Four-fifths of the impression had been issued from the warehouse, although it had been published only three months, had not been reviewed, and hardly advertised, so that a new edition already began to be talked about. It was, in fact, an indisputable

on that occasion in the market-place of Northampton. If it had not been for this canting custom of singing psalms before the execution of their prisoners, the trumpeter with the exchange would have obtained only the dead body of Norreys, who would have died childless, all his children having been born subsequently to this event' (p. 3). Hard as the fate of the author of the 'Fasti' would in that case have been, it would not have been wholly without alleviation,—his editor would not have marred his 'Literary Remains' with such nonsense as this. If the singing of a victorious psalm by these stern men, when about to inflict condign punishment on one whom they (not altogether without cause) regarded as an enemy of the truth, were a 'canting custom,' what opprobrious term ought to be employed respecting the custom of admitting condemned felons to partake of the Lord's Supper just before execution, which clergymen of the Church of England, who are so fortunate as to be appointed chaplains of jails, are bound to observe? One a little harder than 'canting,' we opine.

success. The book took rank at once amongst the productions of true learning, and secured a place for its author amongst the great scholars not of our own country alone.

What Clinton felt we may gather from a passage in his journal, of which we have quoted part above. After speaking of the low state of learning at Oxford when he was there, he proceeds to tell us that he did 'not belong to a learned family,' and adds:—

'When God's providence so ordered events for me, as to throw me back upon these studies in 1810, making them my resource, my refuge, my consolation, and support, I was not only not encouraged, but *repressed* in my pursuits. I have carried on my literary labours up to the period at which my work was published, without a single word of encouragement or approbation from any of my connexions, except the Bishop of Bangor. The good bishop, though not learned, is a favourer of learning; and from him I received the kindest expressions of encouragement and approbation, as my work was drawing to a close, and before it was printed. With this single exception, I have pursued those studies so necessary to my moral and intellectual health, not only without encouragment, but even in spite of obstructions placed in my way, and in the midst of disapprobation, not seldom marked, at my occupations and pursuits.'—p. 231.

It is the old story still. We without, who look upon and use the imperishable productions of genius with which our literature abounds, picture to ourselves the men to whose efforts we owe them, as if they wrote in saintly calm, all things around them and within conspiring with and aiding their designs. Admitted no further than the threshold, however, we find that it was not in the solemn stillness of a temple, nor with 'singing-robes about them,' that they so well performed their allotted tasks, but amid the din of the workshop, with toil-worn garments, and hands stained by labour. 'What achievements would not ours be, but for these envious hindrances!' Thus it seems; yet were we capable of such achievements, in those very hindrances we should discern the materials or the force for effecting them. Essential conditions of whatever we are to do, those impediments surely are, as the result will in due time declare.

Elsewhere he writes:—

'God has blessed my former labours with such a measure of success as I could not have presumed to hope for. In the 'Foreign Review,' vol. iv. p. 343, it is said that the 'Fasti Hellenici' was "a work which places the author next to Bentley among English writers on Greek antiquities." Whether the second volume, which is now completed, will be received with equal favour, I do not know. It has afforded me, however, an interesting occupation; it has been my solace and resource in the midst of many anxieties; a salutary employment for my mind. I give God thanks for that health and leisure, and those literary oppor-

tunities, by which he has enabled me to perform this undertaking; and I daily make my prayer unto Him, from whom alone all faculties are derived, that He would enable me diligently to employ the time that is yet appointed to me, in the cultivation of useful learning, in the vindication of truth, and therein of His honour.'—pp. 286.

We have no intention of entering into any further details of Clinton's life. Our readers can now depict him, with fresh energy prosecuting his great undertaking, since he had received such assurances that he was not labouring in vain. They can understand how the Delegates of the University Press would continue to afford all help in their power to the publication of works reflecting such honour upon their establishment; and how they would for the remainder of the series, present the author with a becoming *honorarium* on account of each volume, not unacceptable, however regarded. Three years after the first publication of the Second Part of the 'Fasti Hellenici,' a new edition was sent out; and at the end of another three years—which terminated that 'second *decennium*' wherewith (as he expected) his long labours should have closed—the Third Part appeared. Not till four years later, 1834, was the First Part, completing only a portion of his original scheme, published. After a lengthened delay, in 1841, came a third edition of the Second Part. Four years more passed, and then appeared the first volume of the 'Fasti Romani,' which was completed by the publication of the second volume in 1850—just forty years after the project was first entertained. But with these our author did not now regard his task as done. After issuing a second edition of the Third Part of his 'Fasti Hellenici,' he commenced an Epitome of the whole of that work, which was soon finished, and appeared in 1851, and he had very nearly finished a similar abridgment of the 'Fasti Romani,'* when he died, on the 29th of October, 1852. His brother, who edits these 'Literary Remains,' completed and published that last volume in the following year.

Yet were we ever so well disposed to extend our sketch, it would be impossible; for, after his dismissal from Parliament, the sole event—beyond the domestic incidents, journeys, and visits, the deaths of his parents and of a daughter, the settlement of others in life, and the ceaseless round of study—was the disappointment of a hope he had cherished of succeeding Mr. Planta as principal librarian of the British Museum; Mr., now Sir Henry, Ellis receiving the appointment, on the ground of 'long services in the Museum.' His brother, our editor, comments on this in

* Brief Notices of these Epitomes will be found in the Eclectic Review, Vol. iv. p. 110, and Vol. v. p. 631.

the tone of an 'injured' man, and is only much amazed that 'no expression of disappointment escaped' him, and that 'he received him with his usual cheerfulness' when they met in town and dined together, a few days after this 'untoward event.' 'He had learnt philosophy in the best school,' says the editor. But really, we do not perceive much need of 'philosophy' of any 'school,' in a case where a man has no need of such a post, either as a means of livelihood or to give him a social or literary *status*. We could cite other instances in which the editor has done his brother's memory the great disservice of remarking, in a spirit of vulgar display, upon passages in these private records; and we are more than half disposed to wish that, instead of printing them as 'Literary Remains,' with such elucidations, some competent friend had drawn up, by the help of these and his correspondence, a 'Life,' which might have been worthy to rank with that of Arnold of Rugby. All that is of genuine interest in this volume might have been inserted, and whilst we lost no loveable or instructive feature of this amiable and learned man's character, a more befitting monument would have been raised in memory of his name.

We prefer, however, this little volume to a lean or pretentious biography; for the part due to the editor is small, and the 'Autobiography' and 'Journal' present such an image of their writer, that we become almost as well acquainted as if we were brought into personal communication with him, being yet alive. General readers cannot fail to be charmed with the single-hearted kindliness that shows in every page; the devout recognition of the presence of God, and the need of his blessing for the discharge of every duty, and still more, the need of regarding every duty as made obligatory by him—give to this book a character which ought to commend it to those who reasonably seek for what the apostle meant by 'edification;' and students might take it as a companion to cheer and instruct them, to help in keeping their noblest resolutions tense, and to assure them of the real sacredness of their calling.

For pyschologists, we may further hint, that the candid presentation of the heart and soul of this scholar (as far as he knew himself) in his 'Journal,' being free from all morbid colouring, will go far towards explaining much that is morbid in many recorded religious experiences; and the real meaning of that old saying, 'Laborâsse est orâsse,' may be clearly discerned.

Many passages we have marked for extraction, but cannot make room for. The following specimens will stimulate our reader's curiosity, we hope, and justify what we have said:—

'The theological disputes which have in all ages disturbed the world, have arisen from two causes; 1. It was not con-

sidered, that *no man has a right to require of any other man to give an account of his creed.* 2. Men undertook to explain too much, and to know more than was revealed to them' (p. 365). This, which we have put in Italics, from a whilome student of Christchurch, Oxford, is a new thing under the sun; and so considered, might give rise to much profitable reflection. 'When Scripture is silent we may conjecture, provided that we do it reverently, and that we advance nothing contrary to the four great doctrines of revelation [he had before enumerated as these "the Trinity in Unity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection"], and *that we do not force our opinions on mankind, and compel others to assent to our conjectures*' (p. 371).

His opposition to 'Tractarianism' was thoroughly sincere and pronounced. It appears, where least of all we should expect to find it, in the appendix to his 'Fasti Romani.' Fresh from the reading of the fathers of the church he there gathered together, as if in express antagonism to the 'Catenæ Patrum,' which the writers of the 'Tracts for the Times' rejoiced in, a 'Testimonia Patrum,' well worth careful study and reflection. We are conscious of a deeper interest in this part of his work, arising from the fact that in his 'Epitome' he was engaged upon it, when his tasks here were terminated. He laid down his pen in the midst of this sentence, which bears a wonderful relation to his own circumstances at the time—'With reference to the ministry of Christ upon earth, we of these latter days *behold him, but not nigh.*'* The words in Italics he did not live to write; and ere they were written there, he had gone where he could behold Him of whom he spoke 'face to face.' The following quotation will exemplify this Oxford scholar's opinion of the new Oxford theology :—

'The observation of saints' days as holidays would have a demoralizing effect upon the mass of the people, who would make those holidays times of riot and excess. In country parishes an annual feast is held, anciently appointed in honour of the patron saint of the parish church, and at those times riot and disorder among the lower classes are prevalent. If saints' days were observed as holidays, you would add so many more days to those seasons of intemperance. Some few *religieuses*, some pious old ladies, who would be glad to have an object for occupying their morning hours, would attend the service of the church on those occasions. But I doubt whether among those persons the practice would lead to good; for many would come by degrees to think that those observances would excuse them from the practice of weightier matters—purity, humility, charity, and the like. The Roman Church is almost wholly occupied with outward observances; yet the most profligate and corrupt state of domestic manners is found

* Epitome of Fasti Romani, p. 454.

in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria; while the purest morals are met with in Protestant countries.'—p. 386.

But it is time to give some account of the works by which Clinton has taken so high a stand amongst recent classical scholars. Brief it must needs be, but it shall be our effort to make it sufficient for the purposes of those whom it principally concerns.

The object which the author proposed to himself, when his studies at length took definite shape and direction, was the arrangement, in chronological order, in the first place, of the events, both civil and military, of Grecian history, together with the Greek writers of every kind, and their works; to 'express the authorities upon which each fact should be stated;' and 'as far as the necessary brevity would allow,' to give 'the original words of the authors.' Subordinately to Grecian history and literature, the events and the writers of Roman history were to be introduced into the plan, commencing with the period when 'the power of the Romans first came in contact with the Greeks,' the invasion of Italy by Pyrrhus of Epeirus; and gradually more and more fully, until the 'Fasti Hellenici' should be completely transformed into 'Fasti Romani.' The chronology of every state and kingdom of antiquity which would throw the least light upon the principal matter was to be given, along with explanations, arguments, lists of writers, essays on such subjects as the 'extent and population of ancient Greece,' disquisitions on the events, persons, &c., of the pre-historic period in Greece, with all else that might be regarded as elucidatory of, or ancillary to, his main design. And to a much greater extent than would be thought credible, the comprehensiveness of the scheme being considered, he has succeeded in attaining his object.

The only omission of importance here is the chronology of Rome before the invasion of Pyrrhus; and the supply of this deficiency, in the same degree of fulness with which the various parts of the subject are treated, would have doubled the size of the first and second volumes of the 'Fasti Hellenici.' One of the works which were directly originated in Germany by his, the 'Griechische und Römische Zeittafeln' of Dr. Ernst Wilhem Fischer, in the Roman section of it, commences with the foundation of the city. But though the 'Tables' are thus made complete, we still lack the 'Appendix,' which Clinton would have made so rich with historical and critical lore; and there is little prospect that this defect will be made up. A glance at the table of contents in any of his volumes would satisfy the reader, that the accumulation, examination, and disposition of the matter contained in these books (the whole being original

work) were enough to occupy the forty years which he expended upon them.

The special value which we attribute to Clinton's labours, is not so much his method of arrangement, nor his inclusion of the literary history with the civil and military history of Greece and Rome, nor yet even the insertion of the passages in his authorities on which he relied for his statements of facts;—it is that in all the essential portions of his work, discarding conjecture and theory, he diligently and conscientiously proceeded by *testimony* and *evidence* alone. If he was not absolutely the first who did it, he was the first, who, upon principle, distinguished between the facts of history and the probabilities of myth and legend, and would accept nothing as history except on a safe and unquestionable ground of fact. The process he pursued was Baconian throughout; and thus his books have a worth for students of every degree, altogether apart from the conclusions he arrived at, invaluable though they are.

In one place he has departed from this method: the times before the first Olympiad, although expressly excluded from the Tables, are discussed in seven *Prolegomena* (as we may designate them) to the Tables in the first volume of the 'Fasti Hellenici;' and in them he has endeavoured, from the old Greek legends as recorded by the poets, together with the traditions of the prehistoric period contained in the historians, and the computations of the ancient chronologists, 'to draw out,' as Grote remarks, when criticizing this part of Clinton's work, 'a methodical series of historical events adorned with chronological dates,' although 'the data essential to chronological determination are here wanting.' Clinton's defence against Grote's criticisms, contained in his 'Epitome' of the 'Fasti Hellenici' (pp. 70-81) is very unsatisfactory; and a radical refutation of his conclusions is contained in the fact that he has constructed his whole work upon the basis of the generic distinction of the evidence we possess of events before and after the first Olympiad.

In the 'Fasti Hellenici' the tables extend from B.C. 776, the authenticated date of the first Olympiad, to A.D. 14, the year of the death of the Emperor Augustus; the intermediate terminations of the First and Second Parts, being B.C. 560 and 278, or the times of Peisistratus and Ptolemy Philadelphus respectively. The 'Fasti Romani' extend from the death of Augustus to A.D. 578, the death of Justin the Second; to which the Appendix adds the period from A.D. 579 to A.D. 641, the death of Heraclius; and in the 'Epitome,' this addition is made to the Tables themselves.

We do not presume at this time, when the reputation of these

works is so firmly established, to tell scholars of their excellence; but we may properly exhort students of every class, in private, in colleges, and in our high schools, to make themselves familiar with the 'Fasti.' It is not an exaggeration to say that no classical or historical education can be complete, which does not involve a close acquaintance with this noble work. Whilst the general reader, and the student whose means and opportunities forbid his use of the quarto volumes, will find in the two octavo volumes of the 'Epitome' an invaluable treasure both for study and reference. These volumes, indeed, we would recommend to *all*, since they give us, beside a most careful and exact condensation of the complete work, the author's latest additions and corrections; and can to none be so useful, and by none so much appreciated, as those who have well used the larger ones.

One department of these laborious investigations we desire to make special mention of, because it is of interest to all our readers—the chronology of Scripture history. We saw that at the very outset of his labours, this particularly engaged our author's attention; the results of his studies are contained in an extended section of the Appendix of the first volume of the 'Fasti Hellenici,' entitled Scripture Chronology; a portion of the section on the Kings of Persia, in the Appendix of the second volume; and in another section devoted to Scripture Chronology in the second volume of the 'Fasti Romani,' in addition to occasional entries in the Tables. The section in the 'Fasti Romani' treats of the chronology of the Gospel history mainly; but it also contains some additions to the matters handled in the former places, and in the 'Epitome,' much 'which is not in the larger work.'

The opinions formed by such a scholar as Clinton, must be of great value, and his reverent regard for holy things will not, with those of discerning mind, detract from their worth. And therefore we would direct all careful students of the Bible whom we can influence to these essays, as helpful in a high degree to the correct understanding of Scripture history, by showing how it should be inquired into, in respect of one most important feature of it, *as history*. For we must not forget,—what we are peculiarly liable to forget, and the forgetfulness of which has furnished the occasion for so much that is worse than unnecessary to be said recently about history *not* being religion;—it becomes us never to forget, that not only is a large proportion of the Bible historical in its form, but that the historical records comprised in the Bible have been subjected to precisely similar conditions with all other historical records in the world; and that the course of sacred history has to be discovered by research, in every particular resembling that by which all reliable profane history has been determined. So, without offering any remarks

upon the details of Clinton's scheme of Scripture and Gospel chronology, or contrasting it with other systems which have met with acceptance amongst intelligent Bible readers, we beg only that his *method of inquiry* should be adopted; his results will then, as far as he is faithful to it (for in this part of his work, also, he endeavours, as all other investigators have done, to supply some of the breaks in the data by conjectural calculations) be available for all needful purposes, and prove of eminent use.

The consequences of studying the Scripture history thus will, in at least two ways, promote the right understanding of the sacred volume. A whole host of irreducible difficulties will be avoided, and the pernicious habit of creating articles of faith out of mere hypotheses, to connect and explain matters of fact, will be prevented. And we know not whether a surer, or a longer step, or one more necessary for the present generation than this, could be taken; nor if any generation could show a more astonishing advance in the apprehension and realization of spiritual things, than such a step would now be upon what has already been attained.

Yet one word more. These labours of Clinton's may seem to many very unworthy the devotion of a life. His was, undoubtedly, a task that can be easily and effectively caricatured, and set in a light which makes it look both mean and ridiculous. But no amount of moralizing and satire can overturn the fact, that from these petty and sterile inquiries about archons and consuls, and dates of births and deaths, about the reigns and deeds of monarchs long ago departed, whose kingdoms, in many instances, are forgotten in the very countries they overspread, has arisen a work which they whose tastes and knowledge determine the permanent literature of our nation will not willingly suffer to die. It stands here like a strong and well-built temple, having uses near akin to those of such a structure; whilst half the toils that might be approvingly contrasted with his, have in no instance left behind them more than heaps of unorganized fragments, 'rudes indigestasque moles;' the only conceivable application of which is 'speedy burial,' that thekind earth may employ for the increase of others' harvests, the scattered atoms of nourishment for such that they may contain.

'I have endeavoured,' writes our scholar, upon one occasion, 'not to misspend the time bestowed upon me; not to let it pass without leaving a record behind it' (p. 201). We have the 'record' in our hands; and if this do not demonstrate his time not to have been misspent, let the nature of the record do so. For what is this so ignoble chronology but an accurate delineation of all God's providence, displayed in this field of time, as far as is known to men; so that we who are now placed in it,

may acquaint ourselves truly with what has already been done here, and more readily discovering our individual duties, and the helps which are always prepared to start into action around the steps of the faithful labourer, may in the largest spirit, and with the loftiest scope, do that which is assigned to us—

'As ever in our great Task-master's eye.'

ART. III.—*Clytemnestra; the Earl's Return; the Artist; and other Poems.* By Owen Meredith. Fcap 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall.

ONE by one have the various barbarous sports and pugnacious pastimes which used to delight our ancestors died out, until there is little left, save our occasional exhibitions of the 'manly art of self-defence.' Badger-hunting, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, with other kindred brutalities, are gone. And it would seem that the old game of the critics worrying a poet or poetaster for the sport's sake, is effete and abolished. It was the custom years ago for certain reviewers to lie in wait listening for the panting and plaining of any heart that—stricken either by the golden shafts of Apollo or the silver arrows of Luna—sought to make its sorrow vocal, and ease itself with melodious tears; and at the welcome sound, a yell of delight was raised, the hunt was up, and the poor thing was scared, harassed, run to earth mercilessly, and often left stricken, torn, and bleeding, for very love of the chase and zest of the pastime. This is altered now. We know not whether the critics have become more benevolent, or have only changed their tactics, but they seldom kill now-a-days, except by kindness. The death of Keats, and the alleged cause of its prematureness, may have somewhat checked them, and caused them to think that they had carried the thing a little too far. Or they may have become better judges of human nature, and observed that any unjust attack will be sure to raise up disputants and combatants who gather to battle round the name or the book that is attacked. However this may be, critical savagery has given place to suffocating salutation. No sooner does the poetling utter his musical note than the ecstatic critic rushes upon him, and hugs him until he is breathless. He then turns to his audience, the public, who have been staring dumbly at this vigorous manifestation of affection, and informs them that such a note as that has not been heard in England during the last two hundred years; such music has not been struck out of the lyre by any human hand since Shakspeare; such a dawn of poetic

power has not crimsoned the horizon since the Homeric aurora rose radiantly over Greece. Most probably he quotes a few of the best things from the author's book; but he assures you that they are dust and ashes compared with the fine gold and the precious rubies that are sown broad-cast over this new world of wonder. He tells you that, on opening it, he stood spell-bound, like Cortez and his men, 'silent upon a peak in Darien.' That for cosmic thought and solemn strength, here is another peer of Milton and Wordsworth. He has all the force of Byron, and the fire of Burns. His language is choicer than that of Keats; his imagination has a loftier range than that of Shelley, &c. &c. You get the book, and as a matter of course are disappointed with it, and disgusted with the critic. After such extravagant praise, almost any book of verse must sink at least twenty fathoms lower in your estimation than it might have done with no other weight than its own specific gravity.

This process has been applied to several young writers who have been loudly hailed as 'New Poets.' There is hardly a literary paper in London but has latterly discovered its 'New Poet' and star in the realms of song. Some of these lights have made a few dim twinkles, and then expired. Others have never been visible, save to the discoverers. One or two seem to be orbing out, brightening and rising. The 'Critic' literary paper has a whole milky-way of discoveries. After its astronomical successes, other editors have been rolling up their papers into telescopic shape, and sweeping the literary horizon for peering luminaries or wandering comets.

Some time since, the 'Examiner' newspaper, in reviewing two of these new poets, made the astounding assertion, that there was plenty of good verse written in the present time, and that one of these fine days a man would rise who should pick out the jewels from the poetry of to-day, and set them for immortality—smelt down the ore in the fire of his genius, and get the fine gold separated from the dross, and beat out a poetic crown worthy of the brow of this our wondrous Mother Age. The 'Examiner' has found the coming man who is to do this; doubtless it had an eye on him when it made the prophetic assertion respecting him and his work, for it had not then found *its New Poet*. He is 'Owen Meredith,' whose advent, says the 'Examiner,' breaks like a new dawn of poetic promise across the flat waste of contemporary verse. Be it remembered that this 'flat waste' contains the poetic growth of Tennyson's, Robert Browning's, and E. B. Browning's poetry. This must be the great new poet whose coming was foretold, and who was advertised to gather in the sweetest and fairest flowers for his garland, bind up the sheaves in the harvest-field of others, take the brightest gems

from their jewel-house to give them worthy setting. *Ecce Homo!* To this, the latest 'New Poet,' the critics generally have been cruelly kind,—a kindness more fatal than the unkindness may have been in some other cases. Readers are just as eager to resent injustice offered to themselves as to the author reviewed; thus, when we are informed that of all the young poets of the present day Mr. Owen Meredith is the most promising, and has given an earnest of his capacity for out-distancing the whole of his contemporaries, we prick up our ears and open wide our eyes. The advent of a genuine poet is a great and glorious thing, a solemn joy; and when one is born into the world, all men should rejoice. Perhaps the hard treatment that most great poets have received from the world, and the scanty recognition which has ofttimes been awarded them in the past, makes us all the more anxious to welcome and hail those that may be born into our time. But great poets are not born every day, and seldom do they spring up plenteous as mushrooms on a warm autumn morning. So often, indeed, has the lo, here! lo, there! been raised of late, that we begin to question this 'new-poet' cry when we hear it.

However, you carry brave credentials Mr. Meredith; we read them joyfully. Your announcement makes an old heart beat young again. Poetry lives an eternal youth, and communicates a rejuvenescent influence, and you, we are told, are a 'New Poet.' We read your volume, 'Clytemnestra and other Poems.' We spent nearly three days upon it. We got on pretty well for some pages. We felt, of course, the flamboyancy of the poetry, and remarked some other characteristics which we took for things in common among the young writers of the time, such as a large phrasing, a profusion of purple and royal-rare epithets, a glowing sensuosity, and a continual pomposity of utterance. These we thought may be incident to youth. These things are matters of expression, blemishes on the surface, let us look at the thought beneath, the spirit which wears these as a raiment. We began unwrapping, and acknowledge that our astonishment was somewhat like that of the poor fellow who, having wedded a ball-room beauty whom he had only seen dancing in her loveliness by flaring gaslight, found that when she sought her chamber 'in the retired quiet of the night,' she had to divest herself of many charms that had so powerfully tended to compass his affections. For instance, she began by laying aside the ringlets that had rippled and trembled and lain endearingly upon her waxen shoulders. Next, she disenchanted her mouth of a lovely set of white teeth; the rich *morbidezza* and alabaster whiteness of cheek and bust were laid on not by the hand of Nature but by Art, and ere she closed her eyes a remarkably brilliant one had

to be taken out, and—and—in the realm of the blind the one-eyed woman was queen! Very similar in its naked reality appeared the poetry of Mr. Meredith, after we had applied the unwrapping process, and divested it of its borrowed ornaments. We can easily imagine that many superficial readers will be carried away, and think this book full of gorgeous poetry. It contains poetry—borrowed from most of our modern masters of verse. We take it for granted that the author has put some poetry of his own into it, but as the Yankee said of his Boston beauty's affections, 'it was a sorter love, and a sorter not, but a darned deal sorter not nor sorter.' So say we of that part of the book which is really Mr. Meredith's own. But in the realm of the blind, the one-eyed woman is queen. Most young writers are to some extent imitators, and even plagiarists—we trust they are the latter only unconsciously—and when a thought rises in the mind, or a strain of music sings, it must often be difficult to detect whether it is original or only a reminiscence—whether it is the work of imagination or of memory. So silently, and with such secret stealth, does the mind take its photographic impressions, and when it yields them up their beauty may appear so fresh and novel, that it is hard to determine whence they were received. As a general rule we should say beware of those good things that flow or flash into the mind so easily. We have to labour deep in the mines of thought to dig up the hidden gems; nevertheless, all plagiarism and imitation are fatal to the young poet. A theft never enriches; a lie cannot live: and it is only in proportion that the writer manifests a primordial originality, and a robust individuality, that he gives any promise of becoming a poet.

All our greatest poets have had a marked originality and a strong personality from the beginning. There is no imitation in the earliest style of Shakespeare. There is nothing second-hand in the manner of Burns. The bloom is never rubbed off the thought in the firstlings of Milton—it is always John Milton. Nor can you trace any imitation in Tennyson's first volume, published when he was twenty years of age. They were all too rich to borrow, too firm on their own feet to make crutches of others, too full of robust strength to be swayed to and fro by the persuasion of others.

Mr. Meredith is always imitative when he is not plagiarizing. Not imitative in modes of expression merely, but in style, conception, plan, thought, everything. He never spins his own thread; he does not create his own material, he borrows it from others; and though he may skilfully weave a royal warp, it is not his own: he is only the poor weaver, who shrinks back again into his native poverty. If we had the talismanic power to resolve this

book into its primal elements, and restore their component parts to the rightful possessors, alas! how small would be the residue for the nominal author. Such, however, is only the work of time. The whole of these poems might have been written as exercises in the styles of Tennyson, Browning, Emerson, Mrs. Browning, Shakespeare, and Keats; and we should have called them very successful. Nowhere is the spirit that creates to be found. Now, we estimate at a very different rate of value the *first* and the *second* copy of any production. Only one man may produce the first, a thousand can make copies to pattern. In all matters of creation, the great difficulty is to begin. After a beginning is made, it is easy to continue. And it makes an infinite difference whether the poet's beginning be the thought of another, or his own; whether the inspiration originate with himself, or he gets it from some one else. If he be a genuine creator, of never so limited a faculty, still, he adds something to the wealth of the world. He has a germ of new life, and it will grow to bring forth fruit, and enrich the world for ever. Imitation can never enrich the world. It may bring together a whole granary of grain, but it does not grow a single ear. It may work cunningly and mask deftly, and many may accept it for the real thing, as glitter and tinsel may be taken for the precious stone and the fine gold. Nevertheless, it is only imitation, and not creation; only a reproductive, and not a productive power.

The drama of 'Clytemnestra' is, perhaps, the best poem in the book, though it is little more than a free paraphrase of Shakespeare and Browning, variegated by touches, tones, and tints of Keats and Tennyson. We have the queenly devilry of Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra, and Ottima, dashed in with the vacillation of Hamlet and the compunctious cowardice of Sebald. The whole piece is moulded out of these ingredients, and the voices of those poets whom we have mentioned cry out in a hundred passages. The 'Earl's Return' is made up of Browning's 'Flight of the Duchess' and Tennyson's 'Mariana.' The rhythm and grotesquerie of movement belong to Browning, the method of accumulating physical circumstance to Tennyson. The 'Artist' is just one of Emerson's lectures done into verse with alternate rhymes. Take the following for example:—

> Know well thy friends. The woodbine's breath,
> The woolly tendril on the vine,
> Are more to thee than Cato's death,
> Or Cicero's words to Cataline.
>
> The Genius on thy daily ways
> Shall meet and take thee by the hand;
> But serve him not as who obeys:
> He is thy slave if thou command.

All things are thine estate: yet must
Thou first display the title deeds,
And sue the world. Be strong: and trust
High instincts more than all the creeds.

Assert thyself: and by-and-by
The world will come and lean on thee.
But seek not praise of men: thereby
Shall false shows cheat thee. Boldly be.—pp. 196, 197.

The 'Wife's Tragedy' is done according to Mrs. Browning's 'Bertha in the Lane.' In short, we can point out the origin of most of the pieces in some other poem by some other writer. Many are the voices that we hear, but they come from the mocking-bird. It would take too long to make good by illustration all that we have said about Mr. Meredith's imitations, and they are often made up of many things which it is almost impossible to illustrate. We would point to the impression that one has in reading, of its all-prevailing second-handness. You seem to have heard it all before. But we are not limited in giving special instances of imitation and plagiarism. Tennyson is the poet most frequently imitated and stolen from. As a specimen of our author's art of imitation, and of the success with which he has caught one of the Laureate's tricks of art, take the following lines from 'Launcelot and Guenevere,' a subject which is also peculiarly Tennyson's:—

For *all* his mind was melted with remorse,
And *all* his scorn was killed, and *all* his heart
Gave way in that caress, and all the love
Of happier years rolled down upon his soul
Redoubled; *and* he bowed his head *and* cried.
Meanwhile without,
A sighing rain from a low fringe of cloud
Whisper'd among the melancholy hills.
The night's dark limits widen'd: far above
The crystal sky lay open: *and* the star
Of eve, his rosy circlet trembling clear,
Grew large and bright, *and* in the silver moats,
Between the accumulated terraces,
Tangled a trail of fire: *and all was still.*—pp. 256-259.

As another triumphant specimen of the art of imitation, we may single out a lyric at page 288, and compare it with a noble one in 'Paracelsus,' one of Browning's first lyrics. It commences thus: 'Over the seas our galleys went.' Every reader of Tennyson will recognise the following lines as old friends:—

He will not come back till the spring's green and gold,
And I would that I with the leaves were dead!
Quiet somewhere with them in the moss and the mould,
When he and the summer come this way, she said.—p. 147.

The burthen of a lyric at page 117, 'Shed no tear: oh, shed no tear,' is taken from Keats. 'Make me immortal with a costly kiss,' p. 47, belongs to Marlowe, who has it, 'Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.' The 'costly' added by Mr. Meredith cheapens it. At p. 115, Clytemnestra says: 'O my belov'd, now will we reign sublime, and set our feet upon the neck of Fortunne.' In Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Woman,' Cleopatra says: 'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime on Fortune's neck.' 'Where Fate grows dizzy, being mounted there, and so tilts over on the other side,' p. 107, is very like a celebrated image in Shakespeare, is it not? 'The moanings of some homeless sea,' will also be found in 'In Memoriam.' 'Ah, me! old times, they cling! they cling!' does not belong to our author, and the 'shadow of an ancient wrong' darkens upon us very suspiciously. Tennyson has—

> 'My paths are in the fields I know,
> And thine in undiscovered lands.'

Mr. Meredith has it—

> 'Our paths are through the fields we know,
> And thine we know not where.'

Again, Tennyson in the same poem says: 'I falter where I firmly trod;' our author tells us that he 'falters where he stood secure,' and we think that will prove pretty near the truth for once.

We ask, merely for the sake of information, whether such things as these amount to plagiarism?

Next to these matters, we are struck with the general unhealthiness of the poems relating to love. If we knew they were produced by a young man, we should feel painfully sad about him. They are of the Byronic or Bulwerian kind. They never sparkle with health, or kindle with hope. This may be a result of the author's simulation here, as elsewhere; we hope it is, for his morals' sake, though we should still remain as unhopeful of his poetry. To us, these pieces wear the look of one who knows more than he ought to know; it may be a wrong impression, but it is none the less painful. Or else there is some fatality in the author's choice of subjects relating to woman.

We have done with Owen Meredith. Before we can hail him as a 'New Poet,' he will have to reveal a stronger individuality, a more earnest sincerity, a loftier purpose, a nobler purity, for these are the great elements of all true poetry.

ART. IV.—*Memoir of the late Rev. James Scholefield, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, &c.* By his Widow. *With Notices of his Literary Character.* By the Rev. William Selwyn, M.A. 8vo. London: Seeley & Co.

ON the 15th of November, 1789, in the little town of Henley-on-Thames, and in the house of his father, the Independent minister of that town, was born James Scholefield. At the early age of seven he was sent to Christ's Hospital, one of the then existing rules of which school forbad his going home more than once in four years. His disposition, naturally reserved, became more so through this severance from domestic influences. As a scholar he succeeded well, becoming a 'Grecian,' and obtaining many prizes. At the age of twenty he entered college and studied hard, making little difference between the first and the other days of the week, until, in a singular manner, he was led to live unto God.

'On one occasion he had to call at some person's house on business, and being kept waiting a very long while, his thoughts took a very serious turn; his mind became so deeply engrossed with the vanity and emptiness of all earthly pursuits, that he lifted up his heart to his Heavenly Father, and prayed that whatever his lot might be here, his portion might not be in this world. From that time he was enabled to maintain a strict regard to a religious walk and conversation; and he added, he did not know that, in a worldly point of view, he had been a loser by giving up those hours of study which he felt were demanded for a more sacred purpose.'—p. 17.

In the year 1813, when his college course was terminating, he became curate to Mr. Simeon; and from this time such honours as Church and University combined could give, were showered upon him. To the duties of his curacy Mr. Scholefield addressed himself with diligence; and at some seasons they were arduous, for Mr. Simeon 'was frequently absent from Cambridge for months together, and then his large parish was left entirely to his curate to manage, with three full services on Sunday, and one on Thursday evening. All these duties he performed without assistance, besides opening and closing the Sunday-school himself.'

It was at this time that, on the occasion of a visit to Cambridge by Mr. Owen, of the Bible Society, Mr. Simeon invited a party of friends to meet him.

'In discussing some interesting and important topic, the friends disagreed in opinion, and at length became warm in their expressions.

Mr. Owen, who loved peace and harmony, retired to a window, took out his pencil, and on a piece of paper wrote the following lines, which, on returning to his chair, he read aloud to the company—

'Rarely that task a prosperous issue finds,
Which seeks to reconcile divided minds.
A thousand scruples rise at passion's touch:
This grants too little, and that asks too much.
Each wishes each with other eyes to see,
And *many* sinners can't make *two* agree.
What mediation then the Saviour show'd,
Who *singly* reconciled us *all* to God?

'It is unnecessary to add, that the effect produced by these lines was such as might be expected in an assembly of *real* Christians. The late Robert Hall was of the party, a man too great to be forgotten.' —p. 22.

With this incident we may connect another, of about the same date. Mr. Scholefield's

'Father was a dissenting minister, his mother, a meek-spirited woman, not a little proud of such a son. It was no small joy to them to hear that son proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in dear Simeon's pulpit at Trinity Church. Dear Mr. Simeon was very unwilling to give up his morning and evening sermons, and seldom permitted his curate to occupy the pulpit on these occasions, but upon the occasion of old Mr. Scholefield's visit, the curate *was permitted* to preach, and I shall never forget the excitement and surprise of the large congregation upon the occasion, for no sooner had his son entered the pulpit than the aged father, who was very deaf, mounted, trumpet in hand, the pulpit stairs, and leaning his elbow on the door, drank in the words of life which flowed from the lips of his gifted son.'—p. 28.

At the age of twenty-six, Mr. Scholefield was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and had pupils resident in his house, still retaining however his curacy. One of his pupils thus recals those 'good old times': 'Often, as we walked with him from his house at the back of Emmanuel College to dear old Simeon's church, we heard the coarse abuse he met with from the idle undergraduates, who rejoiced in nothing more than hooting at Simeon or his curate' (p. 27).

In the year 1823, Mr. Scholefield rose from the humble position of a curate to the dignity of a perpetual curate, becoming the incumbent of the parish of St. Michael's, Cambridge, which contains about 400 inhabitants; and the change affords an illustration, to nonconformists quite amusing, of the utter nonentity of the 400 parishioners in the affair. The living, and we presume the cure of 400 souls with it, is a perquisite belonging to clerical Fellows of Trinity College; and whenever there is a vacancy, the living is open to their acceptance in the order of their seniority. Mr. Scholefield's seniors did not deem it worth

their acceptance; and so he became the incumbent, and obtained the right of applying to St. Michael's, the clergyman's favourite phrase, 'my parish.'

As our readers will suppose, the wheel of the clerical lottery turned out a prize for the good folk of St. Michael's. One full service only had formerly been given on the Sunday. The new clergyman at once gave two, and an evening lecture on the Wednesday; and in the year 1829 he commenced three services on the Sunday; and in addition to these public labours, he sought by class meetings, &c., to be useful in a more private way. The church, much larger than the necessities of the parish, was filled to overflowing by undergraduates, who some years afterwards proposed to build a gallery at their own expense for their own accommodation; a proposal on which the bishop put his veto, on the ground that the church would already accommodate double the number of the parishioners, and was not likely to be frequented by gownsmen in case of the removal of the preacher who drew them thither. The result has shown that the bishop's forethought was wise.

In 1825 Mr. Scholefield was elected Regius Professor of Greek; the salary of that office being £40 a year, in addition to fees—we believe, also of small amount—paid by students; an office which interfered greatly with his parochial duties, and the labours of which he felt to be jading.* Industriously and conscientiously, nevertheless, did the professor address himself to this new calling, deeming it so important as to take precedence of his spiritual charge. 'I would rather give up preaching than my lectures; *they* are evidently my duty—preaching is not, if I am unequal to it; but my public office in the University I must fill while I hold the professorship. And he went through all the lectures without omitting one. He held the office of Greek Professor from the year 1825 to 1852, and only omitted four courses during those years.'

So early as the year 1814 Mr. Scholefield became an author; his publications, however, being few and unimportant till his elevation to the professor's chair, after which time he gave to the world more than thirty volumes, many of them being new editions of classical works; the remainder, religious treatises both controversial and practical. It can excite no surprise that with such multifarious occupations, he should have found it necessary in 1827 to obtain assistance; and the Rev. W. Carus, afterwards Mr. Simeon's successor, became his first curate.

Ten years later, the living of Sapcote, in Leicestershire—

* 'Oh, the happy days, if I shall ever see them, when I shall not be Greek Professor.'—p. 108.

worth £600 a year—was offered him, and by the advice of his clerical brethren, declined; but the earnest desire of the patron to secure him, led to the proposition that he should reside at Sapcote during the summer months, and at Cambridge in the winter, retaining the incumbency of St. Michael's; an arrangement to which the authorities of Trinity College and the bishop consented, and to which the Professor acceded. The day was fixed for 'reading himself in,' 'when,' writes his widow, 'a strange and overwhelming impression was first presented to my mind, that leaving the poor villagers during the winter season would impress them with the idea that we cared only to please ourselves, and thus all usefulness would be at an end.' A word spoken in season, how mighty is it! A hint from this excellent lady induced the husband to reconsider the whole matter, and to annul his purpose of removal.

That the Professor's influence, and especially his moral influence, in the University was great, will be supposed from the number of collegians who attended his ministry. It was greatly increased by meetings instituted by himself for their benefit, and kept up with careful regularity for five-and-twenty years. On Friday evening, during term, his large dining-room was crowded to excess by gownsmen; the object being the study of the Greek Testament. When assembled, they were first encouraged to bring forward any difficulties they had met with; and many questions were put, some critical, some historical, and some of a doctrinal or more general nature; the Professor bringing his extensive knowledge and ready utterance to bear on the solution of them. This was followed by a lecture on some portion of the Greek Testament, which, in this way, he went regularly through. After the lecture was over, and the greater part of the company had dispersed, a few remained for instruction in the composition of sermons. We are not surprised to learn that this exercise 'tried his constitution very greatly, especially during the last few years.'

The industrious Professor was not a recluse; various useful public institutions, both local and general, found in him an earnest and active advocate; among which the Church Missionary Society claims prominent notice. So extensive indeed were his engagements of this kind, that there is scarcely a town in any of the counties of England into which they did not, at one time or other, draw him. Fluent in speech, we should not imagine that he made much preparation for his platform appeals; and though always sensible and instructive, they were not usually beyond that extent, effective. Yet, unless there were some very special reasons to explain the effect in one recorded instance, he must have possessed great power of swaying an auditory, had he only

devoted to that object sufficient effort. In the year 1816 or 1817, a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, numerously attended by all ranks, was held in the Town Hall, Cambridge. A large number of the clergy who were expected from a distance, were prevented from coming by a very wet day.

'The meeting for awhile dragged on its heavy length, until some undergraduates of the University gave unequivocal demonstrations of dissatisfaction, in which the company present seemed more or less to participate. This society, it is true, has since waxed strong, and "stretched out her branches to the sea, and her boughs unto the river." But being then in its infancy, it was an object of his most tender concern and regard; and seeing the critical position of affairs, he instantly rose to propose a motion, to which the name of an absent clergyman had been affixed, and for about an hour and a-half poured forth such strains of eloquence as charmed and delighted the whole assembly; and they received each succeeding sentence with peals of approbation, from which they would not be restrained, though he repeatedly, and that most earnestly, entreated them to allow him to proceed. And well I remember, on descending the Town Hall stairs, hearing this remark made by one of his audience, "It will take more than this generation to forget that speech of Mr. Scholefield's."'—p. 269.

In connexion with the advocacy of religious societies, we cannot refrain from alluding to the necessity of avoiding all unnecessary expenditure in the collection of their funds; a difficulty felt in all such societies, whether sustained by Episcopalians or Nonconformists; and felt greatly in the management of those deputations, without which it has not been found practicable to keep up the flow of liberality. Among Nonconformists the rule has been to reimburse the outlay of a deputation, and nothing more; and among our ministers—for this burden is thrown almost entirely on them—a considerable expenditure of both mind and money is annually exacted in this service; of money, for every one knows that the outlay of a journey and the real cost of a journey are not identical. Still, we should most earnestly deprecate the introduction amongst Nonconformists of the plan, which we had previously heard of as existing in the Church Missionary Society, and of which we find some trace in the Memoir before us, of remunerating those ministers who may leave their congregations for a few days or weeks to plead for the heathen. Under date of January 21, 1826, Professor Scholefield thus writes to a clerical friend: 'When I was in London I heard that you had declined being a visitor for the Church Missionary Society. I have accepted it conditionally, but my fulfilling the *whole* time is out of the question. Now *can* you take four or five weeks for

me—of course a proportion of remuneration? You can choose your own time; but let me know early; five weeks, if possible.'

We would not be thought to ascribe mercenary motives to Professor Scholefield in his support of the Church Missionary Society; but the system here disclosed is surely a bad one, which ought to be abandoned by Episcopalians, and which we trust will never be imitated by other sects. It is not seemly that in a church, having five millions a-year of public property, which ought, while possessed, to be distributed equitably, clergymen leaving their homes for a few weeks, during which their incomes are paid as usual, should be *remunerated* out of funds contributed—and not by the rich only—for the conversion of the heathen. We raise our protest, honest, however feeble, against this unbecoming mode of augmenting clerical incomes.

In the year 1845, Professor Scholefield was appointed editor of the Parker Society, with a salary of £200; and in the year 1849, by a parliamentary arrangement for increasing the salary of the Regius Professor of Greek, he was installed as Canon of Ely; but the large addition which the latter appointment made to his pecuniary resources was conjoined, in point of time, with circumstances which greatly embittered the whole of his remaining days. Towards the end of that year his church was destroyed by fire, originating from overheated flues; and a vestry meeting having been convened to take measures for rebuilding it, a proposal was made in perfect good faith, that the object should be accomplished by voluntary subscription; but the Professor most resolutely declined all parochial assistance excepting by rates. A committee—appointed by that meeting to have the management of the whole business—became divided in opinion as to the mode of restoration; some of them, with their minister, desiring a thoroughly protestant structure, others a more costly and somewhat Puseyistic edifice. There was a visible decline in his health,

'Greatly attributable to the constant annoyance from his church. He felt that had his advice been followed all the sad differences which arose might have been prevented. Subscriptions for the *necessary* repairs of the church were freely offered, many out of respect to its minister, and more would have been raised for the purpose, if needful. But the manner of its restoration was even against his own principles; and he had constantly to contend against these innovations, till his spirits were fairly worn out. The committee meetings were of the most disgraceful character; and until he withdrew from them, he had often returned from them so dispirited and disgusted as to be unable to speak.'—p. 190.

The annoyance thus created was deepened by subsequent litigation; for the legality of the rate, on the passing of which

he had insisted, was disputed; and eventually, after great expense had been incurred, the rate was quashed. The references which the Memoir contains to the dissensions of the committee, though not very numerous or explicit, are exceedingly painful and humbling; painful, as revealing an amount of distress endured by Professor Scholefield in the last years of his life, which no Christian can contemplate unmoved; and humbling, as a pitiable exhibition of human weakness. Here was a good man, whose life had been spent usefully, who was laden with honours, and had eternal life in view, suffering himself to be tormented by a paltry dispute about the carvings in a little parish church.* It may be strongly suspected that in these sufferings, the Professor was paying the penalty of the unnatural position in which he had passed the greater part of his days. The tradesman, the member of Parliament, the dissenting minister, is trained to expect and endure opposition to his will; but make a man a parochial incumbent and a Regius Professor, and he is disqualified for the battle of human life, and will fret and chafe himself whenever his wishes are thwarted. Very pleasant is it to man that his word should be law, but it is not good for him; and Providence has compensated such unnatural pleasure wherever it is possessed by at least an exposure to sore vexation.

During the year 1852 the health of Professor Scholefield was still declining. On the 6th of August, the anniversary of the commencement of his ministry at St. Michael's, he preached a mournful sermon from this text, 'Where is the flock that was given thee? Thy beautiful flock.' Change of scene was repeatedly tried; and, at length, in compliance with medical advice, on the 16th of November he left Cambridge for Hastings, never to return. Gradually, but surely, his weakness increased throughout the winter months, and the first signs of spring brought no improvement. Hopefully, but not joyfully, he reviewed the past, and anticipated the future. At twelve o'clock on Sunday the 3rd of April,

'I gave him,' writes Mrs. Scholefield, 'some bread dipped in tent wine; when he had taken some, he took the glass into his own hand, while I was kneeling before him, and in the most solemn, impressive

* L'esprit du plus grand homme du monde n'est pas si indépendant qu'il ne soit sujet à être troublé par le moindre tintamarre qui se fait autour de lui. Il ne faut pas le bruit d'un canon pour empêcher ses pensées: il ne faut que le bruit d'une girouette ou d'une poulie. Ne vous étonnez pas s'il ne raisonne pas bien à présent; une mouche bourdonne à ses oreilles: c'en est assez pour le rendre incapable de bon conseil. Si vous voulez qu'il puisse trouver la verité, chassez cet animal qui tient sa raison en échec, et trouble cette puissante intelligence qui gouverne les villes et les royaumes.—Pensées de Pascal, Art. 6.

manner pronounced very slowly but audibly, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for you, preserve your body and soul to everlasting life," and taking a sip himself, he gave it to me. After a pause, as he was silent, I said, "I trust we shall drink it together in our Father's kingdom above." He replied, "I trust so, and dear Edward with us." During the evening of the same day he expressed regret that he was not able to read to his son a very favourite hymn beginning

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

'On the following day he was dressed, said cheerfully, "I think my health is improving," was carried down stairs, and afterwards wheeled in a chair to an open window.

'I sat by him with his hand in mine for nearly an hour and a-half. I then asked him if he would take a little bread and meat for lunch, and have a chop for dinner: he nodded assent, but distinctly said, "a ride." This was the last word he spoke. It was nearly one o'clock. I rang the bell to order the carriage; but persuaded him to rest on the sofa before going. He pointed to the nearest one, and it was with difficulty he was laid upon it. He looked very sweetly; there was not the slightest change. I had no apprehension of what was near, until I put a small piece of bread and meat into his mouth, and found he did not receive it.

'I sat by him, took his hand in mine, felt his pulse—it beat faintly—stopped—then beat once more—he gave a gentle sigh—so gentle, I could scarcely hear it—and he was gone! What peace there was in that countenance, I can never describe—no appearance of death—but a calm, quiet sleep. His happy spirit had unexpectedly escaped from this scene of trial for ever—we were what he wished to be—*alone*.'—p. 249.

The Memoir from which most of the foregoing particulars have been gleaned is adapted for circulation among the intimate friends of the deceased, but not for the public: being drawn out to a most inordinate length by the introduction of a great number of letters of no interest whatever; of rhymes very proper for use in the domestic circle, but which should never have gone beyond it; of a threadbare journal of a tour in Scotland, very good and useful as serving to refresh the memory of the travellers, but wholly undeserving of publication; and of notes of his Friday evening lectures on the first four chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians which were supplied by one who heard them, and which we hope and believe do not fairly represent the lectures themselves. Whatever the partiality of friendship may think, no unbiassed judge can doubt that it would have been far better for the posthumous reputation of the Professor, that the materials supplied by several hands should have

been first resolutely weeded, and then compacted together by one competent editor; the interesting details supplied by Mrs. Scholefield forming the basis of the whole. The Professor himself had a very great objection to memoirs, and seldom read one. We might almost imagine that he foresaw his own.

The excellent man whose career we have sketched was distinguished by solidity of judgment rather than by acuteness or comprehension, and by untiring industry. He was a thorough Protestant, and truly devout: liberal in heart, but shackled by the prejudices which his position created: in domestic life loving, and by his family and friends beloved: to servants just, but unbending: to his inferiors in station generally, somewhat assuming and haughty. That one who passed twelve years at Christ's Hospital, and came out thence with honour, who afterwards diligently pursued the collegiate course, and in later years rose to high station in the University, must have been a man of superior acquirements, is indisputable; but that his scholarship was, as compared with the attainments fairly to be expected in a Regius Professor, very deficient, is, we believe, universally admitted. The volume before us leaves on the mind the impression that his professional appointment was not a happy one, and was in truth a mistake.

ART. V.—*Geschichte der Amerikanischen Urreligionen.* Von J. G. Müller, der Theologie Doktor und Ordentlichem Professor in Basel. Basel, 1855. [History of the Primitive Religions of America. By J. G. Müller, Ordinary Professor of Theology at Basle. Basle, 1855.] pp. 706. London Agents, Williams & Norgate.

THE presentation recently of a fine collection of Mexican antiquities to the Museum of Basle, in the university of which city Dr. Müller occupies the chair of theology, is the circumstance to which we are indebted for the unique work before us. Many of these curiosities are illustrative of the Aztec religion, which our author was thus induced to study. He soon discovered, however, that in order to understand this particular system of American paganism, and to gain such an insight into the subject as alone could satisfy a scientific German mind, it would be necessary greatly to extend his view, so as to embrace kindred manifestations of the religious sentiment amongst the other cultivated heathen nations of the New World, and even amongst its

savage tribes. He did not shrink from the Herculean task, and the result is a contribution to historical theology and general literature of the utmost permanent value, and of romantic interest. We have styled it unique, because although very many have written, and not a few have written well upon one and another of the aboriginal religions of America, this is the first time we have been presented with a comprehensive survey of the whole. At all events such a work has never before fallen into the hands of a competent scholar, well versed in the methods and results of modern philology. Nothing save the unwearied patience and the profound critical spirit for which his countrymen are so famed, could have carried Dr. Müller triumphantly through the tangled mass of heterogeneous materials with which he had to deal, and enabled him to turn out a book fit to rank with Creuzer's 'Symbolik' and Grimm's 'Mythologie.' One is appalled tothink of the thorny wilderness of literature, like one of the primeval forests of the continent whose ancient faiths and worships he seeks to elucidate, through which he has had to hack and hew his way before coming to the light. Narratives written by the first discoverers and conquerors of the New World, and their companions, rough seamen, military adventurers, priests, and friars black, white, and grey; by stern old governors and proselyting bishops, sent out from Spain, Portugal, and other European courts, to watch over the civil and spiritual interests of the newly acquired plantations; histories published by converted natives themselves, in some instances by men with the blood of the Incas and the Montezumas flowing in their veins; the journals of Protestant missionaries, of enthusiastic artists like Catlin, who lived amongst the Indians by choice, and of luckless prisoners who fell into their hands by the fortune of war; the accounts of enterprising modern travellers like Stephens, and the classical works of Robertson, Washington Irving, Prescott, and Humboldt, have all been diligently ransacked for their stores of curious information. Even this enumeration, however, affords but a faint idea of the mass of reading here laid under contribution, and of which, notwithstanding its vast extent, our author has acquired so absolute a mastery. It is an excellent feature of the work, that to each section is prefixed an account of the literary sources whence it is drawn, and that no statement of a matter of fact is presented to the reader, without being duly authenticated by a specific reference.

Dr. Müller devotes the former half of his work to the religion of the savage tribes, comprising the Redmen of North America, the aborigines of the Antilles, the Caribs, and the Indians spread over the eastern portion of South America, Brazil, &c. The remainder of the work treats of the more cultivated nations, the

Peruvians, the Muyscas, and the various semi-civilized population of the vast Mexican empire.

America presents a favourable field to the comparative mythologist, for the observation of the marked difference between the paganism of the wilderness and that of the city, inasmuch as they are nowhere found in such close juxtaposition and yet in such decided contrast as here. The *pastoral life* which in the Old World everywhere formed the intermediate link between the savage and the civilized state, was unknown on the western continent. Yet, as our author observes (p. 22), an important part has been played by nomadism in the history of human development. The significance of this transition stage between the hunter's and the husbandman's life, was already recognised by Varro, and the comparative rarity of cannibalism in the eastern hemisphere, to which horrible practice Herodotus knew only a single Scythian tribe to be addicted, is best explained hence. The ancient myths are wont to make *pastoral* divinities, as Aristæus, Faunus, and Pales, whose festival was even celebrated as the birthday of Rome, the heroes of civilization. Even the Jews were shepherds before they became farmers. But amongst the American aborigines, none were nomads in the proper sense of the term. The Peruvians, indeed, tended large flocks of lamas and sheep on the broad *plateaux* of the Andes, but not for the sake of their milk, as the Arabs and other true nomads are wont to do. The Peruvians, too, were amongst the most civilized nations of the New World, and were of milder disposition than the rest—a fact which is partly connected with their having made the nearest approach of any to the pastoral life. On the other hand, the inhumanity so characteristic of all the savage tribes of America, as displayed in the barbarous torture of their prisoners, and in the prevalence amongst them of cannibalism and human sacrifices, in which latter respect even the cultivated Mexicans were no better than their ruder brethren, derives some explanation from the lack of the softening influences of nomadism. The same want could not fail powerfully to affect their religious development. The late Mr. Jay was wont to remark that he would not give much for that man's religion whose beast was not the better for it, and it is certain that men ever at war with the animal creation, were not likely to attain to very just and exalted ideas of that God who takes care for oxen, and without whom a sparrow falleth not to the ground.

Another important peculiarity of the American primitive religions is, that they grew up uncontrolled in the least by the antagonism of a revealed faith and worship. There were *no Jews* to play the part of a witnessing people in the western world. For we do not imagine that any of our readers have been

imposed upon by the absurd theories afloat in Mormon and other enlightened circles, as to the descent of the Redmen from the lost ten tribes. But even were these speculations never so true, the justness of our observation would be but very slightly affected. For if the dispersed Israelites ever found their way to the shores of the Atlantic, it is much more likely that they carried with them the worship of Baal than that of Jehovah, and quite certain that every trace of the latter must soon have become wholly obliterated. We leave out of view too the inquiry, as to what particular ancient nation of the eastern hemisphere was the first to people the New World, whether the Carthaginians or the Tyrians, or the Babylonians or the Egyptians, or the Normans or the Germans, or the Celts of Ireland or Wales. We should be sorry to think this exceedingly interesting problem impossible of solution, but we agree with our author (p. 4), that this is the last and not the first question to be asked. It is indisputable that for some dozen or score of centuries before the brilliant discovery of Columbus some four hundred years ago, or the still earlier visits of the Northmen who anticipated him by about the same period, the great western continent was cut off from all communication with our half of the globe. If ever, therefore, any people may be said to have been left to feel after God if haply they might find Him, the American aborigines are that people. We are not of those who would overrate the influence of Judaism upon the religions of antiquity. We know well that it was neither calculated nor designed for universal diffusion. Only as transfigured in Christianity, could it become equal to such a mission. But on the other hand, no one shall persuade us that the long sojourn of Israel, first in Egypt, and afterwards in Babylon, those two chief hearths whence Greece, and afterwards Rome, received the sacred fire of civilization, was unproductive of important benefits to the world. Who, again, can estimate the effects produced by the contact between revealed religion and polytheism at Alexandria and elsewhere, in stimulating the heathen mind to earnest reflection? But in America everything of the kind was wanting, and men went their own dark way, unrebuked by even the presence of the light. It does not come within our scope to enter into the theodicy of this mysterious dispensation, but simply to call attention to the fact. We think it helps to account for the colossal proportions to which the aberrations of the religious sentiment seem everywhere to have attained amongst the pagans of the New World. Nature there puts on her most imposing forms. Everything is gigantic; the interminable forest zones stretching from ocean to ocean; the granite-ribbed Andes chain with its volcanic peaks, one of which, Cotopaxi, has been known to shoot its flames 3000 feet above

the crater, itself nearly 20,000 feet high, and to make its thunder heard at a distance of 500 miles; lakes, waterfalls, and rivers—all on a scale of magnificence to which no parallel can be found. The same Cyclopean stamp marks the old American religions, whether those of savage or civilized tribes. The wild luxuriance with which superstition shot up from this virgin soil, and sent forth its upas branches in every direction, is perfectly appalling. Here, if anywhere, we see what sort of a religion man will frame when left entirely to himself; here at least he has had

> 'Ample space and verge enough
> The characters of hell to trace;'

and the result of the fearful experiment is one at which we may well shudder. We know of no more eloquent argument for the necessity of revelation, than that supplied by the deeply interesting work before us. It would, we think, be utterly impossible for any candid person to rise from its perusal without a profound conviction upon two points at least—viz., first, that man everywhere yearns after God; and next, that by the light of reason alone God cannot be found.

The religion of the wild men in America, as elsewhere, consists almost exclusively in a belief in the existence of spirits good and evil, either those of the dead, or those of natural objects, animate and inanimate, birds, beasts, serpents, trees, rocks, and stones, the sun, moon, and stars. Fetichism is the symbolical expression of this belief. These spirits, or ghosts, for that is the more correct term, are the *manitous* of the Indian mythology. The souls of the departed are the gods of the living, and worship is paid to them as well as to other spirits. The Romans also, as is well known, rendered divine honours to the Manes. Every Indian, so soon as he is old enough to be a warrior, seeks, by means of certain rites, to secure to himself the protection of a guardian spirit. He blackens his face, retires into solitude, and prepares himself thus to witness the desired apparition. Besides these guardian spirits, however, there are evil ones, who delight in harming men, occasion eclipses, and dwell in lonely places and desolate islands. These, and especially the giant spirits who devour men, women, and children, are objects of the utmost fear; and even all spirits are dreaded, since one man's guardian spirit is a terror to another, and often to the man himself. In short, the religion of these children of nature is little better than a dread of ghosts. The Indian sees and worships a divine spirit in everything, save in living men.

The *fetish* is the visible symbol, or rather vehicle, of the invisible spirit. The word is Portuguese, in which language it denotes a misshapen piece of wood used as a charm, and was

first applied to the idols of the negroes on the western coast of Africa. The term, and its derivative, *fetichism*, were afterwards more generally used to denote similar idolatrous objects elsewhere, and the religious system consisting in the worship of such. For a little observation shows that the religion of savage tribes is similar in every latitude, and there is no one word more appropriate to describe it than this term *fetichism*. Dr. Müller remarks on the fetishes of the North American Indian as follows:—

'The Redskins' belief in ghosts or spirits is not an abstract one, but attaches itself to outward visible objects. The form under which the guardian spirit appears to the young warrior for the first time is its sign, which he carries about with him everywhere; in other instances those objects are supplied by their conjurors. These objects are changed when the guardian spirit is changed. The painted stone reverenced by the Dacotas is styled by them their grandfather. The object is not a symbol of the spirit, but rather its habitation, which the Iroquois style *oiaron*. It consists of any trifle which the savage sees in his dream, as knives, plants, parts of animals, skins of serpents, claws or feathers of birds, mussel-shells, skins of beasts, heads of animals, the animals themselves, stones, tobacco-pipes, also representations of the human form. Even sun and moon may be worshipped as fetishes of a particular person's guardian spirit. In like manner, living animals, both individuals and whole species.'—p. 74.

We have, in the above extract, a mention of the *conjurors*. These conjurors, medicine-men, or *manitous*, as they are frequently denominated in accordance with a notion which identifies them with the spirits whose powers they wield, enjoy unbounded influence amongst their countrymen, as is always the case in barbarous tribes. They communicate with the ghosts, and question them on behalf of their clients. In case of need they can even compel them to subservience. The conjurors are the living oracles of the savage, provide him in many cases with his guardian spirit, which they have a peculiar gift of seeing, evoking, and catching. They carry about with them, in a sack, an assortment of fetishes, hollow bones, shells, and carved images of beasts, which in times of war are exposed to public view, like the relics of Roman-catholic saints. These wizards predict future events, tell what is going on hundreds of miles off, give auguries of the issues of war, make rain, as in Siberia and South Africa, direct the lightning in its course, and have power over the enchantments of evil spirits. And since disease and sickness are looked upon as invariably the result of witchcraft, all such cases naturally fall within the province of the medicine-man, whose business it is to dissolve the withering spell. As the Indian in general communicates with his guardian ghost through the medium of dreams, so the conjuror, by means of protracted fasts, macera-

tions, and all sorts of self-inflicted injuries, works himself into a state of feverish excitement, and thus prepares himself for visions of the gods.

The predominant feeling of sadness and melancholy engendered by the atmosphere of superstition in which the Indian lives, is very impressively described :—

'The peculiar character of the Indian's religious feelings expresses itself in this addictedness to witchcraft, as well as in his entire religious life, and especially in all his acts of worship. It is that of *fear*, which even in higher grades is so predominantly the characteristic of heathenism, that Lucretius (vi. 23) could say of Epicurus, that foe to all religion, that he had put an end to fear. Bravely as the Indian goes to meet danger, when impelled by passion, and great as is his power of endurance and equanimity under the sharpest tortures, he is in an equal degree filled with shivering, fear, and horror in presence of the invisible spiritual powers at work in nature, and as soon as this feeling seizes him, he is the most cowardly creature upon earth. The thought of death, when the thirst for revenge and the pride of the warrior do not drown his natural feelings, fills him with anguish and terror, a fear of death which is particularly excited during thunderstorms. Often do they rise in the night, affrighted by their dreams, and as though surprised by enemies, continue to keep a vigil. The flight of large birds of prey, the screechings of the night owl, and dreams, trouble their spirits; ghosts hover from time to time, like tormenting demons, around their souls by night. Through fear of witchcraft and incantations they hang not merely themselves, but also their fetishes, by means of other fetishes. Every one is afraid of the magical powers of his neighbour. Therefore, says Hegel, "fear is felt, but it is not the fear of the Lord, but of accident, and of the powers of nature, which, as compared with the man, show themselves to be the mightier." Hence the predominant ground tone of their songs is melancholy, even when they are intoxicated. Their song of mourning in circumstances of danger and hunger expresses this feeling in a slow and monotonous lay. The number of their elegies, which is greatly above that of their other songs, points to the ascendant feeling, and the tears to which they give vent in their intoxicated moments, bring this feeling to a higher degree of consciousness.

'Fear is the predominant feeling which expresses itself in their *cultus*. So in the honours which they pay to the *dead*, whose names, through fear, they often dare not pronounce. The torturing and execution of prisoners taken in war, so common amongst them, were properly speaking nothing else than *human sacrifices*, which were offered through fear of the slain whose manes required to be appeased. Either the victims were intended to minister to the slain warriors in the land of their ancestors, or the bloody deed was done out of pure revenge on behalf of the slain, who were invoked during the infliction of the torture. In like manner the gladiatorial combats of the Romans were in honour of the Manes, and the offerings to the dead amongst the Greeks were a homage to the Shades.'—pp. 83, 84.

The notions of the Indians with respect to a *future state* present strong analogies to those of other heathens, both ancient and modern, yet with certain peculiarities easily explicable from the circumstances of their position. The life beyond the grave was for the most part conceived of as a shadowy continuation of the present, with the same wants, the same joys and sorrows, and even the same exposure to accident and death as here. The poor is again poor, the rich rich; the skilful hunter has plenty, the weak and diseased suffer penury and starvation. No trace of the idea of *moral retribution* attaches to this belief. A feverish imagination invests the entrance into the land of the dead with all sorts of ghostly terrors. The departed souls are often months on their journey to the place of shades, which is sometimes located in the iron north, and sometimes in the south, or in the region of the setting sun. Besides other perils, the shivering travellers have to cross a great river or lake, in which many are drowned, others are doomed to swim in its dark waters for ever, changed into fishes or tortoises; it is full of turbid and stinking water, and the only bridge across is the slippery branch of a tree, or a great serpent. Hence many souls are unable to cross, which then return into the body. A huge dog also threatens to devour the souls of the departed; or, again, they are doomed to be ferried over broad and rapid streams in stone canoes. As a *viaticum* against the perilous journey the dead are presented with tools, weapons, provisions, pipes and tobacco. At the festivals in their honour, maize is cast into the fire for their nourishment. The Indian mother buries the toys of her dead child with the corpse. Before she separates from her suckling, she squeezes some of her milk into a bowl, and throws it into the fire. On the other hand, if the mother dies first, the babe is put to death, and laid by the side of its only friend. Perhaps a merciful act of cruelty!

The Iroquois and Hurons name the realm of shadows Eskennanne, and distinguish therein a sort of paradise and hell, but without connecting with this distinction any idea of moral retribution.

'The paradise is differently described A common expression for it appears to be the name Quest. This place is conceived of either more after the manner of a metempsychosis, so that it is the starry heaven or the sun, or else after the manner of *fetichism* it is the continuation of the present state in beautiful prairies. The southern heaven is regarded as the land of the dead, and the milky way as the road thither. Accordingly, the Great Spirit is styled by the Iroquois and Hurons Tharonhiaouagon, or the god of heaven, king in the land of souls. Amongst the Apalachites, the sun is the residence of the departed braves, and amongst the Natchez Indians also the chiefs are supposed

after death to enter into the sun, whilst the bodies of animals become the abodes of men of lower rank. There, whether in heaven or the sun, the dead are with the Great Spirit, who is the celestial spirit and sun-god, who resides there and has dominion over the clouds. More approximating to the notions of the fetish-worshippers, is the Indian conception of the paradise as beautiful prairies, to which the Great Spirit receives the departed. Or the Great Spirit dwells on an island of Lake Superior, and walks there by moonlight. Thither go to him the warriors who fall in battle, and enjoy there the pleasures of the chase.'—pp. 138, 139.

In like manner the Indian *hell* is often assigned to a definite earthly locality. Such a hell, for instance, of fathomless depth, is supposed to yawn at a spot on the Mississippi, below the falls of St. Antony, where there is a vast cave, near which is the burying-place of the Nadowessian Indians, who hold a great assembly there every April, and bring thither their dead sewn up in buffalo-hides. Thus, this valley of Hinnom in the western wilderness becomes a Gehenna.

The Great Spirit several times referred to in the foregoing extracts has been often too thoughtlessly and hastily identified with the personal supreme deity of purer religions. Our author, however, shows at considerable length (pp. 99-151) that this is quite a superficial view, which will not bear the least philosophical examination. Catlin and others, who ought never to have been trusted on a question of this description, which is quite out of their reach, have greatly contributed to the diffusion of this popular error, as also of the other, that the Indians are not idolators. These travellers themselves have accumulated a superfluity of evidence which sets both points in the clearest light. The Indians are most determined and inveterate idolators, and their Great Spirit is at best a *primus inter pares*, scarcely the architect, much less the creator of the world, and often the ferocious god of war who is gratified with cannibal feasts and human sacrifices. Dr. Müller has collected a multitude of the most harrowing details, showing the fearful prevalence amongst the Indians in former times of these revolting practices, which even as yet have been hardly extirpated. In these respects, however, as we shall see, they were outdone by their more civilized brethren.

The worship of the Great Spirit seems to be itself a remnant of the religion of a semi-civilized people which formerly occupied a great portion of the area of the present United States. There is an overwhelming amount of evidence to show that many centuries before the discovery of the new world by Columbus, the more southerly half of North America, the whole of Central America, and the northern portion of the southern continent, were the scenes

of successive waves of a great northern immigration strikingly analogous to, and pretty nearly contemporary with, the Gothic inundations of Europe in the middle ages. Previous to this epoch, these regions were the seats of a widely extended culture, the relics of which are everywhere discovered. Ruins of great cities, pyramids, temples, works of sculpture of no mean design or execution, are found, especially as we approach the south, along the whole valley of the Mississippi; but north of the great lakes nothing of the kind is ever met with. Humboldt's and Stephens' travels contain abundance of information relative to these most interesting antiquities. Some of the conquering barbarian tribes, as in Mexico, Nicaragua, and Peru, adopted to a greater or less extent the civilization of the conquered, whilst others, as the North American Indians, remained barbarians still, or even as the Caribs, both on the Antilles and in Brazil, set themselves fanatically to oppose, on principle, culture of every kind. Still, as is easily conceivable, none were able wholly to escape the influence of the religion of the vanquished. This consisted in the worship of the heavenly bodies, and particularly of the sun. Such was the *cultus* which Pizarro and Cortez found established in so much pomp under the Incas and the Montezumas. Sun-worship was as much the distinguishing badge of the more civilized American aborigines, as fetichism was that of the wild man, although syncretism, or the mechanical blending of the two religions could not but happen to a certain extent. Thus the Great Spirit of the Indians was, as Professor Müller shows (p. 114, seq.), a sun-god, adopted by the savage tribes from the pantheon of the more elevated race whom they dispossessed of their ancient seats. On the festival of the Kitschi Manitou, or Great Spirit, kept by certain tribes of the Leni-Lenape, the pipe of peace is kindled in honour of the sun, and the women dedicate their children to the lord of day at his rising. In like manner the Chippeways denotethe Great Spirit by the figure of the sun, thus clearly proving the identity.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence with which the sun was worshipped in Peru. Anthropomorphised as Manco Capac, he was venerated as the author of all the blessings of civilization and the founder of the Peruvian state, which, indeed, may be best described as a heliocracy. The Incas were his blood descendants, and being both gods and kings, were at the head of the most astounding despotism on record. Perhaps, as Professor Müller suggests, it was only thus that the element of civilization could be kept from relapsing into the surrounding chaos; and it is certain that the nature of the country, requiring a vast system of drainage and irrigation to render it fruitful, made the existence of a strong central power an imperious necessity. Many of these

artificial conduits were 500 miles in length. Nor should it be forgotten that under the Incas barbarism was really kept at bay, and a comparatively high state of civilization attained. The arid and sandy lands on the coast, refreshed by these streams, and manured with guano from the neighbouring islands, brought forth plentiful crops. The slopes of the Cordilleras groaned beneath countless garden-terraces, which, according to their different elevation, yielded the most varied products of the vegetable kingdom. Maize, potatoes, and cocoa were raised in vast quantities, and furnished food for many millions of men. On the high lands lamas and sheep were fed for sacrifice, or for the use of the imperial family, the children of the Sun. A network of artificial roads, with bridges and post-stations, was spread over the country. Idleness was punished as a heinous crime, and there was not a beggar in the land. A sort of distribution into castes, and division of labour, were established; and although iron tools were wanting, yet many of the mechanical arts, including the working of the precious metals, were practised with a skill which, considering this serious drawback, is perfectly surprising. The price, however, paid for these advantages was nothing less than a total surrender of individual freedom. An absorbing socialism, which would have astonished Plato himself, swallowed up everything. The state was the universal proprietor, taskmaster, slave-driver. It appointed to every man his calling, his dwelling, his family relations, and not even the shortest journey, or a friendly party, could be ventured on save under its auspices. This system of espionage was administered by more than a million of officials, who by means of the *quippus*, the only substitute for writing in use in Peru, communicated directly with the palace of the Incas, and to whom every house was open at all hours of the day or night. Much foolish sentimentalism has been spoken and written about the primeval innocence and virtue which were the result of this system, but it appears from our author (pp. 404-413) that whilst, as in China and elsewhere, the minor morals have flourished under it, it did not prevent the practice of enormous vices.

The great temple of the Sun, which was the focus of the entire system, is thus described:—

'The chief Temple of the Sun, or the central sanctuary of the religion of the Incas, was the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, the holy city of the empire. Like all which derived its origin from that city, the navel of the land, it was deemed far superior to anything in the provinces. This temple consisted of the main building and its wings. The former was a veritable gold mine, and was even styled on account of the rich radiance of its golden ornaments, Coricancha—*i. e.*, the place of gold. The whole was a quadrangle, whose brick walls were

wainscoted inside with plates of gold from top to bottom. On the western wall, opposite the eastern gate, was placed on an altar the golden countenance of the sun, and by its side were seated on golden thrones the deceased Incas. The roof was constructed of costly wood, which on the inside was likewise overlaid with gold, but on the outside was thatched with straw after the manner of the country. The whole structure was thus very simple, merely adapted to the worship of the sun, and that in such a way, that when in the morning the sun irradiated the solar image and the whole temple with the rays of the god, the immediate and the mediate worship of the sun were blended in the simplest manner. Beside this main building were several small temples or chapels for the retinue of the sun, all of which, together with the great main building, occupied a considerable space in the centre of the city, and were enclosed within a stone wall. Such a chapel had the sungod's consort, the moon, with the silver lunar disk, and the old empresses or Coyas; next, the stars, amongst them the planet Venus, here styled Chasca, or the long-haired, then the Pleiades; moreover, Lightning, Thunder and Lightning, and the Rainbow. Lastly, there was a chapel, or rather several, devoted to the priesthood who attended to the temple-service.'—pp. 382, 383.

Amongst these ministers of the temple a certain romantic interest has been thrown around the fifteen hundred Virgins of the Sun, as they were styled, who have been compared with the vestals of Rome, but as it would seem erroneously, since they were rather the harem of the Inca, as the earthly representative of their heavenly bridegroom.

There can be no doubt that the worship of the sun was originally celebrated, wherever it was established throughout America, with human sacrifices, and with cannibal banquets, sanctified as sacred feasts upon the flesh of the offered victims. In Peru also this was anciently the case, although it cannot be denied that the Incas seem to have been in earnest in discouraging the abomination, which, however, even their power was not equal to the task of totally abolishing. In Mexico, on the contrary, the Aztecs, who at the arrival of the Spaniards had been for more than two centuries the dominant race, were fanatically attached to the diabolical custom. To what a pitch they at length carried it will appear from our closing extract, which we suppose no one can read without coming to the conclusion that the Spanish conquest, with all its horrors, was a less evil than the continuance of such a system, whose overthrow is scarcely more matter of regret than that of the Cities of the Plain, or the extirpation of the Canaanites.

'The customary course of procedure in human sacrifices, consisting of prisoners of war, offered in the temple of the god Huitzilopochtli, was as follows:—The place of sacrifice was the summit of the temple itself. On the high-place stood, beside the little chapels with the

images of Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, the sacrificial altar, or stone of offering, a green stone convex above, three feet high, as many in breadth, and five feet long. Six priests officiated at every human sacrifice, the chief of whom, with hereditary dignity, styled the Topiltzin, occasionally assumed the name of the divinity to whom the human sacrifice was offered. As soon as the prisoner destined to be offered arrived in festive procession up the steps at the platform, the idol was exhibited to the people, in order that they might address to it their prayers. Then the priests, the five all clothed in white, but with blackened bodies, stretched the victim upon the convex sacrificial stone; four held the arms and legs, the fifth the head, whilst the Topiltzin, in red mantle, opened the breast with a stone knife, took out the heart, showed it by day to the sun, and by night to the stars, and then laid it at the feet of the idol. He afterwards took hold of it again, and placed it with a golden ladle in the mouth of the image. The number of human sacrifices was constantly on the increase under the Aztecs. It is differently given. The highest numbers are specified by Herrera and Acosta, according to whom 5000, and often even 20,000, were offered in a day. Zumaraga, the first bishop of Mexico, the well-known burner of the hieroglyphic pictures, makes (in a letter of the year 1691, in Davila's Teatro Eccles. 126) the number 20,000, which might be offered in one day, the annual average. So also Gomara and Clavigero, only that the former adds that in some years the number rose to 50,000. Torquemada says that 20,000 children alone were annually offered. Criticism is wont in such matters to give the preference to the lesser numbers. According to this canon we should do best to hold to the authority of the respectable Bernal Diaz, who, following the computation of the Franciscan monks, who were at first on terms of the greatest intimacy and confidence with the natives, gives the number of the human beings regularly sacrificed every year at 2500.'—pp. 637, 638.

ART. VI.—*A Campaign with the Turks in Asia.* By Charles Duncan. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

SOME English writers are inclined to disparage the Russian successes in Asia. Because Paskiewitch failed in 1829, Mouravieff, in their opinion, must fail in 1855. This view betrays an inattention, not only to strategic science, but to Turkish history. The Russians, more than any other nation of Europe, are remarkable for their tenacity. They are now in possession of Ottoman territory, and threaten the chief cities of Armenia. The Turks, enfeebled by the events of last year, can only hope, under the most fortunate auspices, to maintain a defensive attitude; it is impossible that they should, without auxiliaries, emulate the

achievements of Omar Pacha on the Danube. Their enemy, on the other hand, may rely on considerable reinforcements, and may close the season with a feat of arms superior to that which in 1854 overwhelmed the Turks at Kurekdere. Upon this supposition the position of Asia Minor becomes most serious. Who is then to cross the path of the invader? Guyon is no longer employed; the European staff has dwindled to a shadow; even General Williams is restricted to the co-operation of a few miserable pashas—the high-bred, high-fed, fat and impotent peers of Turkey.

Even were the Turks at Kars equal to the Turks who defended Silistria, we ought not to rely on their unaided prowess. The Russians deserted the line of the Danube, not so much because they were incapable of defeating Omar Pacha, but because the allied fleets were lords of the ascendant in the Euxine, and the allied armies were menacing them behind Mount Hæmus. Austria, too, had probably negotiated an agreement to hold the Principalities while her neighbour concentrated his strength in the Crimea. That is a passage in the diplomatic story of the war, which is not yet fully revealed. But, at all events, we have had no proof that the Turks are able to protect their own empire, at any one point at which it is assailable by Russia. Let us speculate on their triumphant march to Tiflis, when we are sure they can keep the enemy out of Kars and Erzeroum. Their military power is a tradition. No civil polity has replaced it. In all their social and public economy no active principle appears, except that of decay. Nevertheless, the empire they hold by this ignominious tenure is territorially so important, that no part of it can be neglected without danger to the general interests of Europe. Hence the war, which may be directed also to a higher purpose—that of counteracting the vitality of despotism, by opposing to it the forces of the liberal party throughout Christendom.

Hitherto, the enterprise has been conducted upon no very intelligible system. The Russians, indeed, have been induced to quit the Danubian Principalities; but these have been handed over, without guarantees, to Austrian martial law. A development of Austrian military power renders Russia unassailable on that frontier; and she is thus left to defend her Crimean and Baltic fortresses, and to invade Armenia, secure from all attacks on the side of Germany. In this complex situation she enjoys a manifest advantage. The allies employ all their forces in the siege of Sebastopol and the blockade of the Baltic, while she, besides offering a steady resistance at those points, is enabled to continue on the offensive in Asia, encountered only by a body of Ottomans who would be helpless were not a few Europeans

present to direct the energies of the troops, and to compensate for the imbecility of their commanders.

Mr. Charles Duncan accompanied the Turkish army through the campaign of last year. He describes its demoralization, the cowardice of its officers. and the depravity of its manners. His narrative is doubly interesting, as an emphatic testimony to the incapacity of the Ottoman Government in operations undertaken for its own defence, and to the false policy of its allies, no less than as a bright and lively record of incidents, alive with anecdote and full of humorous, pleasant, and not too egotistical personal details. Mr. Duncan's free and rapid style is altogether in contrast with the lymphatic fluency of Mr. Paton, who, about the same time, or a little previously, sojourned in another part of the same great theatre of war. Mr. Paton affects the tone of a privy-councillor; Mr. Duncan writes gaily and agreeably; yet Mr. Duncan's book is that of a politician whose ideas range on a high level; while Mr. Paton's is that of a courier who collects the foolish tattle of ante-chambers, and is learned on the objects of Prince Metternich's kitchen-garden or the Earl of Westmoreland's snuff-box.

In January, 1854, Mr. Duncan left Constantinople for Trebizond. A number of retired traders were proceeding, happy in the contemplationof their gains, to a life of indolence in their native Asia, and a pacha, compelled by official engagements to change his sweet Therapian villa for a dull home on the Euxine coast, was accompanied by his wives. He had fifteen of them, with a proportionate number of slaves. Three or four were exquisitely beautiful, and one a perfect flower of delicacy and grace. They sat in listless serenity, careless of the change, while their more worldly lord looked wistfully back to the sun-touched Dardanelles. Mr. Duncan interested himself partly in the movements of this eastern family, partly in musings on the antique traditions of the Euxine Sea—the march of Darius, the descent of the Greeks to the friendly waters, the mythical cruise of Jason. It is true that the Rhodian Apollonius exaggerated the terrors of the Symplegades; but Mr. Duncan, though he slights the Cyanean rocks, acknowledges the forlorn aspects of the Black Sea near its entrance. He visited the scene of the Russian massacre at Sinope, and then, without many incidents by the way, proceeded in the steamer to Trebizond, where the resident Greek merchants were exhibiting their habitual cowardice. While the Russian fleet was near, they rejoiced at the recent slaughter; but no sooner did the British sails cluster in the roads than they adulated, with canine servility, the heroism of the Turks. It is singular that the Greek nation, so admirable in most respects, is represented in foreign countries by so paltry a class as its merchants.

Its peasantry are an innocent race; its sailors are brave; its mountaineers are gallant, if not honest; but, from Finsbury to Odessa, its traders, as a body, are venal, unscrupulous, and mean. A Greek bankruptcy is, in Western Europe, almost unheard of, because a failing merchant is always rescued by his fellows. They know that their system of business is too disreputable to bear investigation. For the same reason Greek actions at law are scarcely ever brought into court. Mr. Duncan has some excellent observations on the subject of Hellenic imposture; but we regret that he confounds the race with its refuse, the cornbonders and ruffians of Eastern and Western Europe. If he has ever seen a Greek sauntering to the Epanocastron of Smyrna, with a *cigaretto* in his mouth, and a furtive keenness in his eye, he knows enough of the Levant to understand the man and his possible mission. This explains the singular fact, that owing to the stigma attaching to the mercantile class of Greeks, they are, however wealthy, banished from good society in all parts of Europe.

From Trebizond Mr. Duncan journeyed with 'a goodly company' to Erzeroum. A broad road led out of the city; but in harmony with Turkish practice ceased abruptly, and left the cavalcade to force its way among hills and valleys, from one famished village to another. No Asiatic splendours enriched the slowly dissolving views on the wayside. It was winter, and winter in Asia Minor comes with no mild influences to allay the power of the summer's heat. Glaciers shone along the mountain slopes; blocks of ice choked the ravines; a whirlwind of snow, such as is hurled through the passes of the Caucasus, threatened to overwhelm the horse and his rider. Who that reads of the East in poems more gaudy than tulips, ever expects to find in the record of an oriental journey such an entry as this:—'We soon arrived on an immense mountain plain, which seemed to have no termination; north, south, east, and west, nothing but snow.'

The picture is like a glimpse of Tibet. Mr. Duncan was all but lost in the inclement wilds; but eventually reached Erzeroum, having passed on the road many military convoys. War, obviously, possessed the land, and was consuming its fruits. Erzeroum itself, cold, dirty, impoverished, was then a military rendezvous. Achmet Pacha had been degraded for peculation and incapacity, and a new commander was appointed, to the joy of the soldiers. 'In Europe a commander-in-chief or a high functionary, if dismissed from the service of his sovereign for notable misconduct, to use in this case a very mild expression, would wish in the very bitterness of the disgrace for the grave to close on his abashed head. Here nothing of the kind is observable. Achmet Pacha will, as scores of others have done before

him, retire with his ill-acquired gains to a semi-banishment, and in a few months, with bribing and intriguing, will perhaps be again in power.'

In this indifference to the character of their public men, we discover one cause of Turkish decline. Perhaps a worse characteristic is indicated by Mr. Duncan in the following:—'I never heard one Turk speak well of his neighbour. "Fuad Effendi," I would remark, "is certainly a clever statesman." A significant shake of the head proved that my opinion was not shared by the company. To my qualified praise of Reschid Pacha, the Turks very sagaciously replied that he had ruined the empire for the benefit of his own family. Omar Pacha they described as a quack; Ismail Pacha as a fool; Mehemet Ali Pacha as a ruffian. In fact, to believe the Turks themselves, there did not exist a single honest, brave, or talented man in the empire.'

Yet the egotists, who depreciated every one, to heighten their own importance, were deplorably illiterate. Armenia has made few intellectual advances; but its Turkish masters are in virtue and feeling far below the simple people of the interior. The common soldiers in the army bitterly complained of their officers, who skulked in the field, and left them to be mowed down like grass. One of them asked Mr. Duncan the name of that Englishman of whom all the pachas were talking, and who was so warm a friend of Turkey. Somewhat viciously, Mr. Duncan says, 'I answered, for the sake of the joke, Aberdeen.' The querist, however, knew better, and replied—'That is not the name; tell me another.' 'Palmerston,' ventured the traveller. 'May Allah preserve him,' the soldier cried; for the noble lord, whose dispatches are often more manly than his orations, is well known and popular in the East. Many an Ottoman subject, indeed, who with Burmese stupidity, believes that England and France are tributary to the Sultan, is interested in the name of 'Pomerston,' the brave British wuzeer. Possibly they represent him to their own fancies as a man of terrible stature, with a portentous scymitar, a venerable beard, and an alarming frown. In Paris we know he has been described as a person of martial aspect, who invariably wears the uniform of the guards. But the Armenian himself, since the great emigration, looks with a malicious eye at his Turkish oppressors. Perhaps he sympathises with Russia. Who shall blame him any more than the shepherd of Peloponnesus who puts his trust in the mighty Czar? Both are deluded by prophecies and promises; both know and feel the barbarity of Turkish rule; and who can say they are wrong if they believe in the assurances of a government which sedulously courts their attachment, and presents itself as their generous champion? They cannot be expected to comprehend Russian policy, until

they have experienced its rigours. They would then learn that there are changes which bring no amelioration. As the Italian looked to the German in the age of his delusion, the Armenian looks to the Czar.

When Mr. Duncan arrived at Erzeroum, the Ottoman army lay like a ruin, half restored by the energies of its new commander, Haireddin Pacha. That functionary, by upbraiding the officers, had stimulated them in the performance of their duties, and by compelling the bakers to eat their own bread until they were swollen almost to death, taught them to practise less adulteration. Other measures produced other reforms, so that when the march to Kars commenced, a new though imperfect organization had been established. *En route* an incident occurred, illustrative of a curious fact in natural history :—

'Approaching us with measured and dignified steps were two camels laden with goods from Persia. These were the first camels I had seen in this part of Asia, and most uncomfortable did they look in the midst of the snow. Horses have a natural aversion to the camel, and the terror excited by these two 'ships of the desert' was greatly increased by the fact, that owing to their great rarity, their existence was unknown to most of the horses which formed this long caravan. At the sight of the camels the first horse gave signs of alarm, and the panic spread with the rapidity peculiar to panics, down the whole of the immense line of animals.'—Vol. i. p. 128.

Among the pastoral inhabitants of this region the spirit of hospitality prevailed, and not even the terrors of war could scare them from the exercise of their peculiar virtue. At Kars, situated on the verge of an elevated plateau extending from the Araxes to the Arpa Tschai, social aspects had vanished before the glare of a military inroad. The Anatolian army—a picturesque concourse from all parts of the empire—swarmed in it; but not now so exultingly as the year before. Their defeat at Sobattan had taught them much concerning their own weakness and the resources of the enemy. In truth, had not an European element been blended with this discomfited rabble, Kars, Erzeroum, and every important position thence to the coast, might have fallen rapidly before the Russian onset. It will be useful here to describe this European element, not in the mocking style of 'The Roving Englishman,' but from Mr. Duncan's discriminating observations.

Upon the breaking out of war, the soldiers of fortune throughout Europe saw their destiny in the East, and started for Constantinople. Refugees and adventurers, with real or spurious claims, volunteered for the Turkish service, seldom proposing, however, for less than a high command. One Englishman, whose memory was full of unrecorded battles, won in unmentioned

wars by his conduct and valour, informed the Seraskier that he had legitimate pretensions to the throne of England. History, it was true, had suppressed his fame, but history had been unjust to more ambitious men, and he, the defrauded heir to a crown, was willing to become sole and supreme commander of the Ottoman forces for a salary of £800 a month. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's malign persuasions deterred the Sultan's government from accepting the offer thus prompted by modest magnanimity. Others were ready to accept generalships or full colonelcies, and many were at first employed by the credulous ministers of the Porte. Turkish ignorance was in due course overpowered by European interference; but, as usual, the blind Osmanli stumbled out of one blunder into another, for he now declined the services of any European volunteers whatever. That this policy was false was proved by the brillant leaders introduced, when the former system was in vogue, with the crowd of incompetent desperadoes. Guyon, who, with two brother patriots, represented the Hungarian nation in the Asiatic camp, had been distinguished in the war of independence against Austria and Russia. He had led the splendid Hungarian cavalry in many of its triumphs; he had detected Georgy's treason long before its fatal consummation. He now undertook to restore the shattered frame of the Ottoman army in Anatolia. But the Sultan's policy neutralized much of his judicious zeal. He improved the commissariat, revived discipline, introduced new confidence, concerted measures of defence, and prepared with equal discretion and vigour for the coming campaign. But he had no authority to coerce the jealous, irrational, and conceited pashas who surrounded him. He could only give counsel to men whose minds were too heavy to appreciate it. Therefore, the report was spread in Europe that Guyon had proved incapable, while the truth was that no human arguments could prevail against the witless perversity of the Pashas. His interviews with them usually commenced with compliments, and ended with violent recriminations. Ultimately his influence was extinguished by their obstinacy and intrigue, and the Turks in Asia went to destruction in their own way.

There were fifteen thousand soldiers at Kars, under no less than twenty-one pashas, each with the rank and pay of a general. Each of these gentlemen was engaged in undermining the others, or in extorting instalments of his salary from the paymaster's office. His agent at Constantinople, meanwhile, was employed in representing to the government that he, of all the pashas, was a qualified hero, while the others were distressingly stupid. In public, of course, they flattered one another on the ability and moral worth which none of them possessed. Their

small army necessarily suffered from backward payments and insufficient provisions; and had not the private soldiers been characterized by some qualities which their chiefs could not even comprehend, the desolation of Asia Minor might have been complete. In concert with Guyon they raised numerous fortifications around Kars, and awaited, somewhat calmly, the Russian advance. 'The Muchir (or Field Marshal), in order to set a good example, took up a spade, and commenced digging, but, after a little time, he sat himself calmly down on a stone, and called for a pipe and coffee. The servants of the commander-in-chief had constructed a little kitchen, where the latter indispensable beverage was prepared. The other pashas, likewise, took up stones, or dug holes, to the great edification of the troops, and then, also, called for their pipes.'

Altogether, about thirty-seven thousand Turks defended the Asiatic territories of the Porte; about thirty thousand Russians menaced them; Schamyl, however, by his activity, compelled a large number of the enemy to engage themselves in watching him. Mr. Duncan here remarks:—

'It was subsequently endeavoured to combine an offensive movement with Schamyl, but circumstances did not allow of its execution. Schamyl represented his total inability to undertake an advance into the plains at the head of any considerable strength. At the risk of destroying many romantic notions in the minds of my readers, I must plainly state that the undisciplined and badly-armed rabble that comprises the followers of Schamyl, though invincible in their mountain fastnesses, are utterly harmless in the plains of Georgia. Nothing can be more absurd than to read the periodical victories recorded by the imaginative writers in the German papers, in which, as an example, 60,000 Circassians are represented as being within two days' march of Tiflis. The truth is this. When the fields have been sown, the mountaineers have leisure, until the harvest time approaches, to undertake a little foray, and a few hundred horsemen will assemble, and descending from their mountain retreats, fall like a thunderbolt on some unsuspecting Russian village. The place is sacked, the inhabitants murdered in cold blood, or carried off as slaves, and the intrepid followers of Schamyl, loading their horses with the booty, beat a hasty retreat.'—Ib. p. 217.

That the Germans are extravagant is no reason why Mr. Duncan should be absurd. His residence at Kars and Erzeroum gave him no right to assume so much familiarity with Circassia, especially as he is evidently unacquainted with the history of the conflict carried on by its tribes with Russia. That tenacious nationality has displayed powers of resistance which Russia has sought by incessant and costly efforts to overcome. It has held against all comers for a long period an important mountain tract, which the Russian armies have never been able to subdue; it

has been victorious in struggles quite distinct from the village *razzias* to which Mr. Duncan preposterously alludes; it has, from time to time, been attacked by experienced generals and picked troops of the empire; the Czars themselves have personally surveyed its frontier, intent upon plans for penetrating it; and in the spring of the present year, General Seriatinshi was commissioned to keep Schamyl in check, while Mouravieff proceeded to the invasion of Armenia. To say that the Circassian, the Leoghien, or Daghestanese, never quits his village, unless for plunder, 'and for plunder alone,' is to evince a total ignorance of a very remarkable historical episode. It is possible to misrepresent with the diminishing, as well as with the magnifying glass, but nothing is more incautious than this repartee of extravagance, this vaulting to the Antipodes of exaggeration. Nevertheless, Mr. Duncan is probably correct when he ascribes to Schamyl's prudence his refusal to contend on the open plain with the organized Russian forces. The Turks, therefore, in their defensive operations, were without auxiliaries, without leaders, without supplies. Famine prices were demanded at Kars for provisions of every kind; servants, the necessity of the East, were scarce; the cold had been terrible; means of comfort were scanty; the contiguous provinces were disturbed; and as the spring drew near, a thaw reduced the streets within, and the plains without, to an indescribable state of mud and misery. As a natural result, the Pashas diminished instead of increasing their exertions, and pushed forward with more malignant zeal their intrigues against General Guyon.

Suddenly a rumour filled the town and camp with indescribable alarm. The Russians, it was said, had quitted their positions at Gumri, and were marching on Kars.

'My pen would fail to describe the sensation created in the town by this sudden announcement. From the residence of the muchir to the smallest mud hut of the place all was confusion and despair. Women were running wildly from house to house, striving to comfort each other; whilst the men actually laid aside their pipes, and meditated a grand retreat on Erzeroum. . . . The heads of the army were in a pitiable condition, and on that day, General Guyon was, for once, permitted to take the supreme direction of matters in Kars. Troops were ordered to man the fortifications on the Kara-dagh and the height above the town, whilst fresh entrenchments were commenced along the plain. The soldiers obeyed with alacrity, and awaited the approach of the Russians with confidence, from behind their tabias or earth. works. For an hour, the most ludicrous terror reigned in the upper ranks of the army.'—Vol. ii. pp. 1, 2.

Turkey Regenerate is not well represented by its military grandees. Indeed, we know not what class of the Ottoman

nation, once corrupted, has ever regained its virtues. The simpler people, only fit for civil subjection, are, as they always were, honest, faithful, manly; the governing race is incurably decrepit. But, in the present instance, the alarm of the generals was unfounded. A stray troop of Cossacks had been met by an advanced party of Bashi-bazouks, who reported that the enemy was in full march on Kars. Nevertheless, a Russian expedition was actually on foot against the wandering irregulars of the Turkish army; but they had then no intention of encountering the main body. Upon the receipt of this consoling intelligence, the pashas, who had drooped their red-capped heads like poppies in the rain, revived with a great show of bravery. They proposed to assemble the troops, and bear down upon the foe; but a little persuasion sufficed to cool this newly-awakened ardour. Moreover, the effect of the recent panic was to thin the population, not only of Kars, but of Erzeroum and Trebizond. A pernicious timidity prevailed, which was not dissipated by the next news that arrived:—

'Some interesting intelligence was brought in by Turkish spies from the frontier, The garrison of Gumri had been summoned to Tiflis, where it appeared that Schamyl was creating great alarm. The Russian troops were engaged in digging a deep fosse around Tiflis, and strengthening that town, as far as its open position would admit. The governor of the Trans-caucasian provinces had been recalled from the leave of absence granted him, and was daily expected at Tiflis. . . . It would appear, from these grave precautions, that some decisive step had been meditated by Schamyl, but was not carried out.'—Ib. p. 11.

After this, what becomes of Mr. Duncan's disparaging account of the Circassians? The Russians alarmed at Tiflis—strengthening its fortifications—summoning their governor-general—anticipating a 'decisive movement' from a chieftain of marauders, politically insignificant, who never left their villages except for plunder, who were utterly harmless in the plains, who were a badly-armed rabble, and yet terrified the Russians at Tiflis! The end of Mr. Duncan's commonwealth is not consistent with the beginning, but the discrepancy proves that a man who has resided at Kars ought not to suppose himself, for that reason, an authority on Circassia. We will consult Mr. Duncan on matters relating to the places of his sojourn, but we have better testimony to the character of Schamyl and his tribes. Indeed, a canon of criticism upon books of travel ought to be, that narrators should narrate, and not discourse or report upon subjects which, though collateral with their own, are quite as familiar to historical investigators in London as to any one, in whatever part of the world, whose knowledge is not derived from personal

observation. A resident in Beyrout, who has not resided among the Ansaryeeh, does not necessarily know more of them than many who have never breathed Eastern air; nor is a journalist in Bombay more qualified to dogmatize on the aspect of China than a journalist in Belgium. Still less does local experience entitle a man to a supremacy in historical disputes. Thus, a European inhabitant of Shanghae lately failed completely in an attempt to confute the reasonings of the 'Athenæum' on a point connected with Chinese literature, especially with Confucius. When Mr. Duncan observes this rule, and writes as a traveller, he at once teaches and pleases.

At some distance from Kars lies the ruined city of Anni, of which Mr. Duncan had not previously heard, and which may be sought vainly on the popular maps. Before the active campaign opened, he resolved to visit it, and, with an escort, crossed a flowery plain, redolent with the first perfumes of the Eastern spring. He found the remains to be as remarkable as the people of Kars had affirmed them to be. They occupied a broad plateau rising above the streams of the Arp schai, and are surrounded with an ancient double wall, strengthened by high and massive towers.

'These walls are almost perfect. Passing through a ruined gateway, ornamented with figures in coloured bricks, we came on the site of the city, which must have been of vast extent. Not a house is standing, but the streets can be traced by the regular positions of the stones and the accumulated heaps of rubbish where the houses once stood. From this vast sea of mounds and stones, rise, in various directions, the remains of Christian churches and ancient mosques. I counted seventeen churches with standing walls. I went over four or five of them, and was surprised at their excellent preservation; many might be restored at no great expense or trouble. Two that I visited were of cathedral size, and ornamented with elegant carving; the whole of the interior, including even the columns, were covered with fresco paintings, the outlines of which were indistinct, but the colours, in which blue predominated, were fresh and vivid. The external architecture of these churches is simple, being planned in the shape of a cross, and elevated to a dome. Some are in a more fantastic style, and belong to no particular order.'—Ib. p. 50.

Vast catacombs existed below these remains, and Armenian inscriptions on the walls told, perhaps, the tale of the city. A doubtful tradition relates that, during the existence of the Greek empire, Armenia was ruled by King Nusherwan, who held his court at Anni. The Greeks waged war against this monarch, and destroyed his capital; but they, in their turn, were expelled by the Turks, who partially rebuilt it. However, when the Persians invaded the province, Anni sank again, and awaits the leisure of the Sultan, who has promised to restore it.

From this interesting excursion Mr. Duncan returned to Kars, where the troops had been reviewed, and where the Russians were daily expected. A column, indeed, had advanced from Gumri, and driven in the Turkish outposts. The Anatolian army, divided between two jealous chiefs, might have been saved by concentration, but each division acted in contempt of the other. Selim Pasha, therefore, when assailed at Urzughetti, could not resist. His troops were deficient in ammunition; his arrangements were absurd, and two or three thousand lives were sacrificed to his stupidity. The intelligence ran with electric swiftness from town to town throughout the wide arena of the war, diffusing joy and exultation among the Cossacks, and enhancing the permanent panic of the Turkish generals. Even the soldiers at Kars were discouraged; they felt that their incompetent leaders might betray them as they had betrayed the army of Batoum; but time wore on; deserters came over from the enemy, reinforcements arrived, and the summer saw thirty thousand men collected at Kars. Mr. Duncan's reminiscences of these romantic days are described with pictorial effect; but the feast of the Bairamn brought more exciting events, for the Russians had also been reinforced, and it was precisely when they were at the height of their strength that the Ottoman commander-in-chief decided upon attacking them.

On the 1st of July the enemy, quitting Gumri, advanced to the Georgian frontier, broke ground on the Ottoman territory, and posted their advanced guard near Kurukdere and other villages within five hours' march from Kars. This was not far from the scene of the last year's encounter, in which the Turks had been defeated. Nevertheless, it was decided not to await the Russian attack, but to march at once, and provoke a battle. Accordingly, the Turks, nearly forty thousand strong, set out to meet 28,000 of the enemy, halting within four miles of them. In the afternoon of the 12th of July both armies were drawn up in line of battle, and were almost engaged when a terrific thunderstorm broke out. The Russians immediately retired; the Turks remained for three hours in the tempest, but the courage of the Muchir had evaporated, and he refused to give his troops a second opportunity.

Thirty-five days elapsed. The Turks, accustomed to attack, were disheartened; the Russians, emboldened by their timidity, ventured on some spirited enterprises. In the meantime Mr. Duncan relieved his *ennui* by watching the panorama of life in the camp:—

'The post-bag never failed to bring General Guyon letters from all parts of the world, addressed to him by individuals, who, mistaken in

his identity, believed themselves related to him. Some of these letters were very curious. One from an old lady in the south of France implored her beloved son, Jacques Guyon, not to fight for the pagan Turks, but to join his two brothers in Algeria. A letter from a wine-merchant in Paris desired Pierre Guyon, now that he was up in the world, to settle his little account. Another was written by an individual, who, under the hallucination of having been a schoolfellow of the general's, requested him, in memory of the windows they had broken together, and the mischief they had performed in younger days, to appoint the writer a colonel in the Turkish service. There were also letters from people requesting to know if the Christian name of the general was not Alphonse, or Jules, or Theodore, as the writers had a relation of that name, whom they had no doubt was the Guyon spoken of in the newspapers.'—Ib. p. 147.

At length two battles followed each other in quick succession,—at Bayazid and at Kurukdere; and in both the Turks were defeated. There is an animated account of these engagements in Mr. Duncan's volumes; but they supply few anecdotes or fragments for quotation.

The defeated army of Kars, reduced by death, sickness, and desertion to a fourth of its former strength, was not pursued. Had the Russians followed up their advantage, and hurled their cavalry upon the ranks they had broken, the Turkish force might have been annihilated in Asia Minor; but they did not even persist in a menacing attitude. It was obvious that the military season was at an end. The Ottoman troops, instead of rallying, became more demoralized every day; the soldiers buried their dead in abject grief and shame; and the officers turned round in search of a man on whom to heap the ignominy of their cowardice and incapacity. Guyon, of course, was selected, and for once some of the pashas acted in friendly concert to libel that able and gallant leader. 'A document was drawn up and signed by the Muchir and his creatures, stating that all blame must be attached to General Guyon,' who was not in command, and whose advice was totally disregarded. Guyon might not have beaten the Russians, but he would not have led the Turks to irretrievable ruin. It was impossible, perhaps, that the army of Kars should have been victorious at Kurukdere. The artillery behaved well, but the cavalry charged right away from the enemy, and the infantry soon fled. Most of the superior officers exposed their want of courage, and the foreign officers, who to a man acted heroically, had no power to retrieve, by their authority, or their example, the confusion of the day.

With one more passage from Mr. Duncan's narrative, we will close this retrospect of last year's Asiatic campaign. General Guyon, charged by the Turks with the responsibility of their

defeat, was cited before a military tribunal in the Ottoman metropolis. Mr. Duncan observes:—

'After having supported with exemplary fortitude the slights of the Muchir and of the native pashas, the intrigues of the Poles* and the sorrows of a wounded spirit, poor Guyon was now doomed to experience unjust and ungenerous treatment from the authorities at Stamboul, and to drink the bitter cup of disappointment to its dregs. All future command was denied the general, who was placed upon half-pay. Guyon is, I believe, at the present moment on his way to Damascus, where, in the society of his family, let us hope that he will forget the frowns of fortune and the injustice of the world.—Ib. p. 280.

Guyon, however, was not sacrificed to Turkish imbecility alone. Mr. Duncan does not hint at other influences of the 'malefic' kind; but it is certain that Austrian representatives have power, not only in the Divan, but in the Cabinets of Paris and London. Guyon, as a patriot of Hungary, is hated at Vienna. Consequently, every effort is made to prevent his employment in Turkey. This is not the only point in which the interests of the allies, the interests of civilization, have been sacrificed to the malignant policy of Austria. In every direction in which great powers might be raised against the Czar, German despotism casts its ominous shade across the path; it is only now, at the eleventh hour, that the formation of an Italian or Polish legion has been countenanced by the British Government. But the allies have a great lesson to learn. Russia represents a principle, which is that of aggression, tyranny, conquest; England and France nominally represent principles, but they have separated themselves from their constituents; they suspect and shun the liberalism of Europe; and already, by suffering Guyon to be disgraced, at the instigation of the Austrian ministers, have deprived the Turks of their right arm in Asia. Let us watch the Georgian frontier; for it is the gate of Asia Minor, and through that gate, Russia has for half a century endeavoured to possess herself of the Asiatic road to the Dardanelles. Constantinople itself is provisioned from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus; it has no magazines, and the whole country, as far as Araba-burgas, is a waste which supplies nothing for the sustenance of the capital.

* Two or three adventurers, unworthy of that nation which has been called 'the hope and fear of Europe.'

ART. VII.—*Religious Liberty, from a Christian Point of View.* [Die Religiöse Friheit vom Christlichen Standpunkte.] *A Letter to M. von Bethmann Hollweg.* By Dr. Merle D'Aubigné. Frankfort-on-Maine. 1854.

2. *Letter from M. von Bethmann Hollweg, Privy Councillor of the King, Vice-President of the Second Chamber of the Prussian Parliament, and President of the Kirchentag, to Dr. Merle D'Aubigné.* 'Evangelical Christendom,' February, 1855.

THE question of religious liberty in Germany is not yet settled, either as one of fact or of principle. Acts of persecution—and we cannot call them less—are, we are sorry to say, not only repeated, but multiplied, and in a spirit so resolute and unbending as to give little promise of a change for the better. In a former article we gave some sufficiently painful cases, as authenticated by the inquiries of Dr. Steane and Mr. Brook, and we were not without hope, we confess, that the publication of the personal narrative of these gentlemen might, by rendering it impossible any longer to deny or ignore the alleged facts, deter by the very sense of shame from the repetition of them. We have, however, been disappointed. The bloodhounds of bigotry and ecclesiasticism will neither abandon their pursuit of the simple-hearted disciples of Christ, nor treat their victims with diminished severity. We could readily cite many facts, but we shall confine ourselves to a single instance, which we take from the pages of 'Evangelical Christendom' for July, 1854.*

'SCHAUMBERG LIPPE—RENEWED PERSECUTION.—We have received several letters relating to the imprisonment of Christian brethren at Bückeberg, the capital of this principality. The following will be read with deep interest, and will excite feelings of sympathy for the sufferers, not unmingled with those of astonishment and indignation at the fierce intolerance of the persecutors. It may be necessary, in order to explain some sentences in them, to state that, on the 19th May, Mr. Bolzmann was required by the magistrate, acting as he said under express direction from the highest authority, to answer all interrogations which should be put to him; the intention of them being to make him *incriminate himself and betray his friends.* He said to the magistrate that if any crime of a political or civil nature was laid to his charge he would answer, but that with great respect he should decline to reply to questions relating to the religious meetings which he had held with the members of his flock. The magistrate then desired him to take time for reflection before he came to such a resolution,

* An article of similar tenor appears in the same periodical for June, 1855.

adding that he was instructed to tell him that if he refused to answer, *violent methods would be resorted to in order to compel him;* and with this threat he was remanded to prison.

(*To Mr. Braun, Hamburg.**)

PRISON OF BUCKEBERG,
June 17th, 1854.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have deferred writing to you from a desire to be able to communicate something definite regarding my own position. To-day it is in my power to do so, having but recently returned from an examination of two and a half hours in the Judicial Court of Chancery. The procurator there informed me of the prince's refusal to grant our petition for the mitigation of our sentence, and that I would therefore have to accomplish the four weeks' imprisonment awarded me by the police, which term will expire next Monday. At the same time my confinement would be continued, he said, by the Upper Court of Chancery, until sentence had been pronounced on me for the performance of clerical acts, but in case of my willingness to confess to-day when and where they were performed, the sentence would probably not be delayed beyond Monday. If, on the contrary, I adhered to my refusal, my ultimate punishment would be proportionately severe. The law must take its course, clemency can proceed alone from the prince and the government. My refusal to answer the questions of the authorities must be regarded as determined opposition to the law, a case not likely to bespeak clemency. My reply was, "I regret in this matter to be unable to meet the demands of the law, but beg my course of action may not be interpreted as daring, or obstinacy, but as a necessary result of conscientious conviction." "I pity your infatuation," replied the procurator, "for one of the two must yield, and the law must be upheld. Spiritual pride and the desire to be considered a martyr are, I fear, the cause of your inflexibility." "I confess my heart is not free from pride," was my answer; "and I daily entreat God to give me in its stead increasing humility; but the Almighty is my witness in this matter neither pride nor a similar motive influence me." Our "confession of faith" was next produced, and the question put to me, whether I acquiesced in all the sentiments it expressed. My answer being in the affirmative, the assessor, referring to the article on the civil authorities, said, "Do you not, then, believe the Bückeberg Government to be divinely appointed, and do you not, according to your own tenets, owe it obedience?" "In all temporal matters, yes, but not in spiritual things." "To answer simple questions put to you by the authorities," continued my interrogator, "is not opposed to the Word of God." I replied, "From the Word of God I have acquired the conviction that the proceedings of your Government are wrong, and I cannot lend a helping hand to their prosecution." "You might remain in Hanover, where liberty is granted you," retorted the procurator. This reproof I met by saying, "We deem it our duty to disseminate the truth as widely as

* By whom it was forwarded to Dr. Steane.

possible; we dare not yield obedience to laws which would hinder us from doing this."

'On a former occasion I had expressed a doubt of any charges having been entered against me. The procurator now said: "You can have but two reasons for expressing such doubt; either you are conscious of not having transgressed, or you have agreed among yourselves to reveal nothing." "I doubt the charges," I said, "because they have never been read to me; I am only asked to confess something." "The authorities have good reason," he replied, "for supposing you have transgressed since the issue of the edict, and your deportment confirms the suspicion. Besides, in any case," he added, "you deserve punishment for having transgressed the Church laws of 1814. Your own perverseness, not the Bible, is the cause of your silence." I said: "There are cases when we are not called upon to answer; Jesus gave no answer to Pilate."

'These, my dear friend, are the leading points of an interview which, as I mentioned above, lasted two-and-a-half hours. I entered the court with fear and trembling; now I feel grateful for having been enabled to speak with composure, yet without reserve.'

To show the admirable spirit in which these trials are borne, we give the following short extract of a letter from Mr. Bolzmann to Dr. Steane, dated from prison on the 4th of June, 1854.

'If I now, dear brother, tell you something about our condition in prison, I will not say anything concerning the many discomforts which are connected therewith, but only assure you that the promises of the Lord have been made yea and amen to us. His goodness has been upon us and his kindness has quickened our souls. Without Jesus heaven could not make us happy, but every place and condition, even the narrow prison, brings us joy and blessedness if His presence be with us. The days of our abode here, though to the natural eye they often appear sad, are a time of discipline for us in which the Lord desires to bless us. May He then accomplish in us and through us His wise and gracious designs for the building up and strengthening of our faith, for the good of His house, and for the honour of His name! Then shall we praise Him through all eternity for this season of suffering.'

That which particularly afflicts us is that measures of a similar character to these are still adopted in some parts of Prussia, a country from which we had expected better things. Indeed, it is now some years since Frederic William expressly promised to Mr. Barnard, then American ambassador at Berlin, that a concession, or act of toleration, like that enjoyed by the old Lutherans, should be granted to the Baptists. The difficulty, however, has been to get the promise executed. In an interview with which Messrs. Oncken, Schauffler, and Lehmann, were favoured by his Majesty on the 10th of January last, the king is reported to have said,—'I am amazed to find this has not yet taken place; I thought the matter had been attended to long

since. Religious persecution is entirely opposed to my conviction; and, independently of my conviction, I deem it unwise. It is also quite opposed to the former procedure of Prussia.' Mr. Oncken having intimated that the promise made to Mr. Barnard had been 'an occasion of joy and gratitude to thousands of churches in America,' the king rejoined, 'Yes, I repeat my regret at the course hitherto pursued. I was first informed of these things by my ambassador, Chevalier Bunsen, in London, and of the amazement and indignation they had called forth in England. I am annoyed at proceedings so contrary to my conviction. I care not what judgment is passed upon my opinions, but I do not like to be considered responsible for that which is utterly opposed to my principles. Well, I have your statement, I shall attend to it. I am astonished nothing further has been done in this matter, and I shall now make it my own case.'* In words nothing can be more satisfactory than this, and we tender his Prussian Majesty our thanks for such gracious declarations; but what shall we say when it is found that no deeds follow them? There are, of course, two possible solutions of this phenomenon; either that the king is insincere, and does not mean what he says, or that he is counteracted by influences which he is not able to overcome. The former of these we do not suspect for a moment; the real impediment, no doubt, lies in a different quarter, and in a quarter, we may add, which it is far from difficult to indicate. The root of the mischief, we are satisfied, is to be found among the clergy of the United Church of Prussia, who will not allow, if they can help it, any extension of religious liberty. The motives of these reverend ecclesiastics are palpable enough, without any exercise either of conjuration or uncharitableness; but it is not a little mortifying to us that an unconstitutional and intangible body should be able thus to set the government at defiance, and it can scarcely be less than mortifying to the sovereign of Prussia to find his power dwindle in his grasp to a mere shadow, and himself, in the eyes of Europe and the world, made the puppet of a few black-gowned gentlemen behind the throne. The responsibility, however, of the persecuting measures adopted, he should remember, attaches to him still; this he cannot shift, since the measures are taken in his name, and enforced by his authority. His kindness in sending ten thalers to pay the fine to which a Baptist had been subjected† is undoubtedly amiable, but this will not excuse him for allowing the existence of the police regulation under which the fine has been inflicted.

As, unhappily, on the one hand, acts of religious persecution

* Evangelical Christendom, March, 1855.

† Letter of the Rev. G. W. Lehmann, in the Baptist Manual for 1855.

continue, so on the other, we are glad to say, the discussion respecting religious liberty continues also. This discussion commenced, as some of our readers may recollect, with a paper put forth by a body of Christian gentlemen of various countries who met at Homburg in 1853, and have thence been familiarly known as the Homburg Conference. They asserted broadly the principle that religious liberty—a liberty to act and teach according to his own judgment in religion—is the natural right of every man. In this they were certainly far from carrying with them the general sentiment of German Christians, and on this ground issue has at length been publicly joined with them by men of no mean eminence. Foremost was the pious and estimable nobleman, Count Albert de Pourtales, some time Prussian envoy to this country, and one of those deputed to convey the sympathies of Protestant Europe to the Madiai. In a letter addressed to Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who had been spokesman for the deputation of the Homburg Conference at the meeting of the Kirchentag at Berlin, he strongly objects to so comprehensive a proposition, and explicitly maintains that it is for Christians to claim liberty only for Christianity. Having noticed this pamphlet in our former article we shall resume the controversy at this point, and trace its course to the present period. It was not to be supposed that Dr. Merle D'Aubigné would leave M. de Pourtales unanswered; but, inasmuch as the count, though generally known to be the writer, had not appended his name to his letter, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné addressed himself to M. von Bethmann Hollweg, a distinguished man of the same party, and president of the Kirchentag. This letter has brought forth a brief but pregnant reply from M. von Bethmann Hollweg, and here for the present the correspondence terminates, the whole and every part of it having been conducted in a spirit highly courteous and christian.

The objections of Count de Pourtales to the proposition that religious liberty is the natural right of every man are mainly two; first, that this is rather a philosophical or political than a christian principle; and secondly, that it would involve liberty for error as well as truth, which Christians ought not to ask. To the former of these objections Dr. Merle D'Aubigné replies in the following terms:—

'In fact, the fundamental principle of religion is the complete dependence in which man finds himself on the Infinite Being. The *right of God*, this is what Adam overthrew by his fall, and which Jesus Christ came to re-establish by redemption. The Gospel recognizes, undoubtedly, other rights—it establishes the authority of princes and magistrates; but it is in making them subordinate to the authority of God and of His word. To pretend to place, in any degree, the

religious conscience of man under the authority of a finite being—of another man—is to do, above all, an anti-christian act. No doubt such an error is also injurious to human order. By weakening the right of God, you weaken every secondary authority, and particularly that of princes; it, therefore, becomes an anti-political act. But it is as an anti-religious act that this error appears to me most striking. Christianity teaches that God has over the conscience of man sovereign and exclusive rights. If some man pretend to say to a human soul, "Give an account to me!" does he not place himself, by so doing, in the position of an usurper, according to the order of Divine things? God has said, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me." Thus, from the complete dependence of our soul in respect to God, results immediately and necessarily its complete independence in respect to man. Otherwise, might not the commands of man be constantly opposed to those of God?'

The second objection is thus treated :—

'But it will be said, to ask for freedom of conscience for citizens—peaceable and well-conducted, it is true—but mistaken in opinion, would not this be favouring and strengthening error? I do not think so; indeed, I think quite the contrary: the best means of confirming fanatical obstinacy in such as are in error is to persecute them; and the best means to bring them to listen to the truth is to show them kindness.

'The author of the pamphlet appears alarmed at the liberty that would not stop at the various Christian sects, and which would be also claimed even in favour of deistical doctrines. Deist conventicles are not much to be feared, and a long time will elapse before we shall hear of religious meetings presided over by M. Sue. But if persons imbued with deistical views, and rejecting scrupulously everything that may be contrary to morality and public feeling, should so seriously entertain their deism, as to experience the want of meeting together to worship their divinity, would it not be better for them and for others, than if they were to continue to live in practical atheism? I prefer a superstitious worship, like that of the Roman Catholics—a deistical one, like that of the Rationalists or Naturalists—to none.'

M. von Bethmann Hollweg commences his argument by a reference to the Mosaic dispensation, to which it must be admitted, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné had not referred. He thus puts the question :—

'If, before all, I ask of you, What saith the Word of God on Religious Liberty?

'I cannot confine myself to the New Testament alone, but should take equally into consideration the Old, in which, agreeably with you, I do not recognise the sentences of a narrow Judaism, but the Word of God. I find, then, that under the economy of the ancient dispensation, Religious Liberty was at zero, because God had conferred his divine office of judge on the people whom He had chosen. I need not demonstrate to you that it is only by this we can justify the cruel war

in which that people conquered the land of Canaan from its former inhabitants—the cutting off from the midst of Israel every soul that forsook the Lord, and many other things of that sort. You will object to me that those were merely the rights of Theocracy; and since its end—that is to say, under the new dispensation—all those things have ceased to be applicable. But it does not appear that the question can be so easily disposed of. For, in the first place, it seems to me that the argument of Hugo Grotius could be here brought forward—viz., that nothing ordained or permitted by the law of Moses can be absolutely opposed to the will of God—whence follows immediately for the Christian the denial of that assertion of our political philosophers, that religious liberty is the common right of humanity.'

Now, certainly, there can be no objection to taking the testimony of the Old Testament as well as the New, so far as it relates to the point in hand. The Bible is one, and for the rule of our conduct, it assuredly must be taken as a whole. But, compact as the argument here derived from the Old Testament seems, we think it entirely fallacious, and we do so for the following reasons. In the first place, whatever the import of the ancient economy may have been, and without at present raising any question on this point, it is obviously of too partial and limited a character to authorize any conclusion respecting mankind at large. Even, for the sake of argument, admitting it to be true that 'God had conferred his divine office of judge on the people whom he had chosen,' it was on them only that he conferred it, and on them only in relation to themselves. If, under this system, 'religious liberty was at zero' in Judea, it certainly was not restricted by it anywhere else. Not from the condition of the Jew, consequently, can the condition of the race be inferred. Or, if any inference at all can be drawn from the one to the other, it is in direct opposition to M. von Bethmann Hollweg's conclusion—namely, that since religious liberty was annihilated among the Hebrews by a special divine arrangement, it must have had a place among the natural rights of mankind. If it had not, it could not have required a special arrangement to extinguish it.

To our minds nothing can be more deceptive than the maxim of Grotius, by means of which M. von Bethmann Hollweg would give a universal applicability to Hebrew law. 'Nothing ordained or permitted by the law of Moses,' says that eminent critic, 'can be absolutely opposed to the will of God.' If this be understood to mean that nothing appointed or permitted by the law of Moses can be opposed to the will of God in all places and at all times [*absolutely*], it is no doubt true, and as harmless as it is true, all such things having of course been agreeable to the will of God when and where they were appointed or permitted; but if it be understood (as M. von Bethmann Hollweg seems to understand it), to mean that all that was ever appointed or permitted by the

law of Moses may be held agreeable to the will of God in every country and in every age, nothing can be more false. Can anything be more manifestly illogical or preposterous than the inference, that because Jewish magistrates were authorized to stone idolators and Sabbath breakers to death, therefore all magistrates throughout the world were authorized to do so too? Jewish judges had a warrant; what warrant had the pagan?

But suppose that, for the sake of argument, we allow M. von Bethmann to maintain his conclusion, where then will he find himself? First of all, he pleases himself with 'denying the assertion of our political philosophers, that religious liberty is the common right of humanity;' but assuredly he cannot stop there. The Jewish law, allowing it for the moment to relate to religion, not only refuses religious liberty, but punishes, and punishes with death, religious diversity; and M. von Bethmann, if he affirms the applicability of the law, must certainly carry out the one part of it as well as the other. On such a principle, we should arrive at, not merely the permissibility, but the obligatoriness of persecution, and of persecution to death; and we might, under the blessed name of religion, speedily convert the world into a literal Aceldama, a field of blood.

This, then, is the first reason why we cannot allow the application of the law of Moses to the question of the natural rights of mankind; that so peculiar and limited a dispensation cannot authorize a conclusion as to the condition of the race. Our second reason is, that we do not regard the law of Moses as relating *to religion* at all. Let us explain ourselves. The Israelitish nation, as we conceive the matter, was separated from the other nations of the world, in order to provide for the erection of a ritual economy, illustrative, as a body of types, of the coming development of mercy to mankind. For this purpose they were necessarily placed under direct divine authority, and laid under the obligation of manifold precepts and injunctions, to be enforced by the magistrate on God's behalf; all, however, was subservient and conducive to the grand design of the economy itself, which was essentially and exclusively typical. Now a type consists of physical objects and secular actions (one or several) so arranged as to be illustrative of evangelical facts or religious exercises. Thus in sacrifice, we have an altar, a priest, a victim, an act of offering; nothing in this group being religious—everything, on the contrary, being either physical or secular, only the whole being so arranged as to be illustrative of the great sacrifice for sins. Such as the particular act of sacrifice was, was also the entire Hebrew ritual and dispensation. It was not in any manner or degree a dispensation of religion, but of secular elements fitted to shadow forth religion; the working of it out neither constituted

religion nor required it, nor was the neglect or violation of it in any respect an act of irreligion, but of disobedience merely to that system of immediate divine government on which the typical arrangements were founded, and by which they were maintained.

It is upon this view of the ancient dispensation, of the justice of which we have no doubt, that we base our assertion already made, that the law of Moses required nothing as religious, and punished nothing as irreligious. Even idolatry, as punished by it, was punished not as an act of irreligion, but as one of disloyalty. And although some of the usual outward acts of false religion were, under the peculiar circumstances, restrained, no restriction was put, even by the Jewish law, upon those great affections of the mind in which true religion and false essentially consist. The declaration, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve,' as a part of the law of Moses, must be understood in a modified sense, not as referring to the primary relation between God and man, but to the secondary relation between the Israelite and the God of Israel. To love and serve God as the national sovereign every Hebrew apart was bound by the will of the Supreme Lord who had chosen Abraham for his friend, and the descendants of Abraham for his people, and this obligation, in various forms and by various penalties, was to be enforced by the Jewish magistrate; but to love and serve God as their maker and governor, was required by the moral law of all mankind as well as the Jew, and it was not for the Jewish magistrate in any way, either to enforce obedience to this law, or to punish the violation of it. Liberty of conscience, or of religion, was thus, even in Judea, left absolutely untouched.

While we thus think that M. von Bethmann's argument from the ancient dispensation entirely fails, we cannot say that we are at all surprised at the employment of it. It grows but too naturally out of an erroneous sentiment still widely held, and the prolific parent of many minor errors. The Hebrew nation has been extensively regarded as constituting the church of God, and the Hebrew polity as altogether a religious system. This being admitted, some colour of plausibility at least is given to the statement of M. von Bethmann, that, at one time at least, human authority had a place in the church and in matters of religion, 'God having conferred his divine office of judge on his people.' That this argument cannot be repelled in any other way than that which we have taken we do not affirm, but in our judgment it is in this manner repelled most completely and effectually.

From the old dispensation M. von Bethmann passes to the new, and presents to us his thoughts in the following manner:—

'And if we consider more exactly the economy of the new dispensation, it is undoubtedly evident that the Church of the Gospel is right

in opposition to the Church of the Law (the Romish), to address herself to the liberty within when proclaiming salvation, and to reject the *Coge eos intrare* of the latter, as one of those many confusions which have been made between the old and new dispensations. But if, according to the doctrine of the Apostles and Reformers, magistrates have, even under the new dispensation, a divine commission, and especially that of maintaining the law of God, then arises the question, Is it the whole law? and if it is but a part, what is that part? The Reformers were of opinion that this commission, intrusted by God to the civil magistrate, had reference to the law entire, and to the first as well as to the second table of the Decalogue; and the punishment of Servetus fully shows that Calvin adopted that opinion in earnest. As for Luther, not only did he recoil before such a consequence of his 'Theses,' but his writings contain indications of what is the correct view of the matter; but even from him it is easy to see that that brilliant epoch of our Church was by no means enlightened on those questions. Here, then, is a problem, the solution of which is yet to be found. It is a problem which seems to me to be of those which cannot be unravelled but by facts, and which remind one that, as Hoffman said in his sermon to the Kirchentag, "The Church of the Gospel is only at its beginning, and has a great future before it." What precedes will justify this avowal. I seek the solution rather than possess it.'

Amiable and praiseworthy as is the frankness with which M. von Bethmann confesses his inability to solve the problem he has here stated—a purely fictitious problem, by the way, but of this more presently—we cannot but think it a pitiable spectacle to see a man of so much genuine piety, philosophical culture, and social influence, involved in hopeless perplexity on so grand and vital a question. He really does not know, it seems, and is not able to form an opinion as to what part of the law of God the magistrate has a divine commission to enforce; and he thinks the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era is too soon to determine this point. And yet for want of its being properly settled, and pending its alleged uncertainty, many of the rulers of the earth have been, and are, wielding their enormous power with a resolute and reckless ferocity, filling the habitations of men with lamentation, and saturating the soil of the earth with blood. Of all great social questions, we think that it is time this at least was settled; and that such men as Von Bethmann Hollweg could not do a better service to their country than by applying themselves to the solution of it with an energy before which every difficulty should give way.

M. von Bethmann, however, as he goes on to inform us, is not wholly in the dark:—

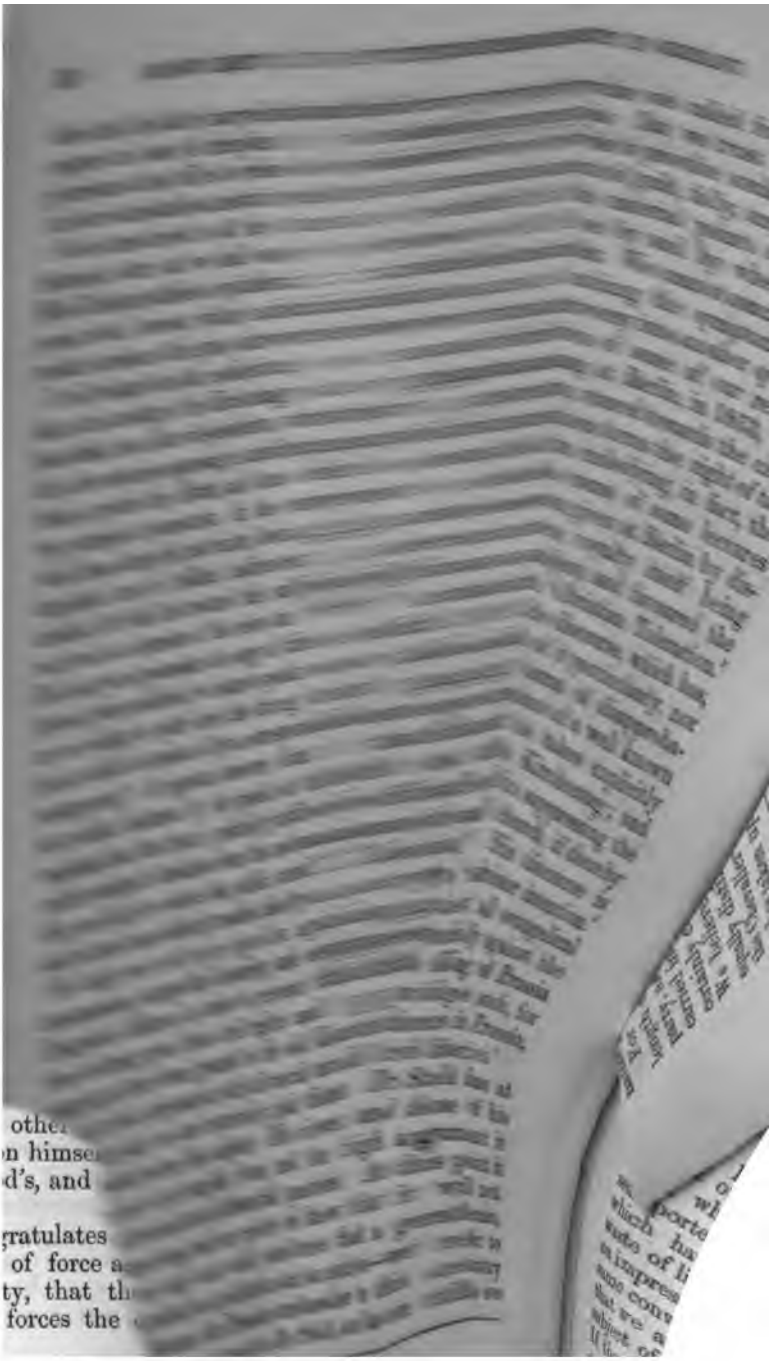
'However, what follows has become evident to me. God cannot contradict Himself. Consequently, even in charging the Church

under the new dispensation with the preaching of salvation, and the magistrate, or the State, with the maintenance of the law, he cannot wish that the latter should oppose the Divine work of the former. It cannot be, that in the name of the same God, souls should be invited in charity and gentleness to approach unto Him, and at the same time driven to Him, and constrained by fire and sword; and as his supreme aim is the salvation of souls by means of the Gospel, it is necessary that the law, most undoubtedly the execution of the law by a human power, should yield.

'In giving to the Church the charge of preaching "Be ye reconciled to God," he must have taken from the magistrate the charge of maintaining the first table of the law, regarding the relations of man with God. Wherefore, no more auto-da-fés.'—Ib. p. 51.

Why, this is well said, M. von Bethmann, and is certainly a part of the truth; only, instead of saying, with you, that the institution of the Gospel ministry proves that God 'must have taken from the magistrate the charge of maintaining the first table of the law, regarding the relations of man with God,' we should say it rests on the basis that God never gave to the magistrate any such charge at all. 'Wherefore, no more auto-da-fés!' That's noble. But why then any more fines and imprisonments? If the supposed authority of the magistrate has ceased, how can the one be justified more than the other? Yet the principle within sight of which this writer thus obviously comes, is subjected by him to two restrictions; the one arising from an alleged right of the state to guard public morals, which are inseparably linked with religion; and the other from a certain 'guardianship of the State in favour of the evangelical church,' which, on some unassigned ground, he confesses himself constrained to admit. We do not see the force of either of these arguments. As to the alleged 'guardianship of the State in favour of the evangelical church,' the theory is evidently not commensurate with the ground it has to cover. It clearly overlooks the fact that human magistracy is a thing far more extensive than the evangelical church, and ignores the inevitable inference, that if a religious guardianship of any amount be conferred on the magistrate as such, it will in the great majority of instances be employed rather against than in favour of Christianity.

As to the concern of the state with public morals, and so indirectly with religion, we answer in the most unqualified terms, that we do not admit that magistrates, whatever commission they may have received from God, have ever received from him any commission to enforce his moral law, in either the first table or the second. No doubt 'the powers that be are ordained of God,' and are to be at once a terror to them that do evil, and a praise to them that do well (Romans xiii.); but the well and the evil doing which are to be thus visited by the civil magis-



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. VIII.—*The Report of the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol.*

Latter-Day Pamphlets. By Thomas Carlyle.

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preceding quotations we have the solemn convictions our fellow-countrymen and of our kinsmen across the who are curiously contemplating the progress of the pre- portentous war, and of the cause of those terrible calamities have fallen on our troops in the Crimea;—the awful e of life and national resources which has made so profound impression on the mind of the entire public. They are the e convictions which have given rise to the new movement t we are about to bestow some notice upon; and the only ject of wonder with us is, that it should be a new movement. there be an individual who regards the maladministration of affairs in the opening of the present war as an isolated case ur annals, as a case at all differing in atrocity, in mismanage-

trate is surely to be regarded as consisting of overt acts rather than inward affections. The justice punishes a thief and a murderer; but he never interferes with the sentiment of cupidity or revenge. Marvellous to us, indeed, are the narrow dimensions to which the conception of the moral law, even in its second table, must be reduced, before any man can suppose it to be within possibility for a human magistrate to enforce it. What can a body of police do with such a precept as this—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?' Or even with the decalogue, and its closing precept—'Thou shalt not covet?' And if the State can thus do nothing with the second table of the law without an entire destruction of its spiritual character, still less can it do anything with the first table. As if shutting up conventicles, entrapping Bible colporteurs, or snatching babies from the mothers' arms to be carried to the font, were enforcing the commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart'! In truth, the alleged insoluble problem of M. von Bethmann is, as we have already intimated, a purely fictitious one. It is really no question whether the magistrate has to maintain the whole law of God or a part of it; since it is, in every part of it, an instrument of government which he cannot by possibility wield.

From theoretical perplexities, M. von Bethmann takes refuge in a practical conclusion of a somewhat curious kind. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that it [the limit of religious liberty] should be traced differently, according to the Christian condition of the people.' 'The Christian condition of the people'? Well but, dear sir, what will you do with the many peoples who are not Christian, nor their governors either? Are they to have full liberty, or no liberty at all? If full liberty, what becomes of the alleged rights of the magistrate? If no liberty, how is Christianity ever to gain admission among them? Or allowing that, according to the religious condition of a people, the limit of their religious liberty should be traced, who is to trace it? Who may be assumed to understand their religious condition well enough for this purpose, or to have a sufficiently enlightened view for its advancement? Do kings and governors, politicians and statesmen, constitute such a class? Alas! no. They as much want to be cared for themselves as other mortals, and no wise governor would be willing to take upon himself so heavy a responsibility. To settle that question is God's, and He has settled it by giving liberty to all.

Our German friend congratulates us in England that we 'have reached such a degree of force as regards Christian sentiment and evangelical morality, that the government can resign to the natural action of free forces the care of repelling deadly

errors.' We acknowledge our privileges, but we can assure M. von Bethmann that he is very much mistaken if he supposes that any part of them is owing to spiritual prerogative being resigned by the government. We have not an atom of religious liberty but what we or our fathers have wrested from the governors even of England. So well-read and so largely-informed a man cannot but know that the religious, to say nothing of the civil, liberties of England, were wrought out by the heroic struggles, and secured by the equally heroic sufferings, of the Puritans; that they were won when England was not in a condition that would have seemed to him to warrant them, and that it is in consequence, and by means of them, that the present advanced position of England has been achieved. M. von Bethmann seems to think that, by carefully keeping Germany as it is, it will be more likely to acquire an advanced religious development warranting an extension of its religious liberties. Let him permit us, who are no enemies to the religious advancement of Germany, to assure him that no method can more certainly or more fatally prevent the object of his desire. The energy of true religion is cradled in freedom of religious thought and action. The dread of religious errors which may thus be introduced is unfounded and puerile. Pure and undefiled religion has from the first made its way in the midst of errors, and in spite of them. These it is its destiny alike to combat and to conquer, and it wants only freedom of action to accomplish its destiny. But it does want freedom of action. The pressure of authority which can cripple the power of error, cannot but also cripple the power of truth. Those who will not let her enter the lists with her opponents are certainly those who will not permit her to conquer them.

Will M. von Bethmann permit us further to ask him, whether he, and the party with which he acts in Germany, are resolved that there shall be no extension of religious liberty in that region, unless it is won as the religious liberties of England were won? Far are we from wishing that the Protestant States of Germany should undergo such an ordeal as England's in the seventeenth century; but statesmen and politicians may rely upon it, that the vital elements of that struggle were in human nature, not as modified in the inhabitants of one country, but as existing in the inhabitants of all; and that, sooner or later, they will develop themselves everywhere. Even now the fact is patent, that the oppressed religious communities in Germany, amidst all the severities practised towards them, grow and increase, and the Christian meekness and heroism called into exercise by their persecutors are further auxiliary to their progress. We

believe that if the faith of martyrdom was called for, it would re-appear and renew its triumphs. But we trust Protestant governments, at least, will be too wise to provoke such an issue, or to incur so incalculable an amount of guilt, folly, and shame.

We have thus adverted to all the material points of M. von Bethmann's letter, and we shall see by and by whether Dr. Merle D'Aubigné publishes a rejoinder. We cannot conclude the present article, however, without noticing the symptoms of a probable extension of this great controversy into another quarter.

It will perhaps be in the recollection of some of our readers that, at the meeting of the Kirchentag at Berlin, in 1853, Professor Stahl, one of the vice-presidents, uttered towards the close of it a few sentences expressing in cautious terms the right of the State to protect the Church, and thus embodying, in fact, the very principle of persecution. In the course of some lectures which have, during the past winter, been given at Berlin by distinguished men to brilliant audiences, royalty itself being included, Dr. Stahl has resumed this subject, and favoured the world with an expansion of his views on 'Christian Toleration.' Not being yet in possession of a copy of the discourse, which has, however, been published, we cannot speak of it particularly, nor are we willing to quote here the strong terms of disapprobation in which it is spoken of by a correspondent of a well known contemporary.* It appears, however, that he takes explicitly the position indicated by his speech at the Kirchentag; and maintains that 'the State is perfectly justified in suppressing the public worship of dissidents from the national church, if thereby they are likely to seduce the public mind.' His discourse is said to have been evidently marked also by a 'sinister intention.' 'His design was to stir up an opposition against all evangelical denominations, except the hierarchy, and especially against the Evangelical Alliance, in order to prevent the King of Prussia from conferring upon them civil rights and privileges such, for example, as have been granted to the old Lutherans in Prussia, namely, to be a corporation with all moral and civil liberties.'

For our part we are extremely glad that Dr. Stahl has at length spoken out on this subject. His views, and those of his party, are now in a tangible form, and the high argument is carried into new and most influential quarters. At this point it certainly cannot stop, and we rejoice to know that it will not. We believe we may state with confidence that a gentleman, equally distinguished as a politician and an author—we refer to the Chevalier Bunsen, late Prussian ambassador to this country—has taken up his pen in reply to Dr. Stahl, and has on the eve

* Evangelical Christendom, May and June, 1855.

of publication a work, which will soon appear both in an English and a German dress. We hope much from the discussion which is now fairly on foot; and are especially pleased that the retirement of Chevalier Bunsen from political life among us, which, in common with many others, we so sincerely regretted, has placed at his disposal the opportunity of consecrating his great talents, learning, and influence, to the cause of religious liberty. May God speed the right!

ART. VIII.—*The Report of the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol.*

2. *Latter-Day Pamphlets.* By Thomas Carlyle.

3. *The Aristocracy of England: a History for the People.* By John Hampden, Jun. Second Edition. London: Effingham Wilson.

4. *Official Papers.* Published by the Administrative Reform Association. Nos. 1 to 6.

'Our eyes are open, and we behold that we are naked. We ask for talent sufficient to conduct great affairs to successful conclusions, and instead of talent we are offered titles and pedigrees. We ask for merit, and we are offered in exchange high connexions, or, at least, seniority. The cold shade of aristocracy is over us all, and nothing can grow beneath it except the offshoots of the tree itself.'—The 'Times,' Feb. 14, 1855.

'Without a complete abandonment of the claims of wealth, of family, and of interest in favour of that higher title which the hand of God has impressed on the forehead of every man of talent, it is in vain for us to continue the present contest.'—The 'Times' on the War in the Crimea.

'Kossuth has truly said, "There are two Englands. There is a mediæval England of noblemen and gentlemen: and there is a modern England of the middle class. For the last quarter of a century, the former have remained in power by sufferance of the latter." '—'New York Tribune.'

IN the preceding quotations we have the solemn convictions both of our fellow-countrymen and of our kinsmen across the water, who are curiously contemplating the progress of the present portentous war, and of the cause of those terrible calamities which have fallen on our troops in the Crimea;—the awful waste of life and national resources which has made so profound an impression on the mind of the entire public. They are the same convictions which have given rise to the new movement that we are about to bestow some notice upon; and the only subject of wonder with us is, that it should be a new movement. If there be an individual who regards the maladministration of our affairs in the opening of the present war as an isolated case in our annals, as a case at all differing in atrocity, in mismanage-

ment, by the governing party, in the misery inflicted, or the waste committed, from a hundred cases going before it, we can only say that that individual ought without delay to put himself through a steady and thorough course of reading of the history of England since what is called the glorious era of 1688. We are bound to say, that no war in which this country has been engaged from that time to the present has opened, or has been prosecuted, without similar scenes of frightful and disgraceful imbecility, of cruelty, and crime. It is not because the aristocracy of former days were more able, more virtuous, or more patriotic, that those fearful stains on our national history made less impression at the time, or have left a faint and disregarded memory; but because the British public for the last half century has been rapidly progressing in a more enlightened and Christian feeling. That which formerly, in the callous and bull-dog days of our great wars under the Georges, passed with comparatively little public animadversion, now excites a perfect paroxysm of horror and indignation.

During more than thirty years of peace we have been cultivating peaceful and humane propensities. We have directed our attention to topics of economy and improvement of the social condition. Schools carrying education down into the alleys of the ragged and most obscure, and aiming at diffusing it over the whole surface of the empire; the prosecution of more sanitary arrangements for and amongst the masses; the erection of baths and washhouses for their use; the opening of libraries and lecture-rooms; schools of design, and colleges for admitting the workman and workwoman to the enjoyment of the fine arts; the principle of peace as a high and Christian principle, most honourable to human nature, and of temperance as a prime ingredient in human happiness; these have been our topics, and the aim of our daily exertions. These ideas becoming habitual to us; these feelings, these practices, becoming part and parcel of our existence, have at once vividly awakened our sympathies towards the people at large, and raised them immensely in their own estimation. They have drawn us as men closer together, they have made us, as subjects and fellow-labourers for the commonweal, one power and one heart. Our whole course has been one of elevation, enlightenment, and a purer and tenderer sentiment. Christian truth has appealed to more enlightened intellects, and the heart of humanity has expanded to wider and more fraternal impulses. Poetry has sprung up in the workshop and in the field, and songs of proud triumph in the advancing hopes and destinies of man have, in the mouths of the very babes and sucklings of a new civilization, called on us with a fresh fervour to love our neighbours as ourselves.

In the midst of this beautiful and benign career, in this state of exalted and exalting feeling, in this higher life and view of life, it is war breaking out with its bloody hands and demoniac visage which has thus shocked and desolated our spirits. We had hoped that the bitterness of this death was past; that we had outlived the feral condition of man; that the savageness of butchering war could no more return upon the noonday of our civilization, trampling upon its festal garments, and outraging its holiest convictions.

But the most cruel discovery which we have had to make in this melancholy case is, that our civilization has not been progressing as a whole; that our improvement has not pervaded the whole framework of society; that some portions have halted, and others stood still. We do not mean simply that we have been compelled by ambitious barbarism to turn back on our course and defend the world's liberties. No, but being compelled to this harsh necessity, that we have found those amongst us who stood highest, actually proving the lowest in their qualifications and the warmth of their human sympathies; that those who had monopolized all the functions of government, and all the rewards for their execution, were discovered to be grossly ignorant of their duties, dead to their responsibilities, and callous to the calls of humanity; that while the people had gone on they had not moved a step; but, bound hand and foot in the old bondage of routine, they suffered the most frightful miseries to overtake the armaments of the country, the foulest dishonour to fall on the British name, and betrayed no feeling but the miserable one of putting off, each to his fellow, the onus of just condemnation.

It is, we say, this contrast between the progress of the community and the *still-stand* of the government which has produced an indignant outburst of public feeling on this occasion. We repeat it, the flagrance of neglect, the evidence of incapacity, and the consequent sufferings and losses, are nothing new on such occasions, and it is only because people appear inclined to consider the case an isolated one that we are alarmed lest the resentment felt on this account should be transient and inoperative. If the late betrayal by Government of the sacred and momentous trusts committed to its care be regarded as a new and incidental case, then we may fear that the public feeling will subside, and the great work which it has demonstrated to be necessary be postponed till some fresh advent of calamity and dishonour, till fresh victims are sacrificed to aristocratical apathy, and fresh horrors awake the public to the truth. Yet in No. 2 of the 'Official Papers,' in which the Administrative Reform Association gives a series of admissions of governmental

failure by government officials themselves, on the very opening page they state 'that most of the descriptions quoted were given before any such extraordinary failures in the English public administration as the present war has displayed before the world, had occurred.' Yet the earliest evidence they quote is from Burke and Sir Robert Peel! This article will show that such extraordinary failures were regular occurrences through the whole course of a couple of centuries prior to these statesmen. We proclaim this, therefore, but the last in a long chain of such events, we proclaim it as the fatal evil inherent in our administrative system, pregnant with such horrors, and inexorably positive in their production.

Before, therefore, proceeding to give our views of what Administrative Reform necessarily is, and what can alone insure its permanency, we shall take a rapid retrospect of similar passages in our history since the Revolution of 1688, arising under similar circumstances, and produced by the same identical causes; and if we prove the disease in the administrative system to be a chronic disease, and not an accidental though an *acute* one, we shall in that very proof also show that no temporary expedient will rid us of it. If the disease be fixed, old, and inveterate, it is plain that nothing but the most searching, continued, and fundamental remedies will avail. Then, if we hope to escape from its recurrence, if we will not have it reappearing from time to time with fresh aggravations of horror and disgrace; if we value the lives and happiness of our fellow-men, the honour of our common country, and even the permanence of our liberties, and our capacity for good amongst the nations, we must all put the shoulder to the work, cordially, resolutely, and indomitably, as for the salvation of the country.

There is a fact in our history which historians have very little noticed, and which consequently is very little known, but which is one of the most important in the whole course of our annals. We cannot, in fact, name another which bears any comparison with it in its consequences on the fortunes and progress of the nation, nor which, as a matter of course, so essentially affects our present position as a people. The transaction alluded to is the bargain made between the aristocracy and the dissolute Charles II., and ratified and made the law of England by the statute 12 Car. II. c. 24, by which the maintenance of the crown and government was taken from the aristocracy and thrown upon the people. Of this singular, base, and selfish proceeding on the part of the aristocracy, we get a pretty clear view from Blackstone. He reminds us of the imposition of the various feudal burdens laid by William the Conqueror on those of his followers, to whom, according to the feudal system, he granted lands. 'For every

grant of a certain quantity of land called a knight's feud, fief, or fee, the said grantee to do personal service in the army for forty days in every year if called upon. But this personal attendance,' he observes, 'becoming troublesome in many respects, the tenants found means of compounding for it by first sending others in their stead, and in process of time, by making pecuniary satisfaction to the crown in lieu of it. This pecuniary satisfaction came to be levied by assessments at so much for every knight's fee, under the name of *scutages*.'—'Commentaries,' b. i. p. 309.

But this knight service involved other exactions, taxes, and subjections, which, in fact, constituted the grand revenue of the government, and it was by this title and by this maintenance of the government expenditure, that the aristocracy held all the land of England. But, continues Blackstone, the aristocracy groaned under these burdens—'for besides the scutages, to which they were liable in defect of personal attendance, which, however, were assessed by themselves in parliament, they might be called upon by the king or lord paramount for *aids* whenever his eldest son was to be knighted, or his eldest daughter married; not to forget the ransom of his own person. The heir, on the death of his ancestors, if of full age, was plundered of the first emoluments arising by way of *relief* and *prima seisin*; and, if under age, the whole of his estate during infancy. Add to this the untimely and expensive honour of knighthood.'—'Commentaries,' b. ii. p. 767.

But the simple fact is, that these were the natural burthens of these lands. They were the conditions attending these magnificent grants of the crown, 'the greatest part of the lands in these kingdoms.'

Well, the aristocracy made a bargain with Charles II., by which he freed them from all their payments, and took the proceeds of the excise instead. By this transfer, the whole system of taxation was changed. The aristocracy had now nothing to pay towards the maintenance of the crown, that maintenance was thrown upon the products of trade and manufactures, and these soon grew to something amazing. From that time to the present, the expenditure of government has risen from £400,000 a-year to many *millions!* And though William III. was obliged to re-impose a land tax on the aristocracy, they took care to have the amount of it limited, and from 1797 to the present hour, it remains stereotyped at little more than two millions annually.

The most surprising changes showed themselves as the direct consequence of this great fiscal revolution. So long as the aristocracy alone had to bear the burden of our wars, they

took care that these should be limited, and that no public debt should be incurred. At this period, though we had been almost constantly engaged in wars from the days of the Conqueror, we had not one penny of public debt. But now the people had to pay and the aristocracy to receive, and the game went on merrily and the debt grew amain. The aristocracy were the party to hold all sorts of offices, to officer the army and the navy, and to flourish on the sweets of taxation. The people were carefully excluded from any participation in the management of their own affairs—*the administration became the exclusive heritage of the aristocracy.*

'They had got the pursestrings of the nation,' says the little work which we have placed third at the head of our article, 'into their hands by usurping the House of Commons. They divided themselves into Whig and Tory, and both of these parties made a show of freedom, and had a share of the constitution. The king could choose his own ministers, but where and whence? Out of the aristocracy. If the Tories did not suit him, he could turn them out, and choose the Whigs; if the Whigs displeased him he could dismiss them, and call in the Tories. But who were these Whigs and Tories? The aristocracy! Thus was the crown caught in a political net, out of which there was no escape; it was riveted to an everlasting see-saw between Whig and Tory, but always the same aristocracy. It was amused with a sort of political Darby and Joan. Push back Darby and out came Joan into the royal presence; reject Joan and out again came Darby.'—'History of the Aristocracy,' p. 164.

It is this hocus-pocus of Darby and Joan which the aristocracy have managed to keep up to this present hour, and according to Hamilton's 'Inquiry into the National Debt,' and Porter's 'Progress of the Nation,' have cost us from that time to this in war alone *three thousand millions*, of which a debt of £800,000,000 remains.

Well, it is this power,—this aristocratic power, which has thus monopolized crown and people, parliament, church, colonies, office, army and navy, that the Administrative Reform Association has entered into contest with. It is this power, this huge, overwhelming power, which has grown rich on the weaving and spinning, the ploughing and trading of the people, beyond the riches of all former aristocracies that the world ever knew. It is this power which overshadows and casts down the people. It is this power which no efforts of the nation, so far, have been able to curb and restrain. It is this power, grown great beyond all example by long enjoyment of entailed estates, made tenfold valuable by the growth of population and of wealth in the kingdom. It is this power which continues to do all our governing and fighting, and has brought us to our present pass;

it is this, and neither more nor less than this strange, this paramount aristocratic element in the state, which crushes out by its overgrown bulk all popular element from real and effective influence, that the Administrative Reform Association has dared to take by the horns, and call to an account. What it has undertaken, if it have undertaken anything, is to push back this governing and mis-governing principle into its own proper arena, and to demand from it a fair share of executive power for the people at large. That is what administrative reform means, and it is of essential importance that the supporters of it should contemplate carefully the history, and reflect deeply on the age, growth, strength, and doings of the enemy they have ventured to grapple with. They must well survey the aristocratic tree; they must take note how deeply it is rooted, and how widely it extends 'its baleful shade,' as the 'Times' calls it, if they mean successfully to lop it, and let in the sun on the suffering nation beneath it.

The costs of our wars since the Revolution of 1688 have been all calculated, and may be seen in a single page of Spackman's Tables. It is an awful and appalling page, but it is not so much our present object to turn the public eye upon this terrific aggregate of bloodshed and national cost, as upon the fact that a very large portion of that cost has been the result of official mismanagement and peculation, the work of the very same class which is accused of the same imbecility and mismanagement at this moment.

In the reign of William III., with whom this portion of our history commences, the rapacity of our nobility was notorious, and the costs of war in his reign amounted to *thirty-six millions*. In that of his successor Anne, the corruption of government became still more scandalous. The famous Marlborough, whose victories were all rendered useless by the peace of Utrecht, was notorious for his plunder of the commissariat, while his duchess, governing the queen, gave away or sold almost all the posts and offices in the government. When the opposition got into office, Marlborough was accused of his gross peculations, and he was charged with having appropriated more than half a million of the public money, by taking and keeping two and a half per cent. out of the pay of the foreign troops maintained by England; with having taken £63,000 from the contractors for the army bread; by taking, through his secretary, 200 gold ducats every time a new contract was signed, &c.

If we were to pursue the stream of government corruption from that day to this we must write not an article but a history. But we must give a specimen or two. In the getting-up that grand South Sea Bubble in George I.'s reign, it was shown that

bribery of the government officers, &c., had been of the most unexampled kind, in order to purchase their aid and countenance. To the Earl of Sunderland, prime minister, £50,000 had been given; £10,000 to the Duchess of Kendal, one of the king's mistresses; £10,000 to the Countess of Seaton, another of his mistresses; £10,000 to this woman's two nieces; £30,000 to Mr. Secretary Craggs; £10,000 to Charles Stanhope, Secretary of the Treasury. That the same Charles Stanhope had received a difference or profit of £250,000, but that his name had been altered on the company's books to Stangape; that Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had accounts with the merchants and brokers to the amount of £794,451; that on their third subscription list, the chancellor and other state officers were largely implicated.

Thus did our aristocracy continue to rule the country, heaping abuse upon abuse, the people too little advanced in political, and indeed in general knowledge and wealth to take the field against them with any chance of success. Throughout the period of the Georges till the reign of the third of the name, the career of the aristocratic monopolizers of government was triumphant and unchecked. The treatment of our soldiers and sailors in our wars, the frauds on the commissariat, the miseries of the army from bad and deficient food, clothing, supply of tents, &c. are a constant and melancholy theme.

But in the Third George's reign a new power and people arose, which showed in the most glaring light the political ignorance and imbecility of those hereditary governors to whom the fortunes of the nation had been thus fatally for ages committed. The American colonies were grown into importance, and refused to submit to the arbitrary and arrogant ignorance of the aristocracy as our fathers had done at home. They were a sturdy, independent race who had grown up in wielding the axe in the primeval woods, and reclaiming the free soil of a great continent, and had imbibed in their intercourse with nature the spirit of self-reliance and of unfettered opinion. Turn now to Bancroft, the historian of this new race sprung of our own blood, and see what is the picture which he draws of our aristocratic legislators and rulers, the estimate which America makes of those who at that time were thought the only class capable of exercising the art of government. 'The king,' says Bancroft, 'was himself free from avarice, but having the patronage of a continent, the colonies where consummate ability and discretion were required, he would gratify his connexions in the aristocratic families of England by entrusting the royal prerogative to men of broken fortunes, dissolute and ignorant, too vile to be employed near home; so that America became the hospital of Great Britain for

ts decayed members of parliament and abandoned courtiers.'—'History of the American Revolution,' vol. i. p. 21.

Whoever was at the head of the English ministry, whether it were the Earl of Halifax, the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford, Pelham, or Townshend, the spirit and calibre of intellect were the same. Arrogant and ill-informed themselves, they sent out governors and commanders of the same stamp, who treated the gentlemen of America with the utmost contempt, regarded their councils with disdain, as those of ignorant 'Provincials,' till they had nearly lost the colonies to the French. 'These were the men,' says Bancroft, 'who proposed to reconcile the discrepancy between the legal pretences of the metropolis and the actual condition of the colonies. In vain did they resolve to shape America at will, and fashion it into new modes of being.' When a more clear-sighted individual warned them they treated his warnings with ridicule. 'Take,' exclaimed the unfortunate Charles Townshend, whose act put the final torch to the train under which American patience exploded—'take the poor American by the hand, and point out his grievances. I defy you. I beseech you to point out one grievance. I know not one.'

Under such counsels General Braddock led his troops into the woods, and was exterminated by the Indians and the French. 'The English had been driven from every cabin in the basin of the Ohio; Montcalm had destroyed every vestige of their power within that of the St. Lawrence. France had her posts on each side of the Lakes, and at Detroit, at Mackinau, at Kaskaskia, and at New Orleans. Of the North American continent the French claimed, and seemed to possess, twenty parts in twenty-five, leaving four only to Spain, and but one to Britain. Their territory exceeded that of the English twenty-fold. As the men composing the garrison at Fort Loudoun, in Tennessee, were but so many hostages in the hands of the Cherokees, the claims of France to the valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence seemed established by possession.'—Ib. vol. i. p. 304.

The aristocratic rulers of England could not rule or save America. But there was a man, sprung of the people, and belonging to their body and race, who had his foot in parliament, and had long been denouncing the feebleness of these hereditary rulers, and demanding more efficient men and measures. This was William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated Lord Chatham, and the aristocratic imbeciles, who had resisted and ridiculed his remonstrances to the utmost, were now obliged to yield up to him the helm of government, and implore him to save the State. This man of the people at once bade the 'Provincials' to think no more of the 'taxation' with which former governments had occupied themselves, and had never ceased

to pester them, but to assemble their native forces and drive out the enemy. The call was instantly and with alacrity obeyed, and Pitt, sending to Canada another man of the people, Wolfe, there struck down the French power, and won the glorious prize of Canada. America was rescued, the honour of England restored, and then—the old aristocratic imbeciles drove Pitt from office, once more resumed the reins, and never yielded them till they had lost America wholly and for ever.

We need not allude to the manner in which the American war was conducted. Men without talent at home sent out thither men equally without talent to lead the armies. The Howes feasting and revelling in New York, while Washington's army had neither shoe to their feet nor shirt to their backs, and might have been, as now admitted by both American and English writers, swept away at once, and Lord Cornwallis surrendering the captured remnant of our army to Washington, are the humiliating memories which reach us from that day.

But not only the loss of a continent and the world-wide disgrace of the English name were the results of aristocratic incapacity then, the whole of that fatal war was marked by the very same characteristics of official feebleness and gross treatment of our gallant soldiers as this present one has been. On the breaking out of that war we were found to have scarcely a soldier in that country, except at Boston and in Canada, though the army cost us at that time £2,000,000 a-year; and Lord North, like Sidney Herbert and Mr. Gladstone on this occasion, declared the condition of it was admirable. Immediately on the opening of the war, the Americans, under Ethan Allan and the celebrated Arnold, surprised Forts Ticonderago and Crown Point, the keys of Canada. In one of these they found sixty soldiers, twenty of whom were drunk, and *one* sentinel on duty; while in Crown Point there were neither guard nor garrison. Canada itself was within a hair's-breadth of being lost. When we had spent *fifty millions*, it was still the complaint that we had no army. When an army was at length conveyed over thither, it was in danger of being destroyed, not by the Americans but by our own corrupt commissariat officers.

'A series of debates,' says Knight's History, 'took place in 1777 on abuses in the commissariat: in the chartering of transports, wretched vessels hired of merchants, in which our poor soldiers suffered all the horrors of a middle passage; in the contracts for supplying the troops in America with provisions, rum, &c., when it was found that these abuses existed to an enormous extent. Many members of the House of Commons, ruby-faced gentlemen, who sat on the ministerial side of the house, sometimes speaking of king and country, but always voting with the treasury bench, had been allowed to get profitable contracts,

—profitable to them, but slow death to the poor soldiers and sailors who eat their meagre, sapless beef, their carrion pork, and their mouldy biscuits. The Opposition affirmed that both at Boston and since, our brave soldiers had been destroyed by unwholesome provisions. Nor was this party invention, nor exaggeration; the monstrous evil existed *as it had done for ages*.'

The melancholy termination of the war thus brought about by administrative imbecility, selfishness, and corruption, saw England sunk in honour and prestige to the lowest conceivable condition. Her aristocracy had destroyed her power, alienated her colonies, wasted millions upon millions of her substance, and tens of thousands of the lives of her brave men. They had sunk her below the contempt of all foreign nations. But with the new great European war which followed arose a Nelson, and eventually a Wellington, both men from the middle classes of society, and renovated her fame. Yet the past had taught no wisdom to the nation in one respect—the same incompetent class ruled, and the same base peculation and callous indifference to the lives and comfort of the armies which were fighting our battles were constantly coming up.

In 1795 we had a terrible instance of this. The Duke of York had been made commander of our army in Holland, not because he had ever discovered the necessary talents for a great general, but because he was a prince. A prince without talents, however, is a bad substitute for a general with them, and here, indeed, was utmost need for genius and ability to cope with the numerous armies and self-raised generals of France. Winter set in, and the princely commander, like some of our aristocratic officers last winter, quitted the scene of action for the comfort of warm quarters at home. The deserted army had the people of the country all against them, favouring the French who had an army of 200,000 men, under Pichegru, pressing on their van. What was worse, not only was the British army abandoned by its general, but had a miserable, fraudulent commissariat, an equally bad medical staff, and was totally unprovided with necessaries. The sick and wounded had neither medicines nor surgeons to attend them. They wanted food, covering, and proper places of shelter to receive them. The indignation of the army was the greater as it was perfectly well known that the government had provided with a lavish hand for all their wants as far as money and orders could provide for them, and abundant comforts, needed by a soldiery in a cold, inhospitable country, had been furnished by subscriptions throughout England,—the Patriotic Fund of that day.

An eye-witness, whose report was found to be correct, thus describes the army hospital:—'Without covering, without

attendance, and even without clean straw and sufficient shelter from the weather, the sick and wounded are thrown together in heaps, unpitied and unprotected, to perish by contagion.'—'Annual Register,' Jan. 21, 1795.

As for the army itself it had to flee for two months before the enemy through unexampled miseries. The commissary agents had collected no provisions. Many soldiers were frozen to death; many dropped and perished through want in the sandy deserts between Utrecht and Zutphen; and only a miserable remnant, after sufferings as cruel as ever pursued a retreating army, embarked and reached England.

In 1807 the public discontent compelled an inquiry into the abuses and mismanagement of the army, when the most frightful state of things was revealed. It was shown that General Delancey, through Greenwood, the army agent, had drawn immense sums long before they were wanted, and that in a part only of their accounts, for the whole never were gone through, there were overcharges of £90,000. There was proved the grossest collusion between Delancey and Davison, a banker and colonel of a regiment. This Davison had been tried and imprisoned for bribery at elections, and yet immediately on coming out of prison had been appointed by Pitt treasurer of the Ordnance! in which capacity he had the handling of from £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 of the public money annually. The Barrack-master-general, Delancey, and Davison, by a compact between them, had robbed the country of two and a half per cent. on all articles supplied to the army, as sheets, blankets, beds, beer, forage, &c. &c., and Davison was to furnish coals as a merchant, and charged on every ton greatly above the market price. Of course he was living in the highest style of splendour, buying great estates, and entertaining as his guests the Prince of Wales, and other royal personages! We have not space for the full details of this monstrous history.

Again, everyone is acquainted with the melancholy fate of Sir John Moore and his army in Spain, who fell victims to the wilful delusions practised upon him by government officials, and by the utter deficiency of his commissariat supplies. Sir John on arriving at the fatal spot which was to close his career found 4000 barrels of gunpowder rotting upon a hill above Corunna, which should long before have enabled him to defeat his enemies. Equally notorious are the difficulties and disorders of the same kind which at first surrounded Lord Wellington, and which only his iron will and determination enabled him to surmount. Then, for the first time, we had an effective commissariat.

In 1809 occurred the celebrated expedition to Walcheren.

This expedition again presented the nation with a terrible reminder of its folly in still continuing to commit its honour and its armies to the same class which had on so many former occasions overwhelmed it with calamity and disgrace. Walcheren was our Sebastopol of 1809, and it is most remarkable in what a number of particulars the coincidence presents itself. These coincidences stand prominent in the strange selection of commanders, in the gross ignorance of the place of attack, in the neglect of the commissariat, and fearful confusion in the hospitals. We had numbers of brave and experienced generals, yet the command of the expedition was given to the Earl of Chatham, who had nothing to recommend him but being an amiable man, and mixed up with the members of government. He was a man of no experience and of inveterate indolence. We had such naval commanders as Lord Cochrane and Sir Sidney Smith, and we had appointed to the command of the naval forces Sir Richard Strachan, a man of no naval mark whatever. The object was to capture or destroy the enemy's ships, either building at Antwerp or Flushing, or afloat in the Scheldt, the destruction of the arsenals and dockyards at Antwerp, Terneuse, and Flushing, the reduction of the island of Walcheren, and the rendering, if possible, the Scheldt no longer navigable. Yet the 'Edinburgh Review,' in its forty-ninth volume, most ably showed that we knew nothing whatever of the strength, the salubrity, or any of the statistics of the places we sought to destroy. There existed no materials in the War-office, in the Army Medical Board, or anywhere else in England, whereby to judge of the salubrity of those islands in the estuary of the Scheldt. 'The expedition,' says the Review, 'was the fruit of statistical ignorance in every one from the prime minister to the commander-in-chief, and from him to the surgeon's-mate; and that ignorance which every Middleburghian, and any Dutchman could have dispelled, cost us 10,000 brave men, not a little money, and not a little credit.'

Meantime, as at Sebastopol, ships had been sunk, and booms drawn across the Scheldt, strong batteries had been erected at Antwerp and Flushing; the English commanders lingered doing nothing till their supplies were consumed, and they had 8000 men on the sick list. The report of Henry Marshall, deputy-inspector-general of army hospitals, gives a terrible relation of the horrors of that campaign. The soldiers were working up to their middles for whole nights in the water, as our soldiers in the trenches of Sebastopol; there was the same want of necessaries for those in health, of comforts and even beds for the sick. The roof of the hospital at Flushing had been blown away by the bombardment, and soldiers lay on the damp floors of cold

churches, in barns and outhouses, exposed to every inclemency and every privation, till fever swept them into the grave.

Such has been the history of the management of our campaigns in every war in which we have been engaged for the last two hundred years, yet, with the experience of all this long series of horrors, crimes, and ruinous mismanagement, we have once more committed ourselves, in the awful business of war, to the same class of men, and with the same appalling results. We need not fill up this last chapter of our disgrace. The terrible story of the campaign of the Crimea is too vividly engraven on the imaginations and the hearts of us all to need a repetition. Our soldiers exposed to all the horrors of a Russian winter, without huts or winter clothing; cut off from their supplies by the mud of Balaklava; working day and night in the mud and water of the ditches; the healthful without what was necessary to maintain health; the sick without beds and without medicine, and often without any species of attendance. Everything, if sent at all, sent to the wrong place; incapacity and apathy at home answered by incapacity and apathy on the scene of action; old men sent to do the duties of young men; confusion in the ordnance department, the medical department, the transport service, and the commissariat service; every man ignorant of his official duties, or unable to execute them if he knew them, from the obstacles and intricacies of the established routine. Such is the picture of disorder, of entanglement, of selfishness, suffering, and wholesale death, not from the enemy but from exhaustion, famine, and disease, which the 'Times' brought to our cognizance, and which the Report of the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol has fully confirmed and recorded.

We ask, is this to continue? Is this new chapter of national injury and disgrace to leave as little impression as all that has gone before it? Do we mean still to permit a titled debility, an incompetent clique, to usurp the conduct of our affairs to our ruin? Are we or our children again, from the same neglect, to endure the same calamities, and bleed and perish at future Sebastopols, because we will not exert ourselves to place the most important of our concerns in the hands of the ablest men? History, as we have shown, has sufficiently warned us, nor have we wanted earnest warnings from other quarters. Carlyle, in his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' has particularly drawn our attention to the condition of Downing-street. He has told us that all its 'dead pedantries, unveracities, and indolent somnolent impotences' must be probed into and cleared out. 'The beautiful notion of no-government must take itself away. The world is daily rushing towards wreck while it lasts.'

Five years ago he proclaimed this in his grotesque but muscular style, and that the ablest men must be hunted out and put there. But ten years ago there was a writer vehemently uttering the same warnings, showing us the great hereditary root of all our failures, sufferings, debts, and dishonours, and had we well read and weighed his 'History of the Aristocracy,' we might now have been in a far different condition. He reminded us that the English people were essentially a people of practical business habits, and did all their business successfully and well, weak only in one point, that they trust their most important concerns of all, those of government, 'to a selfish and unbusiness-like aristocracy.' What we blush for, he says, summing up the lessons of his history, is 'that our great country should have been thus exposed to loss, to vast expenditure, and to humiliation before all the world, by an effeminate, stupid, and imbecile class of men, who, arrayed in fine clothes and fine titles, stood forth to the peopled earth *as the leading men of our nation* and thus brought shame on the name of England' (p. 280). In the preface to his second edition in 1846, congratulating us on the severe mercies of Providence, on the wet season and potato rot of 1845, which hastened the triumph of the repeal of the corn-laws, he exclaims solemnly and prophetically—

'Never did circumstances show themselves so auspiciously since the great revolution of 1688. *Let the nation take care this time to secure the full fruits of them.* Let the example of the League show that public opinion, if it please, is omnipotent. Let it remember that with the abolition of the corn laws only one of a thousand aristocratic evils is eradicated. *Time will show that cheap bread alone will not enable us to remedy all the mischiefs that remain.* Let the people remember that aristocratic corruption, and the sources of its corruption, still remain in the state: that the root of the mischief is still there; that the franchise is still restricted to a few; *that Providence will not every year interfere with the seasons to remedy what we should remedy ourselves.*'

Well, we have been warned by history and our contemporary writers—shall we be still warned in vain? The *Administrative Reform Association* says 'No!' That is the true word. We accept the cry, and take up the gage which it throws down. There is no enterprise, however, more arduous, but there is none more noble, none more necessary, none which must more inevitably be undertaken now or hereafter, if we are to keep our place amongst the nations; that place which we have so long and proudly maintained at the head of the world's civilization. There is none, therefore, which the public is so bound by every high and holy duty, by every substantial interest, and by every human sympathy and affection, to assume and to support. If we cannot

check this descent, if we cannot arrest the disastrous course of aristocratic fatality, if we are to roll up in our path fresh debts, fresh follies, and fresh miseries, then we must bid an everlasting farewell to all our hopes of social progress, and all our works of popular improvement, to the triumphs of education, to art, science, religion, and liberty. It must become our miserable fate to labour, not for higher developments and manifestations of mind, for higher intellectual enjoyments, but simply as the tame drudges of taxation, and for the commission of unavailing carnage.

We say, therefore, that we hail the work of administrative reform, and feel that the whole public should embrace it as one man. But to call up this great response, it seems to us that something is still wanting on the part of the advocates of reform. We would have some clear and definite plan of action laid down. We would like to see, on the part of the Association, a luminous declaration of its precise object. A declaration of what it conceives the necessary reform to be, and a simple avowal of the means by which it proposes to attain that object. We want, in fact, a plan of the campaign. Without such plan and declaration we fear that the public enthusiasm will flag. We fear that it feels the want of this stimulus already. We know what a mighty labour it is to get up the public steam. The repeal of the corn-laws was not achieved except by the stupendous exertions of seven long years. And yet the repeal of the corn-laws was a simple, definite, and most tangible object. It was but to abolish an Act of Parliament, and the work was done. Here the object is vast, and, as yet, vague and cloudy. We know, indeed, that we have not to deal with a mere Act, but with the body and the class from which all such acts proceed. We would have this body and our work with it placed compactly and prominently before us.

So much we have gathered from the *Association for Administrative Reform*, that it aims to put the right man into the right place. True, but by what means, and when he is there, how maintain him there? These are important points on which we would fain have the Association speak out.

In the meantime, we have no hesitation in saying what we conceive the necessary reform to be, how it is to be attempted, and when accomplished, how it is alone to be maintained.

Administrative reform is reform of the administrative *system* of the nation. It consists not only in removing improper men from its offices, and putting in proper and efficient ones, but in examining and repairing the machinery by which they work. In taking out such wheels, or shafts, or levers, as time has damaged or decayed; setting straight what has become strained or twisted, warped or worn; introducing new metal and new principles

of action, and not even stopping there, but, if necessary or advisable, throwing aside the whole antiquated machine, and substituting a better. There is no reason that our manufacturer should avail himself of all that science and experience can suggest, and do his work by new inventions and improvements. There is no reason that chemistry, hydrostatics, steam, and electricity should be the humble, active servants of our manufacturers in all their arts and manipulations for the public benefit, and that the nation at large, the great collective community, should not have the most scientific machinery for its government work, should not have all the aids of intellectual chemistry, hydrostatics, and electricity, for the more rapid, accurate, and perfect performance of its mighty functions. There is no reason that the farmer should cast aside his old clumsy plough for a new and superior one; should sow, reap, thrash, and even feed and fatten his cattle by the means of new machinery which condenses labour and augments product, and that the empire should go on with its enormous and multiplying processes, with the lumbering apparatus of a thousand years ago. Surely it is high time, when we have removed climbing boys, and sweep our chimneys by a climbing brush, that we should set aside the antiquated, negligent, and inoperative climbing boys of the aristocracy, and introduce the climbing brush into their obstructed tunnels. Surely, while the very maid-of-all-work aids her operations and promotes the economy of her mistress by a knife-cleaning machine and a cinder-sifter, it is time that we should polish up our weapons, and sift out the ashes of our public offices by the best machinery we can lay hold of. There ought to be introduced into the establishment of John Bull all the improvements of the age, as well as into that of any other gentleman.

We would have, therefore, a commission, a well-chosen, well-appointed, and well-manned commission, to examine into the whole system and machinery of our government business, to make a thorough scrutiny and careful consideration of both its present machinery and men. It should go into and throw open to the public gaze all the dark dens in which so many strange and foul cobwebs have been so long woven; all those 'owleries,' as Carlyle terms them, in which such throngs of strange, purblind, and dazed creatures have been gathered together by the successive efforts of interest, and are employed in the manufacture of so much national waste, disorder, and disgrace. We should, then, see strange sights, more strange than those of the Iron Mask and the decrepitudes which met the astonished gaze of the invaders of the Bastile. We should then come to know where the old machine is so out of joint that one part no longer responds to another, that cog fails to lay hold of cog, that whee

has no longer any acquaintance with its brother wheel, and that they thus produce, not work, but stoppage and abortion.

That is what we call administrative reform, and we know that it is needful in every sense and in every department, in Church and State, in colony and office. We have, from time to time, had to learn that the system of loading our administrative machinery with useless lumber, introduced by interest and favour instead of desire for the public service, has oppressed our colonies, and officered our army with weakly boys instead of matured, accomplished, and able men. Once the system purged, the machinery renewed, there must be a necessary education, and a necessary examination as to the fitness of those who are to tend and guide the machinery afterwards. We must no longer have our work neglected by the son or nephew of Lord Tom Noddy, but *done* by the son of any man, lord or commoner, who has qualified himself to do it.

But this you say is a great work, and will require great power and influence to effect it. True, but it *is* the work *that has to be done*, and *must be done*, and there is a great people, all whose interests are at stake, to do it. Let the gentlemen who have commenced this great labour, honest, honourable, and patriotic men, as we know they are, trust to the greatness of the occasion, and throw their hearts and minds fearlessly into it, and the work will be done. There will be no lack of backers and supporters if the business is zealously and energetically gone into. There is not a man, a woman, a child, in all these realms, and in all the mighty dependencies of them, including the lives, hopes, and happiness of one hundred and fifty millions of souls, who, by all that is precious to them here and hereafter, are not interested in this question. It is for us and them, for all these, that we must take up this work and see it through. And there never yet was a great occasion in which the British people, properly appealed to, did not respond. But the steam cannot be got up at once. The Anti-Corn Law League did not achieve their work by one effort. It was by a long series of energetic action, energetic appeal, by much counsel, much labour, much eloquence, and much money, that that important triumph was achieved. A greater work is here, and a greater triumph awaits us. It is a work that we or our children *must* do. We must have reform or revolution. The murmurs of the people are becoming audible and menacing. If the middle classes do not take up the work it will fall into less patient and practical hands. We have seen that the evil is the evil of ages, and that it stands forth in stronger and stronger contrast with our labours for civilization. We must pluck out the heart of this rottenness, or we must cease to educate, to evangelize, and refine.

This superannuated and dropsical body, which produces with its paralytic hands only murder and mischief, lies like an incubus on all plans and means of progress, and must 'give place to better men;' to a selection of the able, the active, and the accomplished, from all and every class which can furnish them. Let the administrative reformers, therefore, go on and fear nothing, for the necessities of the nation are with them, and its prayers and co-operation must follow. We shall have yet, again and again, to meet them on this question of questions. We shall yet have to pass through sharp experiences which will act as spurs to our sides. For the present, therefore, we conclude in the words of John Hampden, jun.:—

'The government by an exclusive aristocracy is before the public. Let its nature, deeds, and results, be well weighed: but when the ruin it has wrought, the crimes it has perpetrated, the moral guilt and the debt which it has heaped upon the nation, be fully comprehended,—and when all its follies, its treason to its high trust, its sins against God and man be wholly seen and felt,—*then* let the *people* reflect that *they* also have their share of that guilt to answer for; for what the aristocracy have *done*, they have too tamely suffered. And if this course of national injustice still be persisted in; if the destinies of this great nation still be intrusted to usurping hands; if the poor shall still suffer by millions for the oppressions of a few, then great, my fellow countrymen, will be your responsibility at the bar of humanity and of God.'

While this article has been in the press, we have received the First Report of the Administrative Reform Association, and observe with lively satisfaction that the committee have already taken the initiative in the very course we have here recommended. They 'have submitted a plan of action which they believe will be a proper commencement of practical reform in the present system of parliamentary patronage, which the committee believe is at the root of the most of the existing evils.'

This plan of action consists in demanding, first, an independent Board of Examiners of all candidates for government employment. These candidates to be admissible from all classes, but no one to be capable of obtaining any junior clerkship in any government department without a certificate of fitness, and also without a subsequent competitive examination, followed by a period of probation. The committee avows this to be only a *preliminary step* in the necessary reform; and they pledge themselves to frame and bring forward a bill for this purpose to be submitted to Parliament early in the next session.

This is certainly a step in the right direction, and we are glad the Association regard it but as a step, for it by no means goes

to the root of the mischief. That mischief lies in the appointment of unqualified and incompetent *heads of departments*, and in those upper secretaries and chief clerks, who, remaining in office independent of ministerial changes, exercise the main powers both of furtherance and obstruction, because they possess permanent status, and the practical knowledge derived from it.

It is here that all the neglect, the selfish apathy, the shuffling of duty and responsibility from one shoulder and one department to another, has occurred in the late unhappy transactions. What remedy does the committee propose for this? We see none in the Report and we, therefore, turn back to their address of May 19th, and there point to a promise which we should have been glad to see reproduced in the plan as laid down in the Report.

After quoting Lord John Russell's declaration that ministers have no time to give their attention to great subjects, or to their consequences to the country, they add in energetic italics:—'*It is, therefore, almost as a first step to Administrative Reform, that there is needed, for the information of the public, a succinct account of the Government offices as they are, with as accurate a digest as is attainable of their several duties, their manner of conducting business, the expenses of conducting it, and the time it takes.* In addition to this it will be essential to obtain information as to the duties, privileges, and official patronage of the ministers of the crown. The public information upon the subject amounts practically to nothing.'

Again, at page 7, the committee adds, also in italics:—'*There* must be *an end put to every mystery of office—how the administration of the country is carried on, must be made plain to the most ordinary capacity. To this end acts of parliament must be searched, and returns obtained. The Association are resolved to have a complete analysis of our official system, a thorough clearing of the question of personal responsibility.*'

But these undertakings imply the creation and exercise of that commission which we have already in this article pronounced to be absolutely necessary. There exists no Hercules short of that, capable of dragging the Cacus of administrative corruption from his official den to the light of day. The various pamphlets which the Association has published, excellent and most useful as they are, do not and cannot supply this desideratum. In fact, the work required is of that nature which points plainly at a thorough parliamentary reform as the only remedy; and we were glad to see that the chairman of the public meeting at the London Tavern, on the 9th of August, as well as some of the speakers, had arrived at this conclusion. The chairman said:—

'His own opinion was, that to obtain administrative reform they ought to go at once for parliamentary reform, for he considered the present House of Parliament to be utterly hopeless in that respect.'

We believe every thinking man in the country will echo that opinion. Out of a corrupt Parliament no real extensive reform can come. The evil we have to contend with springs out of a permanent and powerful body, which, when assailed by the evanescent storms of popular indignation, sits still, and lets the tempest blow over. It is only a thoroughly popular Parliament which can extinguish corrupt cabinets and maintain good ones in office. At this early stage of the business, we can only add our prayers for the entire success of this great enterprise, and encourage ourselves in the assurance of the committee that they 'are perfectly satisfied that the required means will be forthcoming; that subscriptions to the object will be general throughout the country; that a failing purse will never compel them to hold their hand.'

Brief Notices.

CONTENTS.

1. Thorney Hall.
2. Liber Cantabrigiensis.
3. Creation's Testimony to its God; or the Accordance of Science, Philosophy, and Revelation.
4. Sermons by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.
5. A Model for Men in Business.
6. The Angler and his Friend.
7. Miscellaneous.

Thorney Hall: a Story of an Old Family. By Holme Lee. Vol. I. pp. 338. 1855. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE central character of this tale is a youth, whose ancestors had long possessed, and at last squandered and lost, a noble mansion and estate; and who is early possessed with a determination to regain it to the family in his own person; for this he toils through years of mercantile labour, sustained by a sister, who writes the narrative in the first person. His victories over difficulties and snares are touchingly portrayed, and although the characters introduced are too numerous to be fully developed, yet the sketches of them presented are singularly graphic and suggestive. The structural defect of the tale is, we think, dependent upon its brevity. The characters are too numerous,

and the incidents succeed one another with a fatiguing rapidity. A hard-souled uncle receives the resolute youth into his counting-house, promotes him, from mere self-interest, through successive grades; gives him a partnership, and at his death leaves him his entire fortune, with a moderate life charge in favour of his widow; the name of his only child not being mentioned in his will, in consequence of a disapproved marriage with a needy man. Our hero immediately makes over his entire interest in the property to the disinherited daughter. Thus his hopes of purchasing the ancestral estate are postponed. He finally accomplishes his object, and then marries a young lady whom he unexpectedly finds, reduced in circumstances, in the capacity of governess in the house of a wealthy neighbour, of whom he had purchased a portion of the ancestral domain,—the young lady having, years ago, in the pride of delusive expectations, capriciously violated her engagement with him. The issue of this marriage is a son, who, in process of time, engages, while still a youth, as an officer in the Crimean War, and is slain at the battle of the Alma; on the same field the brother of our hero fell in the ranks, having been driven as a boy to enlist as a private soldier by the severity of his father. The infant son of this obscure private becomes the heir of Thorney Hall. From these materials, a tale of most pathetic interest has been produced. Of its authorship we know absolutely nothing, but we will hazard two conjectures: first, that it was written by a woman; and next, that she was a Scotchwoman. The style is pure and pleasing, but against its moral tendency we must make one exception, which, in substance, we once heard made by Robert Hall against the writings of Miss Edgeworth,—'She presents characters of the highest virtue, and tried by all the temptations in life, and by the extremes of social condition, and yet destitute of the slightest hint of strictly religious principle; so that, while she does not oppose religion, she passes it by as a superfluity, by representing the highest moral elevation independent of its influence.'

Liber Cantabrigiensis; an Account of the Aids afforded to Poor Students, the Encouragements offered to Diligent Students, and the Rewards conferred on Successful Students in the University of Cambridge; to which is prefixed a Collection of Maxims and Aphorisms, designed for the use of Learners. By Rev. Robert Potts, M.A., Trinity College. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1855.

This work will be found a useful manual to that numerous class of young men who are annually enrolling themselves as members of the University of Cambridge. It consists of 552 pages, of which the first 174 are occupied with aphorisms that are evidently the contents of a commonplace book, and which have no relevancy whatever to the subject of the book. They extend from Bacon to Whewell, including the greatest writers that intervene, with occasional retrospections as far as the Proverbs of Solomon. Barrow, Locke, Fuller, Parr, Roger Ascham, Junius, Dr. Arnold, Bishop Butler, Lacon, and a multitude of other worthies, glitter in their selected gems throughout this

vague miscellany, though what they have to do with the subject and the purpose of this volume, it would be hard indeed to say. The remainder of it is occupied with what the author describes as 'a brief account of the prizes, exhibitions, sizarships, scholarships, and fellowships in the University and Colleges of Cambridge.' This constitutes the practically valuable part of the work. It is full of antiquarian research, and forms of itself a thorough manual for the use of those statesmen who addict themselves to the subject of University reform, so far as Cambridge is concerned. The same may be said of the closing portion of the volume, which develops with equal carefulness the conditions which regulate the exhibitions from the Companies in London to the University of Cambridge. We lay this volume aside with the conviction that, in common with those broader expositions which are at this moment filling the eyes of the public, it furnishes the text and the material for the earnest advocates of administrative reform.

Creation's Testimony to its God; or, the Accordance of Science, Philosophy, and Revelation. By Thomas Ragg, Author of the 'Incarnation,' 'The Deity,' &c. pp. 424. 1855.

THIS treatise, 'written though not exactly designed for the Burnett competition,' the author voluntarily destroying his chance of a premium by 'travelling out of the record,' is highly creditable to Mr. Ragg. The production of 'one who started in life as a humble mechanic,' whose 'means of culture have been those of self-culture only,' and who 'has hitherto possessed no opportunities of study save in the hours which are usually devoted to relaxation and repose,' it is a striking illustration of ability and diligence. The title of the work does not do full justice to its purpose and scope: revelation occupies a more prominent place in it than the title would suggest. To quote the language of the preface: its 'object is to supply a complete refutation of infidelity—paying especial attention to that form so prevalent in our large manufacturing towns, *the rejection of the Scriptures resulting from an imperfect acquaintance with the facts of physical science.*' The author has brought together a large mass of fact and thought, and presented it in a style suited to win the attention of intelligent and earnest men.

Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. pp. 365. 9s. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1855.

WE had the privilege, many years ago, of listening to the lamented author of these sermons, and seldom have we been more delighted than we were on that occasion. So much taste and elegance, so much vigour and freshness, characterized both the matter and style of the discourse, as to make it quite an event in our history as hearers. Coming from a clergyman, there was a special quality in the address, singular freedom and liberality of theological and political sentiment,

that arrested our minds, and made us silent prophets of a distinguished career for the preacher. So far as life permitted, our expectation was fulfilled. But, alas! that life was short. 'Many rejoiced in its light for a season,' and then 'the sun went down while it was yet day.' We hail with unaffected delight the appearance of the present volume. Published though it be under many disadvantages, it will afford a rich treat not only to those who belonged to the author's congregation, but to others who had not that privilege. The sermons are altogether out of the common style. They are strong, free, and beautiful utterances of a gifted and cultivated mind. Occasionally, the expression of theological sentiment fails fully to represent our own thought, and we sometimes detect tendencies with which we cannot sympathize; but, taken as a whole, the discourses are fine specimens of a high order of preaching, and we congratulate the public that they are authorized to expect a second series.

A Model for Men in Business; or Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah. By Hugh Stowell, M.A. Second Edition. pp. 326. Hatchard & Co. 1835.

A GOOD idea, wrought out with sound sense, fidelity, and considerable felicity of thought and expression. The author's object is 'to supply his flock, and especially the mercantile portion, a plain practical handbook, which should require no great sacrifice of time, or exertion of attention, to make it useful to them;' and, for this purpose, he has selected the character of Nehemiah, the prominent features of which he portrays in fourteen lectures. We hail every wise and earnest effort to bring religious truth into effectual contact with secular life: and deeming Mr. Stowell's discourses likely to be very useful in this service, we wish for them a wide circulation.

The Angler and his Friend; or, Piscatory Colloquies and Fishing Excursions. By John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., &c. pp. 306. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

A WORTHY piscatory descendant of dear Isaac Walton, who has invested his favourite amusement with charms for nearly all. Surely there must be something about the said amusement which redeems it from the charge of being a merely idle, selfish, and cruel sport. The defence of its philosophical advocates can scarcely be entirely unfounded. We imagine the truth to be, that like other things, it has its good as well as its evil—its bright side as well as its dark; and that while many look only at the 'letter,' a favoured few are privileged to enter into the 'spirit.' That spirit, judging from the best specimens of professors of the rod and line, is intelligent, reflective, calm, and genial.

In the volume before us the reader will find much pleasant thought and useful information. The writer worthily represents both the art and mystery and the philosophy and humanity of angling. We commend him as an agreeable companion to lovers of 'the gentle craft' at home and in their river-side haunts.

The author of *Cain* [London: Chapman & Hall], might have hesitated before re-treating this subject after Gesner and Byron. There is no novelty in his conception, and no dramatic force in his drama. Adam, Cain, and Abel, as presented by him, are a set of poor, weak fellows, that never could have fathered such a race as ours. They have not an atom of great primordial Nature in them. Mr. Boner will find it easier to climb the mountains where the chamois leap, than the sacred hill where sit the Muses. He has not one attribute of poetry. The wailing of his angelic chorus is what Sam Slick would call a 'caution to cats.' And this is a specimen of his blank verse—blank of thought and music—

'It is these
Defineless strivings which unsettle me.
I conflict with myself, and then I chafe
To not controul my strongly-battling
hopes.'—p. 9.

We imagine that few people would take this to be English poetry, unless told that it was. For a Preface, the author quotes from Schiller: 'A poetical work must speak for itself: and where this is not the case, words will be of little avail.' If the author had fairly carried this logic through, he would never have written *Cain*. Miss Tatham [Longman & Co], appears as an exponent of metempsychosis, not only in her *Dream of Pythagoras*, but in the facility with which the spirits of others take possession of her, and speak out of her mouth. Now it is N. P. Willis that we are listening to, and anon we hear Alexander Smith half stifled. At times, we get a bar of Tennysonian music, and again a sprinkling of epithets and a reproduction of thoughts that are found in Massey's poems. Miss Tatham sings from external suggestions oftener than from internal necessity. She sings at the slightest hint, and that hint is often a reading reminiscence. Nor has she yet learned to distinguish betwixt what is essential to the subject in hand and what is accidental—the accidental predominates. She often pulls her bow and draws the arrow right to the head, but, alas! it strikes wide of the mark. Is Miss Tatham desirous of founding a school of female spasmodists? We have been led to imagine so from the opening prelude and some other passages. Miss Tatham will one day be a poet, if she will but be herself, and keep true to herself. There is genuine evidence of this in the book before us. There are many steps taken in the true path, although we may have indicated some divergencies.

Our poets are not members of the *Peace Society*, notwithstanding the many *friendly* letters they have received from members of that body; amongst such are Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell, whose *Sonnets of the War* [London: Bogue], are the noblest poetic expression that the present struggle has yet found. In restricting themselves to the sonnet, our authors did not aim at blowing a battle-trumpet. But it is astonishing how much music they have struck out of this old fourteen-stringed dulcimer. We hate the sonnet as a poetic form. There is so much conceit in its method of twisting line upon line to astonish you with the final one. But here the sonnet wins us with a fresh beauty. And these are worthy of taking their place with those of Wordsworth 'On Liberty,' and Mrs. Browning's 'On Love.' After all, it matters little what the form is if the spirit be inspiring. And these sonnets are full of inspiration, and solemn beauty, and cosmic thought. Though each sonnet is published without ascription, it is not difficult to determine their individual authorship in many instances. Mr. Dobell has the larger shaping imagination, the most serious sweetness. You are but faintly aware of the tide of strength that his genius possesses, it has so many lingering eddies, and breaks into such exquisite phantasies of spray, ripples into such glory, and runs through such reaches of linked sweetness long drawn out. Mr. Smith is more brilliant in detail and piece-work. His sonnets have a quicker movement, a more sudden beauty. His Muse takes you by storm; the other wins

you unawares. The one has the gorgeousness of the East, the other the subtle soul of the syren South. These *War Sonnets* are gracefully dedicated to the wife of Mr. Dobell, by his friend Alexander Smith, and the dedicatory lines contain a touching allusion to her whose life, as he very beautifully says, 'wears a hood of pain.' We must deal very briefly with our other war poets and poetasters—why not minié-singers? Gerald Massey has put forth a small book of *War Waits*, in which, as is often the case with 'waits,' the drum is by far the loudest instrument. If it was not for fear of increasing the noise, we should be inclined to give that drum a rap on the head. There is nothing to stir the heart of a nation in *Alma and other Poems*, by Richard Chenevix Trench [London: John W. Parker & Son]. They are but feebly melodious and neatly nice. There is nothing to match the bravery of Alma. Nothing of war's terrible revelation. The author handles the crook more effectively than the lyre. Westland Marston's *Death Ride* [Mitchell] contains fine thoughts and glowing verses. The measure runs like a vigorous cavalry gallop. *The Mandan Chief*, by Mary Heron [Jarrold & Sons], is an Indian tale in verse of the good old sort of narrative poems whose days have departed. There is poetic thought, lyrical movement, and some freshness of description in it, but these are expended on a subject that has not greatly interested us. *Leaves from Life* [Bagster] are gathered up into a readable book, and one, we should think, acceptable to many good people. There are fruit trees, and they are welcome, but we are glad to have some that bear only leaves. The book is in prose and verse, handsome outside and pleasant within. Of C. Raye Brown, *Lays and Lyrics* [Hall, Virtue, & Co.], we have no hope. This is his second appearance; his first did not promise much, and after a lapse of six years we do not see the slightest progress. If he is not inclined to give up versifying, we should like to rouse him to do something earnest. His book is full of that kind of verse in which length and quantity can never compensate for the absence of depth and quality. *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History*, by Ann Hawkshaw [John Chapman], exhibit industry and considerable vigour, but the authoress possesses no adequate power for rendering the soul of history 'rhythmically visible.' *Rimes and Poems*, by Robin [Glasgow: Morison Ryle], are not without poetic promise. Robin's note is homely, honest, and welcome. Let him not strain to make it that of the nightingale, or thrush, or lark. These 'rimes' have often a pawky humour, and some of the pieces arrest you with fine gleams of thought. Scotland has many local celebrities of song, and we do not doubt but that 'Robin' may become one of them. We have spent a pleasant hour in listening to Ruther's *Haymaker's Histories* [Bell], not so much from the intrinsic interest of their history as from the freshness of Ruther's descriptions, and the beauty that he reveals to us peering from beneath the green veil of Nature. If we were to rake the world through, we should not expect to find such genteel makers of hay, and we have to object to the author's frequent mincing Young Englandism of thought and expression; all the rest of his poem we like. *Sappho: a Tragedy*, by Franz Grillparzer, translated by L. C. C. [Hamilton, Adams, & Co.] is a noble tragedy beautifully rendered. It is worthy of ranking with the 'Correggio' of Oehlenschlager, both as an art-drama and a graceful translation. The old Greek story is here given with the warmth and bloom of modern colouring, and Sappho, who sits among the gods and goddesses of the past, is made to live again. The statue comes down from its pedestal a living, loving, passionate woman. We pay tribute to the good intentions of Joseph Fearn in writing *Hymns for the Sundays and Holidays in the Year* [London: Hughes], but cannot compliment him on his success. All this putting of the grand poetry of the Bible into common and other metres reminds us of Dryden's proposition for putting 'Paradise Lost' into rhyme. It must always fail.

Sunday Afternoon: or, Scripture Pictures, Poems, and Questions, by C. B., is greatly enlarged in a second edition. The Chevalier de Chatelain gives us a second edition of the *Fables of Gay*, translated into French [London: Whittaker & Co.] The rendering is fairly successful. The English and French are both given in opposite pages, so that any one wishing to have the Fables of Gay can have them in both languages, in a well-printed and neatly got-up book, for the price that each would be singly. It also contains numerous other specimens of English verse done into French. *Two Lectures on the Philosophy of Language (with Notes).* By J. P. Dodd, M.A., LL.D. 12mo. pp. 104. 1855. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.—These lectures were delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Dr. Dodd, of North Shields. They are highly creditable to his learning and literary acumen, and form part of a proposed larger work on the same subject, which we hope the author may live to complete. *A Refutation recently discovered of Spinoza*, by Leibnitz: *with prefatory Remarks and Introduction*, by Count A. Foucher de Careil, translated at his request by the Rev. Octavius Freire Owen, M.A., F.S.A. [Edinburgh: Constable & Co.], throws some light upon a question interesting only to a small circle—viz., how far Leibnitz and Spinoza agreed. The fact of grave differences is sufficiently attested by the manuscript here commented upon with ability and knowledge by M. de Careil at a length greater than its own.

Review of the Month.

THE RELIGIOUS DISABILITIES BILL was read a first time in the House of Lords on the 27th ult., on the motion of Lord Brougham. Its object is less practical than theoretical, inasmuch as the laws which it seeks to repeal, and which amount to upwards of one hundred, are now rarely or never put in force. They may, however, be re-produced at the option of intolerant bishops and of ecclesiastical courts with mediæval functions, to the great detriment of the community. This, however, did not suggest the motive to Lord Brougham. It was as a theoretical wrong that he undertook its abolition. He felt that there stood recorded on the statute-book a hundred unjustifiable and unprovoked insults against blameless and worthy men; and, to his honour, he resolved that these should be wiped away. In his initiative step he has been successful; but it is not on this success that we congratulate either his lordship or ourselves. The resuscitation of Lord Brougham from the restraints of the woolsack and the torpor of the peerage, and his reappearance in old age as the Henry Brougham of former days, is matter for sincere rejoicing. In his speech to the House of Lords, he adopted, without acknowledgment, and perhaps unconsciously, the principle of Paine, one of whose recorded aphorisms is—That toleration is not the opposite of intolerance, but only its counterfeit. His lordship said: 'The dissenter is no more bound to be grateful to the Established Church for allowing him to worship and believe according to the dictates of his conscience, than the

church is bound to be grateful to the dissenter for his corresponding sufferance towards it. There, however, remain in existence in this country laws framed in an opposite spirit, which, instead of being entirely swept away, have been only modified and partially repealed; the consequence of which is, that certain sects of religion are liable to pains and penalties which, although not frequently enforced, are yet capable of being at any time called into pernicious activity. Some few years ago, about thirty of these intolerant enactments were abolished by one repealing statute, and the object of the present bill is to sweep away upwards of one hundred more.' This is a principle and effort worthy of Lord Brougham in his best days.

If dissenters formed but a mean minority of her majesty's subjects, such principles would not be the less binding; but the results of the last census place the question in a newer and more convincing light. The number of those who attend the religious worship and schools of the dissenters exceed those that belong to the Episcopalian denomination. It is high time that this fact should be recognised by the Legislature, which relies more upon statistics than on principles, and that the doctrine of religious equality, which they are unable to contemplate in theory, should be coerced upon them by facts. It is pleasing to find Lord Lyndhurst's entire concurrence in the principles avowed by Lord Brougham, and the coalition of these two influential peers, whose political views are usually so far asunder, presages, if it does not secure, the passing of the bill.

The Grant to Theological Professors in the Presbyterian College at Belfast was discussed in a Committee of Supply on the 30th of July, and gave occasion in the Commons similar to that first noticed in the House of Lords, for a free ventilation of the voluntary principle and the theory of religious equality. On the proposal of the vote, Mr. Miall moved that the sum of £2050 for Theological Professors at Belfast, and for incidental expenses of the General Assembly's College at Belfast, be disallowed. In defending his amendment, he pointed to the fact that the Dublin Synod of the Presbyterian Church, to which this bill more especially referred, had themselves petitioned against the analogous grant to Maynooth, and could not, therefore, with any show of decency, claim such a grant for themselves. There are two Presbyterian institutions; the one Trinitarian, the other Unitarian. In the former there are six professors, with only fifty students; while in the other there are two professors, who can muster only three students between them. The broad inconsistency, moreover, of thus promoting by endowment the most opposite theological sentiments, was forcibly exposed by Mr. Hadfield. The only opposition offered to this amendment was from the Member for Belfast, in the form of an appeal to Mr. Miall to bring the question of the voluntary principle substantively before the judgment of Parliament, instead of making a single bill the occasion for introducing the subject. This was very happily replied to by Mr. Fox, who justified the course adopted on the ground of the well-known indisposition of the House to discuss abstract principles. We have seldom seen a case in which a vote was so clearly demonstrated to

be wasteful and unjust, and left by its promoters so entirely undefended, to the *vis inertia* of an unreasoning majority. That dull weight, however, was not to be overcome, and the majority of forty-eight recorded their votes in favour of a grant for which it would be impossible to assign any intelligent reason, and which, as Mr. Hadfield declared, made good men bow their heads in shame. Such events cannot continue to pass before the public notice without leaving a definite and permanent impression. Each one is another shell thrown upon the heap by which the principle of State-established sects must be eventually ostracised.

THE REPEAL OF THE SUNDAY BEER BILL, passed in the session of 1854, has been carried through both Houses of Parliament, and has received the royal assent. It permits the trade of licensed public-houses on Sunday from one o'clock in the afternoon until three o'clock, and from five until eleven o'clock at night. It further solves the vexed question of the *bona fide* traveller by omitting the words from the new statute, thus removing the ambiguity by which our magistrates have been so greatly perplexed. The principal witnesses examined before the Commons' Committee were the magistrates of the metropolitan police-courts, and it is apparently upon their evidence that the report of the Committee was founded. That the sin of drunkenness is the crying evil of this country cannot be denied; that it is the main cause of the crimes which it costs this realm so large an amount to punish is equally obvious; and it is therefore, on many accounts, most desirable that public-houses should be closed throughout the Sunday. By such an arrangement, public morals would be essentially promoted, the observance of religious worship would be greatly increased, and a day of rest would be given to thousands of British subjects. Our legislators, however, have preferred an opposite course, and have suspended the standing orders to enable them to pass Mr. Berkeley's measure during the present session. It must not be supposed that this bill is conclusive of the matter. Advantage has been taken of temporary circumstances to pass it through Parliament, but next session will probably witness a renewal of the struggle; with what issue time only can show. The number of petitioners on behalf of Mr. Berkeley's bill exceeded only by 40,000 those who in the former session petitioned for entire Sunday prohibition.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL IS LIKE THE PARTHIAN, who shoots his arrows in his retreat. Having left the ministry, he does his best to damage his former colleagues. Knowing that Austria and Italy are the most vulnerable points, he fastened upon these, and the summary of his observations may be given in the following sentences. He proceeded to review the condition of Italy, and especially the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, where he said the best men were pining in imprisonment; and Tuscany, where the old plan of religious toleration and mildness had been exchanged for a tormenting system of persecution which was a disgrace to the country; and what aggravated the matter was, that these evils were taking place because one of the principal States of Italy, the States of the Church, was in part in the occupation

of Austrian troops, while its capital, Rome, was occupied by those of France. The Pope must be dependent upon one or other of these foreign States, and there was no symptom that the papal authority was gaining ground, or that, if the foreign troops were withdrawn, it would not give place to some irregular authority. If this was the case, what prospect was there that either the Emperor of Austria or the Emperor of the French would withdraw his troops? And if the occupation continued indefinitely, the Pope must cease to be an independent prince, and there would be a disturbance of the balance of power in Europe. Was it not possible for the English Government, in concert with France and Austria, to devise some system of government for the Roman States consonant with the interests of the people and with the elements of justice? What may be the ultimate issue of the anomalous condition of political affairs which now exists in Italy, it is impossible to foresee. France, bound to us by a strict and cordial political alliance, and accustomed to exert a paramount influence in the Cabinets of Europe, is at present under an almost autocratic, though a comparatively benign government. What may be the effect of the freer institutions of Great Britain on the political condition of our ally, it is impossible to foresee; but should it be to liberate the press of that country, to promote a free education, and to develop its commercial resources by a liberal extension of international trade, an effect will be produced, the beneficial consequences of which it is scarcely possible to prognosticate. A union so cemented will secure the peace of Europe, and lead to social results which it is impossible to contemplate without feelings of the highest satisfaction. Nature seems to have intended that two nations, separated only by a narrow strait, should be neighbours and friends. Happy will it be for the peace of the world if this presage is carried out, and if France and England shall embrace each other with a cordial love, as the triumphs of science have brought them within a moment's call!

The Dissenters' Marriage bill, the origin and design of which were explained last month, has after all not received the royal assent, and stands over consequently till next year. The cause of this delay is explained by Mr. Hull Jerrell, the secretary to the deputies of the Three Denominations, in a letter to the 'Patriot,' of which the following is the substance:—'When Mr. Cheetham was getting the bill through the Commons, where it was opposed, and underwent many alterations on commitment, recommitment, and on the third reading, Mr. Henley proposed, on behalf of his party, the insertion of words which would have given to clergymen a veto on the celebration of marriages by them on the certificate of the superintendent-registrar. These words, not affecting dissenters, were admitted into the bill as a matter of compromise, and on an understanding that they would prevent the opposition of the bishops in the House of Lords; and which end was, in fact, obtained.

At Mr. Cheetham's request, Lord Brougham took charge of the bill in the House of Peers. His lordship entered heartily into the matter, and made himself master of its details, and of the reasons for all the clauses. When his lordship had passed the second reading of the bill, and expected that he had silenced the opposition which had been

offered to it, he was obliged to leave town, not intending to return during the session; but he placed the bill in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, and considered that he had done more for the bill thereby than if he had remained in London. The Lord Chancellor brought on the bill in committee, when it was discussed, and postponed for additional alterations of no great importance; but he afterwards raised an objection to the words which had been inserted by Mr. Henley in the bill, inasmuch as they materially changed the present law, and their effect had not been discussed in the Lower House. His lordship therefore recommended that another peer should be requested to take charge of the bill, with a view to the discussion of this objection. Lord Redesdale was applied to, but declined, and the Lord Chancellor refused to waive his objection. Upon this, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, the chairman of the deputies, applied to Lord Palmerston, explaining the danger in which the bill was placed, its importance to dissenters, and the fact that the measure had received the sanction of Her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons. The Premier immediately sought an interview with Lord Harrowby, and finding that there was still time enough to pass the measure before the close of the session, he instructed Lord Harrowby, as the Lord Chancellor was much engaged, to take charge of the bill. This, it might have been expected, would have been sufficient to secure the passing of the bill; but it was not so. It appears that the Lord Chancellor did not feel it right either to strike out the words of Mr. Henley, or to allow them to stand. Mr. Henley was absent from London at the time, and so could not be appealed to; and, therefore, the bill unfortunately stands over until the next session.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR DURING THE PAST MONTH HAS BEEN MARKED BY SOME SIGNAL SUCCESSES. On Thursday the 16th a Russian force amounting to from 50,000 to 60,000 men, and commanded by Prince Gortschakoff in person, attacked the French and Sardinian troops on the Tchernaya at daybreak. An obstinate conflict took place, which lasted three hours, and issued in the total repulse of the Russians, upwards of 3000 of their force being left dead on the field, and 600 more being prisoners in the hands of the allies. General Pelissier, in announcing the victory to his government, declares that the Sardinians fought admirably, and states his loss as 181 dead and 810 wounded. The loss of the Sardinians in killed and wounded was 200 men. In this most successful engagement our countrymen took no part, our cavalry only having arrived at the scene of action when the Russians were in full retreat. This formidable assault is supposed to have been dictated by the desperate condition of the Russian army from want of supplies. Indeed an opinion begins to prevail, that this cause will lead to the surrender of Sebastopol before the great assault can be made. The storming, however, would seem to be imminent. The French have pushed their works to within a few paces of the Malakoff, and the English to within nearly as short a distance of the Redan. The consequence of this proximity is a great increase in the list of casualties; the allies losing from thirty to forty every night and the Russians 100. It is supposed that Sebastopol is little better than one huge pest-house, as

whenever the wind blows from that quarter the allied army is visited with those diseases which are commonly generated by a poisoned atmosphere.

In the Baltic, the success of the allied arms has been far more signal. On the 9th, an immense force of British and French men-of-war, gunboats, and mortar vessels presented themselves before Sweaborg, a fortress only second in importance to Cronstadt, and commenced a bombardment which issued in the total destruction of the place. The account of this important operation is thus concisely given in the dispatch of the French admiral to the minister at war. 'In less than three hours after we began firing bombs, we could perceive how considerable were the ravages they were creating in the fortress. Numerous conflagrations broke out rapidly on several points at once, and we soon saw the flames rise above the dome of the church situated in the northern part of the isle East Swartö. This church was, so to speak, the sole monument which seems to have been entirely respected on the isles of Vargö and Swartö by our projectiles. Four terrible explosions were speedily heard; the fire had reached magazines filled with gunpowder and munitions of war. The two last explosions especially were formidable; they must have caused the enemy enormous losses both in men and *matériel*. For several minutes we heard the detonations of the bombs and shells, which covered the sea-board with fragments of every description.' Since then the French troops have taken by assault an ambuscade for the protection of the Russian sharpshooters on the *glacis* of the Malakhoff Tower. A violent *sortie* was made by the enemy to regain this position, but was repulsed with a loss of three hundred Russians—the position remaining in the possession of the French.

We hope that disasters so heavy and repeated will convince both the emperor and his subjects of the hopelessness of the contest in which they are engaged; that their most boasted fortresses are not proof against the overwhelming fire of the allies, and that it is no less their wisdom than their duty to conciliate a foe which it is impossible to defeat. Since the destruction of Sweaborg, a number of Russian vessels have been destroyed off Wasa, laden with grain and other supplies.

THE SESSION OF 1855 CLOSED ON THE 15TH. The expressions uttered by her Majesty through her Commissioners with reference to the war, were of the most unequivocal kind. 'Her Majesty has commanded us to say, that she has seen with sincere regret that the endeavours which, in conjunction with her ally, the Emperor of the French, she made at the recent conferences at Vienna to bring the war to a conclusion on conditions consistent with the honour of the allies and with the future security of Europe, have proved ineffectual. But, those endeavours having failed, no other course is left to her Majesty but to prosecute the war with all possible vigour; and her Majesty, relying upon the support of her Parliament, upon the manly spirit and patriotism of her people, upon the never-failing courage of her army and her navy—whose patience under suffering and whose power of endurance her Majesty has witnessed with admiration—upon the stedfast fidelity of her allies, and above all, upon the justice of her cause, humbly puts her trust in the Almighty Disposer of events for such an

issue in the great contest as may secure to Europe the blessings of a firm and lasting peace.'

This distinct enunciation must have removed all misgivings from the courts and diplomatists of Europe as to the attitude of England with relation to Russia. In other respects the session has been far from satisfactory, and the close of it was not signalized by that distant note of triumph which at that moment the elements were bearing both from the North and the East, which would have strengthened the hands of ministers, and brightened the smile of majesty at that critical hour when the nation required something to compensate for the dispersion and temporary non-existence of its legislative council. The session itself has been most unsatisfactory. Until its last weeks little has been done to justify the late hours and lengthened labours of our representatives. Measures of great importance have been postponed by mismanagement, and at last hurried through the legislature at the eleventh hour. Of this the Limited Liabilities Bill is a signal instance, for the inconsiderate passing of which, as well as of the Beer Bill, the standing orders were suspended. The former measure, as creating a kind of free trade in capital, and liberating the savings of the great body of the people, is esteemed by the commercial classes as a great public boon; and although some of the hastily discussed amendments threaten to limit its beneficial tendency, yet the commercial world console themselves with two considerations, the one that the act may be amended in its particulars when a future Parliament shall have been convinced that such alteration is necessary, and the other, that by unpunishable evasions a coach and six may, in the well-known words of the late Mr. O'Connell, be driven through any statute of this realm.

The session has been marked by some ministerial changes which deserve a passing notice. The secession of Lord John Russell from the ministry has led to some curious developments of his character both as a statesman and a man. Saturated with views less of party than of personal advancement, he has ignored alike his former colleagues and his former self. He has exhibited a littleness and a spite utterly unworthy of the character of a statesman. His place as Secretary for the Colonies has been worthily supplied by Sir William Molesworth. He again has been succeeded by Sir Benjamin Hall in the office of Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Baines also has given up his place, by reason of ill health, at the head of the Poor Law Board; and the numerous subordinate appointments thus rendered necessary have been filled up in such a manner as can only be accounted for by the overshadowing influence of the Administrative Reform Association, which has now become what Mr. Cobden designated the Anti-Corn Law League—"a great fact."

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND TO THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE, though to a superficial observation a mere matter of courtly and ceremonial observance, is, in fact, a great historical event. Since the day when Henry VIII. met Francis I. amidst the barbaric splendour of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, no reigning monarch of Great Britain has ever set foot in the capital of France. It cannot but be regarded as a signal dispensation of Providence, by which the jealousies and hostilities of centuries have been healed and resulted in a

cordial union. The reception of the Emperor and Empress of the French was a proclamation on the part of this country of our earnest desire for a cordial understanding and friendship between the two countries; and if this required any ratification, that has been amply afforded by the reception of her Majesty in Paris. She was awaited and attended by the Emperor before her landing, and from the moment when she set foot on the coast of France to the time of her re-embarkation her life was one uninterrupted ovation. It was computed that not fewer than 800,000 persons witnessed her progress from the Strasburg Railway station to Saint Cloud; and her reception throughout has been enthusiastic in the extreme. It is impossible to prognosticate the results of a union so intimate as this promises to be between the two greatest nations of Europe. Joined hand in hand, as they seem likely to be, in arts and arms, it is not too sanguine to hope for an entire commercial reciprocity between them, and with this such an assimilation of political institutions as may make the united realms the focus of civilization and freedom to the world, while the visit of her Majesty will live in history as a most notable event, alike from its novelty and from the unexampled splendour of her reception. But when popular excitement has subsided, when the pomp of imperial state, the countless multitudes, the array of military hosts, the mingled din of military music and the acclamation of hundreds of thousands has subsided on the gravity of the historic page, what may not be hoped for in the future from the cordial union of two great peoples, if, in the Providence of God, they should combine to impregnate the nations of Europe with the principles of freedom and the love of peace, and to shed upon them the blessings which spring up in the footsteps of international amity and unrestricted commerce! We trust that this event, so strange in the history of both countries, may lead to this benign result, and inaugurate an epoch of lasting peace, in which superstition shall retire before the unimpeded march of truth, and religion, civilization, and liberty shall have free course, run, and be glorified.

Literary Intelligence.

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THE

Eclectic Review.

OCTOBER, 1855.

ART. I.—*Beretning om den finlandske National-Lituratur og dens nyeste Tilstand, af C. Molbech, Estatsraad, Professor i Literairhistorien, etc. Oplæst i det Kongl. danske Videnskabernes Selskabs Möde den 8de Junii*, 1849. [Report on Finlandic National Literature and its present Condition; read by C. Molbech, Councillor of State, Professor of Literature, &c. &c., at the Meeting of the Royal Literary Society of Denmark, June 8th, 1849.]

BY the present war with Russia, Finland is suddenly brought into a peculiar prominence, and placed as it were, by a sudden blaze of light, under the immediate eye of all Europe. Finland and Esthonia, also a Finlandic country, occupy nine-tenths of the Russian coast on the Baltic. They are those coasts on which are hovering the combined fleets of the two greatest naval nations in the world. They are the towns and forts of Finland and Esthonia which are menaced by these formidable foes, and they are the fortifications of Revel, Sveaborg, and Helsingfors, Abo and Nystadt, Raumo, Bürneborg, Christianstadt, Wasa, Brahestadt, and Torneo, which have to brave the thunders which formerly silenced the forts of Copenhagen, took captive the whole Danish fleet, and last summer, in alliance with France, destroyed Bomarsund.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that we should be curious to know something more of Finland and the character of its people than we have hitherto done. The Finns are not Russian, though they have the ill fortune just now to be placed between them and danger, exposed to the very brunt of that

mischief which is aimed at their conquerors. They have been so peaceable a people that little has been heard of them amid the noisy revolutions of Europe; yet they have not been without the visitations of war, and have been the prize contended for alternately by their more powerful neighbours. They were, nevertheless, of a martial origin. The Huns, who made so rapid a descent on Western Europe in the fifth century, and as rapid a retreat, were their ancestors. They descended from the Ural mountains, and in their retreat left behind them the Finns and the Magyars of Hungary. The Finns of Esthonia soon attracted the attention of the Danes, and were finally subjugated by them in 1220. In 1346, they were sold by them to the Teutonic Knights, whose Grand Master acknowledged the King of Poland as Lord Paramount in 1561. From that period to 1660, Esthonia, or, as the natives call it, Weiova the Borderland, or Meie Maa, Our Land, was the object of prolonged struggle between Russia, Poland, and Sweden, when Sweden obtained it only to be wrested from it by Peter the Great in 1710, and finally made over to Russia by the Treaty of Nystadt in 1721. Finland Proper, said to contain about 120,000 square miles of country, was conquered by Sweden at a much earlier date. It had been successively overrun by the Norwegians, Swedes, and Russians; in the twelfth century it became a Swedish province, and so continued till the same peace of Nystadt, when part of it was made over to Russia, and the remainder was usurped by that power in 1809, together with the Aland Isles. Thus Finland may be said never to have enjoyed an independent nationality, yet the people have preserved a remnant of a constitution, a mere shadow of one, of course; but they are all freemen, and many of them are landowners.

The Finlanders, who call themselves *Suomelins*, and their country *Suomenena*, Finland being a name of Swedish imposition, are estimated at about 3,000,000. The inhabitants of Western Finland, or that lying on the Baltic, are calculated at about half that number. They are a slow, self-willed, but peaceable, brave, hospitable, and industrious people. Their country is wild and melancholy, and has stamped its character upon its inhabitants. It abounds in lakes and forests of pine and birch, and between these extend flats of sand, overgrown with moss, and studded with low hills. Some of the lakes are of great extent. Ladoga occupies a considerable portion of North-eastern Finland, and Lake Saima, a little to the north of Viborg, is nearly one hundred and eighty miles long and twenty-five broad.

The coasts both of Bothnia and Finland are rocky and dangerous, with reefs and precipices. The interior is a plain from

400 to 500 feet above the level of the sea, full of swamps, lakes, and rocky elevations of red granite. The rivers are rocky and abound with waterfalls, and are generally, therefore, more picturesque than navigable. Agriculture, herding of cattle, fishing, the growth of hemp, and the preparation of tar, potash, and charcoal, are the chief occupations of the people; they export deals, dried fish, skins, butter, and meat to St. Petersburg and Sweden.

Their dwellings are generally of wood, low and dark. They consist of three cabins, one for summer, one for winter, and one used for cooking. These stand in an inclosed yard with their barns and buildings for their cattle. The women spin and weave coarse linens and woollens for their families, and their food is very simple, often very poor. They strip off the inner bark of the pine for winter use, and when dry grind and mix it with their rye-flour for bread.

Runeberg's description of the life of the peasant-farmers, the destruction of their crops by the early and late frosts of their ungenial climate, their sufferings, their patience, and their simple piety, is perhaps the most affecting picture which the poetry of any language contains. Rich land is almost unknown in this country, and in the stony and sandy districts which abound, the farmer burns down his forests and his underwood to obtain the ashes for manure. He gets a succession of crops as long as the ground will produce anything, when he replants it, and lets it lie twenty or thirty years till it is ready for another burning. Yet Finland, notwithstanding this sterile soil and strange tillage, produces a considerable quantity of corn. It has even been called the granary of Sweden, and in the year 1795 is said to have exported 50,000 quarters of corn.

Under all these unfavourable circumstances, these people possess a literature and a poetry especially their own, distinct from that of any other country of Europe, not excepting those kingdoms to which they have been so long subjected. The Finns, says Professor Molbech, in his Report on the Literary Condition of Finland, the title of which stands at the head of this article, take their place among those old European tribes, the remains of the earlier inhabitants of our hemisphere, who have not been influenced by the cultivation, nor yet speak any of the languages which have developed and spread themselves over Europe within the last two thousand years. This people, who were in all probability inhabitants of the north before the migrations thither either of the Celtic or Gothic tribes, appear to have left the remains of a collateral branch, the Lapps, in the most northern portions of Sweden and Norway, from which countries they were driven in a remote antiquity. The kinship

of these two tribes has been doubted, but the researches of learned philologists have established the fact beyond question that the Finlandic language is more nearly allied to that of the Lapps than are either Welch or Gaelic to the Irish tongue. Still greater is the affinity between the language of Finland and Esthonia, proving that both these people were originally one race, who branched off on their migration from the east, the one branch going north and the other south of the Gulf of Finland.

The Finn-nation Proper, seated in Finland, sent out also many branches into the northern parts of Russia. These kindred tribes have within the last few years occupied the labours of the celebrated Finlandic philologist and antiquarian A. J. Sjogren, who has travelled far and made profound researches among the nomadic Finns in the interior of that vast empire. It is, however, the main tribe in Finland itself to which we shall confine our attention, because the language of this tribe alone seems soonest to have attained a certain degree of national cultivation, and is the one which has become in modern times the subject of philological inquiry and even of a new development as a written tongue.

It is worthy of remark, that indisputable evidence, derived from the language itself, proves the Finns to be the first race in the north who pursued agriculture. In connexion with this it is known also that they were accustomed from the most remote antiquity, as already mentioned, to clear away the forests by fire, and afterwards cultivate the land. The Finlandic tongue has its native term for *corn*, for *bread*, and *ale*, as well as for *beer*, *honey*, and *mead;* whilst the names of *rye* and *oats* are so similar to those in the Swedish tongue as to prove that these species of grain were introduced and cultivated in Finland after the Swedish conquest in the twelfth century. In the same manner we find that the Finlanders, from the earliest times, perhaps even when they migrated into the north, were acquainted with and practised navigation, fishing, and the chase, as well as certain simple handicraft trades. The native names also of *iron*, *copper*, and *silver*, prove that they had knowledge of these metals before their migration; whilst, on the contrary, the names of the other metals, together with many other terms relative to a higher degree of cultivation, as *king*, *prince*, *magistrate*, *city*, &c., were evidently adopted into the language after the Swedish conquest.

When we thus, from the component parts of the language itself, are made cognizant of the earliest stage of cultivation, and discover that the Finns, until the time of the Swedish invasion, without being actually nomadic, yet lived in a simple

state, rather communal than republic, in village communities, governed by overseers, without hereditary or elected princes, without cities, or regular magistrates, we perceive that this conquest produced no organic change, nor in any way influenced the language further than the introduction of certain words which the civilization consequent upon it rendered necessary.

The grammatical construction, and other peculiarities of the language also, prove it to be not only one of the most ancient but one of the purest in the whole Asiatic-European family of languages. Owing, perhaps, to the stability of the Finns as a people, their language seems to have attained a higher perfection and a fuller development than any other of the Ural-Altaic family to which the Finlander belongs. H. Kellgren, a native Finn, who has profoundly studied his mother tongue, places it in these respects above the Hungarian, Turkish, or Mongolian. 'The Hungarians,' he says, 'during constant disquietude and incessant war with foreign nations could not maintain their language unmixed with foreign elements, and the Turks, who yielded to a foreign cultivation, beheld the development of their language interrupted at the very commencement. The Finns alone were able, amid the profound solitude of their forests, and amid their quiet labours, fully to develop and to preserve the primeval purity of their native tongue, which had become endeared to them, and enshrined, as it were, in the songs of their forefathers. The expansion of the language continued in proportion to the intellectual expansion of the people, but its fundamental character remained unchanged. The organic principle was never violated, and thus it continues to this day, harmoniously constructed, grandly sonorous, pure, and calm.'

To the above may be added the observation of another learned man, that while the Finlandic tongue, both from its grammatical construction and peculiar word-formation, appears unquestionably to take the highest rank in the cultivation of the most primeval ages, it is lowest in that of later times. There can scarcely be counted up, in the whole of this ancient language, fifty purely monosyllabic words, whilst it contains compound words, the idea in which is simple, of from eight to ten, nay, sometimes as many as eighteen syllables. It will easily be seen how impossible it must be to find equivalent words in our modern languages, or to translate such without the circumlocution of a whole sentence. Besides which, the main idea is placed at the commencement of the word, which becomes modified by suffixes, which in themselves mean nothing, and hold no other place in the language than as such.

The singularly rich power of modification which every vêrbal primitive root possesses, is in fact one of the most striking pecu-

liarities of the Finlandic tongue. The verbs of this language, says Kellgren, like those of the Hungarian and Turkish, are infinite in their flexibility and pliancy. They are capable of more delicate hair-splitting modifications than those of any other language whatever. Gottlund gives no less than eighty-four conjugational forms of the primitive root *seisoon*, to stand, besides twelve other reciprocal forms, which are now, however, only to be found in the Kareelan dialect, and may be regarded as still more ancient forms of the language. This one example will suffice, though we may add, on the same authority, that the simple numeral *yksi*, one, is alone capable of forming 663 distinct words—viz., 94 adverbs, 141 adjectives, 323 substantives, and 105 verbs. The same writer also observes, that the reader must not suppose that the meaning of any of these derivative words cannot, as in any other language, be expressed by other words. The contrary is the fact, and this mode has, of late years, become more and more general, whence it would appear that although this language is deficient in the later lingual structure, still that it has to a certain degree participated in the progress which every language makes which has passed through a long existence, and is becoming the organ of a progressively civilized people. It is beginning to emancipate itself from those artificial and complex grammatical forms which generally prevail in the languages of the rudest races. Its deliverance from these, and its advance to a simpler structure, will keep pace with the intellectual development of the people and the progress of the language towards a written style. And, indeed, as far as we can judge from the Swedish translations of the Finlandic folks' poetry, the popular poets of this country appear to have made use of the simpler form of the language.

Another singularity of the Finlandic tongue is, that while its lingual structure is so complex, the utmost simplicity prevails in its grammatical principles. It possesses no distinction of gender, either of substantives or adjectives. Its noun has only one form of declension, though with no less than fifteen cases formed by suffixes, which arrange themselves into series according to a regular but singular system, and how rich soever may be the variations and modifications of the verb, it yet appears to have, according to ordinary grammar, only one conjugation, or series of personal terminations, which are the same in the two tenses, and only slightly varied through all the eight moods.

A language possessed of so peculiar an organization, which betrays so ancient a date and so elementary a character, might be supposed to be hard, unrhythmical, and unmelodious, calculated by no means for the creative or poetical art. On the contrary, it is possessed of amazing wealth in vowels, con-

taining not less than twenty-three diphthongs, besides eight vowels proper; it is not deficient in the terminal consonant sounds of b, d, f, g, x, y, &c.; but it does not recognise, and almost entirely avoids, the union of hard consonants. Gottlund tells us that there is not a single word in this language which begins or ends with two dissimilar consonants; and, with the exception of sk and st in some few instances, there is no example of two consonants coming together in the middle of a word. When to this we add alliteration and assonance in accent and syllable, a studied harmony produced by the regular alternations of accordant vowel sounds in the words and the most careful accentuation, which constitutes the metre and rhythm of the language, we shall have sufficient proof of a poetic character in its phonetic elements entirely agreeing with its inner ideal character and spirit, which are peculiarly susceptible of the mild, sensitive, idylic, and lyrical key of poetry.

The great philologist, Rask, says, in fact, that the Finlandic is the most original, regular, flexible, and euphonious language on the face of the earth; that it possesses the most beautiful harmony between vowels and consonants, quantity and construction, and may in this respect be compared to the Italian, having none of the disagreeable hissing and terminal letters of the Lappish and Sclavonic tongues.

These brief and general observations seem a necessary introduction to the national poetry of Finland. The country was conquered by Sweden, which gave it Christianity, a clergy, and, later, schools and academies, together with magistrates, and in part the Swedish form of government. Finland became outwardly a Swedish province, but the country was too extensive, too little cultivated, and the population too weak and scattered, for the Swedish language to overturn so old, so foreign, and fundamentally different a national character. Every strong element of nationality remained deep-rooted amongst the peasantry, and in the interior of the country, as well as in the northern and eastern districts, not alone the living language, but in great measure the old customs and modes of life and thinking remained unchanged. The old spirit still lived there as vigorously as ever, with all its treasury of sagas, superstition, and popular song. All this was, however, for the cultivated world rather as some dark, strange, and mouldering fragment of a dead former age than as the still living possession of a whole people.

Sweden knew nothing of a Finlandic nationality until the middle of the eighteenth century, except merely that the peasantry still spoke their old unintelligible language, into which the Bible, hymn-books, and catechisms had been translated, and that it was used for divine service both in the country and in some of the

city churches. The Swedish language had become a second national language. It was learned in childhood by the educated classes, by the middle classes in the towns, and in many districts bordering the coast. Hence it followed, that as Sweden accumulated a literature of her own, it became in some measure familiar to Finland. Creutz in the eighteenth, and Franzen in the nineteenth century, exchanged their fatherland for Sweden without abandoning it, and developed there those poetical gifts, the spiritual roots of which were centred and fostered in Finland. The genius of both exhibited those peculiar features which are the elements of Finlandic national poetry.

In the mean time the old poetry of Finland, as had been the case with the Gaelic poetry of Scotland, had retired deeply into the quiet memory of the people. Very few of the educated classes knew anything about the sagas or legends. It was after the Finns had for centuries been regarded as a people without historical life, that the old nationality awoke. About the close of the eighteenth century, Professor Porthan, the Bishop Percy of Finland, published in Abo the first collection of their folks' songs derived from oral tradition. With the death of Porthan, the subject of Finlandic poetry again went to sleep. A great revolution in the political condition of the country, its transition from Sweden to Russia, took place, and became the active cause of a new intellectual life. This was accompanied by a periodical literature, the organ of the newly awakened historical, antiquarian, and literary research; and renewed endeavours were made to bring the native folks' poetry again before the notice of the public.

Dr. Topelius commenced these labours and inquiries. 'Scarcely anywhere in Finland,' he observes, 'can now be found the songs of the olden time in a perfect state. It is only, in fact, beyond the boundaries of Finland, in some of the districts of the Archangel government, that ancient manners remain unchanged, and the memories of the old heroic race are preserved in their pure, unadulterated freshness.' Topelius published five volumes of ancient and modern folks' songs, the last of which appeared in 1831 at Helsingfors. Topelius prepared the way for Dr. Elias Lönnrot, the most enthusiastic and successful of all the labourers in the old field of Finlandic poetry.

Lönnrot was fortunate enough in 1832 and the following year to discover, among the peasants of Karelen, and still farther on in Russia, a series of valuable poems, preserved by tradition, and comprising a mythical epic on the subject of the Finlandic Orpheus, the god of song, Wæinæmöinen, his journey with the smith Ilmarin to Pajolah, &c. &c. He endeavoured, as far as possible, to present this cycle of songs in a connected epic form, and pub-

lished them in their native tongue, under the name of Kälevala* at Helsingfors, in 1835. In 1841 appeared the whole of Kälevala, excellently translated into Swedish, according to Lönnrot's text, by M. A. Castren, who also increased the value of his work by an analysis of the intention of the poem, and critical observations on the connexion of the songs. Lönnrot is of opinion that the songs which compose Kälevala have been composed at various times, and by many different poets, whence he reasons that Kälevala is deficient in the higher unity of epic. Castren, on the contrary, remarks that every unprejudiced reader must acknowledge that the poem is more than a mere collection of isolated fragments, and that an epic unity pervades many parts of it; besides which he mentions that many songs which belong to the cycle may still be discovered, and that the whole, when complete, will exhibit the true qualities of the epic.

We will here give a specimen of this singular poem, and as much as in us lies endeavour to preserve the rhythm and style of the original. We select, without exercising much choice, the nineteenth song of the poem, which describes how Wæinæmöinen lamented the loss of his harp (Kantele), and how he made himself a new one.

Thus the grave old Wæinæmöinen
Thought unto himself, lamenting,
Would that I could touch my harp-strings,
Could from music waken gladness
All among these lonesome pastures,
'Mong these narrow forest pathways!
But my harp is mine no longer,
Joy is gone from me for ever!

Wæinæmöinen then relates that his harp was lost in the deep waters. It was now in the possession of the fish of the race of Ahti, the god of the sea, and of his goddess Wellamo. He therefore goes to the forge of the smith, and thus lifting up his voice he says—

Hear me, smith, oh Ilmarinen!
Forge for me a rake of iron,
Weld thereto a shaft of copper,
So that I may rake the ocean,
Rake the billows up together,
And thus find my harp of fish-bone,
Snatch my lute inlaid with pearl-bone
From the fishes' deep dominion,
From the salmon's rugged caverns.

The poet then relates how Ilmarin does his bidding. A rake is forged with eight hundred teeth, and welded to a shaft

* So called from Kaleva, the great ancestor of all Finnish heroes.

of copper five hundred fathoms in length. Wæinæmöinen lays bare the bottom of the sea, but to no purpose. Never more found he, or saw his harp of fish-bone—

'Kantelé was lost for ever;
Joy for ever had departed.'

On this, old Wæinæmöinen wanders home very sorrowful in spirit. Arriving, however, at a part of the forest which had been cleared for tillage, he hears the lamenting of a weeping-birch:

'Wherefore mourn'st thou, verdant birch-tree?'

asks the old god, and the tree makes answer with a long history of her own griefs; of her poor life which has no purpose in it, and no enjoyment, standing thus in the open field. The heart of the old poet-god is touched with sympathy. He bids her grieve no longer, for that her sorrow shall be changed into joy. Out of the wood of this tree, therefore, on a certain summer's day, Wæinæmöinen fashions the wood-work of a harp to replace the one which he has lost. He still, however, wants screws and pegs. But a lofty oak-tree stands hard by:

Smooth and straight the oak-tree's branches,
And on every branch an apple;
Golden-balls upon the apples,
And on every ball a cuckoo.
Loud the summer cuckoo shouted,
Five times shouted in the sunshine,
And a sixth time shouted also.
From his mouth a stream flowed golden;
From the cuckoo's lips flowed silver,
Down upon the golden hillock
On the little mound of silver.
Thus were screws of gold perfected,
Pegs of silver for the zitter.

Grave and ancient Wæinæmöinen
Thus he spake, his voice uplifting;
Harp, thy golden screws are fashioned,
Kantelé, thy pegs of silver,
From his tongue, the golden cuckoo,
From his voice, the bird of silver!
Yet one little thing is wanting,
Yet five strings the zitter needeth.
Wherefrom shall these strings be fashioned,
Where the chords to string the zitter?

Wept a maid amid the clearings,
Maiden fair, down in the valley,
Yet she did not weep for sorrow;

Nor was yet her joy perfected,
She sang only as a pastime,
Till the sunset brought the shadows
And the loved one to her bosom.

Grave and ancient Wæinæmöinen
Heard the plainings of the maiden,
Heard the fair girl's words of sorrow,
And thus spake, his voice uplifting;
Promise me a gift, oh maiden;
Virgin, give to me a ringlet,
Five hairs from thy golden tresses,
And a sixth give to me also,
Therewith can I string my zitter
For an ever youthful gladness.

The girl gives him the harp-strings as he desires, and straightway old Wæinæmöinen begins to play and to sing. Seated on the stony steps of the rock, or upon the bench of pine-wood, he plays so wonderfully that the trees of the forest, birds, and beasts, and fishes, Tapio, the god of the woods, and Ahti, god of the waters, come forth attired in their best apparel, together with sun, moon, and stars, to listen to him. Wæinæmöinen typifies the poetic spirit, which exercises its power over Nature, and before which the great mystery of the human heart is unsealed, that human heart which is in truth the harp upon which he plays. He sings to the sound of his harp, and the world is moved to tears.

There was not on earth a hero,
Not a man so iron-hearted,
Not a man, much less a woman,
Who could hear unmoved to weeping.
Wept the young and wept the aged,
Wept the men who were unmarried,
And the married men wept also;
Wept the grave men, middle-aged,
Wept the bachelors and maidens,
Wept the child, half-girl, half-woman,
When was heard that wondrous measure.

Wæinæmöinen wept also in company, and his tears flowed like rivers,

Down unto the blue sea's margin,
Onward from the blue sea's margin,
Down beneath the crystal waters,
Spreading o'er the sandy bottom,
Where a great change undergoing,
They were fashioned into jewels
To adorn the brows of heroes.

Said the ancient Wæinæmöinen,
'Are there 'mid these youthful people,
'Mid these lovely men and maidens
Of this noble generation,
'Mid these sons of mighty fathers,
Any who my tears will gather
From beneath the crystal waters,
From the rugged beds of ocean?'

None, however, are capable of this great undertaking; the true poet is ever in advance of his time, and

Therefore the grey wild-swan cometh,
Therefore the grey wild-swan often
Dips her beak below the billows,
Bathes herself amid the waters,
Plucking thence the noble jewels,
Tears of good, old Wæinæmöinen
From the rugged beds of ocean.

This epic is, as we have remarked, altogether mythical in its character and purpose, with nothing of the historical colouring and heroic spirit which the Greek epic possesses in Homer, or which we find in the Anglo-Saxon poem of 'Beowulf,' or in the German song of the 'Niebelungen.' Kälevala, in this respect, betrays more affinity with the East than with Europe. If there be an historical element concealed in these myths it is lost among the grotesque creations and pictures of imagination, as in the old Hindu epic poems, 'Ramayana,' and 'Mahabaratha.' In Kälevala, witchcraft and magic play such a predominant part that we are reminded of the old popular superstition of the kindred Lapps, regarding beings possessed of supernatural gifts and power of witchcraft, with almost unlimited creative will. The same characteristic, indeed, prevails also in many of the ancient and more modern runes, or lyrical folks' songs, but by no means in all.

Simultaneously with the revival of the ancient poetry arose the desire to elevate the Finnish language into the literary language of the country. It was spoken by 1,500,000 people, and it was of the utmost importance that it should become the organ of printed intelligence, that something more than the Scriptures and a few church hymn-books should be made the common property through its medium. To effect this great object the Finlandic Society of Literature was established at Helsingfors in 1834. It turned its especial attention to the history of Finland, including its statistics, topography, and antiquities; but it did not forget that the people at large required matter more attractive to their tastes. The first work issued by the society, there-

fore, was a translation of Zschokke's popular tale, the 'Goldmaker's Village.' The next year Kälevala was published in the native tongue, and the result was a universal enthusiasm on the subject of Finlandic poetry. But the indefatigable Lönnrot did not content himself alone with collecting the treasures of ancient poetry; he wrote on various scientific subjects, and thus endeavoured to lay the foundation of a purer style. But here a difficulty met him. The translation of the Bible into the western dialect, the most impure of all the Finlandic dialects, was, nevertheless, the only literary style with which the people were familiar. It was called the Bible-Finnish, and not only a great number of the people themselves, but the clergy, very generally refused to acknowledge any other. This, however, daunted neither the Society nor Lönnrot, though it considerably impeded their labours in this particular respect. Again, in 1841, was Dr. Lönnrot sent out by the Society to travel through every district of the country in quest of ancient runes or songs. He was again very successful, and besides songs collected a great number of sagas, old proverbs, and riddles, which constitute a portion of the Finnish traditional folks' poetry.

He was thus enabled the same year to publish his 'Kanteletar, or Songs for the Harp,' from Kantele, the name of a national stringed instrument, a sort of lute or zitter. This work was in three volumes, and contained no less than 652 ancient folks' songs. In poetical value it stands higher even than the Kälevala. The following may be taken as specimens of these remarkable lyrics:—

THE THREE WOOERS.

Softly, sweetly sang my mother,
Thus she sang when I was little;
'Soon will come the handsome bridegroom,
Manly, dark-haired, tall, and slender,
And for bride will choose the maiden,
She, the girl of fifteen winters.'

Hours sped on, the short years vanished,
Fifteen years in peace departed.
Time on pleasure's wings flew onward,
Sank the day in dreams of beauty,
Fled the maiden's golden spring-time,

Then, then, as had sung my mother,
Lovers came—but three together:
With the bridegroom's ring came sorrow,
With the bridegroom's gifts came weeping,
Last, came death, the third, the sternest,
To fetch home the bride, the chosen.

TURUSES MAIDEN.

Annikki, Turuses maiden,
Sitting on the mound of Turu,
Gazing on the salt-sea water,
Gazing westward o'er the water,
Saw a vessel in the offing,
'Yonder ship it is a stranger's.'

On the land hath leapt the stranger,
And thus speaking he addressed her:
'Come with me, thou pretty maiden!'

'Go with thee! That will I never,
Nor with thee nor yet another,
'Twere against my mother's bidding,
'Twere against my parents' warning,—
Thus it was my mother bade me,
Thus my parents dear forewarned me,—
'Mayst thou never, little daughter,
Never thou, home's dove and darling,
Be ensnared by man's beguiling;
List not thou unto his promise,
Let no flattering stranger lure thee,
Be not won by the deceiver!
One day will the stranger leave thee;
Young men break their vows the dearest,
And forget their surest promise;
All are false, all are deceivers!'

But the subtle stranger answered,
Thus replied the unknown seaman;
'Trust in me; have no misgivings;
Come with me; thou art in safety;
Come with me who love thee truly!
Be the rich man's wedded lady,
Be my dove, the wealthy merchant!'

Annikki, Turuses maiden,
Was persuaded by the stranger.

There he tarried through the winter,
Ate and drank, was ever merry;
Drank the mellow ale inspiring,
Ate of the abundant table.

But the stranger longed for spring-time,
Longed the same his stranded vessel;
Longed they too his little children,
And his wife at home abiding;
All awaited spring-time's coming,
Longing, longing for the spring-time.

He awaits the spring impatient.—
When he saw it come in beauty
To the shore his goods he hurried;
In the boat he stored his riches;
In the boat himself he seated;
Took in hand the oars for rowing,
And the poor girl left behind him,
Standing by the salt-sea water,
'Mid the rugged sea-stones weeping
To behold that sight of sorrow.

Wept the poor girl by the water,
'Mid the rugged sea-stones standing;
Weeping, weeping and lamenting
As she prayed to mighty Ukko;
'Mighty Ukko, lord of heaven,
Let thy westward clouds assemble,
Let thy tempest lash the ocean,
Let the billows leap up skyward
To o'erwhelm the false deceiver,
To engulf the faithless stranger!'

Mighty Ukko, lord of heaven,
Let his western clouds assemble,
Let his billows leap up skyward
To o'erwhelm the false deceiver,
To engulf the faithless stranger.

The two following are evidently of a later date, and the work of a Christian poet:—

LOOK UPON MY FLOCK, LORD JESUS!

Look upon my flock, Lord Jesus!
Keep, O God, my herded cattle
On the open mountain pastures,
In the pleasant forest-clearings,
'Mid the green and slender birch-trees,
'Mid the juniper's lovely bushes,
'Neath the hill-top's thick-grown pine-trees,
In the lowland woods of aspen,
'Neath the spruce-fir's golden branches,
In the deep and slumbrous forest!
Let not yellow wolves come nigh them,
Let not the black bear approach them!
But if wolves must come a-nigh them,
If the black bear must approach them,
Straightway be transformed my cattle;
Change to stocks my kine so lovely,
Change to stones my bleating treasures;—
Wolves will pass by stocks unheeding,
Bears unheeding pass by stone-heaps!

THE HERD-BOY IN THE FOREST.

Others hear the church-bells ringing,
I, poor lad, the cow-bells only;
Others see the holy preacher,
I, alone, the lofty pine-trees;
Rugged rocks serve me for temple,
Black pine-logs they are my preachers;
Willow-bushes chant the anthem,
And my clerk, he is the cuckoo!
Lift thy voice, oh golden cuckoo,
Golden-tongue, shout through the silence,
Shout aloud in silvery accents,
And make answer from the forest!
Shall I long time face all weather?
Shall I herd the flock much longer?
Yet much longer tramp the moorlands,
And the marsh's weary borders?
Still for one—or for two summers—
Still for five—six summers wander?
—Perhaps for ten—for ten long summers!
But—it may be, not so either!

In 1842 Dr. Lönnrot's collection of proverbs was published. They were 7000 in number, and filled a volume of nearly 600 pages. Lastly, in 1845, a fifth part of this work was published, containing 1648 Finnish proverbs, and 138 Esthonian riddles.

So earnest was this able philologist and writer that he commenced in 1836 a monthly periodical, which ceased however after a continuance of some years. It was too early in its appearance for so young a literature; and a similar fate attended the offer of a prize by the Society of Literature for the best translation of Runeberg's well-known poem, the 'Elk-hunters,' none of the many produced being found worthy of the original.

The Society, in 1840, issued a periodical under the name of 'Suomi,' the national name of Finland, and included amongst its contributors the most celebrated men of science and literature in Finland. It continued but three years, and published three volumes. In 1846 were published a book for popular reading, and a 'Hand-book of Finland's History,' by J. F. Cajan. In 1847, a Finlandic translation of the first four books of Euclid, by D. W. St. Schildt; and in 1848 a translation of Bredow's 'Remarkable Incidents in the History of the World,' intended as a reading-book for country schools. The example of the Society was followed by many native authors, and amongst other works were published a translation of Cornelius Nepos, a Finlandic Letter-writer, Instructions for Farm Management, &c.

Besides the literary labours of the Society as already enumerated, may be mentioned a prize which it offered, in 1846, for the most perfect grammar of the Finlandic tongue, and the con-

tinued support which it has afforded at various times to young and learned men who have travelled into the interior and more remote part of the country to gather up popular poetry, old sagas, &c.; as well as to make careful philological and ethnological researches; nor, lastly, their earnest endeavour to prepare a comprehensive and critical dictionary of the Finlandic tongue, which shall contain, as far as possible, a complete collection of words used in the principal dialects, together with accurate collation of all. A mass of valuable material for this great national work, and which, in fact, formed its nucleus, was obtained in the philological and historical manuscripts bequeathed to the Society by their secretary, Keckmann, at his death.

A second society, similar in character to the first, was organized at Viborg, in 1846, which was also greatly enriched by important testamentary bequests. Both societies at the time of Molbech's report were in flourishing condition, and the library of the elder one contained about twelve hundred volumes.

Among the more modern literary productions of the younger generations may be mentioned an extremely interesting and valuable work, published annually, under the title of 'Our Country's Album,' edited by H. Kellgren, R. Tengström, and K. Tigerstedt. It is written in the Swedish language, and contains translations of the folks' songs, both of Western Finland and of the kindred Esthonian and Finnish tribes settled in Russia; besides native and Esthonian sagas or legends; together with æsthetic, philologic, and literary papers, all bearing upon the language, poetry, and history of Finland.

We have thus gone through the literary history of this ancient country, as far as Professor Molbech serves us for a guide. But we must not close this article without a more general mention of Runeberg, the greatest living poet of Finland. Runeberg, though he writes in the Swedish language, is truly national in spirit; a warm, patriotic heart, beats in his bosom, and the genius of his country is the only muse that he acknowledges. He is of all Finlandic poets the one who has inherited the harp of old Wæinæmöinen, whose strains touch the human heart to the core. It is the reality of a suffering and sorrowing humanity, as he finds it amid the forests and desolate marshes of his native land, which calls forth the eloquence of his song; the sufferings, the joys, the temptations, sorrows, and hopes of the men and women of Finland are the theme of his inspiration. It is this admission to the innermost sanctuary of the human heart, the privilege alone of the true poet, which is the distinctive characteristic of Runeberg.*

* For further account of this poet, see Howitt's 'Literature of the North.'

Among his principal poems may be mentioned 'The Stories of Ensign Stal,' in which he describes, under the character of an old soldier, the conquest of Finland by Russia, and thus gives many a pathetic incident of the war, and many an affecting picture of domestic sorrow. The 'Elk-hunters,' already mentioned, is a poem in nine cantos, written in hexameters, remarkable for the freshness of its scenery and the delineations of character and manners which it contains. 'Hanna' is another poem of the same class, in three cantos. 'The Grave in Perrho,' in two, is a story of strange, stern heroism, which we would gladly give as a specimen of his style, but that its length forbids. We will, instead, give a short ballad from the narrative of Ensign Stal, premising that this poem, like many others of Runeberg's, is written in the modern rhymed stanza, but he as frequently uses the unrhymed but rhythmical metre of the older bards.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

'Twas eve, a balmy summer's eve, the glorious sun descending,
And tender floods of crimson light seemed earth and heaven blending,
When joyful came a weary band of peasants up the road,
Their day's work done, they hastened now each to his own abode.

Their day's work done, their harvest reaped, a harvest rich and golden;—
A bold and vengeful Russian troop mown down or prisoners holden;
At dawn of day they had gone forth to meet their cruel foe,
Nor was their victory complete before the sun was low.

Near to the field where now was fought this conflict long and bloody,
A little farm, by former fights lay desolate already,
Upon the door-sill sate a girl and watched with eager eye
The troop of peasant-victors come onward and pass by.

She gazed like one who seeketh; but that heart's deep core who knoweth?
Her cheek with yet a deeper red than sunset's crimson gloweth;
She sate unmoved, her blood so warm, and every sense so stirred,
That had she listened her own heart's pulsations she had heard.

The troop came on; from man to man a look inquiring cast she;
Of every man who onward came the self-same question asked she,
A trembling question, shyly asked, but not in words expressed,
More silent than the sigh itself which fluttered from her breast.

And when the troop, from first to last, without reply had left her,
Her calmness vanished, for that sight had of her strength bereft her,
Yet made she no lament, but bowed her forehead on her hand,
And wept as they who weep in grief which they will not withstand.

'Weep not! Take heart! There is no cause for all this grief, my daughter!
Oh listen to thy mother's words and shed not tears like water.
He whom thou sought'st in vain 'mid men returning from the strife
Is living still; he thought of thee, and hath preserved his life!

'He thought of thee and listened unto my prudent warning;
It was my parting rede to him when he went forth this morning,
And though compelled to go with them he would not strike a blow,
Nor risk his life, and life's best joys. He liveth yet, I know!'

The girl looked up and trembled; her sorrow's spell was broken,
It was as if forebodings dire within her soul were spoken;
She spake no word, but glancing towards the bloody field of fight,
She stole into the sunset, and hurried out of sight.

One hour and yet a second passed; the shades of night were falling,
The sky was piled with silver clouds, but earth was wrapt a pall in.
'Why tarries she? Oh daughter come; there is no need for fear,
To-morrow ere the sun is up thy true love will be here!'

The daughter came. With silent steps she neared her wondering mother,
She had no tears, she did not weep in this great grief, this other;
The hand she gave was colder than the night winds when they blow,
And whiter was her cold, cold cheek than flakes of frozen snow.

'My grave may now be dug, dear mother; my life's joy hath departed;
The man to whom I pledged my troth is false and dastard-hearted!
He thought of me—thought of himself—he did as thou hadst planned—
He saved himself at other's cost and—shamed his fatherland!

'When came the troop and he came not, I wept with love yet fonder,
I thought that as a man he lay among the brave dead yonder,
I grieved and yet my grief was sweet, such sorrow has no pain,
I could have lived a thousand years thus to have mourned him slain.

'I sought for him among the dead, till night the field hath covered,
But not among the noble slain have I his face discovered.—
What good is life, what good is love when honour lives no more?
I could not find him 'mong the dead, and let me die therefore!'

So much for the Finlanders. Their endeavours to elevate themselves in the intellectual scale have been the result of peace. What will be the consequences of the present war, which has already levelled its thunder against the fortress of Helsingfors, the seat of those literary labours which we have recorded, time will show. But be they what they may, our sympathies will not fail Finland, nor our earnest wishes that the national spirit which awoke through her old literature may still grow amid the anxieties and sufferings of war, so that when peace returns, she may devote herself with yet greater energy to the work of civilization and enlightenment.

ART. II.—*The Noctes Ambrosianæ.* Vol. I. London & Edinburgh: Blackwood.

THE republication of the 'Noctes' furnishes us with a graceful opportunity of saying a few more words about Christopher North and his marvellous genius. Perhaps the main offices of mind (in its higher forms at least) may be summed up in two—creation and criticism; the first is peculiarly the work of genius, although criticism too, in its proper acceptation, demands a considerable measure of the imaginative faculty. The history of literature has been little else than a record of the oscillations between the creative and the critical. In Queen Elizabeth's day the creative element prevailed, not merely in poetry but in scientific and philosophic research, in travels and discoveries, in all the energies at work in the age. Under the reigns of James I. and Charles I., there was a kind of combination, or rather struggle between the two—Milton sustaining the honour of the creative, Selden and the Presbyterian divines generally applying a somewhat critical process to the defence and explication of theology. In Charles II.'s day, the creative was overlaid and well nigh drowned under the critical element which rioted in poetry, on the stage, in every department of literature and science, and was fed from France. Under Pope and his school, our poetry became still more decidedly critical. By and by, when his influence was waning, the creative power of genius began in the 'Seasons' of Thomson, and in the 'Night Thoughts' of Young, to reappear; in Cowper and Burke it came forth still more boldly, and (aided from France, as the critical influence had been, but in a very different manner, inspired by the *Revolution* in France) it at length produced those miracles of poetry and general power contained in the writings of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Foster, Byron, Shelley, and fifty more. The critical indeed continued to exist, and to fight its own cause bravely in reviews and sceptical speculations of all kinds, and has of late again triumphed, at least for a season, over the creative, although in our New Poets and elsewhere we see symptoms of another reaction. Still at present we cannot say that our age is distinguished by creative intellect. It is 'nothing if not critical.' Remarkable for the most searching and varied analysis, it has little synthesis; with immense cleverness, it has little originality; with great and all-developed talent, it has little genius; with prodigious animation, it has little enthusiasm; with vast labour, it has little hope; and with much inquiry, cant, and pretension, it has little religion. A creative age must be a hopeful one—smitten by some new

sunbeam of joyous prospect (whether true or false) from a higher region. It was so in the age of the Reformation, and of the French Revolution. It is not so in ours. A creative is a self-forgetting, earnest, *idea-mad* age. Ours, as Carlyle truly says, 'listens to itself,' confounds intense consciousness of weakness with the possession of strength, and mistakes its perceptions of being at sea with the sight of shore. We must wait for some great new enthusiasm—some unselfish, transporting, sunny, and universal idea to pervade the higher mind of the world, ere we can produce truly original poetry, or genuine art, or the highest species of philosophical thought. But whence, where, or how is such a new idea or sublime enthusiasm likely to descend upon us?

The creative and the critical elements have often been combined in men of genius, indeed, are generally found together, with the creative predominating in some, as in Wordsworth—with the critical or artistic predominating in others, as in Tennyson—and with both nearly equal, as in Coleridge and Christopher North. In Wilson, indeed, we look upon the two elements as both existing in largest measure, and as both, if not thoroughly harmonized, yet working sweetly and strongly together. If they do not move with the uniformity of two oxen or horses pulling the same plough at the same pace, they resemble a strong horse and a strong ox yoked to the same tasks, and urged on by the same goad. In some of his works, unfortunately, he has only used a portion of his powers—powers which are so constituted that they never work so well as when they work in combination—never run so fast as when they seem emulous of each other's speed. In his 'Lights and Shadows,' and in most of his poetry, we see only one of his main powers employed, and it besides seems to labour slowly and sadly, on account of the want of its companion, feeling that it is not good to be alone. Nothing can surpass in grandeur some of the descriptions in the 'Lights and Shadows;' and nothing in pathos excels some of the pictures in his poems. But they are not properly relieved, or suitably set—relieved by humour, or set in the crystalline shrine of wit. Hence there is something mawkish and morbid about them, and the author seems sometimes afraid of his own genius, shuddering under the shadow of his own broad wings. He treads timidly regions which in his higher moods he would have crossed at the speed, and with the impetuous force of the whirlwind. He leans down on some subjects the lurid weight of passion instead of gilding them gaily with the shifting lights of poetry. He exhibits rather the resources of his heart than the unlimited riches of his genius. In these productions we not only miss almost entirely the critical element, but we see the

creative power exerting itself only in part; not only dulled and deadened by the absence of its critical companion, but confined in its own field and range, capable indeed of the tears which creators weep, but not of the smiles and riant laughter which it is the still higher prerogative of genius to shed forth like a strange sudden sunshine transfiguring all things into mirth, or cheerfulness, or joy. It makes this the worse that Wilson's mind is not of that order which is 'nothing if not serious,' which, charged with a prophetic mission, must be always grave as its message, or which, if it do smile, smiles in 'so sad a sort as if it mocked itself.' Such a spirit indeed occasionally gleams across his pages. But it does not tarry long, or if it does, it seems arrested by effort, and it is so much the worse for the effect. The light of the sun, one thinks, compelled to stand over Gibeon, could not have been quite so naturally glorious as it was in the morning of that memorable day, nor did the moon shine quite so sweetly over the vale of Ajalon as when at other times she had

> 'Climbed the blue steep of the Eastern sky,
> And sate and tarried for the coming Night,'

trembling over the beautiful oaks which fill that romantic valley of Dan. And so the light of Wilson's genius, when long detained on sad and sombre themes, assumes, we know not what, of an unnatural aspect, seems powerful but lurid, not indeed labouring under dim eclipse, but shining with the strange and unworldly brightness of a midnight sun.

Whatever style of writing best represents its author's various moods must be most suitable to his genius, for what is good writing but a complete reflection of the writer's whole soul? In some instances, indeed, there is in the mind but one dark, predominant mood, and that, if the writer be true to his own nature, must be expressed alone and by itself, even at the hazard of monotony, and never changed. In vain does Hazlitt strive to be gay, and Foster to be elastic. But when the moods and the powers are various, they should not only be all represented, but represented together, and so as to form a whole. For this purpose no mode of writing is better adapted than the Dialogue or Drama, where the quick vicissitudes of feeling, the lively interchanging currents of thought, the eternal play as of battledore and shuttlecock, are admirably adapted for developing the resources and bringing into action all the powers of a wide and catholic-hearted genius. In a drama or dialogue every mood of the mind is as it were personified, and becomes a living individual. In Shakspere, for instance, Falstaff stands for his creator's animalism and humour; Mercutio for his whimsicality and wit; Hamlet for his melancholy; Timon for his misanthropy; Romeo for his early

love; Othello for his later jealousy (perhaps); Prospero for his magical fancy; Hotspur for his hairbrained romantic heroism; Ulysses (in 'Troilus and Cressida') for his deep, sagacious wisdom; and King Lear for his high strung and half-mad imagination. Shakspere, we believe, was by necessity *driven* to the drama, as the only adequate expression of his all-sided powers. What sickly strains, notwithstanding all the felicities of thought and language which are strewed across them, are Shakspere's sonnets compared to his plays, and it is so chiefly because in the former he is cabined, cribbed, confined, partly by the structure of the verse, partly by the mystery of the subject; while in the latter, he is left at liberty to disport, as if in a boundless ocean, all the powers of his vast and versatile mind. There is too, in the form of dialogue or drama, a river-like meandering motion which admirably suits alike the purposes and the temperament of genius.

For these and other reasons, perhaps, the best artistic productions in the world are dialogues. Think of those golden conversations, distinguished not less by beautiful poetry than by profound thought, the Dialogues of Plato, which have often been compared to the conversations of the gods. Think, in Scripture, of Job;—and of the Song of Solomon, which, if inferior to many parts of the Bible in high imagination, yields to nothing in poetry for beauty, tenderness, and Oriental grace. Then there are the fine Dialogues of Cicero, in which, although the orator too often peeps out, and the style is sometimes prolix and heavy, the matter is always solid, and many of the flights magnificent. Then there are Lucian's Dialogues, so ingenious in their scepticism and witty in their profanity. In more modern times Erasmus has given us some learned and elaborate dialogues; Castalio has cast many parts of Scripture into this form; in Italy, both Petrarch and Machiavelli have practised the dialogue; among the French we have dialogues by Sarrassin, Malebranche, and Fénélon, besides Fontenelle's famous Dialogue on the Plurality of Worlds; in England, not to speak of Shakspere, or our thousand and one dramatists who have superadded story and plot to interlocution, we have the divine Dialogues of Henry More, the Visions of Heaven and Hell, said to be Bunyan's, the philosophical Dialogues of Berkeley, the atheistic Dialogues of Hume, the moral and political Dialogues of Bishop Hurd, Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead, Addison's Dialogues on Medals, the once famous religious Dialogues of Hervey and Rowland Hill, and many more. What was Boswell's Life of Johnson, too, but a long and most delightful dialogue? In our own day have appeared a number of works on science, philosophy, politics, art, literature, and religion, in this shape. Among these we remember best at

this moment, Southey's Colloquies on Society, Hazlitt's Conversations with Northcote, Mr. Helps' excellent Friends in Council and Companions of my Solitude, Davy's somewhat silly Salmonia (which Wilson has so humorously dissected in 'Blackwood' for 1828), and the Imaginary Conversations of Walter Savage Landor, a work which, although not fulfilling all the conditions of the dialogue, contains masses of thought, learning, whim, paradox, imagery, sense, nonsense, prejudice, passion, and profound philosophy, which rank it with the most unequal and most remarkable productions of the human mind.

But, with the exception of Job, Plato, and Shakspere, who are beyond all comparison, we hesitate not to pronounce the 'Noctes' of Christopher North the finest dialogues, so far as we know, in any language or literature. Not only are they, as just seen, the most thorough expression of Wilson's glorious mind—the elements of which we analysed in the 'Eclectic' for January, 1854—but, as a whole, they fulfil more completely than others the artistic requirements of the dialogue, and at the same time contain an almost unparalleled display of humour and of imagination.

In the first place, they have all that variety and ease of style which should distinguish the dialogue. No talent, no depth, no power of genius, can sustain the interest or confirm the charm of a dialogue which wants conversational ease. The want of this has been the destruction of such plays as Thomson's and Johnson's, and has damaged alike the 'Sardanapalus' of Byron, the 'Excursion' of Wordsworth, and the 'Remorse' of Coleridge. A mass of successive soliloquies, or long set speeches, can no more be confounded with a real conversation than a quantity of dead fagots can be identified with the branches of a living tree all talking to each other through the medium of the same evening wind. This error is carefully or rather unavoidably shunned by Wilson, who seems always to fancy himself (with his Gurney) actually listening to a number of real characters, and simply jotting down notes of their conversation, with something indeed of the hurry, but with all the accuracy, of shorthand. Even in the longest of his descriptions—and some of them are sufficiently long—he seems rushing breathlessly on, like one who expects immediately to be interrupted; and you as well as he feel from the first that the interruption is at hand. His longer sentences never remind you of those roads which stretch on interminably in a straight line, and which so weary the traveller, but rather of those lanes the coming turnings in which are visible all along. Remorselessly does Tickler come in with his sharp scissors, and cut across the richest webs of humour, or pathos, or fancy which North or the Shepherd is weaving. A yawn even is sometimes

made to dig a gulf in an elaborate argument, a fierce diatribe, or a brilliant picture; and a description of Homeric vigour is disturbed by a snore from Hogg, such as Homer never uttered even in the deepest of those slumbers which Horace has attributed to him. At the very moment when you are beginning to tremble lest he should become tedious, he shifts the scene, or changes the subject, or cries for a song, or mixes a new tumbler, or shouts 'glorious' as the oysters of the evening enter, and all terror of tedium disappears. This proves, we think, his tact to have been no less admirable than his genius. The author has thus, too, secured variety of topic as well as of mode of treatment. It is amusing to glance over the table of contents which Professor Ferrier has prefixed to this volume, and to notice the multitudinous and most diverse subjects that are therein contained. To speak in Wilson's own alliterative style—trees, tarts, torrents, and tornadoes; cats, cards, cataracts, Coleridges, and Cannings; fishes, foxes, 'Fozie Tams;' poetry, politics, popular preachings, and more popular punch; monkeys, Macaulays, and Montgomeries; oysters, orient pearls, and Odysseys; bagmen, Broughams, and Balaam-boxes; wolves, wines, Wordsworths, and ten thousand other materials equally heterogeneous, are all huddled together as in a chaos; and yet, on this chaos, the spirit of genius, brooding, produces a certain calm amidst the confusion, and a certain unity amidst the disorganization.

In these dialogues, Wilson has secured another main point in dramatic writing, the preservation of individuality among the various characters. Sometimes, indeed, Tickler becomes more eloquent and diffuse than he has any right to be, and sometimes it is only the accident of the Shepherd using Scotch that distinguishes his poetical pictures from those of Christopher. But, in general, the presentation of the three characters is perfect. Tickler is a shrewd, sagacious, sensuous, satirical *old boy*, who thinks in apothegms, speaks in monosyllabics, and is ever ready to act as a drag on the bickering wheels of his more mercurial and poetic companions. North is a fine genial aged man, the fire of youth and poetry unabated in his veins, whose crutch is rather a metaphor and make-believe than a reality—irritable, however, and with a strong dash of *devilry* in his composition; he is, in short, what Wilson *would* have become had not decay and decrepitude of body and mind fastened prematurely upon him. The Shepherd is a mixture of a poet and the baillie of a country town such as Selkirk, with the fancy of the one, and the rough sense, coarse humour, and strongly developed animalism of the other. And thus the three accordingly play their parts—North outrivalling Hogg in imagination, Hogg bearing him down by torrents of broad Scotch; Tickler interposing his gruff con-

tradictions or sly asides; all at times laughing at while pretending to admire each other, and the only bond between the three being a common love of literature, of toryism, and of toddy.

Dialogue without incident is apt to become flat and unprofitable. But Wilson has avoided this error with consummate dexterity. He has sown little events, such as the burning of the contents of the Balaam-box, certain practical jokes passed by some of the dramatis personæ on each other, the Shepherd's dream of being hanged, &c., in the midst of the interlocutions. He has also interposed much sagacious criticism on poetry and art, much vigorous political disquisition, and a great deal of clever small-talk on passing events, which all contribute to 'make the medley thick and slab,' and all of which are, to us at least, as readable now as when they appeared thirty years ago.

But the quality for which these 'Noctes' are peculiarly distinguished, and which shall form their principal passport into the dominions of Prince Posterity, is the wealth of fancy, humour, and imagination which their author has lavished on them. In this respect there has really been nothing like them since Shakspere. Jeremy Taylor had as much fancy, Burke had as much imagination, but neither can be compared to Wilson in humour. Shakspere had more fancy, more imagination, besides a subtlety and depth all his own; but we really doubt if even his humour was equal in richness and grotesqueness, and in interpenetration with fancy, to that of Christopher North, and those who would see the twin faculties of fancy and humour attaining their utmost limits, and performing their highest feats hitherto, should turn to the pages of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.'

We ought now, ere closing, to enter on the faults of these extraordinary productions. To subject such *jeux d'esprits* to a severely Christian standard were obviously unfair. Still, we could have wished that there had been less trifling, in certain parts, with the language of inspiration; less of what seems at least profanity in allusions to divine things; and far less coarseness of language. Here and there, indeed, indecency and blasphemy are missed only by a hair'sbreadth. We have much allowance to make for Wilson's peculiar temperament, and would that all critics and all Christians were as indulgent as we! but still there are limits to forbearance even with the chartered libertines of genius, and there is much in this volume which alike morality and good taste unite in condemning. The thought of this deepens our regret at the great man's removal. He had purposed, it seems, a thorough revisal previous to a republication of the 'Noctes,' in which case he would unquestionably have cut down most unmercifully many of the weeds, taros, and fungi which must now deform the ground for ever. Professor Ferrier,

the gifted editor of this edition, has performed his task, on the whole, most admirably; with judgment, taste, care, discovering affection for his father-in-law, a lawful pride in his fame, and a kindred faculty in sort, if not in degree. But we are disposed to think, that if he had either applied the pruning-knife more sternly, or at least uttered his protest more frequently against the offensive statements and language which are too common in the volume, that he had been truer to his own trust and to his great relative's character and genius.

ART. III.—*Institutes of Metaphysic. The Theory of Knowing and Being.* By James F. Ferrier, A.B., Oxon, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. pp. 580.

THE title of this volume will serve, to a large number even of educated readers, as little better than a warning to trespassers. Every man knows the Scotch blacksmith's definition of 'metaphysics.' Professor Ferrier has endorsed and illustrated the sarcasm by averring, with reference to philosophical literature at large, that 'there is not a single philosophical controversy in philosophy in which the antagonists are playing at the same game. The one man is playing at chess, his adversary is playing against him at billiards.' 'Indeed,' he adds, 'it may be affirmed with certainty, that no man, for at least two thousand years, has seen the true flesh-and-blood countenance of a single philosophical problem' (p. 9). On this showing, the author can scarcely take it amiss if sober, practical English readers look shy on his title-page, and take for granted that it announces nothing but some five hundred pages of misty abstract speculation, in which meaning and no meaning are alike veiled behind an obscure cloud of words. No mistake could be greater. Whatever be the defects of Mr. Ferrier's treatise, some of which we shall endeavour to point out, obscurity and unintelligibility are not among them. Mr. Ferrier knows what he means to say, and says it. He knows, too, or thinks he knows, what other philosophers meant, or ought to have meant, much better than they knew themselves. His clear, bright, vigorous style, remarkably free from technicalities, and rather erring in the direction of colloquial levity than of strained gravity, is as refreshing to the practised metaphysical student, as it will be surprising to many readers to whom metaphysics is a *terra incognita* dark and inaccessible, inhabited only by spectral

abstractions, systematic chimeras, and ghosts of dead theories. Not that the volume before us is easy reading. It is a continuous strongly-woven chain of reasoning, needing close attention to follow it accurately and intelligently; and still closer attention to detect its flaws and infirmities. The Introduction, however, which is one of the most valuable portions of the work (occupying the first seventy pages), may be read without any painful strain on the powers of attention and reasoning; and deserves to be placed before the students in our colleges at an early period of their philosophical course.

Professor Ferrier's undertaking is sufficiently bold and ambitious. It is nothing less than to lay down a chart of the course along which metaphysical speculation has ploughed its devious and difficult way hitherto; to guide it from its present uncertain and unsatisfactory position into the port and haven of its labours; and to lay down the bearing of all those rocks and shoals and bottomless whirlpools of controversy, which have been the ruin of so many previous systems. Such a work must expect, and even claims, the most vigorous and unsparing criticism. To employ the author's own words:—

'No indulgence on the score of well-meant intentions; no excuse on the ground of the incompetency of human reason (for this incompetency is always mere laziness aping the virtue of humility); no allowance on the plea of the difficulty of the undertaking should be either asked or given. The thing must either be done thoroughly or not at all. Such a work must be no mere *contribution* to philosophical literature. It must be no mere bringing together of materials for some other hand to arrange. How fond most of the contributors to science are of taking this view of their own labours! Modest people! As if any one would thank a mason who should say to him,—"There, sir, are the stones; you can now build your house for yourself!" It must embrace every essential part of philosophy, thoroughly digested, and strictly reasoned out, as an harmonious and consistent whole. It must show the exact point where every opinion and every controversy in philosophy *takes off* from the tap-root or main trunk of the great tree of speculation. The disputants themselves *never* know where this point is. And thus, in its explanatory matter, it ought to be a complete history, as well as a complete body, of speculative science. At the very least, this much must be affirmed, that the defective condition of philosophy can be remedied, and a better state of matters brought about, only by a work which shall comply vigorously with both the requisitions laid down in § 2.'—Introduction, § 32.

The paragraph referred to in the last sentence is the following:—'A system of philosophy is bound by two main requisitions,—it ought to be true, and it ought to be reasoned. If a system of philosophy is not true, it will scarcely be convincing; and if it is not reasoned, a man will be as little satisfied

with it as a hungry person would be by having his meat served up to him raw. Philosophy, therefore, in its ideal perfection, is a body of reasoned truth.'

That Mr. Ferrier has produced a very able and remarkable work, likely to exercise a powerful influence on the progress of metaphysical science, is what no competent critic will deny; and what, we might add, the author does not require any critic, competent or incompetent, to assure him of. That he has successfully accomplished the gigantic task indicated in his Introduction, is by no means so incontrovertible. We are quite willing, however, to allow that he is right in eschewing all professions of modesty and appeals to critical indulgence as unsuited to a work of strict demonstration. Still, there is one part of his task in which a little more appearance of modesty might have been neither unsuitable nor injurious. Valuable and interesting as is the matter of his criticisms on preceding writers and received opinions, their manner can scarcely fail to strike his readers as needlessly arrogant. He seems scarcely to bear in mind, that but for the labours, and even the errors, of his predecessors, his own work would never have been produced; and that we are not necessarily wiser than our predecessors because we can see their mistakes. We have just the one advantage that was impossible to them: we inherit their labours and experience. No man, however tall or sharp-sighted, can climb on his own shoulders, or see into his own eyes. And if in the present article, standing on Mr. Ferrier's shoulders, and looking into his eyes, we should be able to point out some flaws and some oversights in his performance, we shall not call his work 'rubbish' (p. 35), nor set ourselves up as oracles, and set him down as a dunce. But this by the way.

The most valuable feature in the Introduction (in our judgment) is the thorough, uncompromising distinction laid down between the science of Knowledge, which the author names *Epistemology*, and the science of Being, or Ontology; and the clear manner in which it is pointed out that the first business of metaphysics is with the former; and that until epistemology has been soundly constructed, ontology can be nothing but a castle in the clouds. Whether it can be attempted with more success *afterwards* is a question on which we have doubts, to be presently stated, but on which Mr. Ferrier has none. Between these two divisions of philosophy, a third is intercalated, namely, '*Agnoiology*, or the Theory of Ignorance,' which forms one of the most novel features of the work.

Passing over some matters in the Introduction which invite controversy, we come to the 'Institutes' themselves. These consist of a chain of propositions, of which 'The Epistemology'

comprises twenty-two; 'The Agnoiology,' eight; and 'The Ontology,' eleven. The conclusion of the whole—the inmost pith and topmost fruit of the whole system, which is to furnish the refutation at once of materialism and idealism, of the errors of vulgar thinking, and the errors of scientific psychology, is this: The only thing which we can really know; the only thing which we can truly be ignorant of; and the only being which actually exists; is *Mind-together-with-that-which-it-apprehends*. This same idea is variously expressed, as 'the synthesis of the subject and the object;' the 'union of the universal and the particular;' the 'concretion of the ego and non-ego;' the 'self and not-self.' 'If,' says the Professor, somewhat magniloquently, 'the reader has got well in hand these two truths—*first*, that there can be a knowledge of things only with the addition of a self or subject; and *secondly*, that there can be an ignorance only of that of which there can be a knowledge, he will find himself in possession of a lever powerful enough to break open the innermost secrecies of nature. These two instruments cut deep and far—they lay open the universe from stem to stern' (p. 405). This is a magnificient boast; and if it were true, Mr. Ferrier would certainly have refuted that very modest view of the scope and mission of philosophy given in his Introduction, which regards it as existing only for polemical purposes, to correct the 'inadvertencies of ordinary thinking,' and to refute the errors of psychology. But, perhaps the reader may be a little disappointed when he finds that this laying open of the secrecies of nature consists simply in demonstrating that there are no secrecies to lay open, except such as we have been so familiar with from our childhood that we have overlooked them. Instead of lifting, as we are half led to expect, by some unheard-of process, the veil of nature, and revealing the unknown universe, Mr. Ferrier takes the simpler method of assuring us that there really is nothing behind the veil but *nonsense*, and that the universe, apart from the knowing mind, or self, is not the unknown, but the unknowable,—the contradictory and absurd.

One indication of the eminently suggestive character of this volume is the great difficulty, amounting to impossibility, which we find of presenting, in the compass of an article, the substance of the brief memoranda made during its perusal. The only thing we can do is to go at once to the root of the matter, and present as concisely and clearly as we can our leading objections to the plan and conclusions of the 'Institutes.'

Our first objection is, that the basis of the system is neither wide enough, nor deep enough, nor properly laid. Not wide enough, inasmuch as a single fact is assumed as the foundation of metaphysics, without any attempt being made to show that there

are no other facts equally primary and fundamental, or even that this fact is capable of being really understood and soundly argued from when thus isolated. Not deep enough, inasmuch as certain preliminary questions ought to have been settled which are passed over. And not properly laid, inasmuch as the first and fundamental proposition is ambiguously stated; and, moreover, states as a necessary truth of reason what, if we mistake not, ought rather to be regarded as a simple psychological fact. Our readers must really forgive us if, for brevity sake, we are sometimes a little dogmatical; and as to Professor Ferrier himself, he cannot complain if our admiration of him leads us now and then to catch his style.

We fully agree with him that a system of philosophy 'must be reasoned.' But his idea of reasoning appears to us far too narrow; contemplating, as it does, deductive reasoning only, and ignoring the indisputable truth that *in matters of fact* the most rigid deduction is fruitless, unless based on a complete and correct induction. The foundation on which Mr. Ferrier rears the entire column of his reasoning, consists of a single stone. This is a hazardous style of architecture, especially when the capital of the column is nothing less vast or weighty than the 'Theory of Being.' The great pyramid of Cheops, if placed point downwards, however accurately balanced, would be in perilously unstable equilibrium, Mr. Ferrier's system is in a somewhat similar predicament. New matter is introduced, from time to time, in the form of definitions, and other unsupported, and by no means self-evident assertions, involving a constant risk (to say no more, since we cannot here stop to prove it) of those two subtle and fatal fallacies,—ambiguous middle, and assumption of the point to be proved. Thus the structure, as it rises, menacingly overhangs its base. Granting that the fundamental proposition is indisputable, and the argument without a flaw, all that could be claimed for the 'Institutes' is, to have laid down, not '*the* laws,' but *one* law, of correct metaphysical thinking, and to have indicated its bearing on the most important philosophical controversies. For all that appears, there may be other equally important propositions, which ought to lie alongside of the author's first, in order to the construction of a complete theory of knowing. And if so, since all demonstration is but relatively, not absolutely, conclusive (i. e., the conclusion is true *if* the premises are true and the reasoning faultless), it may happen that his conclusions will need as much modification as would the conclusions of a demonstration in mechanics, in which elasticity, imperfect flexibility, and friction had been left out of account.

But is the starting-point of the 'Institutes' any real starting-point at all? It is as follows—'PROPOSITION I. THE PRIMARY

LAW OR CONDITION OF ALL KNOWLEDGE. Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of *itself.*' The first sentence of the succeeding 'Observations and Explanations' runs thus:—'*Self*, or the "me," is the common centre, the continually known rallying-point, in which all our cognitions meet and agree.'

Now, in the first place we beg leave to observe, that this 'fundamental proposition' is, in fact, *three* propositions; to wit, 1st, 'along with all knowledge, self is known.' 2nd, 'This knowledge is necessary—i. e., to suppose it absent would be absurd.' 3rd, 'This knowledge of self is the "ground or condition" of all knowledge.'

The first of these propositions no clear thinker will dispute, and the way in which the author has accounted for our overlooking (as we do) the constant presence of 'self' in our thoughts, on the principle of familiarity, is alike ingenious and simple (pp. 77-81). But when we come to the second of these implied propositions, we are entitled to ask for proof. How does it appear that this knowledge of self, in and with all our knowledge, is necessary? What contradiction or absurdity is involved in supposing it absent? It is a psychological fact—i. e., a fact, touching which consciousness, properly interrogated, assures us that it *is* so. But how does reason show that it must be so? What contradiction arises from the supposition (how improbable soever) that there may be intelligences entirely destitute of any idea of 'self' or 'me'—any *reflective* consciousness at all? To us, on the contrary, it appears highly probable, and if there could be such a creature as a pure intellect,—a knowing mind utterly devoid of will, effort, or emotion,—sensation, judgment, and reasoning might go on, and a complete fabric of simply objective knowledge construct itself (so to speak) without any knowledge of self whatever. We allow the high improbability of any such abstract intellect really existing; but we deny that it is a contradictory supposition. And we believe our knowledge of self to arise from those capacities of our nature which the 'Institutes' appear to us to have wholly ignored—emotion and voluntary action.

A still more important question has to be solved before we can admit what we have set down as the third proposition, lurking under the covert of 'Prop. I. of the Institutes.' Granting that along with all knowledge whatsoever, the mind knows, or is conscious of, itself, how does it appear that this knowledge is the '*ground* or *condition*' of the knowledge of other things? Why may not it be the necessary consequence? or an inseparable accompaniment? When a musical chord is struck, a certain musical sound, a certain vibration, a certain amount of

tension are inseparably connected. But the sound is not the 'ground or condition' of the vibration, but its simultaneous result, as the vibration is of the tension and the impulse together. Suppose (to bring the illustration rather closer to the point) that the chord could hear its own sound, and was conscious of itself *as sounding*, though quite unconscious of its tension and vibration, this self knowledge, though inseparable from the sound, would not be the 'ground or condition,' but rather the result of it. Why may it not be thus with the mind, which is awakened to consciousness of itself only by the presence of some special experience, and which cannot have a thought without being aware that it thinks? At all events, if this view be incorrect, it was incumbent on Mr. Ferrier to prove it so; otherwise his reader may grant his fundamental proposition in a sense wholly different from that in which he himself proceeds to argue from it.

The foundation, then, is by no means secured for the next step of the argument, namely, that the 'object of knowledge always is, and must be, the object with the addition of oneself—object *plus* subject—thing or thought, *mecum*;' so that 'self is an integral and essential part of every object of cognition.' If the view above thrown out be correct, and the knowledge of self be not the *necessary condition*, but only the *inseparable accompaniment*, of all other knowledge; in other words, if the link which binds them indissolubly to one another be not the *nature of knowledge*, but the *nature of the mind*; then, we submit, the logic of the 'Institutes' breaks down at the second step, as well as at the first. The professor will perhaps pardon another simple illustration, such as he himself does not disdain to use on occasion. The 'necessary condition' of a spoonful of water, is a spoon to hold the water. But it does not follow that a spoonful of water is the water *plus* the spoon. It is simply a certain amount of water in a certain shape; to the actual existence of which shape, the existence of the spoon, and its relation to the water, as containing it, are necessary. We can perfectly distinguish between 'a spoonful of water,' and 'a spoon full of water;' and could do so even if (as in the case of the mind and knowledge) we were practically unable to pour the water away and leave the spoon empty.

We must ask the reader to accompany us one step further in the argument of the 'Institutes.' The knowledge of self, according to our author, is not merely an inseparable element of all knowledge; it is 'the unchangeable, necessary, and universal part of our cognitions,' or in logical phrase, 'the known *summum genus*, the known generic part, of all cognitions' (Prop. 7, p. 191). On reading this remarkable statement, one of the first things that strikes one is, that the *summum genus* of all dif-

ferent kinds or instances of knowledge (what Mr. Ferrier calls 'cognitions') must be—knowledge; and that, whatever 'knowledge' may be, and however closely it may be linked with 'self,' knowledge' and 'self' do not mean precisely the same thing. Ergo, 'the ego' cannot be 'the known generic part of all cognitions.' Further, *that* cannot be the 'summum genus' of knowledge, in which knowledge itself agrees with some other things; namely, with emotion and voluntary action. The 'me' or 'self' is the synthesis of these three—knowledge, emotion, action; it is the ontological ground of all three; the logical antecedent of all three; the *summum genus* of which these three are the subordinate genera. Knowledge and feeling are comprehended under the common genus *consciousness*. We are conscious of knowing, conscious of feeling; and neither of these expressions is less proper or intelligible than the other. Perhaps the reader will be ready to add, 'and we are conscious of acting.' If we are, so much the better for our argument. But we incline to think, that an attentive examination shows us to have no *direct* consciousness of action; but that knowledge and feeling, the two kinds of consciousness, *inseparably accompany* the exercise of the will. We know that we act, and we feel that we act. And so if we distinguish the 'me,' or conscious self, from the mind, we should say that the 'me' is one and the same thing with consciousness; and that the mind is consciousness *plus* activity.

Mr. Ferrier's oversight, then, appears to us to be in not having asked—'Is the presence of self, as an element of all knowledge, essential to knowledge *as* knowledge, or to knowledge as comprehended, along with something else which is not knowledge (viz., emotion) under the higher genus of consciousness?' The only escape which seems left to him is, to affirm that by 'knowledge' he *means* 'consciousness.' But to do this would be at once to destroy metaphysics; for the emotions do not admit of being scientifically reasoned about. All the reasoning in the world could never teach any man what it is to love or to hate, to rejoice or to grieve. He may have a knowledge of these things, but only *after* having felt them, with a sort of consciousness quite distinct from that with which the intellect apprehends the truths of reasoning. And though it may be convenient and emphatic in common language to use 'knowledge' in the wide and vague sense of 'consciousness,' it is obvious that if we are to construct a science of knowledge, we must regard it as that which reason can apprehend, and which can be apprehended by reason alone.

Professor Ferrier, with a very pardonable satisfaction in his own rigorously woven chain of syllogisms, declares his 'Institutes' to be, like Achilles, vulnerable only in one point. Grant

my first proposition, he says, and I will drive you, step by step, to grant my last! But did it escape his recollection, that there are two ways of assailing the starting-point of a deduction? You may assail the fundamental proposition directly, or you may provisionally grant it, and then show that it legitimately leads to a false conclusion. And we confess that the seventh proposition of the 'Institutes' looks to us like a *reductio ad falsum*; and, therefore, since it is legitimately deduced, argues a flaw in the first. And as we have already endeavoured to show that this first proposition, indubitable in one sense, is without proof in the sense in which it is argued from in the 'Institutes,' we now go further, and infer that it is not only 'not proven,' but not true.

This brings us back to the foundation of the system, of which we have ventured to express the conviction that it is 'neither wide enough, nor deep enough, nor properly laid.' Having endeavoured, as far as our limited space permits, to show cause for the first and last of these assertions, we must beg the reader's attention, for a couple of pages, to the second. It is not our fault that we have been all this time talking about 'knowledge,' without ever inquiring *what knowledge is*. The neglect of this preliminary inquiry seems to us a most fatal defect of this brilliant, acute, and profound work. Unless we clearly understand what knowledge is, the first proposition is neither true nor false, but simply unmeaning. And this is what we meant by saying that the foundation of the 'Institutes' does not go deep enough. Professor Ferrier will refer us, indeed, to § 79-86 of his Introduction, to show that he has by no means overlooked the importance of the question—what is knowledge? but has expressly stated that the very object of the first part of his 'Institutes' is to furnish the answer to it. But this, we submit, does in no degree justify his placing as the fundamental proposition of his system, a sentence in which the words occur, *whatever any intelligence knows—ground of its knowledge—it must have some cognizance*—without the slightest attempt to attach any fixed meaning to these words. If 'knowing,' and 'knowledge,' and 'cognizance,' and 'intelligence,' cannot be defined, it ought to have been first explained why not. But we think they *can* be defined very clearly. In § 82 of the Introduction it is affirmed that the question, *What is knowledge?* which is in itself ambiguous, may be resolved into two, and no more than two intelligible questions—viz., 'What different kinds of knowledge are there?' and 'What identical point is there in all the kinds of knowledge?' Begging Mr. Ferrier's pardon, there is a third question, and one the mere asking of which affords the answer to the second. By 'knowledge,' we may mean either *that which we know*, or the

act of knowing. And so the question, 'What is knowledge?' may mean, what is it to know? And we cannot ask this without seeing that Mr. Ferrier's second question is virtually answered. That which is common to all the different kinds of knowledge, is simply the fact that they are known—the act of knowing.

But is 'knowing' capable of any definition? We reply, *knowing is correct judgment of certainty.* Judgment *of certainty*, as distinguished from judgment of probability (correct or incorrect), which is opinion; and *correct judgment*, as distinguished from wrong judgment, which is error, and from inability to judge, or absence of judgment, which is ignorance. 'Judgment' itself cannot be defined, inasmuch as it is a primary operation of the mind, which can be apprehended only by direct consciousness. The so-called definitions of judgment in books of logic are either mere explanations of the word, not of the thing; or else they are statements of two principal *kinds* of judgments—viz., affirmation and negation. We all understand what is meant by judging, just as we all know what is meant by remembering or believing, rejoicing or being grieved. We may describe different modifications of this, as of other primary operations or states of mind, and may call it by different names; but all our attempts to explain it will amount to no more than this: judging is judging. There is nothing behind this starting-point; nothing below this foundation.

We may just add, though without attempting to pursue the line of thought thus opened, that the simplest form of judgment is *negation;* since every affirmation implies an infinity of negations, whereas a negation implies nothing at all beyond itself. To say 'Here is a book,' implies ten thousand affirmations, involved in the words 'here,' 'book,' and 'is;' and involves an infinity of negations, since the book cannot be in any other place of the universe, and no other material object in the universe can be where the book is. But to say 'Here is not a book,' involves nothing: further this deponent sayeth not. Hence, it appears to us, the assertion (at p. 193) of the 'Institutes,' that 'nothing can possibly be conceived, except itself, which an intelligence *must always* be cognisant of,' is incorrect, since the mind is cognisant, in every act of judgment, of *opposition.*

To sum up. The *summum genus* of knowledge is judgment. The simplest form of judgment, and therefore of knowledge, is negation. Where there is no judgment, either affirmative or negative, there is no knowledge.

To attempt following out the views here indicated would be out of the question in a review, even if our limits were not already exhausted. No one is more capable than Mr. Ferrier of

seeing how wide and deep this very simple theory of knowledge cuts into metaphysics; or of testing its correctness. We will simply add here the causes which appear to us to have led metaphysicians to overlook it.

First, the error of regarding judgment as a synthesis of subject and predicate, instead of regarding subject and predicate as merely the two poles of judgment, having no more independent existence than the two sides of a sixpence without the sixpence. Locke starts with this error in his chapter on Knowledge.*

Secondly, the not observing how, as propositions, which are judgments explicitly stated, are condensed into words, so the act of judgment is latent (or rather many acts of judgment) in every distinct object of thought. So that instead of judgment or knowledge being, as Locke expresses it, 'the perception of the agreement or disagreement of our ideas,' we have no ideas in which judgment is not implied.

Thirdly, most mischievous of all, perhaps, has been the practice, from which the profound and acute author of the 'Institutes' has not broken free, of dealing with knowledge in its most complex form—viz., perception (of material objects); instead of its simplest form—viz., certainty of truths, events, and existence.

We might have written a very different article on this remarkable book, dwelling on its strong points instead of its weak ones, calling attention to the value of many of Professor Ferrier's views, and especially of his historical criticisms (for an admirable specimen of which, see the remarks on Dr. Reid, p. 484); and illustrating by extracts his mastery over thought and language, and his wonderful power of presenting the most abstruse thought in a clear, common sense light, and clothing the most arid themes with a vivacity and felicity of diction which a poet or an orator might envy, and to which few indeed among metaphysicians can pretend. But we have thought it much more respectful to a work of such pretensions, and to the author himself, to bring out fully and fairly our chief objections to the system of the 'Institutes' as a system, and the reasons which prevent our regarding it as more than a rich and splendid 'contribution to philosophical literature.' And so, again expressing our frank and hearty admiration of Mr. Ferrier's abilities, and our thanks for the great profit as well as pleasure which his 'Institutes' have afforded us, we take our leave of him and of them, not without the hope that we shall meet again.

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* We are happy to own ourselves indebted for this view to the profound observation of a writer in the 'North British Review' (for Nov., 1850), that 'as the *unit of thought is a judgment*, so the unit of speech is a proposition.'

ART. IV.—*Land, Labour, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria: with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land.* By William Howitt. Two Volumes. Post 8vo. 21s. London: Longman & Co.

THIS is just the kind of work which has long been needed, and for which we have been looking. The vast interest recently awakened in the Australias, and the immense number of our countrymen who have proceeded thither, have created a feeling previously unknown, and for which little preparation has been made. Until very recently, the Australian colonies were almost entirely unknown amongst us. They were associated with the habits of a penal settlement rather than with commercial speculations or social life. The discovery of gold, however, has invested them with new interest. The scene has suddenly changed. Vast crowds have emigrated, in the hopes of sharing in the wealth discovered; and the tide of emigration has flowed on and increased its bulk so rapidly, that time has not been allowed for earlier disappointments to cool the ardor or to stay the progress of later adventurers. The markets of the Australias have, in consequence, been glutted; emigrants as well as merchandise have been poured into the colonies too rapidly; no adequate provision existed for the vast crowds which arrived weekly, nor was there a demand for a tithe of the goods with which commercial enterprise stocked the colonial markets. An unexampled state of things has consequently ensued, out of which a large amount of good may ultimately flow, but from which, in the meantime, bitter disappointment and much suffering must accrue.

A new state of things has hence resulted, to which nothing analogous exists within our experience. We look in vain to the past for anything similar to what the Australian colonies present, and it will be well if we are wise enough to improve the lessons now taught, and to gather from the many evils that have arisen, those rules which educe order from confusion, and the restraints and virtues of social life from the recklessness, intemperance, and debauchery which are so extensively prevalent. Several works on the Australian Colonies have recently appeared, which have done much to disperse the mists enwrapping them, and we have begun, in consequence, to catch a glimmering of their actual state. It is lamentable to see how, as in other cases, official reports from the Australias have sometimes served to mislead. It is no great marvel that it should be so. Our colonial appointments are, in most cases, regulated by any consideration rather than personal fitness. The 'loaves and the fishes' are distributed as rewards for political partisanship rather than as

remuneration for services to be rendered. The parties receiving them, ignorant of their work, and indisposed to its performance, are necessarily dependent on others, whose reports are naturally colored by selfish and sinister considerations.

Many of our readers will probably remember the marvellous reports sent home by Mr. La Trobe, the governor of Victoria. Thousands were induced by them to leave their native country, yet, when they were seen pouring into the colony in vast shoals, this same gentleman asked Mr. Howitt, 'What are all these people coming for?' to which the latter naturally replied: 'To gather the gold that you tell them lies everywhere and all over the country.' 'Surely,' says our author, 'never were there such Arabian Nights' stories as those of Mr. La Trobe's despatches. He rides up to Mount Alexander, and the first two men that he sees at work he pauses to watch. In two hours he sees these men dig out five pounds' weight of gold! He sees other two men wash out of two tin dishes of earth, I think, eight pounds' weight of gold! He pokes the moss away from the foot of a tree, and picks up a piece of gold! He sees gold everywhere; and winds all his wonders up by declaring in his despatch, that "the whole country is of the same character." After this, is it not rather cool to profess astonishment at the avidity of the millions at a distance to witness some of these miracles of affluence for themselves?'

Notwithstanding, however, all which has been done to communicate to our people a correct knowledge of the character and resources of the Australian colonies, much remains to be effected. We know only the outline; see only the more prominent points of the case. A few instances of marvellous success were trumpeted abroad, but the ten thousand failures, the wretchedness, disease, and death, which awaited the great body of the emigrants, were unknown. Here and there we heard of a gold-digger who went out in poverty and returned with wealth; but the wasted frames, the broken hearts, and the demoralized passions, which the gold mania engendered, were not passed before us. We saw the few bright gleams, but the thick darkness was never revealed.

In the meantime, the more healthy and animating features of colonial life were unheeded. The beauties of its scenery, the varieties and habits of the natural world, its climate, the fertility of its soil, its economical prospects, its commercial and political *future*, were unheeded; stayers-at-home, like those who rushed to its distant shores, saw but one idol; were swayed by one passion only. The love of gold took possession of men's minds, and such was its intensity that, in many cases, every other passion was sacrificed.

Mr. Howitt's work is admirably adapted to correct this enormous evil. It supplies fuller and more reliable information on the gold-diggings of Australia than has previously been communicated, at the same time that it betokens the keenest sympathy with a thousand other topics suggested by Australian life, and a deep sense of the gigantic evils which obstruct the progress of the colony, and prevent for a time its full development. Mr. Howitt's two volumes are amongst the most interesting we have ever read. They evince a freshness and buoyancy and fulness of life; a keen relish of natural scenery; a hearty appreciation of difficulties, with a clear perception, in many cases, of the mode in which they may be mastered; a generous temperament combined with prudent forecast; a sympathy with humanity, however degraded, with an *ideal* not lightly attained, but to be constantly striven after. But we must not detain our readers from the work itself, and we shall, therefore, proceed to lay before them some of its statements, from which they will be better able to judge of its value.

Our author arrived at Melbourne in September, 1852, and was soon in the midst of the confusion, extortions, and wretchedness which have broken down the spirits of many emigrants. The charges at Melbourne were perfectly monstrous, and we hope that they are by this time more moderate than when Mr. Howitt landed. The freight from London to Melbourne, he tells us, was three pounds per ton. From the ship to the wharf, eight miles, it was thirty shillings. At the wharf heavy fees are charged, and for cartage to the town an enormous rate is levied, so that, Mr. Howitt says, 'the whole cost of transferring your effects from the vessel to your lodging is actually more than of bringing them the previous 13,000 miles: including the cost of conveying them from your house to the London docks.' The charge for carriage to the diggings is on a similar scale, the lowest rate being about one pound per ton per mile. In the town, everything is on a similar scale. In the shops about three hundred per cent. on the prime cost is charged; and such are the crowds pouring into the country, that most exorbitant charges are made for lodgings. Four, and even six pounds a-week, are paid for two small rooms wretchedly furnished; whilst a couple of empty rooms, of the very meanest description, let, we are told, for two pounds a-week. The price of land in and about Melbourne is proportionately high. That which in the neighbourhood of London would be thought dear at one or two thousand pounds per acre, was realizing from four to six thousand pounds. Mr. Howitt tells us:—

'Houses are frequently pointed out to me in the outskirts, as having recently been sold, with a garden, for £10,000 or £12,000, which in the finest suburbs of London would not fetch above £2000. Little houses

in the town which in London, in good streets, would let for £40 a year, here let for £400. My brother has built two good houses near his own, which would not let in London for more than £70 a year each, or £150 together; he lets the two for £1200. And there is a single house near, worth in London or its environs £120 a year, for which the modest sum of £2000 a year is asked!—a sum that would purchase it at home.'—Vol. i. p. 16.

As the price of land enters largely into the value of a thousand other things, and is itself affected by the monstrous system which obtains, we shall venture on another brief extract illustrative of the evil:—

'The land allotment mania bids fair to surpass what it was previous to the disastrous 1842. A piece of land bought a few months ago for £120 was resold for £1120. Every day the same thing occurs. A short time since a house and garden were bought for £4000, and would have been dear at that price in London, and to-day they were resold for £12,000. Thus, whatever be the value of gold elsewhere, it is here only of one-third the value it was a few months ago. That which now requires twelve thousand sovereigns, then was purchaseable for three thousand. The prices of all things are in proportion. Flour is now £36 per ton, and is expected shortly to be £40. Bread, the 4lb. loaf, is now 2s.; hay is £40 per ton, actually more than sugar! Oats, 15s. per bushel; we have ten bushels in our cart, which cost us £4 in London. All tools and the like, which we brought out with us, are £100 per cent. higher, whilst long mining boots, for which we paid £1 15s., are here worth £9 per pair. A. could sell his minié rifle for £30. Butter is 3s. per lb.; cabbages, 1s. each; cauliflowers, 2s 6d.; onions, 8d. per lb. B. could sell his house and garden—a good house, it is true, with stables and greenhouses—for £12,000. The Government rents a flour steam-mill in the town for barracks, which cost £6000 building, for £4500 a year.'—Ib. p. 24.

Mr. Howitt speedily found that the purchases he had made in England were utterly unsuited to their proposed ends. His cart was sold as unfitted for the country which he had to travel, and the harness was thrown aside as so much rubbish.

'Besides this, the tools of hardware,—shovels, picks, dippers, working cradles, &c., which had been puffed off to us in London as being on the true Californian principle, we should have been infinitely better without. The cradles, like the harness, were the laughing-stock of the diggers; and many of our fellow-travellers broke theirs up and burnt them. Indeed, whoever purposes to make a journey to the Australian diggings, if he be wise, will load himself with nothing in England except it be a good light, waterproof tent, and a patent Ransom's cart, with narrow wheels. All that he wants he can procure of the true construction, much better, and in the end more reasonable, *on the diggings*, sparing himself the most serious labour of trailing them up the country. The wisest man is he that has the lightest load.'—Ib. p. 61.

In Melbourne one of the greatest nuisances encountered is the dust. Whenever the north wind prevails, the dust-storm is unbearable. The air is then darkened by it, 'sometimes in summer it is so thick that you cannot see your hand before you. . . . . In the streets you cannot walk without a veil over your face, or your eyes and mouth are speedily filled.'

The increase of population in Melbourne and the colony generally is unprecedented in the history of our dependencies. In 1851, the population of Victoria was 95,000, whilst in 1852 it amounted to 200,000. The increase of Melbourne was still more marvellous. In 1851 (only eighteen years after its commencement) it contained 23,000 inhabitants, whilst in 1852 they numbered 80,000, being an increase in one year of 57,000.

The value of the imports in 1851 was £1,056,000, whilst the exports were £1,424,000, and in 1852 the imports were £4,044,000, and the exports £7,462,000.

The discovery of gold in Australia is very recent. The rearing of sheep, with a view of supplying the English wool market, was the previous occupation of the colonists. A large capital was invested in this traffic, and it was found to be highly remunerative. The ruin of this branch of commerce was predicted when the existence of gold was first ascertained. The squatters were loud in their forebodings, but the result has been the reverse of what they anticipated. On this topic our author says—

'The flocks are better shepherded than ever; for when there were plenty of shepherds, they used to pen their flocks regularly: now, as they have but one shepherd to one flock, he camps his flock, that is, he assembles it near his hut at night, and there it lies quietly till morning. It is found that this suits the flocks amazingly. They are not crowded together as in a fold of hurdles. They get some food often in the night, and they are stronger and better. The cry has raised the wool-market at home, and the squatters have kept it up as long as they could, by pretending that the flocks are diminished by want of proper shepherding, and that the amount of wool will be naturally diminished. It is all fudge. The flocks are just as numerous, as healthy, and as productive of wool as ever, as the exports of the wool will prove. Sheep have risen, in consequence of the demand at the diggings, from 7s. to 15s. and £1 per head. Cattle have risen in like proportion; and horses, which used to be worth some 30s. a-head in the bush, are now driven down to Melbourne, and sold for from £40 to £100 each. In fact, the squatting stations are now, on an average, quadrupled in value. It is true that most of the squatters were alarmed at first by the gold discovery; and some actually in their panic sold their stations at any price they could procure. But a very little time sufficed to show that this idea was erroneous. This very station on which we now are was offered, with all its sheep, for £20,000 to a

neighbour. He took a week to consider of it, and not closing, the holder of it demanded £30,000, and directly after, £40,000. That is the effect of the gold on the squatters.'—Ib. p. 141.

Much has been said respecting the climate of the Australias. It has generally been described in highly favorable terms; indeed, the language sometimes employed has been far too poetical to carry conviction to thoughtful and reflective minds. There is undoubtedly an absence of some of the diseases prevalent at home, but on the other hand there are ailments from which we are happily exempt. In August our author speaks of a scorching sun following immediately on the rains of winter.

'We are keeping a daily observation of the thermometer,—having a small portable one of the Messrs. Bennetts, chronometer-makers, of Cheapside, which we carry along with us, and so have always at hand. Now it hangs outside the tent, and will show results different to any yet published. On the morning of July 31st it stood at 31°, that is one degree below the freezing point. It had been much lower in the night, for there was strong frost. At 7 o'clock, half an hour after sunrise, it had risen in the sun to 40°; at 9 o'clock to 75°, or within one degree of summer heat; and at 10 o'clock to 78°, two degrees above summer heat. At noon it was at 81°; and this, too, in winter: while the tables kept by Government, and published by writers who paint the climate and country not as they are, but as they wish people to believe them, never allow the mercury to descend lower than 45°; so that there could never possibly be any frost; and, in fact, my brother, Richard Howitt, whose work on the colony I have found the most faithful yet published, was severely attacked in the colonial newspapers, for saying that he had seen ice. On the other hand, they tell you that the thermometer rarely, and only in hot winds, ascends above 95° in summer! These statements are really disgraceful; for the mercury, you see, will rise in a winter's morning, in a few hours, to nearly that height, paying no regard whatever to Government or to these writers. The cold from the Antarctic, and the sun, in these latitudes, cause, in their contest, these violent changes.'—Ib. p. 380.

Cramp and paralysis are said to be very prevalent, and the dogs especially are affected by the latter. 'You cannot be a day in Melbourne without noticing the enormous quantity of dogs lying about in the streets, and a great number of these are so paralytic that they can scarcely move, particularly in their hinder parts.' Our author himself experienced the annoyance. 'The moment,' he says, 'I take the pen up, the fingers cramp together; and it is only by a constant and determined struggle, sometimes for hours, that I can conquer it.' On the whole, Mr. Howitt pronounces the climate fine and genial. 'Van Diemen's Land,' he tells us, 'is the coolest; New South Wales and South Australia are generally warmer than Victoria; but Victoria during

the summer months gives you rather the climate of Spain than the promised one of Devonshire.'

But our readers must be introduced to some of the gold diggings. Let them accompany Mr. Howitt to Spring Creek, which he visited in December, 1852. We can only give very brief extracts from his description, but our judgment fails us, if the picture which he draws serves to strengthen the desire of any of our readers to be co-workers with the men whose occupation it describes. Spring Creek runs into Reid's Creek, which is situated three or four miles below it. About 20,000 people were believed to be at these diggings, and 13,000 ounces of gold were sent down to Melbourne by the last escort. Speaking of these diggings Mr. Howitt says,—

'No language can describe the scene of chaos where they principally are. The creek, that is, a considerable brook, is diverted from its course; and all the bed of the old course is dug up; then each side of the creek is dug up, and holes sunk as close to each other as they can possibly be, so as to leave room for the earth that is thrown out. These holes are some round, some square, and some no shape at all, the sides having fallen in as fast as they have been dug out. They are, in fact, pits, and wells, and shapeless, yawning gulfs, not three or four feet, as in the tempting accounts from Mount Alexander, but from ten to thirty feet deep. Out of these the earth has to be drawn up in buckets; and some wind them up with windlasses, rudely constructed out of the wood that grows about; and others haul it up with blocks and pulleys; others, and the greater number, merely with their hands. The diggers themselves generally ascend and descend by a rope fastened to a post above, and by holes for their feet in the side of the pit.

'Many of these holes are filled, or nearly so, with water, filtering from the creek. It is black as ink, and has a stench as of a tan-yard, partly from the bark with which they line the sides of their holes. In the midst of all these holes, these heaps of clay and gravel, and this stench, the diggers are working away, thick as ants in an ant-hill. You may imagine the labour of all this, and especially of keeping down these subterranean deluges of Stygian water.

'The course of the creek is lined with other diggers washing out their gold. There are whole rows, almost miles, of puddling-tubs and cradles at work. The earth containing the gold is thrown into the puddling-tubs—half-hogsheads—and stirred about with water, to dissolve the hard lumps, when it is put through the cradle, and the gold deposited in the slide of the cradle, then washed out in tin dishes. It is a scene of great bustle and animation. We saw some parties who had washed out in the course of the day 1lb. weight of gold, others 5 or 6 oz.; and so most of them had some golden result.'—Ib. p. 171.

In another part of his description he speaks of men working under a broiling sun up to their middle in water, and adds,—'If any one at home asks you whether he shall go to the Australian diggings, advise him first to go and dig a coal-pit; then work

a month at a stone-quarry; next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least fifty feet deep; and finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a bog twenty feet deep; and if, after that, he still has a fancy for the gold-fields, let him come; understanding, however, that all the time he lives on heavy unleavened bread, on tea without milk, and on mutton or beef without vegetables, and as tough as india-rubber.'

This is about enough to temper the eagerness with which thousands of our countrymen have rushed to the *New El Dorado*. But the government established at these diggings increases the evil vastly. Mr. Howitt gives several instances of official tyranny and corruption, for which we should gladly find room did our space permit. We must, however, content ourselves with referring to his volumes, merely saying, that if only one-half of what he alleges be true, we need not be surprised at the resistance with which the colonial authorities have recently met. Anything more short-sighted or absurdly mischievous than the system established cannot well be imagined. The viciousness of it is so monstrous that a remedy must speedily be devised. The whole amount of taxation raised from the squatters does not exceed £20,000, whilst the diggers pay upwards of half-a-million. Yet nothing has been done by the government to facilitate the transit of the diggers, to economize their resources, or to contribute to their comfort. 'There are no bridges, no roads, no anything; the colonial government of Victoria appears to have no idea but the single one of—taxation, and no feeling but of grasping all they can get. Any one found on the diggings without a licence *in his pocket*, though he may have one in his tent, is summarily fined from three to five pounds, and if he complains is handcuffed without ceremony.'

'If,' says Mr. Howitt, 'there wants reform generally in the colony, there want enormous reforms in the gold fields. The whole of the government in them is a pseudo-military system, and most repulsive to an English eye. The Commissioners sport a semi-military uniform. They have each a regular trooper riding after them on all occasions. The mounted police are in reality regular armed troopers. The magistrates are the judges, and decide everything without a jury, in the style of a court-martial. Numbers of horse-police and foot-police are constantly scouring the gold fields and the roads, man-hunting, and are constantly marching poor wretches up to the camp for lack of licences. That is their great business While they keep one eye shut to grog-shops, for which they are notoriously paid, they have the other always open to catch any poor devil without a licence. You may undermine the roads in quest of gold, sell grog, or break the laws in any sort of way, but you must furnish revenue; and you hear every day of atrocities perpetrated in enforcement of it, which, were they done in Hungary or Russia, would rouse the indignation of all Europe.

The diggings would be a strange sight at home, if they could be, by some Arabian Nights' magic, suddenly set down before you; and not the diggings only, but other parts of this colony.—Vol. ii. p. 20.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must give another extract from Mr. Howitt's volumes, which, though somewhat longer than our space permits, is so illustrative of a digger's life, that it must not be omitted. The desperate competition which exists on the various gold fields, inclines the more adventurous to look out for new scenes where larger gains may be made. Many are consequently employed in surveying the country, with a view to the discovery of gold deposits. These movements are conducted with the utmost possible secrecy, in order to prevent pursuit. From the Ovens Diggings Mr. Howitt determined to steal away, in the hope of lighting on some unexplored field. His scouts were sent forward, but had not proceeded far before they fell in with a man belonging to a substantial miller named Mutch, who was tracking a bullock-dray belonging to one Braidy of Albury, a well-known and experienced gold seeker. Joining this man, they continued their vocation.

'At length they came up with a loaded cart, also on the track of the bullock-dray. Very soon after they overtook two Yankees on foot with their swags on their backs, and also on the same chase. Two bearded fellows they were, who had more the look of Poles or Hungarians, but whose intonation left no doubt of their nationality. They declared that they would dog the dray to the world's end if necessary, saying that they had heard that the proprietors of this party had brought twenty pounds' weight of gold with them. The country was covered with hop-scrub up to their very heads, so that these Yankees could follow very near to the pioneer dray, unseen.

'As there appeared no likelihood of the dray moving on with those spies after it, our scouts rode on to some distance to explore the country, and on returning found the original dray, the cart, another bullock-dray which had come up also, and the two Yankees, all camping for the night near each other. The original dray people declared that they had provisions for three months, and would not move a step further while the others remained. There they lay watching each other, and endeavouring to tire each other out; the followers declaring their determination to follow, and the leading party protesting that it would not lead, and that even were it go to on, the rest would find the road over rocks, precipices, and streams, such as they had little idea of. The others responded that, where they could live, they could too; where they could pass, they could. Thus our party left them, like chess-players watching for the next move, and returned home.

'Yesterday we went to the tent of Mutch the miller, and learnt that the parties we have described had continued to lie in the Bush for two days, obstinately watching each other. On the third morning, before daylight, the original bullock-dray party had put in practice a clever

dodge. While it was dark they had sent off two pack-horses and the most able of their party towards their destination. They knew that the ground being dry and hard, it would be more difficult to track the horses than the loaded dray. The dray remaining just where it was, and all having been conducted with wonderful quietness, the departure of a portion of the party was not discovered for some hours; and then, indeed, there was a running, and a hunting, and an excitement!

'The remainder of the other party had secretly sent in the night to the diggings for other horses, which they had ridden to and fro in the scrub, so as to confound the traces of those which had gone forward. And now, as the other parties eagerly began to pore over the ground on all sides, to make out the foot-prints of the pack-horses, it was found that they had set off in quite a different direction to that which the dray had been pursuing, and had made such a zig-zag route till they got upon the hard stony ranges, that all were thrown out by it. Meantime, the people of the dray themselves, quietly collected their bullocks and drove back to the diggings, followed by all their pursuers except the two Yankees. They coolly declared that they would never quit the search after the pack-horses till they found them; and like two Indians of their own forests, they continued to pore after their traces, sometimes on their hands and knees; sometimes making long cross tracks through the bush, eyeing the grass and the shrubs to discover where they had been broken by any passing animal, and thus they disappeared at length in the woods; and they succeeded! After numerous hardships they came upon the original dray party on the Lower Yackandanda, and on the spot which on this discovery speedily grew into the present Yackandanda Diggings.'—Vol. i. pp. 188-190.

Mr. Howitt possesses very strong views on the subject of the land system prevalent in Victoria, and these views he does not hesitate to express. It does not seem possible to disprove the general soundness of his conclusions, and we are glad that one so earnest in his advocacy, and so competent to do it justice, has addressed himself to the English people. It is difficult to engage the attention of our countrymen on matters so remote. They have pressing claims at home, and have little energy to spare for interests in which their personal concern is slight. This is the great evil to which our whole colonial system is exposed. Men will not submit themselves to the labour which is needful to understand the case, and evils consequently flourish in our dependencies which would not be permitted to continue a single hour at home. The land system at Victoria is one of these. Let it be well understood by our countrymen, and its doom will speedily be sealed. The men who flourish on it know this, and are therefore concerned, as far as in them lies, to prevent its genuine character from being understood. We say, therefore, to all our readers, ponder well the disclosures and the reasonings of Mr. Howitt. Put them not hastily aside. Look them fairly in the face, and if they are

entitled to your confidence, as we believe them to be, then bestir yourselves to aid the thousands of your countrymen who are emigrating to Victoria to break the trammels of one of the most vicious, oppressive, and ruinous systems ever devised.

'Never,' says Mr. Howitt, 'while the United States lie only 3000 miles from England, and selll and choosable anywhere at five shillings an acre, and Victoria lies 13,000 miles from England, and wont sell any land for agricultural purposes at any price, will you get a fine, full, flowing emigration out here such as America has, and these colonies could have on the same fair and common sense system.' But our readers will want to know what the land system of Victoria is. Very vague conceptions are entertained on this subject. Our countrymen in reality know little about it, and no trifling service is rendered by Mr. Howitt in laying the facts of the case plainly before the public eye. Up to the commencement of the present century, from 500 to 1000 acres of land were granted by the home government to any person whom it wished to reward. This system was abolished in 1818, when the governors were empowered to grant lands to settlers and also to convicts, as a reward for good behaviour. The extent to which the patronage of Government was exercised is scarcely credible. Mr. Potter Macqueen, M.P., had 10,000 acres, with a reserve of 10,000 more; Mr. Hart Davies, M.P., and his son had 15,000 acres each; and Sir Thomas Brisbane, the Marquis of Sligo, and Mr. J. Browne, had 10,000 acres each, with a reserve of 10,000 more. These grants had no condition of residence attached to them. They were, as our author remarks, 'political sops,' and their influence on the colony has been highly detrimental. In 1843, a committee of the Legislative Council of N. S. Wales stated that about 5,000,000 of acres had been alienated from the Crown.

In 1836 a new land system, known as the Wakefield system, commenced. Much opposition was offered to it; but in 1840 Lord John Russell fixed 'the upset price in N. S. Wales at 12s. an acre, and at Port Phillip at 20s.' This increase in the price of land was followed by most disastrous consequences. The land revenue fell from £300,000 to £8000, and emigration ceased. The same vicious principle was applied to town allotments, which only served to increase the speculative mania previously existing, and to confer sudden wealth on land gamblers.

Another great error was committed in 1847, when Lord Grey inaugurated the squatting system on its present footing. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Howitt, 'no ministers of England ever contrived to inflict such a blow on the progress of our colonial greatness as Lord John Russell and Earl Grey, except those who lost America for us.'

We would gladly gainsay this statement, but we cannot. Truth compels us to admit it, and our marvel is how blunders so gross could have been committed by men long practised in the conduct of our national affairs. The system thus introduced was carried out by an order in council, which divided the lands of N. S. Wales, including Port Phillip, into three classes—the settled, the intermediate, and the unsettled districts. It is important that our readers should clearly understand the nature of the tenure thus introduced, and see some of the evil which flow from it. This will be done by the following brief extract:—

'Under this Act, the Governor is empowered to grant leases on runs of land in the unsettled districts for any term not exceeding fourteen years, for pastoral purposes, with permission to the lessee to cultivate as much as may be necessary to provide grain, hay, vegetables, and fruit, for the use of the family or establishment, but not for trade or barter. The rent to be proportioned to the number of sheep or cattle which the run may be able to support: each run to be capable of carrying at least 4000 sheep, or an equivalent number of cattle, such run to pay a licence of £10 per annum; if larger, more. A commissioner of crown lands to estimate the capabilities of the run. During the lease, no person but the lessee to purchase any portion of the run, but he himself to be allowed to buy the whole, or any part of it, not less than 160 acres, at not less than £1 per acre.

'In the intermediate districts the leases are not for more than eight years, but at *the end of each successive year of lease* these runs may be offered for public sale, subject to sixty days' notice to lessee.

'In the settled districts the leases are only for one year, without interference as to time of disposal of said lands by sale or lease.

'Such is the system which has prevailed from 1847 to the present time. The number of squatting stations in New South Wales were in 1849 about 1520, held by 1019 persons. In Port Phillip they were 827, held by 666 persons; and the extent of lands held by these individuals in these two colonies would astonish people at home. The average of square miles held by each squatter is 69; but many individuals hold immensely more. Two squatters hold more than 800,000 acres each; two, 600,000 each; one, 400,000; four, 350,000 each; three, 300,000 each; fourteen, 250,000 each; fourteen, 200,000 each; thirty, 150,000 each; seventy-three, 100,000 each; and 298 squatters hold more than 50,000 acres each. In New South Wales the Government has granted the leases, restricting the preemptive right to one square mile, or 640 acres, on which conditions the squatters were glad to get them.'—Ib. 122, 123.

It is not to be wondered at, that the class favored by this Act should speedily regard themselves as possessed of a permanent interest in the land. It has been so in all analogous cases, and their irritation, therefore, is extreme at the efforts which are now made to throw open the colony to fair competition. The

number of the squatters is very small compared with that of the public generally. Their position and wealth favor their pretensions, and may enable them for a time to prolong the struggle; but as the land question is now referred to the Colonial Legislature, its issue is not doubtful. However protracted and acrimonious the discussion may be, the interests of the few must give way to those of the many, more especially when the latter are enforced by common equity, and are pre-eminently conducive to individual virtue and social improvement.

Mr. Howitt has been fiercely assailed by the advocates of the present system for his exposure of its enormity. We are not surprised at this. Our author must clearly have made up his mind to it. Their interests are too seriously affected to allow of their remaining silent, and their words were sure to be bitter and unsparing. Several communications on the subject have appeared in the 'Times' newspaper, but Mr. Howitt's replies have established beyond reasonable question the soundness of his views, and strengthen our confidence in his testimony. Whatever the quantity of land recently sold, it evidently falls far below the demand, and the price is consequently raised 'to an unnatural and exorbitant height.' On one point there can be no dispute; a radical change is needed in order to a full development of the resources of the colony. The first and crying evil is the land monopoly; and in the words of the 'Times,' of the 23rd of August, we say—'Till this injustice is removed—till every part of the territory be thrown open to the intended settler, and only so much as cannot be sold for agriculture is left for the purposes of pasture—Victoria is no place for the industrious poor who seek for independence and a home on their own land. The remedy is in the hands of the Colonial Legislature, whose acts we do not presume to anticipate or prejudge. The destiny of the colony is in their hands, and will be decided for good or for evil, as they break down or maintain the existing monopoly of its lands.'

Our readers will not be surprised to find that drunkenness prevails to a fearful extent amongst the diggers. The fact would not surprise us even under the best and wisest regulations; but in the actual state of things it is readily accounted for. The whole system of government seems to be constructed with a view to its promotion. Instead of offering inducements to the successful adventurer to invest his newly acquired wealth in some permanent security, the authorities seem concerned to prevent his acquiring any interest in the colony. There are few things to which men are more inclined than the purchase of land, but this is practically forbidden to the emigrant by the absurd and mischievous laws which exist. He has, in fact, no profitable vent for his newly acquired gold, and is, therefore, commonly driven

to intemperance as his only means of employing it, or of diversifying his occupations. The result, therefore, is what might have been anticipated. Drunkenness, says Mr. Howitt, when speaking of the Bendigo diggings, 'is carried on in the most open, palpable, public manner possible. You could not avoid running your heads against crowds of drunken diggers, your noses against the fumes of vile rum, and your ears against the din and uproar of dozens of the dens of debauch, if you would. All pretence of putting it down, and of detecting sly grog-shops, is a SHAM, and the most impudent of SHAMS. You may imagine, therefore, what a hell-upon-earth this is.'

A large proportion of the sudden deaths are from drunkenness, and the 'Argus,' the leading Melbourne paper, affirms the population of the colony to be 'the most drunken on the face of the earth.' A few years back, the officers of the N. S. Wales corps monopolized the sale of rum and other ardent spirits. This evil has been corrected, but the remedy was not applied until the evil had attained fearful magnitude, and produced some of the worst effects to which a community can be subjected. The Bengal rum usually sold yields an immense profit to the vendor, and is rendered, by adulteration, one of the vilest and most noxious beverages which can be taken. 'This infamous system was, at length, carried to such a pitch, that rum and other spirits became the medium of exchange instead of money; workpeople received rum instead of wages; the country people received rum in exchange for their cattle and their corn. The consequence, as might have been expected, was a fearful increase of drunkenness, crime, and individual ruin. But this did not at all trouble the military monopolists; their corporals were their grog-vendors, and it was thus publicly sold in the very barracks.'

The progress of the evil may be traced in the Government returns. In 1851, the duty on spirits imported into Victoria amounted to about £30,000; in 1852, to £80,000; in 1853, to £237,769; in 1854, £596,017; and in 1855 the Government estimates calculate on its producing £900,000. This, be it remembered, is for a population of 250,000 persons, and represents not the cost but merely the *duty* on spirits. What a terrible scene this fact discloses! We are not surprised when informed by our author that crime increases in the ratio of from 4000 to 10,000 per annum.

'To check this moral plague there has of late been a vigorous agitation for the introduction of the Maine Liquor Law,—that is, for the total prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors in these colonies, as a last and only remedy. But this is not likely to be carried. The whole of the working population almost are against it. The government, deeply in debt, and defeated in its expectation of a good sum out of

the squatters, is now letting loose fresh legions of publicans all over the colony. This government, which hitherto prohibited altogether the sale of spirits at the diggings; which burnt down so many tents, confiscated so much property of the grog-sellers, fined and punished them so severely; this same government is now licensing, both in town and country, and in the diggings, as many pot-houses as people please to ask for. Money must be made by government,—for, with about £3,000,000 a-year, it is this year £1,000,000 deficient,—and this is the easiest means. They know that the people will drink brandy like so many grog-fish, if they will only let it be freely supplied. And already in the diggings you see the result. The grog-shops are crowded, especially on a Saturday afternoon. At Bendigo, the theatre and other places of entertainment are provided with taps; and those frequenting them *have to pass through the tap to the body of the house!*' —Ib. p. 200.

There is one other topic to which we must advert before closing. Mr. Howitt expresses his conviction, notwithstanding all the blunders and injustice which its rulers have perpetrated, that Australia 'is destined to become one of the greatest and most flourishing countries in the world.' In this conviction, we cordially join. Her progress may be retarded, but nothing can prevent her ultimately attaining a commercial and social position of commanding eminence. Exception, however, has been taken to this view, on the ground that the colony 'is a vast sahara with an emerald fringe, the interior is apparently a plain of burning sand, a few miles—a hundred or so, more or less, according to circumstances—of vegetation alone gladdened the settler's eyes; so that there are few parts of that mighty continent where a railway train would not reach the desert in three hours from the sea-side.' Now, Mr. Howitt's view may be correct or not; but that exception should be taken on such ground as this has greatly surprised us. We thought the time was past for any such notion being entertained, much more for its being formally stated in a journal of literary pretension. The notion of a great central desert we have long deemed an exploded error; indeed, so strong is our conviction on this point that we regard the holding of it as proof of marvellous ignorance on the subject in hand. The more extended and careful researches of recent years go to prove that the interior of Australia possesses a soil of remarkable fertility, and is altogether without the desert region which the imagination of former adventurers assigned to it.

We thank Mr. Howitt for the information he has supplied, and very cordially recommend his volumes. They possess various merits, and cannot fail both to please and to inform every intelligent reader. They are written with an obvious intention of doing justice to all parties, and if their statements and

reasonings bear with special severity on a particular class, the fact is obviously attributable to the circumstances of the case rather than to an unfriendly disposition on the part of the author.

ART. V.—*Life, Religious Opinions, and Experience of Madame de La Mothe Guyon; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By Thomas C. Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. Edited andRevised by a Clergyman of the Church of England. 8vo. pp. 532. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1854.

THE history of the age of Louis XIV. contains some of the most instructive narratives in the annals of the human race. That monarch, ascending the throne of France after the long and cruel civil wars, which had desolated the fairest portions of the kingdom, had not only to improve the interior condition of the State, but to restore both the military reputation of the people and the national credit. Had Louis devoted himself merely to the latter object, and declined to engage in the former, he would have left behind him a name of imperishable renown, and bequeathed blessings to posterity. During his long reign, however, that military spirit, which is always ultimately ruinous to the people who indulge it, was cherished among the French nation, and the evil results remain to the present hour. No greater calamity can befal any people than that its monarch should delight in war—and which brought unnumbered evils upon France, in the sorrows of bereavement, and in the ferocity produced in all classes of society. Upon the most moderate calculation, two millions of men perished in the wars of this monarch; and this slaughter is to be regarded as a great national calamity, for the loss of so large a number of the members of the commonwealth was a serious abstraction from the industrial and artistic power of the community.

In spite of these frequent wars, however, the human mind made great advances during this king's reign. More and more the darkness of the middle ages passed away. The agitation of the Reformation was still felt in France; and the principles which caused that grand revolt against the spiritual sovereignty of the popes, were held by some of the best and bravest of the people. A monarch, who is absolute in the matters of policy

and war, cannot be very far from absolutism in religion; for in every State the political co-exists more or less with ecclesiastical domination. The autocrat is pontiff also. Men who are politically enslaved cannot be ecclesiastically free. The ambition of Louis XIV. was, to possess a universal authority; and the prelates of the Gallican church, foreseeing their own aggrandizement in the spiritual supremacy of the monarch, urged him to declare that but one faith and one form of worship should be held and observed in the kingdom. Protestantism, however, was not to be reduced so speedily in France as in some other States. In the worst times, the French people had always resisted, though feebly, the autocracy of their monarchs. Protestantism and liberty are correlative terms, and those truths, which first in Germany shook the Italian church to its foundation, always impelled in every land those who received them, to labour for political as well as for spiritual freedom. The Romish Church in France, during the reign of Louis, was neither inactive nor inglorious; for that period was its Augustan age. The eloquence of its pulpit was the admiration of the world, for Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Fléchier had no rivals, and could not be surpassed. Its ministers have given to posterity sufficient proofs of their exact scholarship. As casuists, they had an eminent position. The 'Lettres Provinciales' of Pascal are, what Voltaire describes them, models of eloquence and wit, more pungent than Molière even when at his best, and more sublime than Bossuet even in his grandest declamations.

Louis abhorred the principles of the reformed pastors, not merely because they daily denounced the corruptions and arrogant cruelties of the Romish hierarchy, but because they indirectly inculcated liberty of conscience—that noblest of all truths which can have place in the heart of a people, that man is responsible for his faith to his Divine Creator alone. The monarch feared their political rather than their religious tendencies. The reformed societies were in themselves too small and feeble to be put in comparison with the numbers and strength of the Popish Church in France; but the astute monarch well knew that antagonists, although weak numerically, are dangerous in proportion to their zeal and energy; and certainly these latter characteristics were never wanting to the pastors and their people. In fact, the many cruel efforts of the French monarchy to destroy the Huguenots had signally failed. The result of the Bartholomew-day was a slaughter, but not a victory: Protestantism was beaten down, but it was not destroyed. Like the lowly vines which grow in that lovely southern land of France, clustering amid the rocky ledges of the mountains, exposed at one time to the rush of the tempest, and at another to the overwhelming

snow, but which live on through all, and produce their luscious fruits amidst the ruggedness and solitudes of nature; so those feeble reformed churches, persecuted and stricken, were not cast down; but, braving the power of the monarch, survived, though with difficulty, and live and flourish still. Watched and followed, marked and hated, the reformed pastors and their flocks, hungering for that bread of life which in the gorgeous sanctuaries of the Romish faith they could not find, withdrew to the woods and mountains, where they sang in holy harmony the Psalms of Marot and Beza, which once had charmed the Court of Francis II., and where the congregations heard from the lips of their beloved and proscribed teachers those truths which consoled them in their sorrows, strengthened them in their conflicts, and fortified them to endure the worst which a heartless and dissipated Court could inflict. Years before, the Protestants had formed a twelfth-part of the entire population of France; but they had gradually declined under the cruelties of Richelieu, and in consequence of the defection from their ranks of many of the noblesse. Louis had formed several plans for corrupting the Huguenots. Pélisson was charged to bribe them.—a method which the Cardinal Camus had already resorted to; and the monarch placed large sums of money at the disposal of this unscrupulous agent, himself a regenade from the Calvinist faith. Other means, like those which were used against the English Nonconformists, were adopted in France. The temples of the Reformers were demolished, and the congregations dispersed. Some of the unhappy people, who were loudest in their denunciations of the cruelty of the Court, were broken on the wheel, and others were driven into exile. Notwithstanding all these efforts, however, the Huguenot party was not destroyed; and, subsequently, Louis sent his Dragoons into the fairest provinces of his kingdom, to convert the Reformers by force of arms—those awful inflictions upon an unoffending people, the darkest blot ineffaceable from his memory, and to be requited by the sufferings of his descendant, and of the priests, in the horrors of the French Revolution. The accomplished Christina, Queen of Sweden, wrote, in one of her letters, after receiving intelligence of these atrocious cruelties and sufferings: 'I look upon France as upon a sick man, whose arms and legs have been cut off, in treating him for a disease which kindness and patience would entirely have cured.'

Both Jansenism and Quietism undoubtedly prove that Calvinism re-acted upon the Romish Church in France. The Jansenists appear to have occupied, to some extent, a neutral ground between the two extremes formed by the Jesuits and the Huguenots—professing to belong to the Church, but not

identical with it. In fact, Jansenism should be regarded as the Calvinism of the Church of Rome, or, rather, as a practical declaration of some of those doctrines which are distinctive of the creed of Augustine—the *grace* and *predestination* which have been the subjects for controversy almost from the origin of Christianity. There are but few Englishmen in the present day who hold the creed of the Bishop of Ypres. The Jansenists are admired by posterity for their fortitude, and pitied for their sorrows; but their creed is now regarded with favour but by few, as it is a mélange of scholasticism with some of the doctrines of Calvin carried to an extreme point. It must not be slightly heeded, however, that a halo of inextinguishable glory surrounds the name of their beloved Port-Royal, and that Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole, and Quesnel are the reputed exponents of the creed of the unfortunate sect—names which will be gratefully remembered by thousands in the Christian Church, so long as the great distinction exists between a religion of mechanical formalities and a religion of faith. Louis XIV. did not oppose the Jansenist party from any zeal for the doctrines of the Romish Church, nor from any dislike to the notorious 'Five Propositions' which may or may not exist in the Book of Jansen, but because he early foresaw that the principles of that party had also a political tendency, which would be contradictory to the established order of things in France. Opposed to the supremacy which the pontiff had assumed, and demanding that the civil power should exercise no authority in the matters of conscience, that sect held opinions, in reference to the functions of secular government in relation to religion, which, in our own day, have been advanced in England by a considerable portion of the Nonconformists.

Quietism, as it was altogether different in its origin, so it did not resemble Jansenism either in its development or in its results. As they, who adopted its peculiarities, were few in number, its effect on society in France and in Europe generally was trivial. At every period of the Christian Church, there have existed those who believe religion to consist, rather in a retired contemplativeness and fervent love of God, than in the active duties of a holy life. From a very early age, asceticism obtained among the Christian communities; for the ancient philosophical opinion of the evil of matter, and of the consequent duty of the wise to keep it in subjection to the higher laws of mind, induced those who aimed at the perfection of virtue, and who aspired to the glory of the good, to retire from the world and its temptations into that seclusion in which meditation would be constantly pursued, and prayer offered without secular intrusions. With the exception, perhaps, of the small sect of the *Plymouth Brethren*, Quietism

may be justly regarded as the latest development of the ascetic principle in Christianity. The Great Author of the Christian faith certainly taught, that true religion has its seat in the heart, and therefrom sheds its influence on the life; but He, whose whole life on earth was passed in practical charity, could not have intended that his followers should dwell in the cloister, and in a rigid seclusion from the outward world. The senses may sometimes mislead the soul, although they are blamed more than they deserve; the holiest of men may be biassed by circumstances; but it is difficult to conceive of a state in which Christians would no longer need to pray—but this was the object at which Quietism ever aimed. Contemplation, and pure feeling merely, seem to be but little in accordance with those last precepts which the triumphant LORD enjoined on His followers, to conquer the world for Him, and to win it by the proclamation and power of His truth;—but, some of the noblest men, whose names adorn the annals of the Church, have delighted rather in a quiescent meditation on the matchless perfections of their great Exemplar, than in a zealous and active goodness. Such, certainly, was Madame Guyon, who must be considered as the exponent of Quietism in France. Voltaire, writing with characteristic sarcasm and eloquence upon this system and its advocate, can scarcely be considered a competent judge of that which he did not fully understand, or the virtues of which he did not care to know. He regards Quietism as one of the intemperances of the mind—one of those theological subtleties which would have been speedily forgotten, had not Bossuet and Fénélon taken part in them. But his mental and religious peculiarities disqualified him for expressing a just opinion of Madame Guyon, whom he improperly designates a woman destitute of intellectual power, but possessing always an excited imagination. That accomplished man was morally unfitted to criticise her whom the ladies of the Court of Louis XIV. regarded with respect, and who is worthy to take a high place among those illustrious persons who are the admiration and the glory of France.

Madame Guyon was born in 1648. Placed at a very early age with the Benedictines, and subsequently with the Ursulines, she received those impressions of religious truth and duty which were at strange variance with all her after life. Finding one day a Bible in her room, a book but little used by any of the religionists with whom she lived, and carefully and often studying its pages, her mind was stored with those truths which, in her future sorrows, were the joy and consolation of her heart. Removed from the blighting influence of the priests, and an earnest student of the Everlasting Word, her youth and dawning womanhood

were nurtured by those grand realities which alone, in this transitory world, can supply man's utmost need. With a mind capable of the noblest pursuits, endowed with many mental graces and much personal attractiveness, she was taken early to Paris, and before the completion of her sixteenth year was married to M. Guyon, a person twenty-two years older than herself, and possessed of great wealth. Voltaire states that he was the son of the contractor of the Briare Canal. But little is known of M. Guyon; but the marriage, unsuitable in all respects, was not happy.

There seems to have been no point of agreement between the holy enthusiast and her husband. Influenced perhaps by an early attachment, which was only as a delicious dream of youth, the young wife, with a mind 'fait pour le monde,' revolted from association with a man who, unrefined and irreligious, was a stranger to the passions of her soul, and almost indifferent whether truth or falsehood, vice or virtue, held rule in the world. It is probable that sorrow has no inconsiderable part in the education of the spirit,—that what is suffered may be as necessary towards the great consummation as what is enjoyed,—and that, for some minds, a stern discipline is necessary for their submission to the truth, for their obedience to its precepts, and for the reception and enjoyment of its blessings. It is a fact in vegetable life—at least, as Duhamel represents it—that plants attain their greatest growth in cloudy weather. Something similar may be true in reference to the soul. Sorrow softens the heart, oftentimes fitting it for the reception of those truths which make all things new. The discipline of suffering is severe, but oftentimes it is grandly alterative. Every wise man is the better for that which he has endured; and in the important work of training him for present usefulness, and of fitting him ultimately for service in the high estate of the good, the rough hand, the loss, and the sorrow, may tend to the best results—submission, resignation, and a hallowed devotion to truth. If it were possible to write the history of the mind's progress, it would perhaps be found, that sorrows have an influence on the soul similar to that of storms in the physical world. The electricity which may kill, also purifies; the fire which melts, also removes imperfection; the grief which casts down, also chastens; and under the wise and perfect government of God, every evil may contain its germ of good. It is a fact, that every passion, of which our nature is capable, was intended to minister to our happiness, and must be abused to lead us to harm; so also in our spiritual being, in accordance with psychological laws, many seeming evils contain positive blessings; and, oftentimes, man is all the wiser and the holier for the losses he has sustained, and the griefs he has endured.

Many persons, whose lives have been chequered by sorrows, are able to discover in their early education the causes of some of the calamities which they met with in maturity. The training which young persons frequently receive both in this country and in France, is but ill-adapted either to develop fully the mental faculties, to counteract a wrong bias, or to fortify the heart to meet the thousand ills to be encountered on the passage through this changing and troublous world. To have received a number of isolated facts into the mind, a congeries of ill-assorted and ill-digested knowledge, a partial acquaintance with the practices and habitudes of the peoples of the ancient world, with some slight knowledge of the languages which they spoke and wrote, and to have received certain vague and oftentimes mystical assertions in connexion with religion,—has long been thought by many persons to be a sufficient education for their children. Indeed, the necessity for educating the religious faculty, the most important of all in its potency and in its results, is frequently considered the least; and even when that tuition is deemed an essential to the training of young persons, it is often so ill-advised and confused that evil rather than good results from it. The education which Madame Guyon had received, during her residence in the conventual houses, was little adapted to foster aught than superstition; and, indeed, the effects of the evil example, presented to her by the macerations, vigils, and bodily abstinences, which were resorted to by the repentant religionists of the Popish church, are observable throughout her career. Married at a very early age, and with a gentle, kindly heart seeking happiness, she found no requital of her love. Her husband, many years her senior, was absorbed by pursuits in which his wife had no sympathy. Their peace at home was marred by the offensive and continual interference of her mother-in-law, who made it the business of her life to annoy and vex the youthful wife of her son. When her child was born, Madame Guyon hoped that she should win back and retain her husband's love, and that there would be an end to the vexatious persecutions of his mother; but she was doomed to disappointment, and her domestic sorrows caused her to seek for some source of consolation and of happiness; and at last, by many weary ways, she found it in Him, the unfailing friend of every lowly earnest heart, the sublime ideal of goodness.

At this time, she met with a volume written by one of those men who are the true nobility of the Romish Church—the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis, a work which perhaps has been more extensively read than any other which the Popish divines have composed, and to which even Luther has expressed his indebtedness. Incidents, seemingly trifling, often have consider-

able influence on an individual's destiny. A word hastily spoken, the trilling of a well-remembered song, the reperusal of a once familiar page, have changed the heart, or led to fortune and to fame many who had lived darkly and hopelessly. It is strange, in the review of life, to see how much has depended upon what we deemed trifles; for, in the economy of the Divine government, many things, apparently trivial, have been the causes of most important effects. A page from the schoolman's book thus religiously and happily influences the whole life of one of the most remarkable women of France; and her subsequent seriousness, and high resolve to live for the noblest of all purposes, may perhaps be attributed to that book which all sects of religionists have read, and which the whole Christian world has consented to admire. Much is discernible in her life which a rigid Protestantism would justly condemn; much which partakes of the asceticism of monastic life; much which is weak and foolish, and which, if philosophically discriminated, would foster the love of self, rather than lead to lowly submission at the feet of Him, in comparison with whom all the saints in the calendar are but as stars, which 'pale their ineffectual fires' before the noontide light and beauty. That Madame Guyon should have believed mortification to be a healthful discipline for the soul on its way to God, we can easily understand, for the religion in which she was educated in her youth naturally induced that belief. The religion, which is entirely outward, will require prayers which are mechanical, and penances which are humiliating and painful; and it is perhaps only in Protestantism that the words of the Divine Lord have their complete realization that the service of the soul must be 'in spirit and in truth,' unencumbered by forms, and perfectly independent of them.

It was necessary for this noble lady, in resisting the evil influences of her education, to pass through many obstacles, and to triumph over many opponents, as she approached that certainty in which only is peace. In the records of the Christian church, we meet, here and there, with the names of individuals who have been religious from their youth, in whose minds no great and painful change was necessary to remove them from the region of dull formalism into that of living, earnest faith; but these persons compose a small number in the hosts of the good. By others heaven is taken as if by storm,—grand results are laboriously and painfully reached. The 'sacramental host' go through sorrow and through fire to the perfect world. The highest in heaven have worn the crown of thorns, and have carried the cross. Theirs has been a wrestle, an endurance, a life-long grief, and through much tribulation have they reached the soul's Father-

land. So with the illustrious lady whose biography is before us. Struggling with the errors received in youth, and breaking away from the thraldom of superstition, she was ultimately enabled to consecrate herself to Him, who prefers 'the upright heart and pure' to the magnificence of temple-service and gorgeous ritualism. It was no trivial victory over herself, and over the prejudices of her education, thus practically and forcibly to abjure so much of the Popish creed, as to decline the intercessory assistance of confessors and martyrs. It is no easy task to rid one's self of the idols of the mind, especially when highest hopes and fears are connected with submission to them. The heroism of Martin Luther cannot be admired too much. When that great iconoclast had cut down the groves, and broken and burnt the gods adored by many nations, it were easy, and a light and pleasant thing, to sneer at the superstition which once had regarded these with reverence; but, when millions bow the knee to Baal, it is only the hero-spirit which dares to proclaim its allegiance to disclaimed and dishonoured truth. The vice of imitation enters even into religion; but the crown and the palm are for the martyrs alone. The brave are to be admired in proportion to the perils they have dared. That honour is always at second rate, which is easily won. Dangers enhance the value of the thing to be attained. True knighthood has always fell dragons or the dire enchantress to subdue. The blissful hosts in heaven have come out of much tribulation. To abjure, in effect, the system of the Italian church, and that too in an age of persecution and of peril, is a glory reserved only for the noblest of the world; and only the best and bravest would take so bold a step as that of Madame Guyon, in protesting against that system while compelled to remain within it. In reviewing her history, one is struck peculiarly by the fact, that it is a slow and difficult process to be freed from the bondage of education and of party; and, thus, much is discernible in her conduct which is of sickly aspect, much which is reprehensible, and which nothing of time or circumstance could fully justify. Can anything evince greater weakness, the zeal of a too fond soul, than her obedience to the injunction of her friend Genevieve Granger, the prioress of the Benedictines, who advised her to draw up and sign a marriage-contract between herself and the Saviour? Utterly misunderstanding a passage, not the least mystical in all the Apocalypse—'the marriage of the Lamb is come'—the ardent convert dreamed of celestial espousals, and thought in her gentle madness that a love, which found no requital on earth, would be acknowledged in heaven; and that the Divine husband would take the place of the earthly, to the satisfaction and joy of her soul. But the world ought not to know of such espousals. They

belong to 'the secret place of the Most High;' and such consecration should be made only in the cloister of the heart.

Quietism is really a revolt against the extraneous in religion; and as it appears to be a law, that resistance to one extreme generally conducts to its opposite, so she, who thus protested against formality in religion, came at last to believe that everything which is outward is injurious to spiritual life and conduct. The Laud of one age is succeeded by the Penn of another, and the history of religion is, more or less, the narrative of a series of oscillations from one creed to its contrary. Nothing seems more anomalous to those who are not conversant with the philosophy of religious opinions, than that Madame Guyon and Bossuet should co-exist in France; but, as often times, in the same soil, the nutritive cereal and the poison-weed grow together, so in the same society truth and error are frequently found in proximity. During every age in which the Popish church has held iron rule over any portion of mankind, there have arisen those who protested against her dead formality, ritualism, and horrible idolatry; and within her limits, even at the present hour, that protestation is not altogether unknown. Throughout the middle ages, when might was right, and when the robe of the monk often covered the heart of the voluptuary and assassin, the voice of him, who dared to decry the heathenism of the church, was quickly hushed by the most effectual means. Indignant at revolt from her spiritual supremacy, and merciless in punishing all who dissented from that which successive popes had pronounced to be of God, the church exerted her terrible power not only against the small communities, who in the solitude of the mountains, and in the recesses of their glens, observed that form of worship which had obtained in the primitive church; but some lowly individuals, such as Huss, and Jerome, and Savonarola did not escape the fierceness of the ecclesiastical wrath. In each age, however, the protest against the ever-varying abominations of the Church of Rome was continued, sometimes as a thunder-blast, like that of Luther, which awakened Germany from the sleep of centuries, sometimes by men such as Pascal and the Jansenists, and even, as we observe in Madame Guyon, by gentle women from the retirement and quietude of domestic life. It is a fact in the history of that church, patent now as in the days of Hildebrand, that she is intolerant of innovation, and cruel in the enforcement of her claim to supremacy; and that this distinctive quality of her hierarchy is not so painfully conspicuous now, as in the age of Philip II., and Louis XIV., is attributable, not to any reformation in the church itself, but to the fact, that the spirit of the age is at variance with the offensive arrogance of her authorities, and with the cruel usages of the Holy Office.

In the twenty-eighth year of her age, Madame Guyon was left a widow, with three children, and in possession of her husband's extensive property. The fascinations of the world, and the circumstances of rank and plenty, had no attraction for her who had already renounced the one, and had ever given but slight heed to the other. In the sorrows of her widowhood her gentle heart mourned that others, destitute of fortune, suffered from a bereavement like her own; and she resolved that evermore the widow and the orphan should have her care, and receive her frequent charities. Young and beautiful, admired and sought after by society, which is never indifferent to a lovely woman with wealth at command, and delivered from the vexations persecutions of the relative who had embittered her married life, she had easily obtained consideration in her sovereign's court, which at that time was the most brilliant in Christendom. But to the heart of the young enthusiast, it seemed that a heavenly voice spoke of duty to be performed, and of great results to be achieved by her—of multitudes of mankind living in the darkness of ignorance and of iniquity, and dying hopeless and godless—of mourners to be comforted, and of the poor to be supplied not with worldly goods, but with the imperishable riches of divine truth—and, above all, of the need that the Sacred Scriptures be placed in the hands of those who were misled by priestly counsel, and corrupted by priestly practice. That voice spoke not in vain to her, who eagerly sought to know how she could obey most completely its high behest. Sometimes she thought of entering a nunnery, and, after having given her all to the church, of passing her days in the holy contemplation she loved so much, and in the ministrations of charity, but the remembrance of her children, and of their claim upon her, probably prevented that self-sacrifice. Sometimes it occurred to her, that she should engage in the missionary-service of the church in the benighted lands afar; that going to the places where the great Lord had lived, and taught, and died, she should labour to extricate from the entanglement of Moslem superstitions the unhappy people who dwelt in ignorance and wretchedness in the neighbourhood of the Cross and the Tomb; or, that imitating the revered St. Francis, she should visit dreary steppes, and seek on Asiatic uplands, and in barbaric islands of the eastern seas, to convert and bless the wretched savages, who, nomads or slaves from youth, worshipped the fruits of the earth, and offered sacrifice to the spirit of the storm. One cannot believe, as Voltaire has insinuated—for her whole life gives the lie to the suspicion—that Madame Guyon desired to be a St. Theresa in France; and that, as this sarcastic historian has expressed it, 'the ambition of having disciples, the strongest of all ambitions, entirely took pos-

session of her heart.' But, believing she had a great work to do, she was perplexed as to the method of its accomplishment.

Until her thirty-fourth year, Madame Guyon resided at Gex, and in Paris, and afterwards, compelled to leave that city secretly, she went to reside near Geneva. Her spiritual guide, Father La Combe, greatly benefited by his intercourse with her, shared to a great extent her opinions, which were perfectly novel in the Gallican church. Her sentiments, however, were not altogether new to the world. A Spaniard, Michael Molinos, had written a book entitled 'Manuductio Spiritualis,' which for its earnestness and piety had been very favourably received by the magnates and divines of the Romish Church; but when it was discovered, that the tendency of the work was to set aside penance, and the austerities prescribed by the church for the health of repentant souls, and to substitute a philosophical contemplation of God for the active duties of religion, an outcry was raised against the work, and at the instigation of the French ambassador at Rome the book was ordered to be suppressed, and its author to undergo perpetual imprisonment. Madame Guyon's sentiments greatly resembled those of Molinos—which received the appellation of Quietism. The principles of this system were:—That religion is a spiritual service, independent of forms, which are always evil accidents in worship: that the senses mislead the devout mind, and therefore that no symbols are needed in the homage of the soul: that man in the holiest state will live in ceaseless contemplation of God and of his perfections: that ritualism and all outwardness in religion are delusive, and are evil, since prayer is to be offered from the heart, and not by the lips: that thoughts rather than words are exponents of Christian feeling, and, indeed, that all religion consists in the pure love of God. Such a system, a medley apparently of the abstruser philosophy of the middle ages, combined with certain parts of the Quaker creed, could never have many adherents, since the majority know nothing of pure love, and are never likely to aim at the transcendental. There was much in the system which the English Puritans, in their stern protestation against the deadening formalism of the Anglican Reformation, would have eagerly embraced; for Madame Guyon strongly insisted, that the religion of reality was altogether different from the religion of forms, and that the Sacred Scriptures should be the book of constant study and reference. But while these heroic men, whom even their enemies admire for their fortitude and consistency, had agreed with her that faith is the foundation of the religious life, and had gladly seen the return by any members of the Popish Church to the healthful creed of Augustine; they would justly have held in abhorrence the dogma, that outwardness is

altogether unnecessary in the service of the devout soul. A religion whose worship was silent, and whose grand idea was a retired contemplativeness, had never destroyed the heathen superstitions, closed the temples, converted the priests, and planted the cross upon the palace of the Cæsars, shedding a new and peculiar glory upon the renown of those rulers of the earth. Such a system would have done no more for mankind than Platonism or the dialectic method. Its adherents had been few, and those only the gentle and the timid, who shun the noise and the vanity of the busy, garish world. It has been well both for learning and theology that asceticism has ever been practised; for the monastic life was primarily favourable to the scholastic enthusiasm and pursuits which, amid many changes, preserved to modern Europe not only the glories of ancient philosophy and song, but even the books which God had written by the hand of man. Scarcely any greater evil could befal the universal church, than that Quietism should obtain favour with mankind. It is so contradictory to the genius of Christianity, and to the direct commands of its Divine Founder, that its general admission would be the abandonment of the active duties of religion, by the multitude at least, and would directly result in idle contemplativeness and ill-founded expectation of the miraculous interference of God for the triumph of the elect few.

The piety and devotedness of Madame Guyon to all good works cannot be too highly esteemed; but the Great Founder of Christianity has in no way sanctioned a religion of contemplation, which is indeed in direct contradiction to all that is recorded of His faultless life in the world. This illustrious French lady was a hermit in society, a recluse in the gayest capital of the world. In her books, letters, and poetry, there is too much of the old conventual spirit—phraseology which is often childish—events sometimes recorded, such as the religious utterances of young children, which would be absurd if they were not impossible—a piety rather of the cloister than of the Church, of the narrow cell than of the wide world of human sympathies and duties;—evincing that there is often great weakness associated with great strength. In the earlier ages of the Church she had been canonized, if indeed she had been understood. But with all these blemishes Madame Guyon was a noble woman, worthy to rule over human hearts, and to be at once the friend and the foe of the greatest men in France. It is astonishing that so fair a flower could grow in the wastes of popery—but how many in that anomalous ecclesiastical system have been better than their creed, and superior to the circumstances of their position!

Madame Guyon proclaimed her opinions in a book which she

entitled 'Moyen Court,' and which was followed by another, called 'Les Torrents Spirituels,' works which fully explain her system, dwelling chiefly on the necessity for the silent devotion of the mind, and thus teaching, indirectly, that all liturgical or outward service was hurtful to the full development of the religious faculty, and therefore was wrong. D'Aranthon, the Bishop of Geneva, under whose spiritual jurisdiction she lived, alarmed at the novelty and at the dissemination of her opinions although he highly esteemed her piety and zeal, insisted that she should leave his diocese. It has been alleged, that the bishop requested the wealthy lady to bestow her property for the purposes of conventual endowment, which she declined to do; and that, in consequence of this refusal, he became her enemy, and incited others to persecute her. There is so much that is characteristic of the popish ecclesiastic in this proceeding, that the allegation is probably true. Her work on Prayer, at which one cannot but wonder that a woman should have been its author, fanned the rising flame of persecution against her. A brief reference to that work, which was especially written to correct the tendency of the Romish Church to make religion to consist in ceremony and suffering, will be enough to indicate the fact, that, notwithstanding the circumstances of her position, she was essentially protestant at heart :—

'*Inward holiness the true regulator of the outward life.*—When we have the true life *within*, we may reasonably be expected to have the true life; that is to say, the truly-regulated life, *without*. "LOVE," says St. Augustine, "*and do what you please.*" If we have love without selfishness, it will not fail to work itself out in appropriate and right issues. The inordinate action of the senses arises obviously from the errors and perversions of the inward state. The eye is wrong in its exercise, because the heart, which directs it, is wrong. And the same may be said of the other senses. Mortify the inward man; and you can hardly fail to mortify and regulate the outward man.'—p. 256.

Returning to Paris, after an absence of five years, Madame Guyon associated with the highest society in that city, and her beauty, wealth, and goodness, with the concurrent fame of her books, soon attracted the notice of the popish ecclesiastical dignitaries, who, uniting the suspicion, which is inherent in priests, to the shrewd vigilance of police-inspectors, watched for innovation, and eagerly and early silenced the utterance of private judgment in matters religious. Their heavy hand fell first upon La Combe, her spiritual director, who, arrested, and placed in the Bastile, was subsequently removed to Oléron; and during twenty-seven years of painful bondage, that devout man remained

true to his belief in the necessity of the religion of the heart. Her kinsman, La Mothe, a fierce and heartless ecclesiastic, in league with the Archbishop of Paris, began to move against Madame Guyon—that archbishop of whom the epigrammatical historian has said, 'Que l'Archévêque, connu pour aimer trop les femmes, persécutât une femme qui ne parlait que de l'amour de Dieu.' Louis XIV., had recently dragooned protestantism from his dominions, and, on the plea that she refused to worship the Virgin and the Saints, he was easily persuaded to issue a *lettre de cachet* against her, by which Madame Guyon was arrested, Jan. 29, 1688, and imprisoned for eight months in the convent of St. Marie. Previously to this blow, however, she had made powerful friends. Not only had Madame Guyon formed a friendship with the wealthy houses of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, but even Madame Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV., became interested in the character and fortune of the woman who, alone, braved the chief dignitary of the Gallican Church; and that courtly lady prevailed upon the monarch to restore the persecuted and imprisoned enthusiast to liberty. Madame Guyon found a warm friend and, to some extent, protector in Fénélon, at that time tutor to the royal children, afterwards the Archbishop of Cambray, and one of the most gentle, benevolent, and accomplished men in France. Finding in the new opinions amusement or relief from the ennui of courtly ceremony and intrigue, Madame Maintenon had placed the ardent Quietist at St. Cyr, and had even encouraged her to make proselytes there; and in that retreat Fénélon maintained friendship and correspondence with her, sympathizing with her zeal in the service of her Redeemer, and, as it was reported by his enemies, even becoming a convert to her sentiments. It is certain, that the enthusiastic woman, whom prelates feared and watched, and whom many devout persons admired and loved, exerted no inconsiderable influence upon the mind of the rising churchman, and that his friendship with that remarkable person contributed much to his subsequent troubles. Fickle in her affections, and capricious in the bestowment of her favour, Madame Maintenon ultimately withdrew her protection from the unfortunate lady, who, always observed with sleepless vigilance by the popish bishops, speedily found that, in the withdrawment of courtly patronage, there remained for her the alternative of renouncing her opinions, or of perpetual imprisonment. Fénélon had for some time been suspected of more than an inclination to Quietism, and the Bishop of Meaux entreated him not to hesitate in condemning the heresy of his friend. At the instance of Fénélon, Madame Guyon placed all her writings in the hands of

Bossuet for examination, and he with the permission of the king, associating with himself the Bishop of Chalons, who afterwards became the Cardinal de Noailles, and the Abbé Tronson, scrutinized and publicly condemned all which had proceeded from her pen. Fénélon not only refused to make a public disavowal of Quietism, but went so far as to write in its defence the book entitled, 'Explication des Maximes des Saints'—a work which seriously involved him not only with the French Court, but also with the pope; for Bossuet, jealous probably of the fame of the Archbishop of Cambray, formed a large and powerful party against him, and Fénélon, to the mortification of being compelled to acquiesce in the papal condemnation of his book, was abandoned by Madame Maintenon, and banished from the Court, to which possibly ambition had allured him, but where he could neither be won by the charms of divine philosophy, nor obtain victory for the truth.

Persecution is the ultimate argument of priests. They, who cannot convince, find it easier to condemn their opponents; and Madame Guyon, still devoted to her lofty purpose as in the warmth and energy of her youth, found that the tender mercies of the popish hierarchy are cruel. In an unfortunate hour she had promised to cease from the promulgation of her opinions; but as enthusiasm can be neither governed nor restricted by the hand of authority, Madame Guyon, after repeated violations of the promise which had been extorted from her, was arrested by royal order, Dec. 31, 1695, and sent to Vincennes. In that castle she passed nine months, and was then transferred to Vaugirard, and subsequently, at the expiration of two years, she was removed to the Bastile—that grim and awful prison-house, wherein many of the noblest persons of France had been immured, and where, too, for centuries, all whom tyranny goaded to strive for liberty pined in chains, or lingeringly died, hopeless, and oftentimes idiotic from long-continued severities. In a narrow cell of that fortress Madame Guyon passed four years—always alone, hearing no voice to cheer her, no human utterance but the harsh tones of her gaoler, and, at rare intervals, the interrogations of the minister of police; unable to communicate with the outward world, for writing materials were denied her; guarded with that vigilance and suspicion which are distinctive of despotism; never looking upon sky or earth, summer verdure or wintry snow; suffering thus the horrors of bondage and silence, under which, as had happened to others, she had drifted to madness, but that for her in the gloomy cell there was a pathway by which her thoughts entered into heaven, and by which also she received those holy ministrations which soothe and fortify the

suffering good. Even in her dungeon she could sing her often-quoted hymn of gratitude and gladness—

L'amour pur et parfait va plus loin qu'on ne pense ;
On ne sait pas, lorsqu'il commence,
Tout ce qu'il doit coûter un jour.
Mon cœur n'aurait connu Vincennes ni souffrance,
S'il n'eût connu le pur amour.

After an imprisonment of four years, Madame Guyon was released and banished to Blois, where she resided until her death. In the early summer of 1717, when her persecutors had one by one gone to their account, the noble suffering woman, who had passed through so many storms in her holy service, found a calm and happy evening, and an entrance, in her sixty-ninth year, into that high and hallowed estate wherein discord and persecution are alike impossible.

Quietism has not had any lasting hold upon the human mind. In France its effect was slight and transient. As man is neither transcendental nor emotional only, it has been found impossible to propagate a creed which assumes that the holy soul requires neither the sensuous nor the external for its service, and that religion has its realization in perfect love. Mysticism can have no local habitation in such an actual and practical world as ours ; and Quietism is in harmony rather with the cloister than with any conceivable condition of human society. Although her religious system may be slightly esteemed, the active goodness which adorned and blessed the life of Madame Guyon is beyond all praise, and worthy of lasting remembrance.

Of the present volume, compiled by Mr. Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Science in an American College, we have not much to say. Objection might occasionally be made to his phraseology ; but he is happier in philosophical disquisition than in biographical delineation ; and we had been better pleased if, abstaining from running comments on the narrative, which are frequently both weak and tedious, he had allowed that incomparable woman to tell the tale of her successes and sorrows, or, at least, if he had added but little to that recital. Nothing can be better than her Autobiography, written at the request of Father La Combe. To those who cannot consult Bayle, and to whom the books of Jurieu, Buchon, and others, are unknown or inaccessible, the present volume, containing a full account of the life and labours of one of the most holy and enthusiastic of women, will be an acceptable work, as indeed it will be to many devout persons of all classes.

ART. VI.—*The Dead Sea, a New Route to India; with other Fragments and Gleanings in the East.* By Capt. W. Allen, R.N., Author of 'The Narrative of the Niger Expedition.' Two Volumes. London: Longman & Co.

THERE have been cities rendered famous by their destruction alone. Had Pompeii, Herculaneum, or Stabia slowly deduced, and perished stone by stone, history would have told of them no more than that they were picturesque, but unimportant towns of the Campania. Another Suetonius, perhaps, might have recorded at Pompeii the excesses of another Cæsar; some vague tradition, perhaps, might haunt the house of Sallust; but why is Herculaneum more renowned than Cumæ; and Pompeii than Venosa? Not because they are more perfect, or richer in antique remains; but because Venosa and Cumæ mouldered to natural dust, while Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under the ashes of a burning storm. They rank in historical fame with the more gorgeous Babylon, and with the more miserable Sodom and Gomorrah. These wretched cities, though the keenest research cannot fix upon a vestige of them, still throw an ominous shade over the plain on which they are supposed to have been situated. Travellers and antiquarians continue to explore the Syrian valleys for relics of the accursed nation, and sometimes a theorist reports with joy that he has discovered on the blasted confines of Arabia the long-sought traces. M. de Saulcy, two years ago, confidently affirmed that he had succeeded where all others had failed. Probably he had been imposed upon by Aber-Dahub, his mercenary guide, who improvised ruins and stones out of pure gratitude for the liberality of his French employer. After him, came M. Van de Welde, who travelled to the Dead Sea, not to investigate M. Saulcy's discoveries, but to disprove them. Before he left Brussels, he was as certain that Zumeirah was not the scriptural Zoar, as he was when Jebel-nodum receded from his view.

According to M. Van de Welde, the rows of stones which M. de Saulcy mistook for the remnants of Sodom, are only the residue of the torrents, which dry up in the summer. He does not satisfy us on this point, by explaining whether the stones are rounded, like boulders by the action of water, or whether they are such as might have been used in walls and foundations. He might have crossed and re-crossed the plain without detecting the presence of ruins, as Egyptian explorers have done, where the basis of many a temple lay amid the sand at their feet. Besides, M. Van de Welde having denied the existence of Sodom

and Zoar, thought it unnecessary to ascertain whether the sites of Admah, Zebaim, and Gomorrah, were equally supposititious. The pentapolic remains, therefore, may be found where M. de Saulcy believes he saw them, for any evidence that his German antagonist offers to the contrary. M. Van de Welde spent three or four hours in the locality, and rode hastily from point to point. His observations were so hurried that he entirely overlooked the lonely pillar of salt, which Lieut. Lynch distinctly describes, and which, in itself, should have tempered the exultation of his scoffing pen. M. de Saulcy may have found ruins without finding the ruins of Sodom; but his relation, which appeals to the testimony of several companions, is certainly more persuasive, even in its display of easy credence, than the triumphant flippancy of M. Van de Welde.

Captain Allen writes, partly a narrative, partly a theory, and, to some extent, a prospectus. He left Jerusalem in December, 1849, crossed the brook Kedron, once a proud river, in the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, looked down on the Holy City from the Mount of Olives, and visited the poor village of Bethany. Thence along wild and desolate hills, which once bloomed with thick green woods, he made his way, among brightly-coloured rocks, to the site of ancient Jericho. From a neighbouring height, the Dead Sea first met his view. It appeared like a great shadow lying deep among the mountains, and catching no tint of the gorgeous light then dying away over the surrounding hills. Next morning, the yellow waters of the Jordan were passed, and the Dead Sea was reached. Its surface was of a clear blue, and so buoyant that some of Captain Allen's companions found they could not sink in it below their chests. Imagination may have influenced them in this matter, since other travellers declare that they could sink in the Dead Sea as quickly as in the ocean. Contrary to the popular idea, also, birds were flying across. A prodigious steam arose, which tempted Maltebrun to speak of the volumes of smoke arising from this mysterious lake, to which Brochard added 'flames.' On three sides the ranges attained a great height, and were broken into wild and terrific forms, calculated to excite with new emotions the enthusiastic fancy. That the Dead Sea also lies thirteen hundred feet below the level of the neighbouring Mediterranean, is another fact which adds to its mystery. Here, then, is the favourite region of theory. No traveller escapes its influence, and Captain Allen, though inclined to be critical, fell into quite as much extravagance as any of his predecessors.

Commander Lynch, of the United States Navy, went, it is true, beyond most of these controversial geographers. Under the calm and motionless waters, many fathoms deep in the mud,

he was convinced the doomed cities were lying. He even branded the inhabitants of Kerek, 'the descendants of Lot,' as a race that wore the mark of eternal malediction. They seemed to him to express, in their abject faces, a consciousness of hereditary guilt. Eliot Warburton insinuated his belief in the native story that, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, the drowned cities may be discerned peering, with their outlines above the edge of the sea. Dean Milman, on the contrary, adopted the popular belief indicated by Strabo, which was that the bituminous and sulphureous soil, on which the cities of the plain were erected, was smitten by lightning, burst into fire, and devoured them in one terrible conflagration. Captain Allen disbelieves in the flood, as well as in the natural fire. He declares that the region has not, to any great extent, been the theatre of volcanic action, and sums up his argument in a passage which, to us, appears singularly inconclusive :—

'The advocates of either hypothesis,—namely, those who imagine that by great convulsion affecting the Dead Sea, the Cities of the Plain were submerged by its waters; those who believe that the catastrophe of their destruction was brought about by the simple agency of volcanic fire, and they who adopt the idea of their combined action—appear to me to be in error; since the express declaration of Holy Writ is, that this destruction was the direct visitation of the wrath of God, who sent *fire from heaven* to consummate their doom.'—Vol. i. p. 247.

The point here stated is not the essence of the question. Christian writers, believing as implicitly as Captain Allen in the 'direct visitation of the wrath of God' which destroyed the Cities of the Plain, have yet been unable to agree in what manner that wrath was manifested. When Jerusalem was destroyed, natural means were applied to fulfil the Divine predictions. The lands around Sodom and Gomorrah abound in sulphur and other inflammable materials. Why, then, is it unscriptural to believe, when the sacred history mentions 'brimstone (or sulphur) and fire' that the lightnings of heaven kindled this combustible mass, and burned the cities which had been reared above it. 'Fire,' in itself, is that which no man has seen; we see it only when it is mixed with air, or with some other element; but Captain Allen, who dogmatizes on this point, proceeds to reverse, with pernicious agility, his whole method of reasoning. He has just been denouncing a perfectly scriptural interpretation of a scriptural statement, because it is inconsistent with the *primâ facie* meaning of a loosely-translated passage; but now he adopts the coldest German method of combating a 'popular and long established belief.' Surely he should concede to others the latitude he takes for himself. On the question of the geogra-

phical site of the destroyed cities, assigned to the plain at the southern end of the Dead Sea, physical circumstances are quoted to discredit the common version of the fact, as stated in Genesis, and 'the light of experimental science' is appealed to, to prove the biblical translators in error:

'I am aware that against the arguments which I have ventured to advance, I have a very strong current of popular belief against me, which has its source in the most remote antiquity, and is at the same time the most venerated. The authority for this popular belief is no less than a passage in the Holy Bible, which we are all taught to look upon as unquestionable.

'But when, in the historical part of that book, we find a passage not only difficult to reconcile with facts and probabilities, but involving by its literal acceptance an impossibility, we may imagine some error of transcription or of translation.'—Ib. pp. 259.

The 'impossibility' here affirmed is stated thus:—'It seems to me incredible to suppose that four or five cities could have been in a confined, swampy plain, 1300 feet below the level of the ocean, shut in on three sides by high mountains and perpendicular cliffs, on the fourth by the disagreeable salt lake.'

It does not concern us, in general, to inquire into the logical accuracy of a narrator's style. The highest rules of criticism, if applied to ordinary books, would prove an error of reason or grammar almost in every page. Only the first order of professed writers can bear this extreme ordeal of literature. Historians and logicians must be tried by their peers; but travellers, for the most part, may be left to the common jury. Captain Allen, however, is treating of language, and emending sacred texts, with as much assurance as Dr. Lepsius or Mr. Osburne. It is fair then to submit, that to write of anything as being 'incredible to suppose,' is to evince an incapacity to deal with points of disputed interpretation, while to describe the plain as originally 'swampy,' which it is quite unnecessary to believe, is to beg the question. We do not interpose ourselves between the advocates in this matter. We cannot decide between the leading inquiries of M. de Saulcy, the predetermined scepticism of M. Van de Welde, the positiveness of Captain Allen, or the hypothesis of the Dean of St. Paul's. Indeed, Captain Allen's geographical assumptions are supported by respectable authorities. Reland assists him with one or two quotations, and though Miss Corbeaux's topography is inconsonant with his, her Hebrew lore glimmers, from time to time, through his chronicle of the Dead Sea. We do not affirm that this theory is fallacious; we only maintain that it is upheld by insufficient proofs and by defective logic. Quite as much evil springs in the world from those who reason wrongly from sound premises, as from those who reason

rightly from false premises. For example, to prove a debated point by assumed propositions is equal to not proving it at all. The sculptures at Abou Simbel *may* represent the ford of the Jordan, the Arnon, and the Dead Sea, but by what tokens are they recognised? The Egyptologers, it is true, are answerable for having, on this subject, deluded Captain Allen; but a man who, without understanding Hebrew, suspects the translations of Genesis, ought to explain by what right he reads the hieroglyphs of the Nile, especially the pictures, when the best antiquarians confess that no inscription, or part of an inscription, of any length, has ever been interpreted with certainty. This record of the great Rameses exceeds in boldness the Bactrian expedition of the fabled Queen Semiramis, described by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson.

The Dead Sea, according to Captain Allen's very clear and able description of it, is an elongated body of water, some two hundred miles in length, with long valleys descending to it at either end, the one leading down from the coast of the Gulf of Akabah, the other from that of the Mediterranean Sea, exactly as two paths, at opposite ends of a ravine, lead into it from the general level of the country. From Acre, in the Mediterranean, there is an uninterrupted sea passage to England, and from Akabah, at the head of the gulf, an uninterrupted passage to India, the two barriers of land separating the Dead Sea at its low level from the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean at their high levels, being narrow, and not in any way formidable. Captain Allen believes that where the Dead Sea now is there was formerly a deep, dry vale, which, at a remote period, was filled with water from the Gulf of Akabah, as the gulf is filled from the Red Sea, and the Red Sea from the Indian Ocean. A mighty volcanic agency—independent of the fires which smote Sodom and Gomorrah—threw up the bottom of the strait, and closed the communication. Such a cause, indeed, it has been creditably established, separated the Gulf of Suez from the Bitter Lakes, and may naturally have extended its action across the Sinaitic peninsula. The supposition is in harmony with the fact of the still increasing depression of the Dead Sea, and the lines of sedimentary deposit, traceable on the terraced, truncated, conical hills around. If geological signs have a meaning, these inferences are legitimate. Nor are the foundations of the European or Asiatic continents so durably fixed that no changes are in future to be expected. The movement which cleft Amboyna in two belongs to no remote period. In the Mediterranean, since 1831, an island has risen and disappeared. This was not the sudden exposure of a shoal by a temporary subsidence; for Graham's Isle, near the coast of Sicily, was thrown up from *the*

deep sea; it remained several months with its surface a hundred feet above the water; was named, surveyed, and would probably soon have attracted some fisherman to build his hut amid its young vegetation. In 1846 a vessel passed over the spot, and Graham's Isle was sounded thirty-eight fathoms under water. Such phenomena, observed and magnified by the superstitious mariners of early ages, may have given birth to the tale of many a wandering Atlantis. Such may have been the bright islands, ever-floating, and rarely seen by mortal eyes, in which the Spanish legends place the scene of so many wondrous tales—the 'Adalantado of the Seven Cities,' and the 'Phantom Island.' Such may have been the Isle of St. Brandan, and Fly Away Cape of Christian merchants, and the Aprossitos, or Inaccessible, of the ancient cosmographer. In the Dead Sea itself one traveller has seen an islet, which to another has appeared a cape, while in the ocean far beyond Akabah, the coral insects incessantly carry up a number of madreporous structures, which no sooner feel the external air than they burst into vegetation, and soon are 'purpled with vernal flowers.' Indeed, the opinion has long obtained that a new continent, at some future period, will be seated on the line in the vast eastern and southern oceans. Be this as it may, the coralline growths in the Gulf of Akabah are continually active, and may account for the change suggested by Captain Allen.

His theory, then, amounts to this:—That a long natural fissure, all but uniting the eastern with the southern seas, has been blocked up, leaving an immense valley, at the bottom of which lies the motionless Dead Sea, barely kept at its level by the tribute of the Jordan and its rival river. Parallel ranges, nowhere connected, border on both sides this lengthened valley. Captain Allen proposes to cut away the barrier at each end, to let in the waters of Akabah and the Mediterranean, and to form, far above the actual surface of the Dead Sea, a vast channel of communication between India and Europe:—'Nature has performed for us the greater part of the work in a stupendous cutting of some two hundred miles in length, and separated from a sea at either end by a barrier apparently slight at the north—namely, the alluvial plain of Esdraelon, already deeply furrowed by the brook Kishon, which might be cut through at very little expense; the required length of the cutting being about twenty-five miles. At the other end, if the hypothesis of the dried-up strait should prove to be correct, the distance for the required canal would not be greater, and the depth of the cutting *may* be small.'

Part of this is conjecture. Captain Allen admits that an accurate survey can alone establish the point. If, however, the artificial channel should be practicable, 'the operation might be very much facilitated by making use of the immense weight and force

of back-water of the two oceans; if not as a cutting power, at all events to carry into the abyss or depression, the earth and rocks which could be loosened by the liberal use of gunpowder, saving thereby nearly the whole trouble of digging and carrying away.

This, at least, is engineering made easy. Twenty-five miles of solid earth and rock, which have from immemorial time upheld a sea more than a thousand feet above the interior valley, can scarcely be so loosened as to be washed away by the influx of a tide. Natural forces, we suspect, will not so far supersede mechanics as to effect all this for Captain Allen. However, could the plan be accomplished, there would be a sea-route to India little longer than the Overland through Egypt, and the advantages that would ensue are problematical. For ourselves, with material obstacles to meet, we think the word *impossible* ought rarely to be pronounced. It is the shibboleth of the timid. There was, three or four years ago, a plausible idea of constructing a railroad from Calais to Calcutta. We remember no insuperable objections to it as an engineering enterprise; but the political element is less within the power of control, and this, in Captain Allen's case, is peculiarly adverse to his proposal, which is, literally, to drown the Dead Sea.

We all know how many years of planning, intriguing, representing, menacing, and bribing have passed, and the French have not yet gained permission to make their canal through the Isthmus of Suez. The Nicaragua channel is not yet decided upon. The French, who propose to cut through the neck of land which separates the Red Sea from the Mediterranean, have obtained the necessary concessions from the Pasha of Egypt though not the Sultan of Turkey. But at this step, Captain Allen tells them, there are fatal obstacles to their further progress. The two seas, in spite of many ideas to the contrary, have been proved by M. Bourdaloue to be nearly on a level; there would, consequently, be no adequate current to keep the passage clear of sand. The shallowness of the water at either end would necessitate immense jetties, while from the exposed situation the roadsteads of Tineh would be unsafe without a breakwater. It is not from any perversity that we are inclined to anticipate many similar demurrers to the plan of Captain Allen. At all events, the political difficulties are so obvious that the projector cannot elude them. The Sultan of Turkey, in the first place, must be reconciled to the loss of about two thousand square miles of territory, submerged by the new sea, together with the ancient city of Tiberias, containing some thousands of inhabitants, and a number of Arab villages. The Wadies, it is true, may be incapable of prosperous culture; the villages may be mud-huts, such as the sporting amirs of Sindh used to raise, and such as the vile princes of Hydrabad are

encouraged by British troops to burn; but territories are precious to every monarch, and houses and graves are dear even to the dwellers in the vale of Arabah and of Kishon. As for Tiberias, sullied though it be by the dirt of its people, and insulated between the deep Dead Sea and a stony and precipitous wall of mountains, it is a place of pilgrimage of the Jews, as one of the four sacred cities—Jerusalem, Hebron, and Saphet being the other three. They come to it from Poland, Russia, and various distant regions, expecting the Messiah to rise out of the lake, which is a general expectation among them, though on what authority it is not known. Captain Allen says:—'I sketched one old man, who was anxiously watching on the shore, where the spray was dashing up, in the evident hope of seeing Him rise. If such is really the general belief of the Jews, they must consider it as a miracle, and of course it could not be impeded by a few fathoms, more or less, in the depth of the sea; consequently, they cannot urge any valid objection to this result, though they may not like to see the filthy city, which they hold to be sacred, submerged and lost for ever.'

We fear that Captain Allen would not successfully negotiate with those Jews for the privilege of burying their venerated city in a deluge. They in their simple mode of thinking do not append *quod erat* to their arguments; they care little whether their objections be 'valid' or not, so that they represent beliefs and feelings, which to them are dear. And their favourite lake would be nothing to them, if lost in the influx of two foreign seas; nor can it be imagined that Tiberias, which for eighteen hundred years they have invested with sanctity, could be effaced from the earth without profoundly wounding the sensitiveness of that imaginative people. Even the czars might complain that their beloved subjects, the Russian Jews—whom they ruthlessly maltreat—had been despoiled of a shrine by the Gothic avarice of Western Europe! Possibly also, millions of Christians would deprecate the obliteration of sacred scenes, of waters, coasts, and pleasant valleys, trodden of old by the Israelites, and after them hallowed by the presence of Him at whose name every knee shall bow. With no disposition to prejudge a scheme which has the merit of boldness, novelty, and ingenuity, we discern at a single glance a complication of objections which Captain Allen may not deem 'valid;' but which, while the world is governed by traditionary sentiments as well as by mathematics, by human feelings as well as by calculation, will be opposed to the project of a Dead Sea Canal.

It would be improper to leave on the reader's mind an impression that Captain Allen devotes his work to the exposition of a scheme. He has written a varied narrative of travel, with chapters

of theory intervening. His Mediterranean voyage is depicted in a series of lightly-touched sketches and animated incidents; his pictures of the Grecian Sea are as sunny as its isles; his visits to ruins are enlivened, but not overlaid, by criticisms and quotations. The Rev. Mr. Deacon, who accompanied him, contributes an interesting account of Baalbec, in beauty the sister of Palmyra, and by some supposed to be identical with the Scriptural Baalath.

We will not renew, with Captain Allen, the discussion on the sites of holy places at Jerusalem. There have lately been better arguments than his. We think his acquisitions on this subject are of recent date, and not the results of a step-by-step analysis and comparison of authorities. Nor do we consider his long digression on the Jews as other than a piece of book-making. Did he not see enough to describe in his own pleasant and instructive manner, without recapitulating the annals of the Jewish race? The readers of Milman's history and of the Sephardim do not desire to meet with scanty abridgments of those works in a book of travels. For new lights on the subject we shall go to Dr. Phillipson or to D'Aubigné—if he will write on it—or to some contemporary Philo-Judæus. But Captain Allen has another theory in view concerning the restoration of that race to the Holy Land,—a favourite and fascinating subject, though we prefer to skip carefully these irrelevant chapters until we reach a practical essay on the destruction of forests. In this episode, Evelyn himself would have delighted; it would have called forth the tears of Masius. The writer contributes some really valuable information. 'It is manifest,' he says, 'that those regions which were anciently the most fertile, and also the most populous, are now deserted. The long and exterminating wars to which they were exposed by their prosperity, have generally been considered as sufficient to have caused this devastation. But it is also equally evident that such vicissitudes in the fortunes of the human race have a parallel in the contemporaneous history of neighbouring primæval forests.' The original centres of population—now, in so many instances desolate, were covered in the earliest periods with masses of natural forest. The mighty coal-beds existing in various spots of the world, testify to the prodigious abundance of wood in former times. In the New World Columbus found races of men wandering under the shade of trees which have since been hewn away in millions to make room for cities and fields, for the possessors and utilizers of the soil. In 1853, seventeen millions of cubic feet of timber were exported from Quebec, yet the official documents show that there is enough timber in the Ottawa Forest regions alone to feed the mills in that river for six centuries to come. All over the East, there was

at one epoch the same plenitude of wood. But the countries in which mankind first lived are almost treeless now. Others still continue rich in this respect:—

'Thus, on the shores of the Euxine Sea, and especially on the northern slopes of the mountains of Asia Minor, having perhaps never been very thickly peopled (obviously not), the primæval forests have not been subdued. The mountains are covered from the base to the summit with a dense clothing of chesnut, oak, beech, pines, and with a luxuriant undergrowth of laurel, myrtle, ivy, box, rhododendron, cistus. This primæval belt stretches almost from the Archipelago to the Caspian Sea. But of this mountain range, the backbone of Asia Minor, all travellers describe the southern slopes as a perfect contrast to the well-wooded northern side. The huge forms of these hills are all bare, except in some few localities difficult to be reached; as Kara Bel in Anti-Taurus, and Soghanli-Dagh, where, Mr. Hamilton says, *the last of the primæval forests south of the line of the Black Sea belt*, was sold by the pacha of the province to the Russians, who use it for their fortifications on the frontier.'—Vol. ii. p. 278.

This curious circumstance is an illustration of Ottoman policy. Perhaps no nation is so indifferent to the past and to the future as the Turkish. Incapable, as it would seem, of productive industry, it will sell its forests, mortgage all its provinces, forestal its revenues, alloy its coinage, alienate its subjects, sacrifice its friends, for any temporary or apparent advantage. It will burn the marble architraves of a Greek temple for lime which might be dug a hundred yards off, or it will debase its currency for the sake of a transient profit, with equal hardihood and equal recklessness. The Russians in Asia have turned to good account this trafficking spirit on the part of the Turks, who have sold them the means of aggression.

Of course, wherever there is a population in the East, there are valleys full of fruit-trees; though even the palm is smitten from time to time by the unreckoning rapacity of the Turk. But, for the most part, a blight has fallen on the lands they inhabit, as well as on others over which the influences of time have exerted a destructive power. Round Smyrna and on the south coast of the Bosphorus the hills are naked. The Lower Taurus has still some fine woods, but the axe has assailed them, and as they fall the locality is deserted. The Lebanon is rapidly becoming bare, and the forests of Mount Carmel are reduced to mere brushwood, with a few evergreen oaks; the mountains of the Peloponnesus, as well as most of the 'Isles of Greece,' have suffered the same loss.

Elsewhere in Europe the prodigal and improvident destruction of forests has been attended with national decay. The central parts of Spain, cleared by the axe, have been converted almost into deserts, inhabited by a scanty population. Even in France

défrichement has been carried on to a disastrous extent; within two centuries the forests have been diminished by two-thirds; the annual produce of timber and fuel is already one-fifth below the wants of the population, and, as Laplace calculated, the supply must entirely fail unless means of conservation are adopted. 'Reports from fifty-four departments of France show that the destruction of a great extent of forest, for the purpose of bringing the land under cultivation, has had the effect of rendering the temperature of the climate very variable and uncertain. Heavy rains, storms, and droughts have ravaged the soil and endangered the crops more and more every year.'

Humboldt found that, owing to the disforesting of the valley of Araga in Venezuela, the great lake of Tacariga had much diminished. The process of destruction then ceased, and twenty years afterwards the surface of the lake had regained more than half its ancient bed. In Egypt, the Nile atones, with its invariable floods, for the want of rain. In all ages, however, surrounding regions have been taxed to supply that country with fuel and timber. Many parts of Asia, and the slopes of the Lebanon, yield annual cargoes of wood for shipment to Alexandria. Huge rafts are drifted thither from the shores of the Euxine. But at Cairo, Mohammed Ali may be said to have modified the climate by planting immense groves of palm and other trees. Where no rain previously, regular showers refresh and fertilize the soil. But it is in Mesopotamia that the loss of the ancient forest has most severely blighted the land. Once a populous region, containing the largest cities the world has ever seen, Mesopotamia is now a naked waste, wandered over by nomadic tribes. Mr. Layard, who has a genius for digging away rubbish, whether in our public departments or in the deserts of Babylon, shows how extensively timber was employed in Assyrian edifices; yet, in the time of Herodotus, it was already scarce, and the mines which had enriched the people began to be neglected for want of charcoal. At present only charred twigs are to be had, so that one natural resource lies needlessly fallow, because another has been improvidently exhausted. In Palestine, also, once a paradise of fertility, the sun strikes on arid hills and the channels of dried-up rivers. Its population decays; its productiveness decreases; its beauty fades. Certainly, the disappearance of the forests is not the chief cause of this unhappy change; but there can be no doubt that it partly explains the contrast between ancient and modern Syria as well as the discrepancies of recent travellers. If Captain Allen will refer to Bayard Taylor's last narrative, he will find a glowing description of a Syrian morning, which suffuses the landscape with a tinge of gold, red, and violet blending with the richest tints of green. Read Van de Welde's

description of the same landscape three weeks later in the season. Not a blade of grass softens the ground; all vegetation is calcined to dust, or else a few dingy, yellow, or copper-coloured tufts betoken that spring and summer have passed that way, though not as in some of the Indian plains, on which the four seasons seem, in mutual revelry, to dance for ever. Captain Allen illustrates the subject also, by an allusion to Russia, where the Marquis de Custine describes an enormous consumption of food, and predicts an ultimate scarcity of fuel. The Russian territories, as yet, abound in forests, though these are unequally distributed; but, had he consulted Tegoborski's valuable work on the productive resources of that empire, he would have seen that the government is not insensible of the danger he indicates, and is preparing to avoid it by a peremptory system of regulations. Should his researches, moreover, conduct him at any future period to the Indian Archipelago, he will recognise in Penang an example of the complete change that may be wrought by the extirpation of forests, in the aspects, and temperature even, of a small island situated near two well-wooded regions. Throughout Asiatic islands, however, there is, for the most part, a redundance of forests, soaking the soil, and loading the air with moisture.

Captain Allen, while travelling among the Jews of the East, appears to have imbibed an enthusiasm similar to that which infected Mr. F. Walpole (not the learned author of the 'Memoirs on European Turkey') while residing among the Ansaryii on their own hills. He had no tie, indeed, such as that which the Ansaryii champion made and broke (perhaps breaking a heart with it); but from his scheme of a Dead Sea Canal—which would exasperate the Jews without conciliating the Christians—he proceeds to a plan of settling the Hebrew race once more in some quarter of Palestine. It is an old idea; a Jewish capitalist, in fact, is said to have treated with the Ottoman government for the purchase of Jerusalem; but Captain Allen allots to the scattered race Mount Carmel, the plains of Sharon, and Esdraëlon. To us it appears that these miniature schemes by desultory travellers serve no purpose, except that of mixing narrative with disquisition, and diluting experience with theory. History will not be anticipated. Events affecting the destinies of a race will not be driven out of their course, even by the proposals of an amateur who has surveyed the area of a new sea, and is ready to modify the configuration of the earth. But Captain Allen writes in a spirit of the most diffusive philanthropy, and though he casts his lead in deeper water than he can fathom, seldom utters an oracle except in the inoffensive form of a suggestion.

It will have been observed that Captain Allen travels over a large area. Monotony, at least, is not his peculiar sin. In

addition to a plan for a Dead Sea Canal and a plan for the restoration of the Jews, he has a plan for reclaiming to commercial uses the ancient port of Seleucia. Such excursions of the fancy, if they indicate a vagueness of ideas, are proofs that an intellectual stimulus has moved the author's imagination. Englishmen are too prone to recline in the meadows of Runnymeade, and to think great reforms impossible. It is wise, at least, to encourage confidence in the future. Enthusiasm should be guided, not reproved, especially as grand projects have a tendency to liberalize the mind.

ART. VII.—*Constantine; or, the Last Days of an Empire.* By Captain Spencer. Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low & Son. 1855.

WE have before had occasion to present a favourable notice of the published travels of Captain Spencer, in countries with which it is evident that he is intimately acquainted, and of the political conditions and prospects of which he appears to have an enlightened and sagacious presentiment. The work before us is an historical fiction, though much more largely composed of the historic than the fictitious element. Indeed, the romance is merely made the convenient vehicle for conveying to the general reader the circumstances which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, led to the establishment of the followers of Mahomet in that country which had superseded the Eternal City as the seat of the waning Roman empire. The author, however, founds upon this historical romance a political scheme applicable to the circumstances of the present times, which we cannot but think most sagacious and instructive.

The narrative refers to that period when Constantine II., the reigning prince of the Morea, was the heir to the throne of the Cæsars, though opposed by his two brothers, Thomas and Demetrius. Constantine ascended the throne supported by the counsels of Phranza, who was at once the minister of state and one of the historians of that era. At this time, ancient and popular prophecies exercised a powerful influence on the public mind, and some of these, as the author observes, prove the means of their own fulfilment. In making this observation, he is, perhaps, unconsciously repeating the aphorism of Tacitus, in his Life of Agricola—'Haud semper errat fama aliquando etiam eligit.' One singular instance of this is said to have operated

strongly on the minds of the belligerent parties during the present war. It is a prediction alleged to have been uttered by Genadius, the monk of Ida, who figures continually in these volumes as the counsellor of Constantine, and whose written prophecy was exhumed one hundred and sixty years after his decease. The words are as follows:—'Fated prince! fated people! doomed city! Hear the sentence of the Most High! For eighty lustres, O my country! thou shalt remain, as a punishment for thy sins, the slave of an infidel slave! Powerless to avenge, thine shall be the bitterness and the degradation of beholding thy altars defiled, and the blessed emblem of our redemption trampled beneath unhallowed feet. Yea! thou shalt drain thy cup of wrath to the very dregs. But, O my country, dark as thy night shall be, it shall have an end. Sorrow not as though there were no hope. At the appointed hour of God's grace and mercy, thy wrongs shall be avenged *by the hand of the stranger*. And thou shalt rise as of old, a star among the nations of the earth.' And while the fanaticism of this early age was the stepping-stone by which successive rulers raised themselves to power; so in our own day the policy of Russia is to take advantage of a similar superstition prevalent throughout its degraded population, in order to compass the schemes of a barbarous ambition. At the time at which Constantine Palæologus was called to fill the crumbling throne of the Cæsars, his own empire was in a state of distraction, and all Europe in one of uneasiness and transition. The warriors of the north and west, where well nigh all were warriors, lent their arms to foreign countries, and were little better than soldiers of fortune. One of these, the descendant of Sir John Hawkwood, surnamed the Knight of the Falcon, espouses the cause of Constantine, and becomes enamoured of the Princess Illione, the sister of the emperor, whose adventures form the slight fabric of romance which relieves this work from the character of a history. The princess is taken captive by the troops of Mahomet II., whose final occupation of Constantinople gives the meaning to the title of this work, 'The Last Days of an Empire;' she, however, figures but little in the work, which, as we have before said, is devoted chiefly to the early history of the Turkish empire.

The great object of Constantine was to effect a stable union between the Eastern and Western, or in other words, the Roman Catholic and the Greek branches of the Christian church. The sequel of this narrative will show how serious were the difficulties which obstructed this design. 'There cannot,' the author says, 'be a doubt, that the real motives of the Emperor Constantine for taking this important step were, the perilous state of the empire in the event of a war with the Turks, and the little

sympathy he could expect from the Latin powers if his people remained isolated in faith from the rest of Christendom.'

The great opponent of this design was the monk Genadius, already mentioned, proesté of the monastery of Mount Ida. Disappointed in his attempts to influence the inhabitants of the city of Constantine, he addressed himself to those of Adrianople, encouraging larger hopes among the subjects of the Turk than among those who were overshadowed by the influence of the Roman Pontiffs. Mahomet II. was not slow to avail himself of these dissensions. 'He saw,' says the writer, 'in the unwise step of the Emperor Constantine to unite the rival churches, the elements of religious discords; and he as clearly saw that the fanatic monk would prove an admirable instrument to advance his own ambitious views.'

The Greeks were distinguished among European nations for their great subtlety and depth of character; but even these qualities did not place them on a level with their wily Asiatic neighbours in diplomatic negotiations. Of this circumstance Mahomet was not slow to take advantage, especially in his dealings with Genadius, over whose fanatical zeal he felt that his calm astuteness must eventually predominate. With a view to the promotion of his cherished design of uniting the two Churches, the Emperor Constantine invited from the Pope the presence and counsel of the Cardinal Isidore, who thenceforth becomes an actor in this historical drama.

The primary object of Constantine in seeking to effect this union of the rival churches of Greece and Rome was to obtain the co-operation of the Catholic powers of the West; but his more far-sighted minister, Phranza, foresaw that the deep-rooted aversion subsisting between the Greek and Roman Churches forbade all hopes of a cordial amalgamation; he therefore turned the attention of his sovereign to those independent Mussulman princes, whose territories lying in the direct line of march of the armies of Mahomet II., would of necessity be devastated by their progress and absorbed by their conquest; and whose manifest interest it therefore was to maintain the integrity of the Byzantine empire. Phranza was not mistaken in the advice he tendered to his sovereign, which was fully justified by the events that followed the arrival of the Cardinal Isidore. A religious festival, ordained in honour of the arrival of the cardinal, afforded the occasion for a popular outbreak, the signal for which was the unexpected intrusion of the monk Genadius, who openly denounced what he termed the heretical and impious policy of the Emperor Constantine, and loudly called upon his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen to resist the attempted aggression of the Roman See.

'On arriving at the great square of the cathedral, the scene presented was highly imposing. Here the devotees of the Latin Church,

principally strangers, together with the Genoese of Galata and Pera, occupied ranges of seats, exhibiting a motley assembly of traders and seamen in all the varied costumes of Asia and Europe, who, now as the procession reached the pillar of the first Constantine, which formed the last station, simultaneously united their voices to those of the clergy who were chanting the sacred hymn, 'Te Deum, laudamus.' The immense doors of Sancta Sophia were thrown open; religious banners of every hue streamed through its majestic aisles, and a vast assembly of the noble and the wealthy filled the sacred edifice, attracted, it must be confessed, not so much for the purposes of devotion as to witness a spectacle as extraordinary as it was novel to the sight-loving citizens of Constantinople. It was a moment of deep interest; no sound interrupted the solemn silence save the sacred hymn of thanksgiving, when by some unaccountable negligence or treachery on the part of the military a Greek monk suddenly broke through the cordon of guards, and precipitated himself at the feet of the emperor. He was instantly seized by a Varangian guardsman, who, with uplifted axe, was about to deal a deadly blow, when his arm was arrested by the emperor..... The indignation of Cardinal Isidore, and his train of missionaries, knew no bounds at this unwelcome interruption. If frowns and muttered imprecations could have had any effect on the fanatic intruder, he would have been annihilated on the spot. Not so the Emperor Constantine, ever humane, and now anxious not to irritate his subjects by any undue severity towards a divine so universally respected, he gently raised the monk from his recumbent position, and mildly chid him for thus exposing himself to the weapons of his guards; then motioning to one of his attendants, he ordered him to conduct the priest away in safety. This, however, did not suit the views of Genadius, who attributed the humane forbearance of the emperor to fear; and goaded to fury by the abusive epithets with which the clergy of the Roman Church reviled him, assumed an air of majesty and command, and with every vein in his cadaverous countenance swollen,—his eyes gleaming with the fire of the enthusiast,—his right arm extended to heaven, exclaimed in a voice tremulous from excitement,—"Constantine Palæologus, hear me! for my words are not indited by the flesh, but inspired by the Holy Ghost! As the instrument of Divine mercy I have come once more to tell you that war, pestilence, famine, and civil discord shall devour this ill-fated empire till it exists no more, if you persist in your impious resolution of desecrating the holy altars of Sancta Sophia with the abominations of the Church of heretical Rome!" The intrusion of the monk and his violent denunciation scarcely occupied a minute. The emperor, as might be expected, impatient of his presence on an occasion of so much solemnity, again commanded an attendant to remove him, but ere this could be effected, an arrow, winged as though it were from heaven, quivered in the heart of the ill-fated soldier.'—Vol. i. pp. 291-293.

The populace, aroused to insurrection, resolved to supersede Constantine and to place Theodore Lascaris on the throne. The scene of this crisis was the interior of the church of St. Sophia. The Emperor Constantine, after having vainly endeavoured to

allay the passions of the excited multitude, who demanded nothing less than that the proposed fusion of the two churches should be abandoned; and further, that the Cardinal Isidore, with his ecclesiastical retinue, should be delivered up to their arbitrary disposal, was compelled himself to take refuge, together with the cardinal and his suite, in the asylum which a temple afforded, where a monarch, if not a monarchy, might have been supposed to find a sanctuary. The *prestige* of the altar, however, would on this occasion have failed to save the emperor and the cardinal with their respective suites from imminent destruction, but for the unexpected intervention of the Varangian guards, who at once saved the life of their monarch, and placed him once more on his tottering throne.

These troops, under the name of the Varangian guards, who, on this occasion rendered such efficient service, were a remnant of what was called the White Brotherhood, so distinguished for their valour during the civil wars in Spain and Italy. We will not dilate upon the almost incredible tales contemporary writers relate of the heroic deeds of arms performed by these valiant warriors, it is enough for our present purpose to say they were all picked men of undoubted bravery, inured to war, accustomed to the strictest discipline, and of colossal stature, adventurers from North Britain, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Since the death of their gallant leader, Sir John Hawkwood, better known in Italian history by the name of Falconi, they continued to serve in the cause of one or other of the petty potentates of Italy or those of Greece, ever selecting their own chiefs, fighting under their own banner, and recruiting their diminished ranks from the parent stock. Additional pay, and a wider field to display their animosity against the infidel followers of the false Prophet, no doubt induced these valiant Northmen to leave the service of Scanderberg, the hero of Albania, for that of the Emperor Constantine. Be this as it may, subsequent events amply proved the wisdom of that prince in confiding the safety of his person to the fidelity of these hireling soldiers rather than to the uncertain valour of his own subjects; but this frustration of the designs of Lascaris was not final. He endeavoured to effect a fresh insurrection, but his designs were again baffled by the penetration and sagacity of one of the Varangian guards, who conveyed to Constantinople such tidings of the intended outbreak, as enabled the forces of Constantine to guard against the impending danger.

Here we interrupt the narrative to introduce a description from the pen of Captain Spencer, which, with all the superficial air of romance, still bears the stamp of historical accuracy, deriving additional interest at the present moment from the circumstances which have drawn the allied armies of Western Europe to the

immediate vicinity of the scenes here described. The Khan of Western Tartary is introducing his guest, the youthful chieftain of the Varangian guards, known as the Knight of the Falcon, to a secret palace concealed amidst the fastnesses of the Crimea :—

'"Behold," said the delighted khan, on observing the astonishment of the young warrior; "behold the palladium of the Crimea! Here the Conqueror Tamerlane came and no further; here the terrible Osmanli, Sultan Bajazet, after laying waste our towns and cities with fire and sword, lost an entire army; and here our eternal enemies, the Poles and Cossacks, received a lesson they will never forget; it has been the grave alike of the followers of Christ and Islam; and is now our only safeguard against the ambition of Sultan Mahomed. But this is not the only marvel of this singular district," continued the khan; "follow me, and thou shalt see the wonder of the world."

'The khan, having dismissed his attendants, conducted our knight through a labyrinth of subterranean caverns, lighted up at intervals by silver lamps, the whole hewn out of the solid rock, and supported here and there with beautifully-executed pillars. At length, having come to a circular hall, chiselled out with great taste, the khan stamped on the ground, when instantly a door flew open and displayed a large and elegant chamber, which, for costliness of decoration, more resembled a fairy vision than reality; and what was still more extraordinary, the windows, as if by enchantment, looked out upon the most charming landscape that can be conceived—velvet lawns, clumps of evergreens, tiny lakes, crystal fountains, orchard, and forests, rivalling each other in taste and luxuriance. Still, however much our knight might be lost in amazement and admiration at all that he had hitherto seen, he was still more astonished, on passing from this room to the pleasure-grounds, to behold a palace, which, though of small proportions, was a miracle of art, but differing in its style of architecture from any building he had hitherto seen, either in Asia or Europe.

'The good-natured khan, after enjoying for some moments the unfeigned surprise of his young guest, condescended to relate the legend connected with this most remarkable building and its subterranean caverns. "In days of yore," said he, "after our great ancestor Ghengis-khan had conquered the world, he retired to this beautiful peninsula, to recruit, in its delicious climate, his declining health. It so happened, that while hunting in this mountain district, then a wilderness of rock and forest, a noble deer took refuge in one of its caverns, which, being pursued by the hunters and their dogs, led them from labyrinth to labyrinth, till at length, through an opening, they emerged into the open air, and beheld this miraculous palace, with its grounds—a tiny world in itself, shut out from all communication with the country around it by an encircling chain of rocks and trees of the most gigantic size. Centuries upon centuries, however, must have elapsed since its occupation by any human being; for although the building remained uninjured, being entirely constructed of marble and stone, the furniture and everything of a perishable nature within it, when touched by the hand, crumbled to dust. It was called Dejennet

(paradise), which the superstition of the ignorant interpret to mean, that it had descended from heaven." '—Ib. pp. 195-197.

We hasten to the catastrophe. The feuds of the Roman and Greek Churches gave to Mahomet II. the opportunity of availing himself of the motto ever true, *Divide et impera.* The dissentions of his foes afforded him a comparatively easy victory, and over the ruins of two hostile faiths the Mahometan religion planted its foot in Europe. That it is unnatural to this enlightened continent cannot be doubted; any idea of its propagation is simply absurd. The only hope of the more civilized nations of the West is, that they may impregnate it with reason and with the principle of a sounder faith, and thus establish an alliance, founded no less upon a religious consanguinity than upon that social and commercial fraternity which is the material bond of nations.

The enlightened observation of the author of the volumes before us has taught every reader, that this midway frontier between the Eastern and the Western world invites emigration, and from its peaceful pastures and untilled lands calls aloud to the unemployed labourers of the West to repair to a land of abundance, and, we trust, of peace. We hope to see the call obeyed, and that some happy frontier between Europe and Asia may be the centre of our civilization, our language, our literature, and our religion, from which may radiate to the East, and even to the North, those influences which will bless both the present and the future of those hitherto neglected lands.

We cannot dismiss the volumes before us without offering to Captain Spencer the tribute of our hearty thanks for one of the most seasonable works which have lately come under our notice—a work which, under the guise of fiction, embraces some of the profoundest truths which are adapted to the wishes, the wants, and the instruction of the public mind of this country. Captain Spencer is, as we have already hinted, not new to us or to the literary public; but it is impossible not to observe the progressive force, vigour, and instructiveness which distinguish every production of his pen, and which, in the volumes before us, claim a high and respectful commendation. There is no new thing under the sun; and the fall of the Eastern empire, with its hereditary distinctions, its predominant priestcraft, and its consequent theological feuds may well teach a lesson to all succeeding ages, and to ourselves in particular, that an hereditary legislation and an established religion superannuate a race, and that nothing can redeem them from their entailed disaster but the unanimous rising of an enlightened people, which in a determined aspect and a gentle and Christian spirit, shall sweep away both the nuisances together.

ART. VIII.—*Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte.* By Alöys Schmitt. London: Metzler & Co.

2. *L'Arte del Canto.* Da Domenico Crivelli. London: The Author.

WHO will refuse to admit that we listen to amateur performance with very 'mild and mitigated pleasure;' that it never exerts the smallest influence on the imagination, and therefore can make no pretension to the title of fine art? A sonata of Beethoven's, for instance; hear it in the drawing-room, it seems at best an ingenious Chinese puzzle for the ears; hear it in the concert-room, it transports us into another world—transfigures rather this one. Why does that young lady, who, with pleasing voice and considerable knowledge of music, sits down to the piano and sings an *Agnus Dei* of Mozart's, leave us the while oppressed by a consciousness that we are taking tea with Mrs. Smith (who is very becomingly dressed on the occasion—the room hot and crowded), and listening to an accomplished lady who has had twenty lessons of Miss Dolby? While flowing from the lips of Miss Dolby herself, that divine melody would steal into our hearts like a stream that fertilizes the earth and mirrors the heavens. Yet a pleasing voice, a facility of touch, a genuine love of music, are gifts that surely indicate the capacity for better things; and they are gifts so frequent as to be all but universal.

Perhaps, in compensation for her inferior rank as a fine art, Music is loved by a far larger proportion of men than her prouder, more exclusive sisters. She makes fewer demands on her admirers. Her empire is wider and vaguer. Painting, and in a less degree all the formative arts, more thoughtful, less emotional, address the imagination through special faculties possessed by comparatively few. Poetry, the holy of holies in the temple of art—the priestess rather of that inner shrine—reveals herself to fewer still. But music is capable of no immediate appeal to the intellect. If we attempt to make the finest composition in the world the subject of direct thought, it is, as Lamb said so happily, 'like looking at a picture-frame, and having to fancy the picture.' Music demands a wise passiveness. It is an influence, an exhilarating and inspiring atmosphere—not a solid continent. If not so sufficing alone, it enhances the power of the other arts; setting them, as it were, in a vivid, glowing light. We enter Lincoln or Ely Cathedral; its sombre magnificence, its cold, vast, stately mysterious beauty, overshadow and chill while they exalt the mind; perhaps because unconsciously we recognise it to be the monument of a dead faith—the embodiment of a past aspiration. It is like entering a mighty forest which the

sun has not penetrated since the hoary oaks were tender saplings. But when the undulating tones of the organ descend and fill each shadowy height, and mingling with the ringing choir of interwoven human voices, build up an architecture yet more subtle—the work of Purcell or of Graun—a glowing tide of life is summoned back. Those pale and frigid flowers, spell-bound by Time, bloom with meaning as when they retained the fresh impress of the sculptor's hand. The dim past emerges into light. Its work was not in vain. Its hopes, its aspirations, wrote themselves in an imperishable language, once more made visible by celestial lights; wakening like hopes and aspirations in us; like, yet vaguer, *humbler*. For Time teaches the race as it teaches the individual. Knowledge is little but a discovery of ignorance. To untutored sight the infinite seems finite and near; as the young child fancies that were it but as tall as yon poplar, it could pluck the stars like flowers. The line where sky and earth meet is ever receding as we advance. 'Since the days of Jacob's ladder,' said Hazlitt, 'the heavens have gone further off.' It is no mere figure of speech to say that music makes all times kin.

An unseen orchestra would surely be a stimulating accompaniment to our National Gallery—to any choice collection of pictures and sculpture. We should see with new eyes. It would quicken our blunt perceptions like a cup of ambrosia; for if there be but a spark of imagination, music kindles it. It is the one pleasure of the worldly which is not ignoble, often the one glimpse into the fair regions of the ideal granted to the toiler along the barren highways of money-getting. While Genius owns it a congenial element wherein to sun itself and expand its wings, even Dulness receives a transient illumination, and soars aloft one little moment. Of none other of the arts was it fabled that it drew the love even of the beasts and the rocks. An enemy might say this accounted for the nature of the audience at the Italian Opera.

But now recurs the question, since nearly all love music, and many have gifts that way, why—setting aside professional performance—is the standard of excellence so low? Money enough is spent on the 'accomplishment'—time enough. But it is treated as an accomplishment—a thing it befits a lady to do—a pleasing, harmless amusement—a potent kill-time. Does not the illustrious historian of music, Dr. Burney, open his ponderous volumes with this definition: 'Music is an innocent luxury, unnecessary indeed to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing.' With such an apostle music might well become an 'after-dinner amusement.' With such ends in view, the pursuers and the pursuit alike frivolous, no wonder both should sink into objects of contempt for those to

whom time is precious and life earnest—of aversion to many real lovers of art.

A hard metallic, painfully uniform brilliancy of touch, seems to be the aim of most pianists. Naturally so, because that is the one quality which can be displayed in the fashionable music of Liszt, Schuloff, and a host of composers whose works outvie each other in noise and velocity; and are therefore reckoned the touchstones of excellence in the performer. Unquestionably this species of excellence has been carried to astonishing perfection, even among amateurs. Nor, of course, is the music of a kind wholly destitute of charm, or it would not have held so long a sway. It has a certain grace and elegance, as well as vivacity; though a fastidious taste might call the former meretricious, the latter exaggerated. But feeding on husks not only starves you for the time—it incapacitates the stomach for wholesome food. This loud brilliancy makes the hearing and touch too coarse and obtuse for the pure though ample harmonies, the refined melody of the great masters. Under these powerful but undiscriminating fingers the *naïve* sweetness and simple grandeur of Corelli dwindle into childish, insipid triviality; Handel becomes dull, heavy, harsh; Beethoven, music run mad—'a mighty maze without a plan.' What nicety of emphasis it needs to reveal their subtle beauties! what variety of touch to cast a clear light on the thronging billows of harmony! a touch now nimble, clear, and sprightly, then clinging, soft, persuasive; here firm, proud, disdainful, there shy and coy and tripping; now stormy and impetuous, anon gentle and undulating as a summer breeze. Beethoven can be made intelligible no other way, so various are his moods, his emotions. To play the whole piece with level brilliancy is like polishing off the inequalities of surface—nose, lip, and brow—of a sculptured face.

True, strength of finger is indispensable. You must have it, that you may be able to lay it aside. Strength in repose wears a very different aspect from weakness; but it should be the starting-point, not the goal. The Germans have an incomparable method of facing and vanquishing this difficulty at the outset; thoroughly drilling the fingers preparatory to educating the taste: the steepest, but the shortest path. The Italians pursue a similar course in the vocal art; as rigorously and (at first) exclusively cultivating the intonation as do the Germans the touch. The student of painting does not paint till he can draw. Neither should the player attempt to interpret a master till he have the free use and command of his fingers. Then he may dally with difficulty, sure of triumph. He may abandon himself to the tide of emotion, sure of carrying his listeners with him; for the skilful subserviency of his hands enables him to express it with power.

Like the orator, whose art consists in establishing an eclectric

telegraph between his own mind and that of his hearers, the instrumentalist sways his audience with an instantaneous and irresistible power. Like the orator, too, who expounds, but does not originate the ideas of his time, whose mind is not creative but sympathetic, quick to receive, quick to impart, the player is privileged to unlock the precious stores of human genius, and place them within the grasp of the multitude. He is the messenger of the gods. This surely is no inflation of speech, but simple truth. If music *be* a fine art, that means it is one of the avenues of light to the soul, an opening whereby beams from 'the eternal sea of light' may visit its dusky chambers. And its masters number among those finely attuned natures to whom a portion of the hidden meaning and beauty of the world has revealed itself, filling them with a power, a creative power—that most godlike of man's gifts—to kindle into life, to endow with significance what before was dumb and inert; to send forth a glowing reflex of their noblest hours, an echo that reverberates through time, of those celestial harmonies they were privileged to catch. If this be done, it matters little how, or what the medium, whether pigments, stone, or pipes and strings—or words; for is not language a *quarry* from which a hovel or a palace may be built, with which fools utter their folly and Shakespeare his poem? And as a work of art, of whatever sort, can be understood only by a kindred mind,—kindred, though of inferior rank to his who produced it; the player, while no more laying claim to stand beside the composer than the critic beside the poet, may yet hold his art a noble one. It demands a sympathy so full and penetrative with the master-mind, as to lift him for the time into that high sphere.

If there be any truth in what we have said, it is needless to combat at greater length an opinion expressed by some, held silently by more, that music is, after all, only a more or less ingeniously made noise; the player or singer's art, a wholly mechanical one. It is so common a failing to believe that what *we* see no meaning in, has none, it is not surprising that those whose susceptibility to music extends no further than the drums of their ears, should believe the rest of the world in the same case. The more so, as there is perhaps no other art in which the means are so elaborate, and the result so vague and impalpable. Besides, there are so many worthy and even gifted persons to whom music is 'foolishness,' and so many silly people who play and sing brilliantly, it must be owned there are unusual temptations to that conclusion.

Amateur *singing* is perhaps in a worse plight than amateur playing; inasmuch as—in England—it is far from having attained the same mechanical excellence. Despite the fact that every young lady sings, and that a large number of industrious persons

earn a comfortable maintenance by teaching the remainder to sing, singing was surely never before at so low an ebb. Under a superficial training the reverse of the Italian, we sing before we have learned the use of our voice; execute a bravura before we can really *sing* a scale. In Italy, we have heard, this disparity between amateur and professional singing does not exist: the *style* is one, though the power, of course, various. Pity the finished technic skill should be lavished on the contemptible compositions which now engross Italian taste. One fatal result has always been observed, when the mechanical appliances of an art have been perfected; this very perfection of means supplies a fatal facility. Composers who have modern instrumentation to rely on, the full and varied orchestra, the enlarged compass of the pianoforte, the cunning hand of the performer, with the stores of great composers to pilfer and vulgarize, write a drama or an epic where they should have been content with a ballad or a lyric; swelling the bulk while attenuating the meaning, filling up the vacant spaces with plausible noise and convention; and thus inundate us, for the trick is easy, with 'brilliant' fantasias and ephemeral operas. Similar results have been complained of in painting as the fruit of academies and of improved technic attainments. Perhaps the struggle with mechanical difficulties is needed both to test and trace the man of genius: certainly it is as a barrier to the pretender, to the large class that mistake the afflatus of vanity for inspiration.

Could our grandmothers and great-grandmothers be resuscitated, they would listen with no less contempt and astonishment to the ill-sung Donizetti or Verdi which has replaced their own sweet warbling of Arne and Boyce, Jackson and Giordani, Storace or Shield, than with admiration and astonishment behold the nimbleness and strength of our fingers. A way train contrasted with their old stage waggon or coach, uld not surprise more than the *degagé* air with which a young y now executes a fantasia of Liszt, a notturna of Schuloff or e, in lieu of the praiseworthy laboriousness with which they s mounted the difficulties of 'The Duke of York's March,' or ot 'Flaxen-headed Plough-boy, with three variations.' We not but think the advance of the one, strange as it may a cause of the retrogression of the other. When o play an accompaniment for themselves, which o case, their singing had to be wholly self-sustain , and constrained into clear articulation and firm i , two or the cardinal points of good singing. Without , a sin unaccompanied ballad or song wou e be chil a unendurable. It was a freedom t e T aids and enfeebles. Sitting down before or is to face with our audience, the voice lo r

self-reliant, its inadequacies concealed by an elaborate accompaniment, and the attention partly diverted to the fingers, the vocal art is made subservient to the instrumental, is, indeed, nearly extinguished by it. The words are mumbled, the voice suffered to ooze out, or with those of more energetic temperament, driven forth like the wind through a key-hole, as though the throat were a mere passage-way for the breath instead of a delicate musical instrument.

We need not dwell on a description of what we all too painfully know. It may be more useful to attempt a suggestion of what our domestic music should be, rather than what it is. Let us no longer aim low—to make a brilliant and egotistic display in the drawing-room, to lead captive unwilling ears by overwhelming loudness, to compel the admiration of the undiscerning by feats of dexterity as astonishing, and scarcely more pleasing than those of the ballet-dancer; not even to amuse ourselves and wile time pleasantly away. Could we, yielding neither to ostentation nor self-indulgence, pursue music for its own high sake—if we have no genuine love, best give it up at once—and cultivate what gift we have by faithful, docile study of the masters of the art, of those original minds which alone can fertilize with fresh and vivifying emotion. Handel, Mozart, Beethoven: these are names which the greatest of modern time, poets and thinkers, have not disdained to speak of as their equals. Purcell, Corelli, Pergolesi, the Bachs, and a longer list than our knowledge is adequate to make—for of the works of the latter, familiar as are their names, only here and there a fragment is accessible to the unprofessional musician; these were men equal in original genius to their great successors, and only wanted the developed modern orchestra to have produced works as grand and enduring in influence. Why refuse to be guests of so noble a company? Let us not, through frivolity and sluggishness, waste an attainment—for woman a golden opportunity—neglect a channel of intercourse with great minds, and the prerogative of making them known. Those whose lives are worthily occupied need not object to the sacrifice of time *so* spent. Variety of employment is economy of time. Besides, it is Thalberg, not Beethoven, who demands six hours a-day before you can execute him. One hour used thriftily in work, not *amusement*, would suffice for all that we have indicated.

To the earnest, music is a cordial; with the frivolous, a fragment of time rescued; for these a duty, for those a privilege. The nobler your aims in life, the greater the intensity with which they are pursued, the more need is there of its animating and refreshing influence, to cheer the daily labour, soothe its sorrow, or to elevate its pleasure.

ART. IX.—*Eastern Papers.* Part XIII. Papers relating to the Negotiations at Vienna on the Eastern Question.

2. *Eastern Papers.* Part XV. Communications with the Austrian Government. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1855. London: Printed by Harrison & Sons.

FROM the beginning of the Oriental crisis, when the Governments of England and of France endeavoured to secure the co-operation of Austria against the Czar, we have uniformly alleged that the weakness of Austria must prevent her from taking any hostile step against either of the belligerents. Even when her treaties of the 14th of June with Turkey, and that of the 2nd of December with England and France, seemed to bind her irrevocably to the course of the Allies, and when all the statesmen of England congratulated themselves on the acquisition of an ally whose possessions border the weakest part of the Russian empire, we insisted on our former estimate of Austria, which was founded on a thorough knowledge of the country, and of the influences which were likely to bear on the Kaiser. The history of the Vienna Conferences has fully borne out our assertions. But, though Austria remains still neutral, her geographical position does not permit us to ignore her in the political combinations of the future. It is important to know the position of the Austrian Government towards its subjects, especially those of Hungary, where the revolution of 1848, and the Austro-Russian campaign of 1849, have changed the social and economical condition of the country to an extent scarcely surmised in Western Europe. It is worth our while to investigate how these changes have acted upon the relations and affections of the Hungarians to the Imperial Central Government. The state of Lombardy is better known to Englishmen, since it is within the reach of English tourists, but the eastern provinces of Austria are still a *terra incognita* to the Western world.

In order to make the present condition of Hungary understood, we must begin with a slight sketch of the social relations in Hungary, as they were before the revolution and the war with Austria.

The individuals of every nation throughout the world are divided into classes; the governing classes are the proprietors of the soil, furnishing statesmen for the councils of the king, officers for the armies, and officials for the administration. Next to them we find the commercial and manufacturing classes, repre-

senting the capital and shrewdness of the country, amassing wealth in preference to court honours; and lastly the labouring classes, working for wages in towns, and cultivating fields in the country. In ancient times, for instance in Egypt, and in India up to our days, these classes have become castes; in ancient Greece and Rome slavery superseded the lower classes; feudalism organized them in the middle ages, and established distinctions by which the gulf between the different classes became nearly insurmountable. Since the time of the Reformation and of the Revolution, these legal distinctions have been diminished and nearly abrogated all over Europe; America never knew them. Still, in the eastern portion of Europe, the remnants of feudalism were, up to very recently, more prominent than in the west, though even in England they are not altogether obliterated. In Hungary, for instance, these distinctions were transferred to the soil. The nobles paid no taxes from their landed property in the counties, but they were not allowed to acquire the landed property of the peasants or petty agriculturists; while if possessed of town property, or engaged in commercial or manufactural industry in towns, they were rated just as all the other inhabitants. The peasants were excluded from the electoral franchise, they had to pay moderate taxes to the State, they were subject to conscription for the army, and to a labour-rent of two days in the week to their landlord for the undisturbed possession of thirty acres of land, from which they could not be ejected under any pretext as long as they performed their service, which never fell into arrear, and could not be transferred from one year to another. They had, besides, to pay the tithes, and in some portions of the country, according to custom, even one full fifth of the grain crops. They were allowed to sell their lands, but never to the landlord; they could migrate wherever they pleased; their lawsuits were always carried on gratuitously, and in some cases at the expense of the landlord; when sick, the medical and surgical aid they required was paid from the county taxes. We cannot say, that from the legal point of view the Hungarian peasant was in a wretched condition; for a moderate labour-rent which he might transform into a money-rent, he had the undisturbed tenure of thirty acres, and the protection of his landlord, who for the last twenty years had no kind of jurisdiction over him. Ever since 1825 the Hungarian nobility strove to raise him in his social position, and the manorial rights of the landlords, formerly very great, were by-and-by modified and restricted; the stain of servage was gradually removed from the peasants. But besides the natural division of progressives and conservatives among the governing classes, there was one more difficulty to contend with, which

made every reform slow. The Austrian Government was jealous of Hungary, distrusted her, and was anxious to retain the bulk of her population in poverty, servage, and ignorance. The natural opposition of the governing classes against the plans of the Vienna Cabinet perverted the feelings of the statesmen of the school of Prince Metternich. In the time of Queen Maria Theresa, the Austrian Government always sided with the Hungarian peasants against the oppressive landlords; but when, in 1825, a more liberal spirit began to show itself in the Hungarian Diet, the statesmen of Vienna, in order to play the different classes against one another, discountenanced efforts for the emancipation of the peasants, and openly supported servage and villainage.

The parliamentary struggle for the full emancipation of the peasant had lasted already for about twenty years; several minor points had been obtained; the principle of the exemption of the nobles from paying taxes was given up, on the pledge that the expenditure of the State was to be controlled by the Diet, as it is by Parliament in England,—to which the Austrian Government objected—when the Diet of 1847 assembled in November. In December, Mr. Lonyay, one of the larger landed proprietors of Upper Hungary, introduced a bill for the abolition of the labour-rent of the peasants, giving a freehold title to them for their land, amounting to about twenty millions of acres, against a very moderate compensation to the landlords, to which the nobility and peasantry should contribute in proportion to their property. The bill met, of course, with opposition, but it had already passed several stages when the Paris revolution, in February, and the Vienna revolution, in March, 1848, gave a different aspect to the affairs of Europe. Hungary obtained a national independent ministry and administration, and its first act was to carry the bill for the emancipation of the peasant triumphantly through both Houses. It was submitted to the Emperor, and even in those days of revolutionary agitation the bill was vetoed! Still, the Diet once more sent it up to the sovereign, who, at last, reluctantly gave his assent on the 13th of April, 1848. This reluctance of the Emperor Ferdinand, who was soon afterwards dethroned by a palace-revolution, foreboded evil days to Hungary, and clearly disclosed the fact that reckless Austrian politicians surrounded the sovereign, thwarting his benevolent intentions, and seeking a pretext for a *coup d'état* against Hungary. But in spite of these obstacles, the Hungarian nobility did not stop. They extended the franchise, gave up all their old immunities, established full legal equality, and retained only one proud distinction which nobody could grudge, to be the first on the battle-field for the defence of the

liberties of the nation and the first on the scaffold when Russian intervention and home-treachery destroyed the independence of Hungary, and handed her over to the cruel despotism of the Austrian Government.

When, after the betrayal of Vilagos, the Emperor of Austria became the uncontrolled lord of Hungary, with one stroke of the pen he abolished all the constitutional institutions of the country which had grown up during eight centuries and a half. He ignored all the reforms introduced by the national government, and substituted the German law and his own uncontrolled power. Still, the emancipation of the peasants survived. The revolution had given them a freehold, political equality, and the franchise. *Political* equality, however, was turned into the equality of servitude, but the Emperor did not dare to restore servage and villainage, the tithes, ninths and fifths; the peasant remained a freeholder, a freeman as far as anybody can be called a freeman in Austria. Thus the Hungarians have the proud satisfaction that though defeated in their struggle for liberty and independence, they have emancipated more than seven millions of people from the bonds of serfdom. If Kossuth and his friends have lost their property, if they have been hunted down throughout Europe like felons, if they have to eat the bitter bread of exiles, they are supported by the self-consciousness of having done their duty to their fellow-countrymen, of having raised the social position of the peasants and their material comforts. The Hungarian Revolution was a failure, yet it resulted in more good to mankind than the most successful reigns of those potentates whose names have become famous in history. The peasant of Hungary, tilling his thirty acres of land, is in too humble a station to excite the jealousy of the Austrian oppressors. Their vengeance is directed against the nobility and gentry, and therefore the peasant thrives and prospers, and is not forgetful of those to whose sacrifices he is indebted for his freehold. It is true the Austrians have increased taxation much above the ante-revolutionary standard; they have introduced the system of monopolies, and licences, and excise laws, but the recent harvests in Hungary have been abundant; the present war keeps the prices up all over Europe, and the peasant has not to complain of bad times in spite of taxes. He grows wealthy and improves his material condition. Besides, the fear of the Austrians and their distrust of Hungary induced the Government to extend the system of railway communications principally from a strategical point of view; but commerce profits by it. Lately, the deficiency in the Austrian treasury forced the Emperor to resort to a step which cannot but be beneficial to Hungary: he has leased the railways and the right of forming

new lines in Hungary for ninety years to a French company; French capital, therefore, and French enterprise are flowing into the country, which cannot but be benefited by contact with foreigners who have no interest in oppressing the natives.

The policy of Austria, to abolish all the old traditions of Hungary, though it has deprived the country of all political rights, has at least had the advantage of ridding it of the costly and dilatory legal proceedings of former times. Hungarian law was, to some extent, similar to that of England. The Hungarians had their Courts of Chancery, and lawsuits lasting for a century, and ruining generations of suitors for the benefit, not of justice, but of lawyers and judges. The title-deeds were not clear, and the courts of justice, political and ecclesiastical, were just as dilatory and expensive and their functions as imperfectly defined as in England. The Austrian administration at once abolished them all; declared all the titles of the present landed proprietors good, stopped all the pending lawsuits about them, and introduced the clear, though pedantic, civil law of Austria, and the cheap and not inefficient law-courts of the German provinces. It was a revolutionary measure, unjust, bearing hard upon many individuals, but on the whole benefiting the country by giving a clear title to every landed proprietor, and cutting off at the root thousands of lawsuits. The judicial struggle about the title-deeds has in former times had a detrimental influence on the national character of the Hungarian gentry and nobility—they were all lawyers, quarrelling and arguing every question with all the nicety of special pleading. The abrogation of this branch of litigation may, perhaps, make the next generation of Hungarians less inclined to lawsuits, so much the more as the common oppression of the nation has become a bond of union with them. Since they are threatened in their national existence, they cling stronger to each other, and another source of mischief has been likewise dried up by Austria much against her own intention.

Hungary, in many respects resembling England, was peopled by different nationalities, Upper Sclavonians, Germans, Wallachs; just as we see here in England, Anglo-Saxons with a sprinkling of Norman and Danish blood, Welshmen, Highlanders, and Irishmen. The original inhabitants were of the Sclavonic and the Wallach stock; as the original inhabitants of England were Britons. The Hungarians occupying Hungary in the ninth century were like the Anglo-Saxons, they absorbed immediately the nobility and gentry of the Sclavonic and Wallachian races. German colonists founded the towns and introduced commerce and industry into Hungary, whilst the Croats held the position of the Welsh, clinging to their nationality among their moun-

tains, but sending forth their sons to Hungary in quest of money and offices. All these nationalities lived in peace and good understanding as long as Hungary was governed by native kings, who, wearing no other crown than the Hungarian, could not have any but Hungarian interests. Whether good or bad, wise or foolish, they were national, and had no advantages to expect from national feuds amongst their subjects. Accordingly, Sclavonians, Wallachians, Germans, and Magyars were bound together by the links of patriotism, by communion of interests, and kind feelings of fellow-citizenship. But as soon as kings of the House of Austria were elected to the throne of Hungary, who resided at Vienna, and ruled likewise over Bohemians, Germans, Carinthians, Carniolians, and sometimes Belgians or Italians, the interests of the princes became different from the interests of either of their countries. Nearly all the kingdoms and principalities of the House of Austria had their own free constitution, much to the annoyance of the archdukes, who always aimed at the Imperial crown of Germany, and sometimes at the supremacy in Italy or Spain, countries in which the Hungarians and Bohemians had no interest whatever. The princes, accordingly, in order to carry matters with a high hand, and to pursue their dynastic aims without control, always played the different nations under their sway against one another, and the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War became a pretext for them to rob the people of their free institutions. The scheme of the Austrian dynastic policy has been reduced to a certain system, almost to a political formula. First, some of the provinces were exceptionally oppressed, their rights defied and trampled upon, their complaints not redressed, until the inhabitants were driven to rebellion. The archdukes then appealed to the loyalty of the other provinces or of Germany, and with their aid overcame the armed resistance, and after victory abolished the old constitution and rights of the country, introducing the most complete absolutism. Then another province was dealt with in the same manner, until, in the course of two centuries, Bohemia, Austria, Carinthia, Carniola, Dalmatia, and Istria were subdued and deprived of their liberty; Galicia and Italy, acquired by diplomatic cunning and trickery, were always treated as conquered provinces, and Hungary remained at last the only constitutional kingdom which resisted Austrian absolutism. Not that the scheme was not tried likewise with her, but it failed repeatedly. The Hungarians, driven to rebellion six times in two hundred years, were four times successful, and concluded treaties of peace with their aggressive monarchs under the walls of Vienna, or in the heart of Upper Austria. It was evident, therefore, that Hungary could not be put down by the united force of the uncon-

stitutional provinces of the House of Austria. The old scheme of destroying by division was now resorted to in Hungary; she was to be broken by dissensions amongst her inhabitants. The natural differences between the agricultural interest in the counties, representing the Magyars, and the manufacturing and commercial towns, inhabited principally by Germans, became of the greatest importance with the Austrian rulers; and the town population was supported against the counties Sometimes, again, the landed interest received temporary support against manufacturing industry. Still the animosity between Germans and Hungarians remained always slight and of no political consequence. More fatal results came from a different quarter. After the expulsion of the Turks from Hungary, the Emperor Leopold, towards the end of the seventeenth century, invited the Serbians, subjects to Turkey, to emigrate into Hungary, offering them a national existence, without the consent of the Hungarian Diet. They obtained the right of electing a chief, and were promised Lower Hungary, organized as a Serbian province, altogether independent of the Diet. But their number, though considerable, amounting to 70,000 families, could not fill the plain between the Lower Danube and the Marosh. Germans and Hungarians flocked to the same fertile districts in equal numbers, and the Court of Vienna retracted the concessions made to the Serbian emigrants, under the plea that it was unable to overcome the opposition of the Hungarians. Accordingly, the Serbians were placed under the laws and constitution of Hungary, and though their aristocracy was soon amalgamated with the Magyars, the bulk of the Serbians, and principally their priests, felt themselves cheated. Their wrath, however, was turned, not against the Vienna Government, but against the Hungarians, so much the more, as the Serbians, a warlike but lazy race, could not maintain competition with the more industrious Hungarians and Germans. Their lands, which they held under the original grant of the Emperor Leopold, passed into the hands of their neighbours, and the enmity between the two races was encouraged by the statesmen of Austria.

Similar attempts were made with the Wallachians, but they, degraded, cruel, and less manly than the Serbians, were too unmanageable even for the Vienna Cabinet. They had to be put down by the Government, as they did not understand the intentions of their prompters, and thought they were desired to make war against property and education. The Wallachians could be relied upon by Metternich and statesmen of his school, only when actual war had arisen between Austria and Hungary, and even then only as an armed mob, murdering de-

fenceless persons, and burning the castles of the aristocracy,—never as a people capable of military organization.

The Croats, who for seven hundred years, through close alliance with the Hungarians, had become nearly identified with them, were of more importance. One circumstance only endangered the friendship of the two countries. Croatia, with its one million of inhabitants, belonged to the Roman-catholic Church in its most bigoted forms, whilst in Hungary the majority of the gentry had embraced the tenets of the Reformed Church. The Austrian Government seized upon this difference, and encouraged the Croat members of the Hungarian Diet in 1832-1843 to resist to the utmost the bill which was to secure free religious exercise to Protestants in Croatia. At the same time the national traditions of Croatia were fostered by the Government, and the idea of a great South Sclavonic empire, including Croatia, Dalmatia, and the Sclavonic population of Turkey in Bosnia, Serbia, and Montenegro, was countenanced both by Austria and the emissaries of the Czar. Croatia, formerly in willing alliance with Hungary, by which she had entered into the family of Western Europe, became tired of her former associations. In union with Hungary she had, as the smaller and poorer country, only the advantages which the Principality of Wales has in conjunction with England, whilst in confederation with the Sclavonic populations of Turkey, she hoped to become their head by the higher education and civilization of her inhabitants.

Such were the differences of races, and the difficulties arising from their collision, when the year 1848 arrived, and the concessions made to Hungary prompted Austria to put in motion all the machinery prepared for nearly a century in apprehension of a coming struggle between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg. The Serbs were the first who, invited by Austria, rose against the Hungarians, and not satisfied with a proportionate share in the representation, and with the extension of the franchise, claimed the perfect independence of Lower Hungary, and a national Serb administration. Their claims, unjust and unconstitutional, were openly disavowed but secretly supported by the Court. The Magyar, as well as the Serb inhabitants of Lower Hungary, armed themselves, and unheard of cruelties were perpetrated by the latter, who seemed to aim at the extirpation of all the Magyar and German population within the imaginary boundary of their projected principality.

Next to them, the Ban of Croatia, General Baron Jellachich, flattered the national traditions, declared the little country independent of Hungary, and marched an army of 65,000 men against Pest, in order, as he said, to put down the seditious faction which had extorted concessions from the Emperor. But

the 'seditious faction' proved too strong for him; he was defeated, and had to fly to Austria. The statesmen of the Court became now frightened; a palace revolution forced poor Emperor Ferdinand to abdicate, and the war was to be carried on with all the resources of the empire. The Wallachians of Transylvania were stirred up against their landlords; the Serbs and Croats, formerly disowned, were now acknowledged as the supports of the throne, the Hungarian statesmen were outlawed, and the constitution of Hungary declared to be forfeited. In spite of all these measures, Hungary triumphantly resisted the hosts of Austria, when Russia was called in, and treason consummated the fate of Hungary.

But now a change came over the scene. The Hungarians were deprived of their constitution because they were rebels; but the Croats were likewise deprived of their right of meeting, of their custom of assessing themselves, and of their privilege of electing their magistrates, and mayors, and town-councils. The reward of the Croatians for their loyalty to the Imperial house was just the same as the punishment of the Hungarians for their rebellion. The Serbs likewise obtained no national independence in Lower Hungary. They were subjected to the iron rule of Austria, together with the Croatians and Hungarians. The German language, equally disliked by them all, was introduced as the language of the courts of justice, and of the administration. The Wallachians, who, though they had done less for Austria than the Croats and Serbs, were still the most clamorous, were threatened with punishment for the murders and depredations they had committed, and their principal chief was banished from Transylvania. The disappointment was general in Croatia, and amongst the Serbs and Wallachians. The Hungarians bore their fate in silence with resignation, because they knew they had to submit to conquerors; but the triumphant Croatians and Serbians, rewarded by increased taxation, and by the abolition of their constitutional liberty, felt themselves insulted and degraded, and soon made peace with the Hungarians. They openly acknowledged that they had committed the greatest possible mistake in taking up arms against Hungary. The Austrian old plan of destroying the liberties of the subject by division amongst them had again succeeded; but the common defeat healed dissension between the different races, and filled up the gulf which had divided them in times of prosperity, whilst the Germans and Sclavonians of Hungary became at once Magyars in feeling and often in language. We are able to give Austrian authority in proof of the cessation of all animosity between the different races of Hungary Proper. Anxious to deprive the war of 1849

of its national character in the eyes of the world, the Austrian Government ordered a census to be taken, and the different races and nationalities to be marked in the returns. They wished to establish the fact that the Magyars were an imperious minority, lording it over a majority of Sclavonians; and what was the result? Whilst even the most enthusiastically national statistics of Hungary before 1848 never had put the Magyar race at more than six millions, eight millions declared themselves to be Magyars in the returns of 1850. In fact, the Sclavonians and Germans of Upper Hungary had put their names down as Magyars. The Croats and Serbs did not give up their national name, but their spirit became so anti-Austrian, that martial law was extended to their territory, and manifestations of their goodwill towards Kossuth, with whom they had struggled on the battlefield, have reached him here in exile. Austrian oppression, therefore, led to union and goodwill among the inhabitants of Hungary, the patriotic spirit was raised and strengthened, no despondency has overtaken them; they live in the hope that their national existence, liberty, and independence will be reasserted at a not distant period, in spite of the declaration of one of the most influential statesmen of England, that the independence of Hungary would be a misfortune to Europe.

Still, though such hopes animate the Hungarians; though the peasants thrive, and the French 'société mobilière' infuses new blood into the industrial enterprizes of the country; life, according to the accounts of travellers in Hungary, is gloomy and sullen. Pest, the capital of the country, has lost many of its inhabitants; the aristocracy, deprived of a portion of their revenues by new taxes and by the difficulties entailed by a state of transition,—the labour-rent of the peasants having ceased, whilst the landowners are often in want of capital for tilling their estates by free labour,—make a virtue of necessity and reside in the country, where contact with Austrian officials is less frequent; and the government officers, mostly foreigners, little understanding the language of those whom they are to govern and shunned by them, live in Hungary as if they were in exile. Between them and the inhabitants there is no community of interests. They are disregarded in society, or treated with a cold politeness and semblance of respect, often more hurtful than even insult. They hold the position of a conquering army encamped in a foreign country, rather than that of a civil class permanently established in it.

The religious condition of Hungary has deteriorated under the present rule. The established church, maintained and strengthened by the patronage of the government, is the Roman Catholic. In the sixteenth century the great majority of the Hungarians

turned Protestants, and the Sclavonians of the north, many of them emigrants from Bohemia, found in the church reformed by Luther only a return to the Hussite creed to which they had secretly adhered for a century. But the princes of the House of Austria, bigoted Roman Catholics, supported the Jesuits in the seventeenth century with all their might, and effected what was called the counter reformation. The Protestants were persecuted and oppressed, their clergymen outlawed by courts martial, and the Protestant Hungarians driven to rebellion and to an alliance with the Turks. This persecution of Protestantism explains a phase of the history of Hungary, which has scarcely ever been understood by the historians of Western Europe. The Turks, until the accession of the House of Austria to the throne of Hungary, were regarded as the natural enemy of the country, and though often victorious met with such resistance that they could not establish themselves permanently on the western bank of the Danube. But scarcely had the Austrian princes displayed their enmity against civil and religious liberty, than the Turks were suddenly greeted as allies by the Protestants and liberals, and no resistance was offered to their conquering progress, since they did not in Hungary oppress people on account of their religion, nor interfere with the local self-government of the country. Cardinal Martinuzzi, one of the most distinguished statesmen of Transylvania, recommended openly the alliance of Turkey to his countrymen, so did Prince Gabriel Bethlen, the most heroic and successful of all the Protestant leaders of the seventeenth century. Civil and religious liberty had, according to them and to Hungarian experience, nothing to dread from Constantinople, but very much from Vienna, where a German statesman, Prince Lobkovitz, openly declared that unless Hungary could be first beggared and then made Roman Catholic, she never would become good Austrian. It seems the present rulers at Vienna have not altogether forgotten the principles of Prince Lobkovitz. As far as they can they encourage the spreading of Roman-catholicism by rewards and intimidation; for Protestantism and rebellion are synonymous in their eyes. The Jesuits formerly excluded from Hungary were introduced, and the right of the Protestant church to elect its clergymen and superintendents in open meetings has been curtailed. The Protestant schools formerly independent of the state are now put under the control of Roman-catholic boards, and education is to pass over to the hands of Jesuits, open and disguised. At the same time they go all the length of Prince Lobkovitz' instructions, and try to oppress Hungary by heavy taxation. The enormous army necessary to keep Italy, Hungary, and Poland

in subjection, absorbs more than the regular income of Austria before 1848. The taxes were therefore doubled, and in Hungary more than doubled, and the manner in which they are levied makes them still more hateful. But the Austrian government does not always succeed in its schemes. Thus, for instance, the Hungarians were known as people addicted to smoking, similar in that respect to the Turks, for whom tobacco is as indispensable as tea for Englishmen. It was therefore believed that the monopoly of tobacco might prove a large item in the revenue. Accordingly, all the tobacco planters, a considerable portion of the farmers in Lower Hungary, were ordered, under penalty, to sell their produce to the excise officers at a fixed price, and were not allowed to consume any portion of their own crop under heavy fines, whilst the prices charged by the government for their stores were about one hundred per cent. higher than what was paid to the producer. But the measure proved a complete failure. The Hungarians found that the soil required for the production of good tobacco is suited equally to oil plants; as, for instance, rape-seed, or colza, which yield the same return without any annoyance; they therefore at once gave up the culture of tobacco and produced oil-seeds, whilst many of the smokers discontinued the use of the fragrant weed. A great demonstration took place at Debreczin; the planters publicly burnt their tobacco-seed, and the smokers threw their pipes into the bonfire. The Government was forced to yield to the pressure, and to relax the most obnoxious features of the monopoly, not to lose the income of the duty on tobacco altogether. Similar scenes occurred in regard to the vineyards, when they were taxed rather heavily the proprietors uprooted the vines, and converted the slopes of the less profitable hills into sheep walks. The Austrian financial men are not much versed in national economy, and find often to their great astonishment, that their measures only divert the direction of agricultural industry.

The most odious measure of the Austrian government was the so-called voluntary loan of last year. On the verge of bankruptcy the Austrian government made an appeal to the people for a large loan, to be raised by voluntary subscription, and to be paid by instalments in the course of five years, bearing six per cent. interest. All the means of official intimidation were resorted to, in order to get the sum subscribed, and as a deposit of five per cent. only was required at the moment of subscription, many people principally in Italy and Hungary put their names down for large sums; and in the hope that forfeiting the deposit, they never could be made answerable for the remainder of the subscription,

they disposed of their scrip to men of straw. When, however, the second instalment was to be paid the sums subscribed for were not forthcoming; and the Austrian government issued an order in council, that the next instalments of the voluntary loan should be levied by execution on the original subscribers, and their goods distrained if required. If this is called a *voluntary* loan we are really at a loss to know what a *forced* loan may be. The ministerial order shows at least the credit which government securities enjoy in Austria.

To recapitulate the facts: the condition of the peasant in Hungary, improved by emancipation, is satisfactory, in spite of the petty annoyances of excise officers and tax collectors, but he is well aware that his emancipation is due to the Hungarian revolution, whilst overwhelming taxation is only due to Austria. They are reconciled to their former landlords, and begin to acquire wealth. The feud of races has ceased altogether, the feeling of patriotism unites again all the different nationalities in Hungary; the Sclavonians and Germans feel themselves as Hungarians, and even the Serbs and Croats, though they have not yet given up their schemes of a Southern Sclavonic empire, are united with the majority of their fellow countrymen. The Austrian government is unable to win golden opinions in Hungary, and the loss of political liberty and of self-government has not been forgotten by the inhabitants of the country between the Carpathians, the Danube, and the Save.

Such being the general feeling in Hungary, it is quite natural that the population should look at the present phases of the war rather with indifference, though at first its sympathies were enlisted for Turkey and against Russia. The Turks have behaved handsomely towards the exiled Hungarians. They protected Kossuth and his friends against the vengeance of Austria, and even when by the advice and representation of the Western Powers, they were induced to detain them in an Asiatic fortress, the Sultan made a liberal provision for them, and all the respect due to patriotic heroism was paid to the remnants of the Hungarian army. Russia, on the contrary, was always regarded as the great enemy of Hungary as well as of every country progressing in freedom and civilization. It was therefore with rapturous applause that the reports of the victories of Oltenitza and Citate were received in Hungary, so much the more as many of the officers of the late Hungarian army served under the command of Omer Pasha, and in Asia; Count Illinszky, or as they call him now, Iskender Bey, the hero of Citate, has warred against the Austrians under Görgey. The Hungarians were proud of General Kmetty—Ismael Pasha—who commands at Kars, surrounded by Hungarian officers, and the success of

Turkey foreboded freedom to Hungary. But when the war, instead of becoming a war of liberty against despotism, assumed the colour of a political war for the restoration of the balance of power; when Austria began to be courted by the Western Powers, and regarded as an ally, though remaining in such a state of neutrality as allowed the Russians to send their army from the Danube to Balaklava and Inkermann, the Hungarians lost their sympathies in the struggle. Turkey had in a single-handed contest proved her vitality and her power of resistance, her future could scarcely be damaged by the Russians. If it is to be damaged it will be by her friends, who, without knowing her institutions, her manner of thinking and feeling, are enforcing theoretical reforms not suited to her. And as to the struggle of the Western Powers, allies of Austria, against Russia, there is little chance for the liberty of continental Europe in the victory of either party. As long as the issue of the great crisis is narrowed to the distinction between the counterpoise and the limitation of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea, no nation of the Continent can feel sympathy with England and France, but let the Western Powers proclaim the humiliation of Russia as their great aim, and all Europe will rise in their support, and fight their battles with enthusiasm and success.

Brief Notices.

CONTENTS.

1. The Lives of the Poets Laureate.
2. Acadian Geology.
3. i. Milner's Crimea.—ii. The Crimea: its Inhabitants and Social Customs.
4. The Benefit of Christ's Death.
5. i. Rambles in Norway.—ii. A Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont.
6. Introduction to the Book of Genesis.
7. Tales by Hendrik Conscience.
8. St. Louis and Henry IV.
9. Thirty-three Years' Residence in Russia.
10. The Life of James Arminius, D.D.
11. Russell's War.
12. John Howard, the Philanthropist.
13. School History of Modern Europe.
14. Olshausen's Biblical Commentary.
15. Notes on the Book of Job.
16. Bengal as a Field of Missions.
17. Manual of Political Science.
18. Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore.
19. Works of Dr. Chalmers.
20. Chaucer's Poetical Works.
21. Christian Churches and Sects.
22. Religious Thoughts.
23. Modern Geography Simplified.
24. Indian Leisure.
25. A Guide to the Knowledge of Life.
26. The Child's Own Bible History.
27. The British Controversialist and Impartial Inquirer.

The Lives of the Poets Laureate. With an Introductory Essay on the Title and Office. By Wiltshire Stanton Austin, jun., B.A., Exeter College, Oxford, and John Ralph, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Richard Bentley. 1853.

THIS work is devoted to a branch of poetical biography and criticism which, in its isolation, has not, as we believe, been essayed before.

The office of Poet Laureate appears to have assumed its first distinctiveness under the Cæsars, though the custom of rewarding a successful poet with a garland of laurel most prevailed after the revival of letters. In England the title of Poet Laureate was never conferred by royal appointment, as is now the case, until a far later age. It was formerly a scholastic distinction, and simply a university degree conferred upon many, one of whom was selected by the monarch to illustrate the events of his reign, and to attend his court. This distinction obtained under the popes; and in the middle ages England, Germany, and Italy, and even Spain conferred this honour on their favoured bards. We find the first king's Poet Laureate in the reign of Edward IV.; and John Kaye, of whose history and writings little or nothing is known, is the first English poet so distinguished. Skelton, the Poet Laureate to Henry VIII., was the last who bore the title in its primary signification as a university degree. Spenser, the celebrated author of the 'Fairy Queen,' was the next who enjoyed the distinction; and Ben Jonson after him inherited the laurel. The names of Sir William Davenant and John Dryden next appeared on the lists, and are succeeded by Nahum Tate, who has been described as the author of the worst alteration of Shakspeare, and the worst version of the Psalms of David. Those who are acquainted with the ordinary version still sung in the Scottish churches will judge how far this latter criticism is just, and will perhaps be reminded of Dr. Johnson's judgment upon Watts, to the effect that he had done that tolerably which no one had ever done well. Rowe, Ensden, Cibber, and Whitehead follow in succession; and the first great name which we find in modern times is that of Thomas Warton, who flourished in the reign of George III. Pye may be passed by with the mention of his name; and a later era introduces us to the names of our greatest modern laureates, Southey and Wordsworth; for Tennyson had not yet been discovered in the poetical hemisphere. To Southey the authors do full justice, if not something more; while their criticism on Wordsworth will give no small dissatisfaction to his numerous and enthusiastic admirers. He had, they say, all the faults of one who lived in a little world of his own, and reigned in that petty kingdom supreme; while his unfamiliarity with what was to other men familiar, caused him to find food for poetic musing in what they passed by unheeded. It caused him to magnify trifles, to aim at dignifying the meanest objects, and to struggle, not merely to seek good but to find poetry in everything. 'What,' says the writer, 'could have induced him to spend years of his life in the composition of such a long unimpassioned narrative as 'The Prelude,' which, with the exception of a few years glittering in the arid waste, is a tedious prosaic account in blank verse of a very ordinary existence, in which the author wanders on registering the minutest and least important incidents with heavy solemnity, and philosophizing in a method the most tiresome on events the most trivial?' This notion will be unpalatable to a modern and fashionable school; but a similar one is most felicitously expressed by a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' which on this subject will not be suspected of prejudice. The volume before us deserves a more extended notice

than we can bestow upon it. The research it displays is worthy of the highest commendation. Its literary judgments are at once sagacious, independent, and liberal; and its style, while it is rarely elevated to that impassioned eloquence which the highest examples have justified in the judicial treatment of imaginative literature, never sinks to mediocrity, and often rises even above the level of an intelligent and scholar-like criticism.

Acadian Geology: an Account of the Geological Structure and Mineral Resources of Nova Scotia and portions of the neighbouring Provinces of British America. By John William Dawson, F.G.S., &c. &c. Post 8vo. pp. 388. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

'ACADIA' is the term originally adopted by the French from the Indians to designate the colony which, under our rule, is known by the less euphonious names of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island.

The present volume carefully fulfils the promise of its title-page. Though much of its matter has been previously communicated to scientific journals, yet it has ample permanent interest both for the merchant and the geologist. The yearly produce of the province in minerals comprises about 20,000 chaldrons of coals; £10,000 worth of gypsum; and the like value of millstones; besides iron ores and other minerals. The vast magazines of raw material thus laid up at the gates of our American possessions should form an element in all calculations respecting the future destinies of the transatlantic world.

But it is for geologists that this volume is specially written. A description, so locally complete, and evidently faithful, will form safe groundwork for general deductions. Nova Scotia exhibits—1. Marsh land, of modern formation, and still enlarging by the action of the sea on low shores; 2. A subjacent drift of boulders and sands; 3. The absence of all the tertiary chalk and oolitic formations which so much diversify the mother country, and instead of these a limited development of New Red Sandstone, with a grand exposure of coal measures; resting on, 4. Slaty rocks of Devonian age, with unexplored base; and 5. A considerable outburst of igneous trappean and granitic rocks.

The main feature in the book (as in the district described) is the productive coal, with its accompanying phenomena. Whilst the carboniferous system in other places is usually so obscured by relative position as to render its investigation a matter of difficulty, it has long been known that in Acadia it is displayed in perfect symmetry. In the Bay of Fundy, at South Joggins, there occurs a coast line of seven miles, composed entirely of layers of coal, with associated shales and sandstones. The inclined position of the beds discloses 14,000 vertical feet of accumulations, arranged in unbroken succession, ranging from the lowest to the highest bed of the true coal deposits, and comprising seventy distinct seams of this invaluable substance.

To any one who may still have indefinite notions of the kind of evidence on which the scale of geological time has been constructed,

we commend the careful perusal of Mr. Dawson's twenty pages descriptive of the measured section at South Joggins. The observations and labours of Mr. Logan, the Government Canadian geologist, and of Mr. Dawson, have been confirmed by others in reference to this wonderful exposition of the preparations made in the past for the present. There are upwards of 260 distinct beds, each possessing ample internal evidence of slow post-consolidation succession: seventy-seven of these are ancient compressed soils, yet containing the roots of the forests they once supported; thirty-seven of them still have erect trunks of trees remaining where they once grew; many of them show marks caused by the splashing of the rain on a muddy beach; some still show the footprints of the lizards that once ran over their surfaces, and others exhibit clusters of estuary shells at the foot of the trees, to which the waters once reached.

Mr. Dawson indicates directions for future inquiry, and his conclusion is worthy of his book and of his topic.

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1. *The Crimea: its Ancient and Modern History. The Khans, the Sultans, and the Czars. With Notices of its Scenery and Population.* By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.A.S. Post 12mo. pp. 368. London: Longman & Co.
2. *The Crimea: its Towns, Inhabitants, and Social Customs.* By a Lady Resident near the Alma. Fcap 8vo. pp. 143. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co.

THE appearance of these volumes is opportune. The war which is now raging has called attention to the Crimea, and the English people are in consequence desirous of knowing more respecting its past history and the present condition of its people, than formerly. After having engaged the attention of the ancients, the Crimea has become practically a *terra incognita*. The events, however, which are now occurring have invested it with special interest, and drawn towards it the eyes of Europe. Neither of the volumes now before us is designed to give the history of the present war, and so far possibly they may disappoint their readers. They aim, however, at another and a higher purpose, which gives them more permanent value. Their appearance is no doubt attributable to the war, but their object is to acquaint us with the history and usages of the Crimea, rather than to detail the battles of which it is the theatre. 'It formed no part of my object,' says Mr. Milner, 'to detail the events of the present war, or to criticize its conduct. I have merely sought to illustrate its scenes, and give the general annals of a peninsula which, after being famous in bygone times, and lapsing into obscurity, has been suddenly raised to lasting celebrity.' Mr. Milner's volume supplies a lucid and continuous narrative, illustrating the physical geography, the botany, zoology, the political history, and to some extent the social habits, of the Crimea. It displays an extensive range of reading, and brings together within narrow limits the kind of information now required. The fate of the peninsula has been deeply interesting, and Mr. Milner's volume will serve a valuable purpose in supplying his countrymen with

the most reliable information which can be obtained. Whilst meeting the demands of the hour, it possesses a permanent value which must preserve it from early neglect.

The other volume before us is much briefer, and, as its title indicates, is more confined in its range. It is written by a lady who resided for nine years in different parts of the Crimea. It was natural that her friends should request her to communicate the information she had collected, and she has done well in acceding to their wishes. Her small volume was written before the breaking out of the present war; at least it takes no note of military operations, but contents itself with describing the scenes which are now familiar to English ears. The Alma, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Tchernaya, Kertch, and Eupatoria, are names with which we are all familiar, and about which information is cordially welcomed. We thank 'a Lady' for the descriptions she has given, and advise our readers to place themselves under her guidance.

The Benefit of Christ's Death. Probably written by Aonio Paleario. Reprinted in facsimile from the Italian edition of 1543. Together with a French Translation, printed in 1551, from Copies in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge. To which is added an English Version made in 1548, by Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. With an Introduction by Churchill Babington, B.D., F.L.S. London: Bell and Daldy.

To the antiquarian *littérateur* this volume will be a perfect gem. The work here presented in Italian, French, and English, was first published in 1542, and had for a few years an immense circulation,—various editions of it being issued in rapid succession, and translations being effected, not only into French and English, but also into Spanish and other languages. About 40,000 copies were issued in Venice alone in the course of six years. The views which it broaches are substantially the same as those which Luther advocated. Objectionable passages occur throughout the treatise, but in the main it is a Scriptural and earnest exposition of the doctrine of justification by faith, which appearing in the heart of the papal dominions could not fail to exercise much influence. It was published anonymously, but there is good reason to believe that it was the production of Aonio Paleario, who, under the pontificate of Pius V., suffered martyrdom on the 3rd of July, 1570. It speedily engaged the hostile attention of the Romish inquisitors, and the most untiring efforts were made for its destruction. 'Popes, kings, prelates, and councils conspired together to annihilate it. At Rome, at Venice, at Milan, at Paris, at Antwerp, at Madrid the *Trattato* was placed upon the black list, and sometimes under different titles in the same list.' This occurred before the close of the sixteenth century, and so complete was the destruction effected, that for nearly two centuries the work was supposed to have perished. Ranke, in his 'History of the Popes,' tells us that not one copy of the work 'was suffered to escape; the book entirely disappeared, and is no longer to be found.' In conformity with this view Mr. Macaulay says that the work 'is now as

hopelessly lost as the second decade of Livy.' Happily these statements are erroneous. A copy of the Italian edition of 1543 has been found, a second is proved to have been in existence about a hundred years ago, and an English translation prior to that which was published in 1577, has been discovered.

Mr. Babington has rendered good service by the publication of the recovered treatise, 'which was considered by many,' he tells us, 'as one of the most sweet, most simple, and most instructive compositions that had ever appeared in its own graceful language, and in its own brilliant age.' Those who are interested—and what intelligent reader should not be—in tracing the history of religious opinion, will rejoice in the possession of such a treasure. The volume is printed in elegant style, and cannot fail to interest deeply every attentive reader.

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1. *Rambles in Norway among the Fjelds and Fjords of the Central Western Districts. With Remarks on its Political, Military, Ecclesiastical, and Social Organization.* By Thomas Forester, Esq. With Extracts from the Journals of Lieut. M. S. Biddulph, B.A. 16mo. pp. 296. 2s. London: Longman & Co.
2. *A Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont.* By Edward Baines. 16mo. pp. 124. 1s. London: Longman & Co.

THESE publications belong to the 'Traveller's Library,' of which they form *Parts* LXXXVI., LXXXVII., and LXXXVIII. The first is descriptive of a tour in 1848, undertaken by Mr. Forester and Lieut. Biddulph, and will be read with very considerable pleasure. Leaving the ordinary track of continental travel, the author and his friend directed their steps to a country seldom visited by Englishmen, and therefore but little known. Having ascertained that they might rely on the kindness and hospitality of the Norwegians, 'they determined to throw themselves on some part of the southern coast,' and landed 'in light marching order, at once to make for the central districts of the kingdom, without any very defined plan for their future progress, except the intention of reaching, as best they might, certain known points of particular interest.' This plan was carried out with much spirit and perseverance, and the volume before us records with freshness and vigor the course of their peregrinations. The scenery of the country, the manners of its people, their social condition and religious institutes, are described with a vivacity and truthfulness which contrast strongly with the *effete* sentimentalisms of many modern travellers. We have rarely met with a work of this class which communicates so much information, or ministers so largely to the pleasure of an intelligent reader.

Of Mr. Baines's 'Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont' we need say but little. The name of the author is well known to our readers, and will be received without scruple as an earnest of good sense, right mindedness, intelligent discrimination, earnest piety, and a large-hearted sympathy with the highest interests of the people described. We need not say that the history of the Vaudois is amongst the most

deeply interesting of human records. Mr. Baines has briefly adverted to some of its most marvellous incidents, and has combined these with the religious condition and prospects of the people in a style of simple, lucid, and earnest narrative. We are glad to see such a work in 'The Traveller's Library.' Without being distinctively religious, it is pervaded by a moral element of the most refreshing order. We have read it with very considerable pleasure, and can assure our readers of no ordinary gratification in its perusal.

Introduction to the Book of Genesis: with a Commentary on the Opening Portion. From the German of Dr. Peter Von Bohlen. Edited by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Chapman.

We are at a loss to account for the translation of this work, as the controversy to which it relates has greatly advanced since its first appearance. Professor Bohlen's 'Introduction' was published in 1835, since which the topics discussed have been subjected to a more severe and thorough investigation than at any former period. As a necessary consequence, the work is not suited to the present state of theological science. Its objections to the ordinary mode of interpretation have been successfully refuted by writers of equal learning and of greater logical acuteness than the author. It happens however with this work, as with many other German productions, that when discarded at home they are re-issued here, and the English reader is thus led to the erroneous conclusion that the theories broached are still current on the continent. Nothing can be more unfounded. The *rationalistic* theory of Professor Bohlen is happily to be classed amongst the errors of the *past* rather than of the *present*. Few of the rising generation now rank amongst its advocates. It may still linger amongst a few of the last generation, but it is rapidly giving place to a sounder and more evangelical view of the inspired records. The mythical character of early Hebrew history, with various cognate errors, are maintained by Professor Bohlen with all the ingenuity and learning of which he was capable; but the theological mind of Germany has happily progressed beyond such views, whilst that of our own country has been enriched with various learned treatises, which render the task of refutation comparatively easy. We anticipate, therefore, no evil from the appearance of such a work. Our theological students will find no difficulty in satisfying themselves of the unsoundness of the views which are broached. It may be well for them to know the forms which error has assumed, whilst the fact of an antidote being supplied with the poison will effectually guard against the deleterious influences of the latter. All we ask is an honest investigation of the points in dispute, and for this the present state of our literature furnishes ample materials.

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1. *The Curse of the Village, and The Happiness of being Rich.* Two Tales by Hendrik Conscience. Fcap 8vo. pp. 143, 125. 2s: 6d.
2. *Tales of Old Flanders. Count Hugo of Craenhove, and Wooden Clara.* From the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience. Fcap 8vo. pp. 183, 93. 2s.
3. *The Miser, Ricketicketack.* Two Tales by Hendrik Conscience. Fcap 8vo. pp. 158-64. 2s. London: Lambert & Co.

In our journal for August last, we noticed two historical novels of Hendrik Conscience, and announced that they were to be followed by other of his works. We are now glad to report that the translators have rapidly fulfilled their engagement with the public. The three volumes before us are very pleasing specimens of a class of literature whose deleterious qualities have hitherto excluded them from many circles. The English and the French *novel* have been for the most part pernicious, and those therefore who were more concerned for the moral than for the literary culture of the rising generation have very properly excluded them from their libraries. Whilst fully concurring in the propriety of this decision, we are not unaware of the injury it has entailed. This injury, however, we have readily submitted to rather than incur the much greater evil with which the works in question have been fraught. For some time past there has been a marked improvement in this department of literature. Irreligion, infidelity, and licentiousness, are no longer regarded as the staple qualities of the novelist. The unhallowed association has been renounced, and appropriate, and in some cases exquisitely beautiful aliment has been supplied to the imaginative faculty without detriment being done to our moral tastes. We are glad to report that M. Conscience is amongst the regenerators of light literature. The range and versatility of his sympathies is noteworthy, whilst the purity of his sentiments is at once honorable to his rectitude and beneficial to his readers.

We shall not attempt a minute description of these volumes. Their style is eminently simple, whilst the lessons which they teach are conducive to individual virtue and happiness. As stated in the preface of the translators, 'There is about them something healthful and bracing, like the air of an open heath—a racy freshness and vigor; and over them all the author has breathed a moral grace, a truth and purity of sentiment, which fit them especially for the perusal and improvement of the young.'

St. Louis and Henry the Fourth; being a Second Series of Historical Sketches, by John Hampden Gurney, M.A. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 408. London: Longman & Co.

Mr. Gurney has rendered good service by the publication of his 'Historical Sketches.' The former volume contained Joan of Arc, Caxton, Columbus, and Luther; and the present, though less varied, will not be read with diminished interest. The volume, like its predecessor, is designed for the school-room and the juvenile library, and happily supplies a connecting link between the histories ordinarily supplied to juvenile readers, and the larger and more learned works of

Sismondi, Guizot, and Hallam. It is written in a lucid and unpretending style, brings together a large amount of reading, and weaves into continuous and discriminating narrative the reports of various, and in some cases conflicting, witnesses. Little is known of the French king, St. Louis, who, in the early part of the thirteenth century, presided over the destinies of France, and exhibited as rare a conjunction of noble qualities as ever graced a throne. 'There is a peculiar beauty,' says Hallam, 'in the reign of St. Louis; because it shows the inestimable benefit which a virtuous king may confer on his people, without possessing any distinguished genius.' Little information respecting the character and reign of this monarch has hitherto been communicated to the English public, and we are, therefore, doubly indebted to Mr. Gurney for the sketch he has furnished. It has evidently been a labor of love, and perhaps it is colored somewhat too brightly.

The name of Henry IV. is far more familiar to our countrymen, and we are sorry to add that the more closely his career is traced, the deeper becomes our conviction that he wanted many of the elements of true greatness. The part which he acted in the religious struggles of France has thrown a splendor about the earlier portion of his career, which serves to conceal the religious indifference and profligacy that so painfully disappointed the hopes of his warmest admirers. We hope Mr. Gurney will continue his labors. There is a large field before him, for the successful cultivation of which he is eminently qualified. He has already done much, but we cannot accept his past services as a full discharge of his obligation.

Recollections of Russia during Thirty-three Years' Residence. By a German Nobleman. Revised and Translated, with the Author's sanction, by Lascelles Wraxall. pp. 328. 3s. 6d. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

We have read this volume with much interest, though with considerable pain. It betokens an intimate knowledge of the interior of Russia, and is evidently derived from long and close familiarity. The translation is easy, flowing, and perspicuous; and its present appearance has the sanction of the German publisher. The view given of Russia is corroborative of the worst reports which have reached Western Europe, and is unhappily supported by an array of facts which appear to justify the worst possible estimate of its condition. Its general tenor may be gathered from the following brief extract:—'The Russian nation never knew any other era than that of debasement. Throughout its whole history it can point to no epoch of mental elevation, and its panegyrists cleverly avoid appealing to the past.' It should, in justice, be borne in mind that the author of the volume is a German, and that between the German and the Russian subjects of the Czar a hereditary feud exists. Still, with every deduction that can be made, it is a fearful revelation which the volume supplies. Absolutism, in its most perfect form, combined with slavish submission amongst the people, unparalleled corruption amongst officials, debased superstí-

tion, gross ignorance, and incredible misery, form the general and more prominent features exhibited. That such a people should stand on the outskirts of civilization in the threatening attitude sustained for some time past, is one of the most serious facts of the present age. The volume is printed in 'Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature,' and can scarcely fail to secure a large class of readers. Those who commence its perusal will not be inclined to lay the volume aside until the last page is reached.

The Life of James Arminius, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin of Caspar Brandt, by John Guthrie, A.M. Post 8vo. pp. 325. London: Ward & Co.

THE author of this volume was the son of Gerard Brandt, Remonstrant Minister and Professor at Amsterdam, who published, in 1671, 'The History of the Reformation in the Low Countries.' The present work was composed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but its publication was delayed by the death of the author. It was, however, issued by his son Gerard in 1724, and displays many of the best qualities of biography. We are no disciples of Arminius, yet we join heartily with Mr. Guthrie in deprecating the treatment he received, and cordially welcome this translation as a valuable addition to our theological literature. Few things have been more injurious to religious truth than the exclusive attention to one mode or form of its exhibition. Partisanship may thus be strengthened; the *odium theologicum* may be kept in active exercise; but the love of truth will not be fostered, nor its various parts be seen in due proportion and harmony. We would have our readers familiarize themselves with the biographies and the systems both of Arminius and of Calvin, and if they should find some elements of truth in each, they will not, in our judgment, deviate much from the mind of the Spirit.

We thank Mr. Guthrie for his translation of a volume which every theological student should read, and anticipate from its study an escape from some of those stereotyped forms of speech which serve to conceal barrenness of thought.

The War: from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan. By W. H. Russell, Correspondent of the 'Times.' By Permission. Fcap 8vo. pp. 507. 5s. London: Routledge & Co.

THIS volume contains the letters of the 'Times' Correspondent from the seat of war. With few omissions and some slight alterations, they are printed as they originally appeared. We need not remind our readers of the powerful impression these letters made on their first appearance. They broke on the English mind with a fearful and ominous sound, and were at first decried as the offspring of resentment—the utterances of personal pique or of wounded vanity. Mr. Russell, however, was equal to the task he had undertaken, and the 'Times' was too powerful a journal to permit its reporter to be easily silenced. What followed is matter of history. The Sebastopol Committee has fully sustained Mr. Russell's reports, and the ameliorating measures adopted are attributable mainly to his diligence and sagacity.

Whether the re-publication of the Letters in the form of a separate volume will greatly enlarge the number of their readers is doubtful. Few will go through them continuously, however much they were interested on their first appearance. A more popular book would have been constructed, had extended portions of Mr. Russell's *Letters* been worked up into a continuous narrative. We rejoice, however, in their republication. They richly merit the more permanent form they now assume, and will hand down to our juniors a more minute and stirring history of the Crimean campaign than could otherwise be secured. Few readers who can afford the purchase will be content to forego the possession of such a treasure.

Correspondence of John Howard, the Philanthropist: with a Brief Memoir, and Illustrative Anecdotes. By the Rev. J. Field, M.A. Fcap 8vo. pp. 208. London: Longman & Co.

JOHN HOWARD was a genuine hero. We cannot hear too much respecting him. Were the objects of the world's idolatry chosen from the class to which he belonged, we should not be so strongly opposed to 'hero worship' as we have hitherto been. We have recently had different biographies of Howard, and the present small volume may be considered as in some respects an appendix to Mr. Field's *Life* of the philanthropist, published some four years since. It has, however, a separate and independent interest, derived mainly from the numerous original letters which it contains. Mr. Field's labors eminently qualify him to appreciate the character of Howard, and the small volume before us will be read with considerable interest, as a brief, affectionate, and discriminating narrative of one of the most extraordinary careers ever run. The new letters, without possessing any marked value, shed a pleasing light on several points of Howard's character.

A School History of Modern Europe. From the Reformation to the Fall of Napoleon. With Chronological Tables and Questions for Examination. By John Lord, A.M. Post 8vo. pp. 428. 5s. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

IN preparing this volume, Mr. Lord has sought to furnish a connected narrative of what is most important in the history of Europe during 'the last three hundred years, avoiding both minute details and elaborate disquisitions.' In this design he has admirably succeeded. The style of the volume is clear and unaffected; the events recorded are well chosen; and a happy medium is observed between the brevity of the annalist and the prolix details of some historians. The volume only requires to be known to be generally adopted. It must not be confounded with mere abridgments. It is nothing of the kind. It has all the ease, flow, and sparkle of an original work, at the same time that it is kept within such limits as are suitable for a school-book. We cannot too strongly recommend it. It is admirably adapted to introduce young people to an intelligent acquaintance with the most important and stirring events of modern history.

Olshausen's Biblical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. (Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Vol. XXI.) London: Seeley & Co. 8vo. pp. 511.

Dr. Olshausen is, for a German, less given to refuting what refutes itself than most of his race, though even he has too much of it. The soundness of his judgment, correctness of his criticisms, and great extent of his knowledge, commend him to the English student. To such these comments will be found valuable, though they must be still more so to the German scholar, since reference is continually made, for the elucidation of various points, to German works by the author himself or by others, and some of them are German periodicals inaccessible to English scholars. Notwithstanding this drawback, which for the information of the reader we feel constrained to notice, there will be found much valuable criticism in these comments. Dr. Olshausen has elucidated many obscure places, and vindicated many others from the false glosses and conjectural criticism of the rationalists. The theological student will find it both a cheap and valuable addition to his library.

Notes Critical, Illustrative, and Practical on the Book of Job, with a New Translation and Introductory Dissertation. By Rev. Albert Barnes. Printed from the Author's Revised Edition, with a Preface by Rev. E. Henderson, D.D. Two Volumes. 12mo. London: Partridge & Oakey.

The Rev. Albert Barnes has effected a great and good work in analysing the arguments *pro* and *con*, and in stating the theories of all sorts which learned critics and divines have maintained respecting the Book of Job. The *Introduction*, which occupies more than a hundred pages of the first volume, will convey to the reader the sum total of all that is known, or seems likely to be known, concerning the external history, literary character, and authorship of this book. Whatever learned research and critical examination can do has been done, and is here ably epitomized. The comments and the new translation are in general excellent. But to some of Mr. Barnes's explanations we should, along with Dr. Henderson, decidedly object. The brevity of this notice will not allow any specification of these. The reader must use his own discrimination in perusing the volume, which, notwithstanding these exceptions, will, in a critical sense, amply repay not merely a perusal, but a constant reference when he may be reading the book of Job, or may have occasion to examine any particular portion. We could wish that the practical and devotional had borne a fairer proportion to the exegetical. While we can commend the work to the attention of critical readers of the Bible, we must at the same time caution all not to mistake it as if intended to be a substitute for our ancient and favourite commentators. It throws light on many obscure passages, and brings together the results of extensive reading and much knowledge, but is not a book for the closet.

Bengal as a Field of Missions. By M. Wylie, Esq., First Judge of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes. pp. 389. London: Dalton. 1854.

It is impossible to read this volume without a deep sense of the justice of the claim presented. The statistics furnished leave no room for doubt, while the arguments employed to enforce the appeal which they silently make, must prove irresistible to every Christian mind. The reader must not expect to find merely masses of figures or impassioned declamation: the author writes calmly and thoughtfully; his spirit is eminently catholic and candid; and his suggestions are founded on a sagacious judgment of the necessities of the case. We have seldom met with a book of the kind more worthy of serious attention, and we fervently hope it may be the means both of exciting and of directing missionary zeal in reference to the vast multitudes of souls so worthily represented and powerfully pleaded for by Mr. Wylie.

Manual of Political Science, for the use of Schools, and more especially of Candidates for the Civil Service, arranged in chapters, with Questions at the end of each, and preceded by an Introductory Chapter. By E. R. Humphreys, LL.D., Head Master of Cheltenham Grammar School. pp. 238. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

This is a step in the right direction. The idea is excellent. All persons of competent judgment must approve it. There is no necessity for disesteeming classical and mathematical studies in order to desiderate a thorough preparation of the youthful mind to deal with the realities of secular and social life. He can never be said to be educated, who, whatever his furniture and training in other respects, is not abreast of his age in all that concerns the rights and duties of good citizenship. We are greatly pleased, therefore, with the appearance of works like this, and a former one on the Civil Law, of Dr. Humphreys. He has executed his task with ability. Leaving out certain moot points, for which our readers in general will be prepared, we can speak of his Manual as well adapted to the purposes contemplated.

Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley. Fcap 8vo. pp. 165. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

The basis of this small volume appeared in the 'North British Review,' for November 1854. We have read it with very considerable pleasure, and strongly recommend it to our readers. A more pleasing, intelligent, and instructive companion at the seaside cannot well be desired. We perused it amid the scenes it describes, and are free to acknowledge that our only regret was its brevity. It makes no pretensions to scientific completeness, but its pages sparkle with life. They open up a thousand sources of unanticipated pleasure, and combine amusement with instruction in a very happy and unwonted degree. To quote Mr. Kingsley's words, when referring to Mr. Gosse's admirable books, 'There is a playful and genial spirit in them, a brilliant power of word-painting, combined with deep and earnest religious feeling, which makes them as morally valuable as they are intellectually interesting.'

Select Works of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-Law, the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. Vol. V. Post 8vo. pp. 632. 6s. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.—This volume contains Dr. Chalmers' 'Treatise on Natural Theology,' his lectures on 'Butler's Analogy,' two lectures introductory to his course, and some remarks on Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth.' Many of our readers—ministerial students especially—will attach special value to the volume, and all may derive from it much solid information, as well as experience the stimulating influence of genius.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Bell. Fcap 8vo. pp. 263. 2s. 6d. London: John W. Parker & Son.—Another volume of old Chaucer, which will be heartily welcomed by all lovers of our early literature. It contains the fifth book of 'Troylus and Cryseyde,' 'Chauceres Dreme,' 'Chaucers A B C,' 'The Boke of the Duchesse,' 'Of Quene Anelyda and False Arcite,' and 'The House of Fame.' Mr. Bell's notes clear up many obscurities, and add considerably to the value of the edition.

History of Christian Churches and Sects. From the Earliest Age of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Marsden, M.A. Part VI. 8vo. 3s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley.—This work progresses very satisfactorily. The present *Part* constituting the second of the second volume, completes the article on the Irvingites, and furnishes a brief yet lucid account of the Lutherans, the Mormonites, the Nestorians, the Presbyterians, the Puritans, and, in part, the Church of Rome. We congratulate Mr. Marsden on the successful prosecution of his labors, and commend his work to our readers.

The Religious Thoughts and Memoranda of a Believer in Nature. Post 8vo. pp. 325. London: John Chapman.—With every disposition to allow all fair latitude to the expression of religious opinion, we cannot refrain from expressing our strong reprobation of this volume, in which feebleness of thought is combined with much virulence and rank infidelity. The character of our Lord, whilst admitted to be 'most amiable and affectionate,' is styled 'weak and unmanly.' Those who are influenced by such a volume must be far advanced in that course which aims at the annihilation of all direct revelation from Heaven.

Modern Geography Simplified. Second Edition, Revised. pp. 155. London: Sims & M'Intyre.—This is a very useful book, containing much information, presented more wisely than in the greater number of geographical works. We are glad to find that the author has appended a pronouncing vocabulary of geographical names—a desirable addition to a book which is intended for the instruction of the young. We predict a large sale for the volume.

Indian Leisure. By Captain R. G. Macgregor, of the Bengal Retired List. pp. 580. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1854.—If gentlemen in the service of the East India Company are given to pursuits such as have occupied the leisure of Captain Macgregor, the Eastern army must be as accomplished as brave, as elegant as energetic. His translations are remarkably exact and choice in diction; and we are highly gratified with these excellent renderings of 'immortal verse.' Whatever laurels the gallant author may have won in the fields of war, in those of literature he may justly wear the bays.

A Guide to the Knowledge of Life. Designed for the Use of Schools, and of all who desire information regarding their own organization, and its relation to the natural influences that are concerned in the maintenance of Health. By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.A.S., &c. &c. London: Jarrold & Sons.—This little volume is all the title would lead us to expect. Great principles are explained and illustrated in a simple and forcible manner. It contains numerous experiments to exemplify the principles taught. It is a fund of useful instruction and pleasing amusement.

The Child's Own Bible History. London: Seeley & Co. Dublin: Samuel B. Oldham.—A book for the

nursery. Its tales are told in language suited to a child's capacity. Its numerous pictures will enable the nursery teacher to appeal to the eye as well as to the ear of the pupils, and thus daguerreotype each subject on the infant mind.

The British Controversialist and Impartial Inquirer. Established for the purpose of forming a suitable medium for the deliberate discussion of important questions in Religion, Philosophy, History, Politics, Social Economy, &c. London: Houlston & Stoneman.—This is a periodical well-adapted for young men. It encourages thought, and aids the habit of committing thoughts to writing in a clear and intelligible manner. The editor has an onerous and responsible work to perform, and we think he has displayed much care and judgment in its performance. It deserves an extensive circulation.

Review of the Month.

WE HAVE HITHERTO BEEN HAPPILY DISTINGUISHED from our continental neighbours by the greater attention paid by us to the Sabbath. Without entering at present into the many important questions which are involved in the strict observance of a seventh day's rest, we merely note the fact that our national observances have hitherto been 'an outward and visible proof' of the presence and action of a religious element amongst us to a greater extent than prevails elsewhere. We are perfectly aware that this has arisen from various causes. In many cases it is mere formalism, and has no *religious* character whatever. Still the fact is proof of something, and we deeply deplore the intervention of any cause which threatens to deprive us of so honorable a distinction. To this danger we are now exposed, and with deep sorrow and much seriousness we warn our readers against it.

The sudden withdrawal of Lord Grosvenor's 'Sunday Trading Bill,' and the hasty manner in which Mr. Berkeley's 'Beer Bill' was passed through the legislature, awakened our serious apprehension. The facility with which our senators yielded in these cases to an organized and interested intimidation, betokened a danger which is already producing its results. The newspaper press unhappily sided with the physical demonstration that was made. That the 'Times' should do so, was only accordant with its usual policy. It were endless to enumerate the inconsistencies of this journal. When Mr. Pearson retired from the representation of Lambeth, the 'Times' lamented his doing so, on account of its involving the loss of the Sunday Bill which that gentleman had introduced. Now, it is within our knowledge that Mr. Pearson anticipated opposition only from the religious portion of the public, and sought to ward off such opposition by every concession to their views of which the case admitted; Mr. Pearson's Bill was adopted by Lord Robert Grosvenor, with this material difference, that the concessions of the former gentleman were omitted, and every

possible effort was made to conciliate the working-classes. Yet the 'Times,' which lauded Mr. Pearson's labors, has joined in the furious outcry against those of the noble member for Middlesex. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur.* Sir William Molesworth, as is well known, opened Kew Gardens to the public for several hours on Sunday, and the first act of his successor, Sir Benjamin Hall, was to extend such admittance to the whole of the day. In the same spirit, the Band of the Guards has been ordered to play for several hours every Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens, and an immense assemblage has, consequently, been attracted thither. No less than 61,458 persons are reported to have entered the gardens on Sunday the 26th of August last, and the scene is in the course of weekly repetition. Against this desecration of the day, we deliberately and strongly protest. We are not unaware that the evil is perpetrated on a similar scale in various other cases, and has been so for many years past. Instead, however, of justifying the greater by the less, we call for the abandonment of the latter. Instead of giving countenance to Sabbath desecration by official acts, it becomes us to bring our practice into stricter conformity with the laws and spirit of the Christian system. The course on which our rulers have now entered is fraught with serious peril to the religious interests of the community. That it is a re-action from the unnatural and ill-considered restraints of former legislation, we admit; but our safety is in a medium course, and to this we are desirous of directing attention. Whilst opposed to all legislative enforcement of a religious observance of Sunday, we are equally—nay, more vehemently—opposed to the countenance thus given to irreligion and dissipation. We see no legitimate end to the policy adopted save that which would annul what has hitherto been the pride and strength of our nation. To adopt the language of the 'Patriot,' of August 15th, 'We feel quite sure that unless a stand be made, it will not stop until the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, and every place of amusement and recreation, public or private, have been rendered as accessible on Sundays as on other days.' Let this fact be seriously pondered. To be forewarned is to be forearmed; and the next election will show whether the religious men of this empire are prepared to reinvest with senatorial rank men who are thus reckless of our highest and dearest interests. The friends of Sunday observance should communicate freely at once with each other, and we may then hope to admonish our rulers of the impolicy of their present course.

WE LEARN FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE 25TH, that a Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving has been ordered to be prepared for use on the 30th, throughout the British empire, for the recent success of the allied troops in the Crimea, and especially for the capture of the town of Sebastopol. We need not say that we have no faith in such matters. It is a terrible necessity under which we have been placed, and we need not the sickening exhibition of a so-called National Thanksgiving to increase our sorrow and disgust. The formalism of such things is too obvious to need comment. The scene enacted in Paris has revealed it to the dullest apprehension. Let Nonconformists stand aloof from this piece of State policy, in which the venerated name of religion is

introduced, not for purposes of devotion, but of political craft and partisanship.

The Conference of Evangelical Christians of all nations convened at Paris by the French organization of the Evangelical Alliance, on occasion of the Universal Exhibition in that city, assembled on the 23rd of August. It was respectably, and in numbers beyond expectation, attended, and its proceedings were, on the whole, interesting and useful. They consisted, for the most part, of reports, in some cases elaborately prefaced, of the state of religion in different countries, followed by addresses chiefly by speakers from the countries to which the antecedent report had referred. In addition to the lively, and we may say the extraordinary, Christian sympathy awakened by these proceedings, a powerful impression seemed to us to be produced on the assembly by the facts successively stated. A great enlargement was evidently made in the knowledge possessed by the auditors of the respective portions of the religious world; and we think the feeling resulting was one of encouragement and strength, especially to the weaker portions of it. We tell no secret, however, when we say—for it was obvious to all—that the proceedings were conducted with much caution and reserve, there being no allowance of freedom of speech, and every precaution being taken to prevent discussion of any kind. More especially was the subject of liberty of worship tabooed. With a view to obtain a little more opportunity for unrestricted utterance, a kind of subordinate conference was formed of brethren speaking the English language, and consisting mainly, consequently, of English and Americans, with a sprinkling of French and Germans. Our conversation was sufficiently free. A resolution embodying, in appropriate though guarded phraseology, the principle of religious liberty, was adopted, and further measures were initiated It was obvious, however, that there could be little value in any productions of this class, as emanating merely from a fragment of the Conference, and that fragment undefined; it was felt necessary to make prudent but decided efforts to break through the restrictions by which the French brethren evidently felt themselves fettered. In this endeavour, the English and American brethren were happily successful, to the evident gratification of the French brethren themselves, who had been, perhaps, somewhat deficient in boldness.

None, however, rejoiced more sincerely than they when the trammels were thrown off, and they showed themselves not only far ahead of the Germans, but quite abreast of the English and Americans, in their views of religious liberty, and in their conviction that the Conference should give forth deliverance upon it. The resolution affirming the principle of religious liberty, and one declaring sympathy with persecuted brethren, were adopted, without discussion, indeed, but by acclamation. In order to do more justice to this subject, a special meeting of the Conference was appointed for the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 1, when two important practical steps were taken: the first of these was the adoption of an address to the several sovereigns of Europe, on behalf of the extension of religious liberty in Turkey, more especially for the abolition of the barbarous law which annexes capital punish-

ment to apostasy from Moslemism; the second was the constitution of the nucleus of a deputation, whose business it should be to seek an interview with some continental sovereigns, more particularly the King of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schewerin, and the King of Sweden. Both these measures were fully discussed, and the tone of the meeting was everything that could be desired. A deep and extraordinary impression was produced on the assembly by a statement of facts, which, in reply to some attempts to ignore the acts of persecution in Germany, Dr. Steane felt himself called upon to give.

THE CRISIS OF THE WAR HAS NOW APPROACHED, IF IT HAS NOT ALREADY PASSED. On the 5th commenced the terrific storm of the final bombardment of Sebastopol. This lasted without intermission until the 8th, during which interval the destruction of life and property, the explosion of magazines, the conflagration of vessels of war, the 'hair-breadth scapes,' and the awful vibration between triumph and destruction, will, when chronicled by the thoroughly informed historian, form the most glaring military tableaux in modern, perhaps we might say in universal history. But in the imposing honours of this picture must especially be included the grand catastrophe of the 8th, when the conclusive attack was made by the united armies, and the fate of Sebastopol was decided. At twelve o'clock on that day our commander-in-chief informed his government, 'Our allies quitted their trenches, entered and carried the apparently impregnable defences of the Malakhoff with that impetuous valour which characterizes the French attack, and having once obtained possession, they were never dislodged.' The tricolour planted upon the parapet was the signal for our troops to advance. Respecting the necessity of the policy of this advance strong opinions have been expressed. It has been held that the Malakhoff was the key to the whole position, and when that was once gained, the Redan would become useless, and that consequently the sanguinary assault by the British troops on the latter fort involved only a profligate expenditure of human life. However this may be, it is certain that this assault was both unsuccessful and disastrous. With the irresistible impetus of the British charge the outward works of this fortress were carried by storm, although the storming party appears, by General Simpson's dispatch, to have consisted only of one thousand men, formed by equal numbers of the Light and the Second Division, and preceded by a covering party of two hundred men, and a ladder party of three hundred. But this, though a brilliant, was a transient success. An inner line of defence so completely commanded the space which had been conquered that the comparative handful of men by whose valour it had been taken, fell like grass before the scythe. Of reserves brought forward to their assistance we have heard nothing, except in one brief paragraph, in the frank and modest dispatch of our commander, which, pending further explanation, seems to indicate a want of skilful generalship on his part. 'The trenches were, subsequently to this attack, so crowded with troops that I was unable to organize a second assault, which I intended to make with the Highlanders under Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campell, who had hitherto

formed the reserve, to be supported by the Third Division under Major-General Sir William Eyre. I therefore sent for these officers, and arranged with them to renew the attack the following morning.' But before that morning dawned, the final blow had been struck by our French allies, who, in full force, and after an unexampled devastation from the immense number of pieces they had brought up for the final bombardment made an attack, which will never be forgotten in their annals, achieved the conquest of the Malakhoff, which led to the hasty evacuation of the south of Sebastopol, and thus rendered unnecessary any further assault on the part of their allies. The whole town and fortress exhibited a conflagration, which, for terrific sublimity, has perhaps never been equalled since that blaze by which the first Napoleon read the doom of his ambition. Magazines were exploded, and buildings fired agreeably to their accustomed policy by the Russians themselves. It is impossible to say what number of their wounded were left to perish in the flames, but the main body of the vanquished army crossed during the night between the 8th and 9th over a bridge of boats, which they had constructed as their last resource, from what had so long been vaunted as an impregnable fortress, to the northern side. This is considered, under all the circumstances, to be utterly incapable of permanent occupation, and rumours are already circulated of its evacuation, an event which must issue in all probability in the destruction of the Russian army in the Crimea. The entrance of the allied forces into the evacuated fortress and city developed a scene which finds no parallel in the history of warfare. The magnificent docks are left intact. The Russian fleet in the southern waters is utterly destroyed. The first examination of a military commission has discovered four thousand cannons, of which at least fifty are of brass, half a million pounds of gunpowder, and already upwards of a hundred thousand projectiles, with five hundred anchors. What may be the ultimate amount of the prizes thus captured cannot at present be ascertained, but the whole of it will become the reward, and that we trust in a just distribution, of the brave men who have survived their less fortunate comrades.

In addition to this, between the 6th and 11th of September, our fleet in the Sea of Azoff have destroyed seventy-three fishing establishments on the Russian coast, thirty-one storehouses, and ninety-eight boats laden with forage and other provisions. We cannot contemplate this frightful destruction of human life and property, with all the misery which it directly entails, without sentiments of the deepest grief; and we only sympathize with the exultation to which this has given occasion in England and France, and with more suppressed tones of joy and hope in nations less favoured and less free, in the expectation that such heavy calamities, foreshadowing such dismal prospects, may impress the mind of the Russian aggressor with a conviction more rational than the characteristic superstition of his race—that the God of battles, in His just and benign Providence, has decreed to save the nations who are the depositaries of His truth, and the instruments of His gracious designs, from being crushed beneath the iron rod of his barbarous despotism; and that He will make this memorable chastise-

ment subservient to the relief of the oppressed, the enlightenment of the ignorant, the freedom of the serf, and the evangelization of more than one vast tribe of his creatures, who now sit and groan in the valley of the shadow of death.

Even the proximate issues of these successes cannot possibly be foreseen. If our Government adopt those vigorous measures which have long been, and are now felt to be, their imperative duty, Odessa will not long stand before the attack of our liberated fleet; and when the south no longer needs their presence, it is not too sanguine an expectation that the addition of so vast a force to the allied fleets in the Baltic, aided by the accession of those vessels of smaller draft, whose absence has hitherto occasioned the failure of our northern naval armament, will strike such terror into the mind of the Russian autocrat as to lead him to sue for such terms of peace as may be dictated by powers equally alive to the claims of their own subjects and of other States. We make no pretensions to diplomatic subtlety, but we shall be disappointed if in the important, and as, we trust, the final treaty, which must place the seal of peace on the conclusion of this conflict, all the usurped territories of Russia are not wrested from her power; and if all the expenses of the war are not extorted from her treasury.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

A Cyclopædia of Missions, containing a comprehensive view of Missionary Operations throughout the World. By Harvey Newcomb. Second Edition.

The Curse of Britain. An Essay on the Evils, Causes, and Cure of Intemperance. With an Introductory Chapter on the Maine Law. By W. R. Baker. Fourth Edition.

The Little Philosopher; or, the Science of Familiar Things. By Thomas Tate, F.R.S.A. Books I.—III.

Free Thoughts on Natural and Revealed Religion, in reference to various difficulties and objectionable passages in the Old and New Testament. With Extracts from the Sacred Writings of the Hindoos, &c. By an Unlearned Inquirer after Truth.

Manna in the Heart; or, Daily Comments on the Book of Psalms. Adapted for the Use of Families. By Rev. Martin Bouchier, A.M. Psalm 1st to 78.

Our State Church; her Structure, Doctrines, Forms, and Character. A Manual of Dissent. By W. R. Baker.

Anti-Mysticism; or, Man in his relation to the Holy Spirit, Revealed Truth, and Divine Grace. By W. R. Baker.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster, K.H. Two Volumes.

Poems and Prose. By Mary Lewis.

Theism. The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator. By Rev. John Tulloch, D.D.

neglected while he sat by the bank of a stream making experiments upon water-wheels, or some bye path, amusing himself with a mechanical fancy. Sir Isaac himself told Mr. Conduitt that one of his earliest scientific experiments was made in 1658, on the day of the great storm when Cromwell died, when from the want of an anenometer to measure the force of the wind he tried to discover it by the resistance to his body. 'In order to determine the force of the gale,' it is said, 'he jumped first in the direction in which the gale blew, and then in opposition to the wind; and after measuring the length of the leap in both directions, and comparing it with the length to which he could jump in a perfectly calm day, he was enabled to compute the force of the storm.' Such pursuits convinced his mother that farming was not the employment for which he was best adapted, and he was accordingly sent back to Grantham to prepare for college. To this resolution she was probably guided by her brother, the Rev. W. Ayscough, Rector of Burton Coggles, who one day found his nephew sitting under a hedge absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem.

On the 5th of June, 1661, Isaac Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge, as a subsizar, and on the 8th of the following month as matriculated sizar. Of his progress during the early part of his college life we have but little information, but we do know that as a sizar he must have performed many menial offices for his tutor, which would now be thought degrading, and are incompatible with the objects of a student, whether his term of study be passed in the self-denial of poverty or in the luxury of wealth. Those duties, however, he performed punctually and conscientiously, for it was probably in acknowledgment of this that he was permitted to attend the reading of Kepler's 'Optics' to some gentlemen commoners, when he surprised his tutor by mastering the book before the lectures began. It is not impossible that this exercise directed his mind to the subject, and laid the foundation for those experiments and brilliant discoveries which at no distant period made his name famous, and gave the earnest of that deep searching spirit to whom the laws of the universe were to be revealed.

It was about this period that Newton bought a book on astrology, and finding a problem he could not solve, sought the information he required in Euclid. But having read a few propositions, it is said, he threw it on one side 'as a trifling book,' wondering that a mathematician should demonstrate truths so self-evident. This anecdote may appear to contradict one we have somewhere read, that he commenced and finished the first six books within a week, but both may be true, for in after life he regretted to Dr. Pemberton, that 'he had

THE

Eclectic Review.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir David Brewster, K.H., F.R.S., &c. &c. In Two Volumes. 8vo. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1855.

THE great scientific merits and virtues of Isaac Newton have been regarded by all his biographers as peculiarly worthy of study and imitation. He was a man possessing a marvellous expansion of mind, and a not less remarkable facility of condensing upon one subject or thought the power of his intellect. Capable of efforts beyond the strength of other men, he could also sustain them with a continuity physically and mentally impossible to those who possessed the same faculties in a high degree. By the application of these qualities of mind he added more to the knowledge of the divine laws of material existence than all the philosophers who preceded him, and while he demonstrated the mechanism of the universe, and the nature of the light with which it is filled, he taught us how to continue his investigations, and did something towards providing us with the means of inquiry. A comparatively slight acquaintance with the history of science and the labours of those who have pursued it, will be sufficient to prove that this estimate of his services is correct, and that he is justly regarded the most eminent and the most successful interpreter of nature. But his incomparable merits as an investigator, and his estimable character as a man, have unfortunately induced some of his admirers to attribute to him a perfection not human, and to point him out as an object of worship rather than of imitation, as though he possessed what is fictitiously ascribed to kings, the right of exemption from the

neglected while he sat by the bank of a stream making experiments upon water-wheels, or some bye path, amusing himself with a mechanical fancy. Sir Isaac himself told Mr. Conduitt that one of his earliest scientific experiments was made in 1658, on the day of the great storm when Cromwell died, when from the want of an anenometer to measure the force of the wind he tried to discover it by the resistance to his body. 'In order to determine the force of the gale,' it is said, 'he jumped first in the direction in which the gale blew, and then in opposition to the wind; and after measuring the length of the leap in both directions, and comparing it with the length to which he could jump in a perfectly calm day, he was enabled to compute the force of the storm.' Such pursuits convinced his mother that farming was not the employment for which he was best adapted, and he was accordingly sent back to Grantham to prepare for college. To this resolution she was probably guided by her brother, the Rev. W. Ayscough, Rector of Burton Coggles, who one day found his nephew sitting under a hedge absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem.

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applied himself to the works of Des Cartes and other algebraic writers before he had considered the elements of Euclid with that attention so excellent a writer deserved.' It is therefore probable that he had not studied Euclid until after he had made great progress in the use of analytical processes, and that with his natural power of concentrating his thought, and with the collateral knowledge he possessed, he may have mastered the first six books within a week. Three years after he had entered Trinity College, he obtained one of forty-four vacant scholarships, but Dr. Barrow, the examiner, made a low estimate of his acquirements, on account of his imperfect acquaintance with the elements of Euclid, though it is certain that at this period he was not only an excellent mathematician, but was on the eve of commencing his career as a discoverer; for it was at the close of 1664, or the beginning of the following year, that he discovered his method of Infinite Series. In January, 1665, he took his degree of A.B., and on the dismissal of the students in the following August on account of the plague, he went to Boothby in Lincolnshire, where he computed the area of the Hyperbola by the newly invented process. 'In the same year,' says Sir David Brewster, 'Newton committed to writing his first discovery of Fluxions.'

To this brief outline of the early life of Newton, it may be desirable to add the dates of some other leading events, as they may be useful in pointing out his position during the scientific controversies in which he was engaged, and will prevent digression when considering the discoveries with which his name is connected. On the 1st October, 1667, he obtained his fellowship, and received an apartment called the Spiritual Chamber. Here he pursued his studies, giving occasional assistance to Dr. Barrow, until, two years later, he accepted the Lucasian professorship of mathematics; from which period may be dated the principal, but not all of his great discoveries. The next important event of his life was his election as a fellow of the Royal Society, for it was more or less connected with the announcement of all the great physical truths it was his mission to teach. At one period, however, and that only three years after his election, he desired to retire from the Society, and would have done so if he had not been relieved of the ordinary payments. Few men have passed through the world with less anxiety about money than Newton, but there was a time when he was straitened in his circumstances, and desired to be excused from the usual trifling payments to the Royal Society. This was when he expected to vacate his fellowship; but a few months later his anxiety was relieved by a patent from the crown, permitting him to hold the fellowship as well as the Lucasian chair, without taking holy orders. His unwavering determination not to enter

neglected while he sat by the bank of a stream making experiments upon water-wheels, or some bye path, amusing himself with a mechanical fancy. Sir Isaac himself told Mr. Conduitt that one of his earliest scientific experiments was made in 1658, on the day of the great storm when Cromwell died, when from the want of an anenometer to measure the force of the wind he tried to discover it by the resistance to his body. 'In order to determine the force of the gale,' it is said, 'he jumped first in the direction in which the gale blew, and then in opposition to the wind; and after measuring the length of the leap in both directions, and comparing it with the length to which he could jump in a perfectly calm day, he was enabled to compute the force of the storm.' Such pursuits convinced his mother that farming was not the employment for which he was best adapted, and he was accordingly sent back to Grantham to prepare for college. To this resolution she was probably guided by her brother, the Rev. W. Ayscough, Rector of Burton Coggles, who one day found his nephew sitting under a hedge absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem.

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the church, which seemed to be the only apparent means of adequate provision, surprised his friends then, and has since greatly puzzled his biographers, but it is now evident that his religious opinions did not coincide with the Articles of Faith taught by the Church of England.

In three departments of science Newton was eminent, but in one he was so pre-eminent, and stood so far above all other men, as to possess an undisputed supremacy. In physical astronomy he was 'a king of men.' Whether he has a right to the discovery of fluxions we do not now stop to inquire, but granting him the priority, it must be acknowledged, that having left the nurture of this noble branch of mathematical science to other hands, his claim must be confined to the circumstance of discovery, which it is possible another may have made as well as himself. Had he done less for astronomy, he would have enjoyed a permanent fame for his investigation of the nature and properties of light, for although his theory has now but few advocates, his experiments remain, and it will never be forgotten, that upon his discoveries the subsequent investigations which have so largely increased the range of the science were founded.

The time when Newton was permitted by his tutor to listen to his reading of Kepler's 'Optics' is not recorded, but it was probably in his second year, for in 1663-4 he was studying 'optic glasses,'—the errors of lenses and the mode of correcting them by an alteration of form. In 1666, he bought a prism 'to try therewith the phenomena of colours.' Whether he at that time performed the experiments he had projected we do not know, but if he did he made no discovery, for at a later period he revised Barrow's 'Lectures on Optics,' and added some observations of his own, without allusion to any new theory of colours.

During his absence from college on account of the plague, he occupied some part of his time in 'grinding optick glasses of other figures than spherical,' the object being to obtain a perfect refraction of white light to a focus by lenses, but he soon abandoned his 'glass works,' upon the discovery, that the perfection of telescopes was limited not so much for want of glasses truly figured according to the prescription of optic authors (which all men have hitherto imagined), as because light itself is a heterogeneous mixture of differently refrangible rays, so that were a glass so exactly figured as to collect any one sort of rays to one point, it could not collect those also into the same point, which, having the same incidence upon the same medium, are apt to suffer a different refraction.' This discovery led him to abandon all hope of constructing a perfect refracting telescope, and to turn his attention to the principle of reflection. At the close of 1668 he

constructed his first reflecting telescope upon the principle known by his name.

Newton's first and greatest optical discovery, the composition of light in rays of different colours having different refrangibilities, to which cause he attributed the elongated image of the sun as exhibited in the prismatic spectrum, was taught to the scholars at Trinity, Cambridge, long before it was known to scientific men. For his election as a fellow of the Royal Society he was altogether indebted to his reflecting telescope, although it can scarcely be named among his discoveries, for whatever honour is due to the introduction of specula in the construction of telescopes belongs to Dr. Gregory, and Newton has no claim beyond that which belongs to a man who modifies the invention of another. Newton himself was surprised that so much credit should have been given to him, for in reply to the letter announcing his election he says, 'Since the Royal Society is pleased to think it (the reflecting telescope) worth the patronage, I must acknowledge that it deserves much more of them for that, than of me, who, had not the communication of it been desired, might have let it still remain in private as it hath already done some years.' Immediately after this, as though unwilling to be recognised in such a society by no higher claim, he sent an account of his experiments on the spectrum and his theory of colours. This paper was immediately printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and the author was quickly involved in many controversies, some of which were annoying from the imbecility of his opponents, and others from their jealousy and misrepresentations. So greatly was his mind disturbed by these contentions, and the conviction that a discoverer must be a slave to the defence of his discoveries, that he hastily resolved to 'bid an eternal adieu to philosophy.' The facts and conclusions he announced were—that the prismatic spectrum is an elongated image of the sun—that solar light consists of seven rays of different colours, unchangeable by refraction or reflection—that these coloured rays differ from each other in refrangibility, the angle of refraction remaining permanent for each colour under all circumstances—that white light is a compound of all the primary colours in due proportions, and that the colours of natural bodies depend upon some property causing them to reflect 'one sort of light in greater plenty than another.' Truth and error were combined in these deductions, but they were all assailed with equal vehemence as opposed to existing hypotheses, and prejudice and ignorance united to destroy the theory by denying facts and abusing the theorist. These controversies remain in history as the curiosities of science, but all subsequent

investigations have tended to establish three great facts, the composition of white light, the different refrangibilities of the rays, and the origin of the colours of natural bodies.

The first serious objection to Newton's theory of colours was made by Linus, a physician in Liege, and professor of mathematics. Newton had stated that with a prism whose reflecting angle was 62·3, the length of the spectrum was five times its breadth. Linus asserted that he had often observed this difference between the length and breadth of the spectrum, but that it appeared only when the sky was without clouds. The death of Linus, whose audacity in making such an assertion could only be compared with his folly, transferred a painful controversy to Mr. Lucas, who succeeded him in the chair of mathematics. Admitting in general the accuracy of Newton's experiments, but not his theory, this more worthy antagonist obtained a result by experiment, which led him to suppose that Newton had incorrectly measured the spectrum. With a prism, having an angle of 60°, and a refractive power of 1500, the length of the spectrum never exceeded three and a half times its breadth. Newton, conscious that a difference of 3° 12′ in the refracting angle of the prism could not make so great a difference between the relative dimensions of the spectra in the two experiments, suggested as a probability that Mr. Lucas had given the angle and refracting power of his prism in round numbers. Each observer, however, thought the other wrong, and the origin of the difference was undetermined, as it did not occur to either of them that the glass employed in the prism could have an effect upon the result. If the two philosophers had exchanged instruments Newton would have discovered the error of his opinion, that all solar spectra had the same length in proportion to their breadth, when the refracting angle and index of refraction are the same, for Lucas had in all probability used crown glass, and Newton flint. The English philosopher was within reach of a principle scarcely less important than either of those he had made known, the possession of which would have convinced him that the improvement of telescopes by refraction was not desperate. His confidence in his own powers showed itself in this, as in other of his controversies, in a stubbornness of will, obscuring his perception, never clear when his mind was excited. It remained therefore for another investigator to correct his error, to show by experiment that bodies have different dispersive powers, that the colour produced by refraction in one substance may be corrected by another, and to construct an achromatic lense.

Newton was next involved in a controversy with two more formidable opponents, Hooke and Huyghens, on his theory of light.

These eminent philosophers, acknowledging the value of his experiments, regarded them simply in connexion with the undulatory hypothesis, which they defended with all the confidence of men who are driven to the adoption of a theory from a feeling of its necessity. Dr. Hooke, an observer generally before the philosophers of his age, possessed naturally a jealous and hasty temper, and as he had undigested thoughts and incomplete experiments upon almost every scientific subject, he viewed too many of the discoveries made by other men as gems stolen from his casket. To the study of light, however, he had paid a more persevering attention than to many other subjects, and Newton's investigations were the more displeasing to him, as he conjectured an antagonism between them and his hypothesis. But neither Hooke nor Huyghens succeeded in their opposition to Newton's theory of colour, for it is as independent of the corpuscular as of the undulatory theory, and, as its author has stated, requires no other admission than that light is 'something or other propagated every way in straight lines from luminous bodies.'

The contending theorists, Hooke and Newton, were not destined to come to a permanent peaceful settlement of their differences, for as they were both masters of fence, and afflicted with jealousy, they indulged themselves with ill-natured assertions and bitter retorts; and, strange to say, the subject of their anger was the existence of an ether filling the interstices of air and the pores of transparent bodies, a proposition not to be proved by one nor disproved by the other. Under such circumstances it is curious to hear Hooke objecting to Newton's theory of colours, that although 'very subtle and ingenious, it is not so certain as mathematical demonstration.' The controversy at last had no other effect than to produce ill-will, for Hooke continued to believe in the existence of an ether put into vibration by a luminous body, and producing the sensation of light; and Newton, in the ejection of a multitude of corpuscules of various sizes thrown off with inconceivable velocity from shining bodies, 'without any sensible interval of time.'

The injustice with which these two gifted men treated each other was too apparent to be long unperceived by themselves. This brought at last a letter from Hooke to Newton, disapproving 'of contention or feuding or proving in print,' and requesting permission 'to correspond by private letters.' To this Newton consented, and handsomely repays the compliments of his rival. 'You defer too much to my ability in searching into this subject,' he says; 'what Des Cartes did was a good step. You have added much several ways. . . . If I have seen farther, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.' This elegant and not undeserved compliment was enough to satisfy even the fame-

hunting spirit of Robert Hooke. But the just and friendly feelings expressed at this time by the rival philosophers was like the embrace of gladiators before a combat—the preliminary of a struggle for mastery, in which the desire of supremacy and the fear of defeat excited the malignant feelings, and diminished the mutual respect of the antagonists.

In his experiments upon the colours of thin plates, Newton followed up the researches of Hooke, and dispute was again inevitable. Like all that Newton did, this investigation was distinguished by a closeness of research and an originality of thought hiding the source from whence he received suggestions; and the results, under his masterly handling, became his own. But Hooke did not much exceed the truth when he said, speaking of the communication to the Royal Society, 'that the main of it is contained in the 'Micographia,' though carried farther in some particulars.' This, however, is of small importance compared with the dispute which arose out of Hooke's discovery of the inflexion of light, for if we have read the history aright, Newton's conduct towards his rival admits of no excuse. In announcing the results he had obtained, Hooke expressed his opinion that they 'pointed out the existence of some action differing from both refraction and reflexion. Newton, influenced in part by his opposition to the undulatory theory, depreciated the value of the discovery, and spoke of the results as due to only a new kind of refraction, to which the discoverer promptly and properly replied, 'that though it should be but a new kind of refraction, yet it was a new one.' But Newton's opposition did not end here, for he unworthily threw a doubt upon Hooke's integrity, by stating that he had seen his experiments in a book by Honoratus Faber, who had received the account from Grimaldi, thus robbing his sensitive rival of originality, as he had before done in reference to the theory of light he so ingeniously supported. There was not then, nor is there now, the slightest reason to believe that Hooke was acquainted with Grimaldi's beautiful experiments: his name continues to be honourably associated with the discovery, and his theory is the only one by which the philosophers of the present day attempt to explain the phenomena.

From the preceding remarks it will be perceived that though Newton fell into many errors in following out his corpuscular hypothesis, he established, upon experiment, a true theory of chromatics, and thus advanced the science of optics in a degree not to be appreciated without a knowledge of the state in which he found it, and that to which it has in consequence attained. This would have been high honour for most men, but to estimate the force of his genius, and the claim he has for

distinction among the philosophers of all ages, we must follow his path of discovery in physical astronomy.

It matters but little whether it was in 1665, or 1666, that Newton began to study the origin of planetary motion and the laws of gravitation, but it was probably at Woolthorpe, when driven from college by the plague. The fall of an apple is said to have directed his mind to the subject, and it is possible that it may have suggested to him some such thoughts as the following: An apple could not fall to the earth if there were no force to attract it. Be that force what it may, it is not confined to a limited space, for bodies fall upon the highest mountains thousands of feet above the surface of the sea, as well as from the boughs of a tree. It may therefore extend to a greater elevation, even to the moon, and if to the nearest celestial body, it may reach that which is most distant, or its influence may be without limit. But if it be gravity that brings an apple in a vertical line to the ground when dropped from a tree, it is the same force which causes a stone hurled in a horizontal line to describe a curve. If, then, curvilinear motion is due to the gravitating force of the earth, the moon may have her path determined by the same cause. But if such be the origin of the motion of the moon, the attraction of the sun may sustain the earth and the planets in their orbits, and attraction may be the governing power of the whole mechanism of the heavens.

To perceive the value of this conjecture, and the process by which it was demonstrated—how it supported and developed the discoveries made in the earlier part of the seventeenth century—and how it provided a firm foundation for subsequent investigations—we must review the state of the science of physical astronomy when Newton commenced his calculations. Copernicus began the great work by giving a correct sketch of the solar system, and explaining from what position the astronomer views it. Tycho followed him, a man of labour, ever working, ever observing, accumulating a vast series of valuable facts. Rejecting the Copernican theory in obedience to his religious faith, he provided the means for its demonstration. Kepler, who in his youth was ever falling into error from the impetuosity of his fancy, and always liable to deception through the many unguarded avenues of his marvellous intelligence and acute instincts, employed the materials provided by his master, and discovered three great laws of planetary motion. He demonstrated that the planets move in elliptical orbits, having the sun in one of the foci—that the periodic times of any two planets are to one another as the cubes of their distances from the sun, and that the radius vector describes equal spaces in equal times. With his mind intently fixed on the laws of celestial motion, it

is scarcely possible that he should have neglected to inquire into the origin of that motion. The existence of a mutual attraction, that is to say, gravitation, between the earth and a falling body he fully admitted, and taught that any two bodies, free from the influence of a third body, would attract each other in proportion to their masses. He also affirmed that the motion of the planets is produced by the attraction of the sun, and he once asserted, though he afterwards doubted the accuracy of the law, that the force of attraction is inversely as the squares of the distances. Galileo, who died the year that Newton was born, had applied the telescope to astronomical observations, had discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the ring of Saturn, and otherwise corrected and enlarged the conception of the extent and order of the solar system. In addition to these discoveries he had determined the law of the acceleration of falling bodies and the motion of projectiles, and thus, as it were, laid a foundation for the theory of universal gravitation.

Kepler's law, that the squares of the periodic times of planetary bodies are as the cubes of their distances from the sun, led Newton, in 1665, to the conclusion Kepler had rejected,—that the force retaining the planets in their orbits varies as the square of their distances from the sun. But the calculations he at that time made to test the truth of this theory were not satisfactory, for it appeared from them that the moon was drawn from the rectilinear only 13·9 feet in a second, and it was known that the attraction upon the surface of the earth was 16·1 feet. Some years after he became acquainted with Picard's more accurate measurement of the distance of the satellite from the earth, and in 1684 'resumed his former thoughts concerning the moon,' and his calculations then demonstrated the truth of the supposition that the moon is retained in her orbit by gravitation. As soon as this was known, Hooke, who had before announced the law, claimed the proof, though he must have known that Newton's right as a discoverer was assured by a priority of publication. This does not settle, it is true, Hooke's right to consideration as one who had announced the fact before the publication of Newton's demonstration, or how much Newton himself may have been indebted to him for the suggestions he is admitted to have made. It may therefore be desirable to inquire how far he had advanced in the study of the subject.

In 1666, the year in which Newton began to think studiously of the origin of motion, Hooke related to the Royal Society some experiments he had made to determine whether the 'gravitating or attractive power be inherent in the parts of the earth,' and whether 'bodies experienced any change in their weight at different distances from the surface of the earth.' In

the same year, and only two months later, he read a paper on 'The Inflexion of a direct Motion into a Curve by a supervening Attractive Principle.' In this memoir he points out how gravitation may be the cause of curvilinear motion, and proves that the planets 'must have some other cause beside the first impressed impulse to bend their motion into curves. The cause of inflecting a direct motion into a curve,' he says, 'may be from an attractive property of the body placed in the centre, whereby it continually endeavours to attract or draw it to itself. For if such a principle be supposed, all the phenomena of the planets seem possible to be explained by the common principle of mechanic motions; and possibly the prosecuting this speculation may give us a true hypothesis of their motion; and from some few observations their motion may be so far brought to a certainty that we may be able to calculate them to the greatest exactness and certainty that can be desired.' In the same paper he also determines what curve would be produced when the impetus or tangential force is greater than the gravitating, and what when it is less.

Hooke and Newton were therefore studying gravitation at the same time; and while one pointed out what would be the result of attractive and tangential forces, the other was attempting by direct calculation to prove that the moon is retained in her path in consequence of the earth's attraction. Newton failed once, and abandoned his investigation; but Hooke, without pursuing the subject with the power he possessed, continued to make it a subject of thought if not of study. In 1674 he published a book entitled, 'An Attempt to Prove the Motion of the Earth, from Observations made by Robert Hooke.' The following passage will show, when compared with Kepler's labours, what science is indebted to the author, as an original investigator and thinker, and we may also add, how much of Newton's discovery belongs to him.

'I shall hereafter explain a system of the world, differing in many particulars from any yet known, but answering in all things to the common rules of mechanical motions. This depends upon three suppositions. First, that all celestial bodies whatsoever have an attraction or gravitating power towards their own centres, whereby they attract not only their own parts, and keep them from flying from them, as we may observe the earth to do, but that they also do attract all the other celestial bodies that are within the sphere of their activity, and consequently that not only the sun and moon have an influence upon the body and motion of the earth, and the earth upon them, but that Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn also, by their attractive powers, have a considerable influence upon its motion, as in the same manner the corresponding attractive power of the earth hath a considerable influence upon every one of their motions also. The second supposition is this: that all bodies whatsoever that are put into a direct

and simple motion will so continue to move forward in a straight line till they are by some other effectual powers deflected and sent into a motion describing a circle, ellipsis, or some other more compound curved line. The third supposition is, that these attractive powers are so much the more powerful in operating by how much the nearer the body wrought upon is to their own centres. Now, what these several degrees are, I have not experimentally verified; but it is a notion, which, if fully prosecuted as it ought to be, will mightily assist the astronomers to reduce all the celestial motions to a certain rule which, I doubt, will never be without it. He that understands the nature of the circular motion will easily understand the whole of this principle, and will know where to find directions in nature for the true statement thereof. This I only hint at present to such as have ability and opportunity of prosecuting this inquiry, and are not wanting of industry for observing and calculating, wishing heartily such may be found, having myself many other things in hand which I would first complete, and therefore cannot so well attend it. But this I durst promise to undertake, that he will find all the great motions of the world to be influenced by this principle; and that the true understanding thereof will be the perfection of astronomy.'

In this passage we have a clear announcement of what has been called the Newtonian Philosophy ten years before Newton proved the action of gravitation in the moon's motion. The author asserts the existence and operation of a universal attractive force sustaining all things, and explains the origin of curvilinear motion. If to these facts we add what Hooke some time after asserted, that the force diminished according to the square of the distance, it will scarcely be denied that he possessed the elements of the Newtonian philosophy. In a letter to Newton himself, written in 1679, he states that the path of a projectile under the action of the gravitating force of the earth, decreasing as the square of the distance, would be an ellipse; and it was not till 1684 that Newton proved that the moon's curvilinear path was occasioned by a constant deflection from the rectilinear by the attractive force of the earth, in obedience to the same law as brings a stone or an apple to the ground. While therefore we honour Newton for the demonstration of the law and its universal action, the claims of Robert Hooke must not be forgotten, nor must we raise one man, by injustice to another, to the impossible position of independent action in scientific inquiry.

Omitting all notice of the dispute between Newton and Hooke, and the charges and recriminations which did little honour to either of them, we may pass to that period in the life of the former most important to science and to himself, in spite of another contention—that in which he was engaged in writing the 'Principia.' This great work had its origin in a little treatise, called 'De Motu,' written in 1684. By

Halley's request and persevering solicitude, he was induced to undertake the composition of a larger work on the subject then floating in his mind; and in 1686 presented to the Royal Society a paper entitled 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.' This paper was the first Book of the Principia, and the Society immediately ordered that the printing of it should be referred to the council. Finding at the next meeting that the council had not complied with their request, the members passed a resolution, 'that Mr. Newton's work should be printed forthwith, in quarto;' but still it was delayed, and Halley, feeling no doubt that he was under a personal obligation to Newton, undertook to print it at his own cost. Thus, by refusing to advance a few pounds for the printing of a scientific book, of unequalled value, the Council of the Royal Society made over both the cost and the honour of its publication to their secretary. The second and third books followed with more speed than could have been anticipated, and the whole was published in the midsummer of 1687, and was so favourably received by the mathematicians and philosophers of Europe, not excepting those who still remained the disciples of Des Cartes, that the edition was soon exhausted, and the cost of a copy rose to double the published price.

The 'Principia,' among scientific books, like the 'Paradise Lost' among poems, is better known by its name than its contents. It consists of three books. The first treats of the motion of bodies in free space; the second, of bodies moving in resisting media, and of the vibrations of pendulums; and the third, bearing the title 'On the System of the World'—which would have been omitted if Halley had been less skilful in soothing the irritation of the author under the claims of Hooke—treats of the causes of motion, lunar errors, the phenomena of tides, the precession of the equinoxes, and comets. The whole system of philosophy it teaches is built on the law of gravitation, and the fame of Newton depends less on the demonstration of that law than the application of it in the pages of the 'Principia.' It is this book which authorizes all the encomiums men have passed upon him, as an investigator of natural laws, combining experimental inquiries and profound mathematical research; for it is in this combination of power he stands incomparable among the philosophers of all ages. It is true that in the present refined state of analytical processes some of his geometrical demonstrations may appear tedious and complex, and the book may, from this cause, be losing its influence in the schools; but in whatever form its truths may be taught, it will ever remain the most wonderful production of human reason and wisdom; for it not only established principles in advance of the period in which it was written, but laid the foundation for all that has been since discovered.

With such a harvest of intellectual wealth, the niggard spirit of the philosopher dreaded to acknowledge the labours and merits of those who had successfully studied the same subjects. Hooke felt that he was greatly ill-used when the first book of the 'Principia' was presented to the Royal Society without any notice of his discoveries, and Halley himself, when he wrote to inform Newton what had passed at the meeting of the Society, hinted the propriety of taking some notice of Mr. Hooke in the preface; for it must have been evident to him that pique and ill-humour prevented that candid acknowledgment of his defeated competitor's merits, which would have done more than neglect or defamation to subdue his opposition. Newton had on a former occasion acknowledged that Hooke did tell him of the duplicate proportion, though he afterwards most unworthily charged him with obtaining the fact from Borelli and Bullialdus, or from his own letters to Huyghens, which, he says, might have come into his hands after the death of Oldenburg. He seems, however, to have forgotten that, in charging Hooke with obtaining a knowledge of this law from books, he leaves the reader to suppose that he derived it from the same source, and thus wounds himself with his own suspicious thoughts. But we scarcely know in what terms we ought to speak of the alternative charge—that of deriving the knowledge from his letters—whether we should call it a disgraceful imputation, or a cowardly attack upon character; the more unworthy because it could not be disproved. 'My letter to Huyghens,' he says, 'was directed to Mr. Oldenburg, who used to keep the originals. His papers came into Mr. Hooke's possession. Mr. Hooke, knowing my hand, might have the curiosity to look into that letter, and thus take the notion of comparing the forces of the planets from their circular motion, and so what he wrote to me afterwards about the rate of gravity might be nothing but the fruit of my own garden. And it is more than I can affirm, that the duplicate proportion was not expressed in that letter.' Halley, Newton's firmest friend, and by no means attached to Hooke, was indignant at the slander, and his remonstrance, at last, drew from the jealous and irritated philosopher the wish that he had spared the postscript to his last letter, and he added, with a bad grace, the following scholium to the fourth proposition:—'The inverse law of gravity holds in all the celestial motions, as was discovered also, independently, by my countrymen Wren, Hooke, and Halley.'

From Newton's correspondence it is evident that he was much annoyed by the controversies into which he had been drawn by his optical and astronomical discoveries; but he suffered more during the long and painful disputes resulting from his mathematical investigations. While maintaining his hypothesis

of light, or defending his originality of experiment, against the attacks of Robert Hooke, he could not but respect the genius of his antagonist, and make some allowance for the infirmity of his temper and the forwardness of his ambition, when he remembered how frequently he had himself said that which he would have willingly recalled, and withheld admissions he should have freely made. The continental philosophers who had opposed his opinions, and with whom he had been brought into controversy, out of deference to the wishes of his friends, and in opposition to his own judgment, were not men calculated to do more than trouble him by their inferiority. But after having raised himself to the highest throne in the kingdoms of physical science, he was again compelled to descend into the arena of party strife, and defend his right from a charge of usurpation. It was no mean claimant who now challenged him, but a man whose mathematical genius was scarcely inferior to his own; one who had been acknowledged as a leader and an authority, possessing an intellectual wealth that could buy the suffrages of the learned. Willingly would we draw a veil over the history of this encounter, for when it is told it dishonours many who were actors in the strife, and mars the dignity of all. Leibnitz, the challenger, who not only asserted his right to priority in the discovery of the differential calculus, but charged Newton with the appropriation of it in his method of fluxions, has much right on his side; but this is small praise if he is to be branded as a man faithless to his friend, unscrupulous in word and act, greedy of honour, and insensible to the demands of truth. Bernoulli takes the character of a timid defamer, who writes that which he has not the courage to acknowledge and defend, and heaps lie upon lie to hide his fault, until by the contradictions of his falsehoods, no less than by the treachery of his accomplice, he stands convicted and dishonoured, repenting and pitied. Even Newton himself, in the whirlwind of strife, lost his usual stability and serenity of mind in a storm of resentment, and employed a committee of the Royal Society in publishing the documents he provided, and the explanations he wrote, sheltering himself from attack under their protection. Dr. Keill was rough and violent in his attacks upon Leibnitz, but there was something in his conduct we cannot but admire; for without admitting all his opinions, we recognise in him a faithful friend and an honest man; one who speaks what he thinks, and does not hesitate to deny the power of intellect to cover misrepresentation and falsehood.

Upon a review of the evidence afforded by this controversy, apart from all the circumstances which have made it a stained page in the history of philosophy, we entirely agree with the judgment Sir David Brewster has passed upon it.

'The following are the results at which we have arrived:—1. That Newton was the first inventor of the method of fluxions; that the method was incomplete in its notation, and that the fundamental principle of it was not published to the world till 1687, twenty years after he had invented it; 2. That Leibnitz communicated to Newton in 1677 his differential calculus with a complete system of notation, and that he published it in 1684, three years before the publication of Newton's method.'

To this we must add, that although Newton is free from the charge of plagiarism, and there can be no doubt that he was the first inventor of the method of fluxions, he brought upon himself the controversy, and is to be blamed for having kept his discovery secret, and afterwards claimed that which he had refused or neglected to communicate. Under what motive he may have acted in delaying, as he so frequently did, the publication of his discoveries, it is difficult to determine. The supposition most favourable to him is, that he dreaded a renewal of the controversy in which he had been frequently involved. But if such was the cause, he took the most unlikely means to accomplish his purpose, and placed himself so far beyond the right to complain as to justify a doubt whether he ought to be heard when he entered his plea. It would be an unworthy imputation to suppose that he neglected to publish his discoveries that he might continue his investigations without interference; and it is not possible to believe him so indifferent to his reputation as to be satisfied with the gratification he derived from his researches, and the enlarged view he obtained of natural phenomena.

Among the labours of the Hercules of science, the investigation of the irregularities in the motion of the moon cannot be omitted. In this inquiry he was engaged in 1692, when, according to some of the French philosophers, he was insane; but, according to his own account, was suffering from a distemper, which seized his head and prevented him from sleeping, on one occasion for five days together, and on another for more than one hour a night during a fortnight. That such should have been the effects of his intense study is not surprising. Long after this investigation was closed, he told Mr. Machin 'that his head had never ached but when he was studying that subject,' and when urged by Mr. Conduitt to complete his theory of the moon, he replied, 'that it made his head ache, and kept him awake so often that he would think of it no more.' He seems to have felt, when he recollected the effect of this mighty effort of mind, as he did when he recalled the image of the sun years after he made the experiment whether human eye could gaze on the unshrouded majesty of day. One act was as daring an effort of the intellect as the other was of physical endurance; but there is no more

proof that his mind was destroyed by the investigation of the lunar irregularities than that he became blind. The want of correct observations, however, caused him to abandon his inquiries before they were completed. In 1694, he a second time opened a correspondence with Flamsteed, the Queen's astronomer, to obtain his observation on the moon with the intention of completing his investigations. These Flamsteed supplied freely, but not so fast as Newton desired, and the philosopher became irritable, and sometimes insulting. Neither the mathematician nor the observer made allowance for difficulties in the situation of the other. Newton forgot, that in an observatory supported almost entirely by the private purse of an individual, where a series of observations were regularly made, it was difficult to find time to prepare the calculations he required; and Flamsteed did not sufficiently allow for the impatience of a man who, in a profound investigation, was compelled to wait his leisure. Considering Flamsteed's great dislike to Halley, and his knowledge that he possessed influence over the mind of Newton, his conduct under great provocation appears to us forbearing. The following unjust and egotistical letter is one written by Newton to the astronomer:—

'After I had helped you where you had stuck fast in your three great works, that of the theory of Jupiter's satellites, that of your catalogue of the fixed stars, and that of calculating the moon's places from observations, and in all these things freely communicated to you what was perfect in its kind (so far as I could make it), and of more value than many observations, and what (in one of them) contains more than two months' hard labour, which I should never have undertaken but on your account, and which I told you I undertook that I might have something to return you for the observations you then gave me hope of, and yet when I had done saw no prospect of obtaining them, or of getting your synopses rectified, I despaired of compassing the moon's theory, and had thought of giving it over as a thing impracticable, and occasionally told a friend so who then made me a visit. But now you offer me these observations which you made before the year 1690. I thankfully accept of your offer, and will get as many of them computed as are sufficient for my purpose.'—Vol. ii. pp. 175-6.

To this Flamsteed replied:—

'I have just cause to complain of the style and expression of your last letter. They are not friendly; but that you may know me not to be of that quarrelsome humour I am represented by the clerk of the Society (Halley), I shall waive all, save this expression, that what you communicated to me was of more value than many observations. I grant it—as the wire is of more worth than the gold from which it is drawn. I gathered the gold matter, and fined and presented it to you sometimes washed. I hope you value not my pains the less because they became yours so easily. I allow you to value your own as highly

as you please, and require no other reward for what assistance I sometimes afford you, but that I may now and then see some of the workmanship; and if that be not ready when I desire it, or if you think it not fit to favour me with it, I can easily be contented.'—Ib. pp. 177-8.

We agree with Sir David Brewster, that there is nothing in what has been seen by the public of Flamsteed's letters to justify Newton's attack upon him, and Newton himself probably felt that he was in fault when he replied—'Such expostulations or expressions in your last and some other letters as tend to difference, I pass by.' To this Flamsteed replied with a remarkable frankness when contrasted with Newton's imperfect and reserved acknowledgment of his own testiness, and appears to mark a generous character—'Your letter sets all right betwixt us. I have as great a stock of patience, and as good an one, as I have of observations, and it is always drawn out on every occasion to serve my friends. My indisposition hindered me from serving you as I desired. You mistook the reason of my silence. I hope you will have the patience on my account that you demand of me on yours.' Newton knew that the plea of illness was no excuse, for Flamsteed suffered under a complication of maladies,—incessant headache, a pulmonary complaint, and stone; and was assailed by a party of scientific men, of whom Halley was one, if not the principal, because he had been observing for twenty years, and refused to print until he completed the catalogue and tables upon which he had been engaged.

Towards the close of the year 1695 Newton completed his theory of the moon; but no communication was made to Flamsteed, who, in January, 1696, wrote to inquire whether this was the case, and why he had received no letter from him for four months; but his letter remained unanswered.

In the beginning of the year 1695 Newton received the appointment of Warden of the Mint, through the interest of his friend Charles Montague, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards received the title of Lord Halifax, and became First Lord of the Treasury. In 1703 he was elected President of the Royal Society; and on the occasion of Queen Anne's visit to the University of Cambridge, in 1705, he received knighthood.

If we could here close our notice of the life of the philosopher, or simply follow him into the retirement of a happy home, surrounded by all the enjoyments and honourable associations he had nobly won, without a sacrifice of historic truth, we would not turn over the last page in the history of his controversies. He had scarcely commenced his duties as president of the Royal Society, when Flamsteed informed him that his catalogue was nearly ready for publication, and that he was pre-

paring to print it at his own cost, if the public would pay the expense of copying it for the press. Nothing however was done to procure him the assistance required until April, 1704, by which time much of the calculation had been done by persons whom the astronomer had employed, and paid out of his own funds. Newton then visited him, and seeing the extent and value of his labours, offered to speak *privately* to the Prince, the consort of Queen Anne, and to obtain, if possible, his assistance. To this Flamsteed objected, very properly as we think, but unreasonably in Newton's opinion, insisting that if done at all it should be done publicly. An estimate of the cost of printing was accordingly prepared and sent to the Royal Society, and Newton was deputed to wait upon the Prince and request pecuniary assistance. At this interview it was resolved that Newton, Robartes, Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Gregory, and such other Fellows of the Royal Society as Newton might appoint, should be a committee to determine what papers should be printed. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more humiliating position than this for a man who had laboured for twenty years, almost entirely at his own cost, in the preparation of these documents, and who, if left alone, would have nobly finished his work without supervision, and, if need had been, without pay. Newton was now a Government agent, and he was at last within reach of possession of the gold from which he made his ring. With his own hand he drew up an agreement, which, if signed, bound the astronomer in chains so galling we may pardon the complaints of the prisoner. It is strange how easily Sir David Brewster drops into the style and manner of a special pleader in defending Newton's assumed bargain, and his mode of carrying it out; and yet, judging by the evidence that is published, there is no act in the life of the great philosopher so unworthy of him as a man as his treatment of Flamsteed. It is possible that his mind had been prejudiced against the Queen's astronomer by Halley, and that he had himself been irritated by the want of observations when engaged upon the theory of the moon; but nothing can justify a hard bargain with such a man for such a purpose, nor the air of authority with which he carried out the conditions, much less the introduction of Halley in the business. Sir David Brewster's inconsistency in discussing the motives and character of Flamsteed are too apparent to require notice. After frequently complaining that no provision had been made for Newton till a late period of life, and insisting upon the necessity of endowing eminent scientific men (which we should regard as a great public misfortune), he ventures to make a vile charge against Flamsteed, a man who received the paltry stipend of one hundred pounds a year towards the support of a

national observatory, and paid all the expenses out of his own pocket. 'It is obvious, indeed,' he says, 'that before and after he (Flamsteed) had signed the articles in 1705, the grand object of the Queen's astronomer was to secure a sum of money for himself, and that to obtain this, he threw every obstacle in the way of completing the work.' A more injurious assertion against a man's moral character was never made; and as Sir David is not without a strong conviction that his own authorship is to pass through the ordeal of a future examination, he will feel the necessity of supporting the assertion, and of giving the evidence required to form an opinion upon this transaction by the publication of the forty letters from Flamsteed to Newton, and all other documents having any reference to it, which are in his hands, or within his control. Newton's conduct to Flamsteed throughout their acquaintance has appeared so strange that even at a period when it was least objectionable it has been thought an act of charity to attribute his actions to insanity. But it would be better that he should be known to have given way to a petulance of temper, that he was imposed upon by a false estimate of character, or that he became a partisan under the persuasions of friendship, than that his veneration for sacred things, his interest in holy Scripture, and his religious studies, duties, and services should be attributed to the imbecility of a worn-out mind. Until the evidence required has been given, it will be impossible to discuss the question of right or wrong with fairness; but from what is before us, we fear that whatever may have been the conduct and character of Flamsteed, Newton did not act honourably towards him, and that Halley, who was introduced by Sir Isaac with a perfect knowledge of their mutual antipathy, had more to do with the strife than would be honourable to his reputation to relate.

In this brief review of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, the great philosopher will be recognised by the reader with no diminution in the splendour of his mental endowments, but with the spots and disfigurements of our common nature. Though the brightness of his moral character may be shaded, and the mythical perfection once attached to his name be lost, his memory will be no less revered. After a life of eighty-five years, so important in all its acts that men, two hundred years younger, curiously pry into its minutest events, discuss every act, note the expression of every word, and the shade of every passing thought or passion that ruffled his mind, we may record the defects of his character in a few lines as the results of natural temperament, and pronounce him not only one of the most gifted of mankind, but a man whose faults were the inborn qualities of his mind and not the acquirements of vicious habits.

ART. II.—*The Psalms of David Imitated in New Testament Language. By the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D., together with his Three Books of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, re-arranged in One Series.* The whole carefully Revised by Josiah Conder. 18mo and 24mo. London: Snow. 1851.

2. *Watts and Others.* Including the Psalms, by Isaac Watts, D.D., Revised; his Hymns of the Three Books, Revised and Arranged; and Supplementary Hymns. With Indexes to all. By John Burder. 24mo. London: Ward & Co.
3. *The Congregational Hymn-Book.* A Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. Compiled by Direction of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. New Edition. London: Jackson & Walford.
4. *The Hymn-Book.* Prepared from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and other Authors. With some Originals. 18mo. Third Edition. London: Ward & Co.
5. *Psalms, Hymns, and Passages of Scripture, for Christian Worship.* Compiled by the Congregational Ministers of Leeds. 18mo. London: Partridge & Oakey. 1853.
6. *A Selection of Hymns for the Use of Baptist Congregations.* Intended as a Supplement to Watts's Psalms and Hymns. The Sixty-fifth, being an Improved and Enlarged Edition of the New Selection. London: Printed for the Trustees. 1852.
7. *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns, adapted chiefly for Congregational and Social Worship.* By Baptist Wriothesley Noel, M.A. 18mo. London: Gardiner. 1853.
8. *The Book of Common Praise.* An Attempt to Supply a Deficiency generally felt and lamented in the Public Services of the Church of England. 18mo. London: Seeley. 1850.
9. *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship.* 18mo. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1855.
10. *Portions of the Psalms,* in English Verse, Selected for Public Worship. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Rector of Hurstmonceaux, &c. 18mo. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1839.

OUR Psalmody and Hymnody are becoming critically unmanageable. The luxuriant growth of the last twenty years has amounted to an absolute glut. It would almost require a Panizzi to catalogue and classify the multitudinous selections, collections, and original hymns that have, within that time, issued from the press. A hundred years ago, in the churches of the Establishment, Sternhold and Hopkins divided with Tate and Brady

the honour of being the only orthodox and authorized versifiers of the Psalter; and with the exception of Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns, no other compositions than theirs were to be heard from the sweet voices of the parish choirs. In Nonconformist churches, the 'Psalms and Hymns' of Dr. Watts, (who, if not strictly 'the inventor of hymns in our language,' as Mr. Montgomery has styled him, first succeeded in overcoming the prejudice which opposed the introduction of Christian hymns into our public worship,) was coming into use in the place of Patrick's Version, or some other 'Jewish Psalm-book.' The reform which Dr. Watts had the honour of originating in English psalmody has not hitherto extended north of the Tweed. There, the uncouth and baldly literal version of the Psalter by the Parliamentary Provost of Eton, known strangely enough under the title of 'The Scotch Psalms,' still maintains its singular hold upon the tenacious predilections of the Scottish people, who can discern in its rugged numbers, as in the drone of the national bagpipe, a mysterious charm imperceptible by southern ears. 'We would not even like,' says a writer in the 'British and Foreign Evangelical Review,' in advocating an improved psalmody, 'to see any liberties used with our old version' (Rous's) 'of the Psalms, in which, to use the language of Dr. Beattie, there is a manly though severe simplicity without any affected refinement, and many passages so beautiful as to stand in need of no emendation.' Strange, that scarcely any one born out of Scotland has been able to perceive the beauties of this Version, and that no Scotchman apparently can appreciate the merits of Dr. Watts![*]

In this country, where Presbyterianism itself seems to lose something of its severity, and less of conservative tenacity enters into the composition of the national character, we are in evident danger of running into an opposite fault as regards our psalmody. Instead of adhering too rigidly to one antiquated standard, one authorized psalm-book, not only has every Religious Denomination its peculiar hymn-book, but, in numberless instances, the fastidious taste of a congregation or of its pastor can be satisfied only

* 'Brit. and For. Evang. Review,' vol. iii. p. 124. In a former article on 'German Hymnology' (vol. ii. p. 181), it is remarked, that 'the general and popular use of lively Gospel hymns in England does not date much further back than the labours of Watts and Doddridge, and the great revival of religious feeling under Hervey, Whitefield, and the Wesleys.' 'There are thousands of Presbyterian worshippers,' it is added, 'who to this day content themselves with the rough, bald, and scarcely metrical prose of Rous; and some, though their number is happily decreasing, who think it a sin against God to use any praises in His worship which contain the name of Jesus.' The Scotch Editor, in a note, puts in his caveat against this remark, citing the 'devout Romaine's' preference of Sternhold's Version and the Scotch to *Watts's jingle!*

by a special selection for the use of the particular church or chapel,—'to be had in the vestry.' In the Church of England itself, which boasts so much of the uniformity of its services and the precision of its rubrics, the multiplication and diversity of psalm and hymn-books have become a scandal and an offence, and one which ecclesiastical authority finds itself unable to deal with in the way of discipline; and there seems no likelihood at present, that uniformity of usage in respect to any hymn-book, under whatever sanction put forth, can be generally enforced.

'That our psalmody is the most inefficient and unsatisfactory part of our church service,' says Archdeacon Hare, in the Preface to his Selection, 'is generally acknowledged, and has often been openly declared, even by persons of high authority in the church. It is implied, moreover, in the various collections and selections, the psalm-books and hymn-books, which are compiled every year; and which have become so numerous that almost every other church and chapel has one of its own, and all uniformity in this branch of our public worship is at an end. A still sadder proof is the listlessness, which is so much complained of, exhibited by most congregations, except where there is a favourite hymn-book, during this part of the service. Yet this is the very part of the service in which one might naturally expect the congregation would most delight in joining. Few can have visited dissenting meetings without having a wish awakened in them, that in our churches also the praises of God might rise from the lips and the hearts of all the people; and doubtless this has often operated as an attraction whereby many have been drawn away to the conventicle. Hence, divers appeals have been addrest to the persons who bear rule in our church, calling upon them to remedy this grievous defect by the publication of an authorized hymn-book. Indeed, few measures they could adopt would conduce more to the edification of our people than a hymn-book which might be to us, both in church and amid our families, what the Moravian hymn-book and Wesley's are to the members of their communions. . . .

'There can be little doubt, that one main cause of the inanimateness of our psalmody is the character of the authorized version most commonly in use. Composed in one of the feeblest ages of our poetry, in an age, too, altogether alien from primitive simplicity and devotional fervour, the New Version, as it has been called, has been singularly successful in stripping the Psalms of their life and power. The diction is mostly of the tamest kind, trickt out with tarnisht ornaments, and the poetical as well as the religious spirit of the original has almost entirely evaporated. At times the meaning is grossly perverted . . . Many have avowed a decided preference for the Old Version. Many have spoken of a good poetical version of the Psalms as an impossibility.'

If the learned Author imagined that he had achieved the impossibility, he was utterly self-deceived. Apart from the mistaken principle upon which his Version is based, it is altogether deficient in poetical merit, or, indeed, in merit of any kind. He says himself of the Scotch Version, which he prefers to either of

the English authorized metrical versions, that 'it might be deemed almost perfect as a version designed for public worship, unless it had been composed with a strange disregard of grammar, idiom, rhythm, and metre.' In these respects, certainly, his own selection approaches to the perfection so strangely eulogized. The excellence which he appears chiefly to have aimed at is condensation. In the Authorized Versions, he remarks, 'the thoughts are very often overladen with an accumulation of words, which in the Old Version are an idle surplusage; in the New, tawdry bombast.' And he takes as an instance, almost at random, verse 3 of Psalm xcv.—'For the Lord is a great God and a great king above all gods;' diluted, in the Old Version, into

'For *why?* the Lord *he* is *no doubt*
A great *and mighty* God,
A king above all gods *throughout*,
In all the world abroad.'

'In the New Version,' he says, 'it is thus puft out:'

'For God the Lord, *enthroned in state*,
Is *with unrivalled glory* great;
A king *superior far to all*
Whom gods the heathens falsely call.'

'Is it,' he adds, 'to be wondered at, that verses of this kind should awaken no devotion in those who have to sing them?' What, then, is his own version?—

'Jehovah is a mighty God,
A mighty King is He
Above all gods: all things are His,
The heavens, the earth, the sea.'

There is nothing tawdry or diffuse here; but its superior fitness to awaken devotion we confess ourselves unable to discern. How vastly superior in every respect is Dr. Watts's still simpler rendering—

'The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.'—

And again—

'Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.'

Slowly and reluctantly have the compilers of Church of England Psalm-books admitted the evangelical versions of Dr. Watts into their selections, while carefully concealing their authorship, through fear of giving offence by introducing the compositions of a Nonconformist divine. Hymns had indeed, till of late years, been considered as savouring too strongly of the conventicle, or of low-church tendencies, to be generally allowable. At length, the venerable Society for Promoting Christian

Knowledge have affixed their *imprimatur* to a collection which, though open to criticism, will at all events carry with it sufficient authority in the eyes of 'churchmen' to set at rest the question concerning the use of hymns as well as metrical psalms in public worship. 'Many persons,' remarks the Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, in a Tract occasioned by this publication, 'who have considered the singing of hymns not found in the Prayer-book an irregular proceeding, savouring of self-will or low-church tendencies, will scruple no longer to wander beyond the ancient boundary lines. Brady and Tate's best and worst will be diversified by other writers of sacred song, at least as much imbued with the soul of poetry; and Christian congregations, by hundreds, it may be, or even thousands, will be enabled henceforth to present to their Redeemer some weekly offering of praise more worthy of Christian men. The very name of the Society will ensure these advantages; and therefore the positive gain of such a collection is very considerable. If there be only a few of our best hymns in it, vast multitudes will now sing them who have never sung them before; and the rest must be bad indeed, if they are worse than much that is given out in the parish churches of England, Sunday after Sunday, from the New Version.'*

Mr. Gurney complains, however, that 'the large infusion of poor hymns is a great blot on the volume,' while 'many of the indifferent hymns are not even recommended by their being old friends.' 'Strikingly good hymns are omitted, and hymns not worth the reading or the singing fill the space they ought to have.' Too much ground has, it must be confessed, been afforded for similar complaints by the compilers and editors of most selections. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any hymn-book from which indifferent compositions should be altogether excluded, would satisfy the general taste. Many favourite hymns do not rise above the flattest mediocrity, and not a few are positively exceptionable; yet, the omission of these would, in many instances, be resented as an unpardonable offence.

The Congregational Hymn Book, originally published nearly twenty years ago, was the first attempt that had at that time been made to extend the range and improve the character of our hymnology by the introduction of compositions of a higher poetical merit, and at the same time by the selection, from every available source, of hymns of a class in regard to which a deficiency had been chiefly felt. The committee to whom the pre-

* 'Church Psalmody. Hints for the Improvement of a Collection of Hymns, just published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. By J. H. Gurney, Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone.' 18mo. London: Hatchard. 1853.

paration of the work was confided, express their opinion, 'that a great deficiency of hymns of praise and adoration characterizes most of our modern collections, and that our psalmody is in some danger of being too much diverted from its primary purpose by the introduction of so large a proportion of compositions of a descriptive, sentimental, or didactic character, instructive and edifying in themselves, but not in the form or spirit of either prayer or praise.' But 'the editor was soon made to feel that,' in respect to hymns of praise and adoration, 'the range of selection was extremely limited,' and that, 'for psalms and hymns of direct adoration and thanksgiving, the Christian Church is more indebted to Dr. Watts than to any other individual, not to say, than to all others.' The first hundred and twelve hymns of the selection are, however, of this description. 'In his own peculiar walk as the Poet of the Sanctuary,' the editor proceeds to say, 'Dr. Watts still stands almost alone. But, in his day, the Missionary spirit had not been poured out upon our churches; nor had Protestants been roused to a sense of their highest duty as the conservators of the true faith. For hymns breathing the spirit which ought to animate the exertions of the disciples of Christ to propagate the Gospel, the Church stood in need of additional contributors; and in the elevated and thrilling strains of a living writer (James Montgomery), we seem to hear the silver notes of the trumpet of jubilee.'* Between fifty and sixty hymns adapted to missionary occasions are given in this Selection. 'Another class of hymns,' it is remarked, 'in which Dr. Watts has been found deficient, is of an experimental cast. For these, we have to turn to the fervent compositions of Charles Wesley, to the pathetic complaints of Cowper, and to other writers of inferior order, whose hymns owe their popularity to this character.'† This distinction in the character of hymns as doctrinal or experimental, objective or subjective, had been almost entirely overlooked in previous Collections; yet it is of too much practical importance to be wisely disregarded, since an exclusive or disproportionate use of hymns of either cast cannot but affect the spirit and character of public worship. With a view to give

* Alluding to his hymn, 'Fair shines the Morning Star.'

† Of the 620 hymns in the 'Congregational Hymn-Book,' 48 are by Doddridge, 41 by Charles Wesley, 15 others are from the Wesleyan Collection, 61 from the Olney Hymns, 15 by Toplady, 23 by Kelly, 73 by James Montgomery, 10 by Bishop Heber, 10 by Miss Steele, 12 by Lyte, 7 by Fawcett, 5 by Cennick, 4 by Hart, 4 by Beddome, 4 by Madan, 11 by Bathurst, 62 by the Editor, 4 by Mrs. Conder, about 80 anonymous; there are 37 single hymns by as many different authors, and about 60 by 23 other writers, among whom are, Addison, Dryden, Sandys, Bishop Ken, Mason, G. T. Noel, Wardlaw, Jane Taylor, H. K. White, &c. Altogether, the names of *ascertained* authors amount to eighty.

prominence to the distinctive features of the compositions selected, the Committee of the Congregational Union adopted in their hymn-book a classification which, though it has been objected to as an inconvenient and too complicated arrangement, we cannot but regard as founded upon a right principle. Too generally, hymns have been selected purely on account of their suiting with a topic or text, with little or no reference to their fitness for congregational use; and pious meditations or devout rhapsodies, suitable only for the closet, are sometimes, with revolting impropriety, given out to be sung, perhaps to some inappropriate tune, by the mixed assembly. Many of Dr. Watts's hymns are such as the learned and devout Author could not possibly have intended for such indiscriminate use; which, nevertheless, find special favour with clerks and choirs from a tinge of mysticism or an erotic phraseology which was less the fault of the sacred poet than of his age. So long as Dr. Watts's entire volume is maintained in use, it is to be feared that such improprieties in our public worship will continue to be perpetrated.

Let not the memory of Dr. Watts be wronged by holding him responsible for this abuse of his invaluable compositions. No writer has furnished so large a number of psalms and hymns strictly suitable for public and social worship. The peculiar merit of his work, in this point of view, has been recognised by that philosophical pietist, Alexander Knox, who says: 'I almost think that he (Dr. Watts) was providentially appointed to furnish the revived movement of associated piety, which Divine wisdom foresaw would take place in England in the eighteenth century, with an unexampled stock of materials for that department (which alone needed to be so provided for) of their joint worship. Examine his poetry, and you will see that, though converse with God in solitude is not absolutely overlooked, the sheet-anchor is what he calls '*the sanctuary.*' In particular, in the Psalms, you find him generally applying to Christian assemblies what David said of the Temple service.' This, to the learned mystic, appeared 'a semi-Judaism, but a semi-Judaism necessary for the existing circumstances.'* The evangelical Judaism of Dr. Watts, however, was in direct antagonism to the Judaizing spirit in public worship, which it was his main purpose to counteract. 'Though there are many gone before me,' he says himself, in the original preface, 'that have taught the Hebrew Psalmist to speak English, yet, I think, I may assume this pleasure of being the first who have brought down the Royal Author into the common affairs of the Christian life, and led the Psalmist of Israel into

* Knox's 'Remains and Correspondence,' Vol. i. p. 124.

the Church of Christ, without anything of a Jew about him. And whensoever there shall appear any paraphrase of the Book of Psalms that hath more of the savour of piety, more of the style and spirit of the Gospel, with a superior dignity of verse, and yet the lines as easy and flowing, and the sense and language as level to the lowest capacity, I shall congratulate the world, and consent to say, Let this attempt of mine be buried in silence.'

That time has certainly not yet arrived; and till then, it is of high importance that the Evangelical Psalter of Dr. Watts should maintain its ground in our churches, in order to obviate the danger of falling back upon the oldness of the letter in preference to the newness of the spirit. That great reform in Christian Psalmody which Dr. Watts accounted it his highest honour to achieve, has not yet worked its way into the Presbyterian communion; and although his courageous and successful example has been followed by other Christian Psalmodists, more especially by James Montgomery, by Lyte, and by Goode, the principle of accommodating the Psalms to Christian worship continues to be to some in high places a stumbling-block. Thus, to Archdeacon Hare, 'it did not appear advisable to transform the Psalms into Christian hymns, rejoicing in the fulfilment of that which the Psalmists prophetically anticipate, as Watts and others have done.' The reason he assigns is, that such a change turns a version into a paraphrase, destroys the character of the Psalms by reversing their point of view, and produces a disjointed incongruous medley.' For this reason, he has 'avoided using the name of Christ,—the use of that name being a mark of the distinction between the Christian and ante-Christian age of the world.' Strange infatuation which would exclude the name of Christ, for so fantastic a reason, from the hymns of Christian worshippers!

On the other hand, so extreme are the vibrations of public opinion, there is some danger of passing from an obstinate and servile retention of a bald literal version of the Hebrew Psalms to a neglect of the metrical Psalter itself, by which we have brought home to our feelings that Jewish element of profound adoration which must enter into all acceptable worship. 'One prominent feature of the Psalms,' it has been remarked, 'is the ascription of glory to God as the Creator of all things. In the Psalms, the glory and incommunicable prerogatives of Jehovah, as the Maker, Preserver, and Proprietor of His creatures, are the leading theme, ever kept in view as supplying the strongest reason for adoration and praise. But can this element of true worship, which may be termed characteristically the Hebrew type, be recognised as pervading our modern hymnology? Is God, as Creator, 'the Father of Spirits,' the distinct object of

praise? With the exception of metrical versions of the Psalms, how few are the hymns which express the sentiment of worship paid to our Maker, or recognise specifically those claims to love, gratitude, and trust, which rise out of that indissoluble and most sacred of relations! . . . Nor is it in this respect alone, that, while the letter of the Psalms has been superstitiously honoured, their true spirit has failed to transfuse itself into our hymns and songs of praise. The eucharistic and jubilant spirit which breathes in the Choral Psalms, the full-toned burst of gratitude which continually strikes upon the heart in the Votive Psalms, and the rapturous sense of the Divine perfections which is expressed in those that celebrate the works of God, find scarcely any counterpart in our Christian hymns. But for the retention of the Psalms in entire series in our hymn books, there is reason to fear that a still wider departure from the true spirit of worship might have taken place in this part of our public service.'*

If, then, it may be contended, that we need not be tied down any longer to the exclusive use of either the Psalms or the Hymns of Dr. Watts; yet, there are good reasons for adhering to the distinction which he has established, and on which he justly laid great stress, between psalms and hymns, and for jealously preserving the evangelical spirit which breathes in his metrical versions of the Psalter. It would be strange, indeed, and most lamentable, if, now that Dr. Watts's Psalms are come to be so extensively adopted in collections of hymns for the use of even the churches of the establishment, Nonconformists should be found laying his Version aside, or preferring to his long familiar and spiritual strains the bald doggrel of the old Versions, the florid paraphrases of Merrick, or the frigid and stilted verse of Keble. Even Montgomery, devotional as he is in spirit, and musical as are his numbers, is generally inferior to Dr. Watts in terseness and in the adaptation of his versions to public worship. In another respect, Dr. Watts's surpassing merits have scarcely been appreciated. In transfusing the spirit of the Psalms into his metrical versions, he has performed to a great extent the true part of an expositor, rarely blending any sentiment of his own with the language of the Inspired Psalmist, except for the purpose of giving to it an evangelical tone or application.

The full extent of our obligations, as Nonconformists, to the labours of Dr. Watts will not be appreciated, unless we take into account the salutary influence of the constant use of his Psalms and Hymns in keeping alive the flame of evangelical piety in Congregational churches, amid wide-spread declension from doctrinal soundness, and the frigid formalism of stereotyped

* Conder's 'Poet of the Sanctuary,' pp. 63-67.

orthodoxy. With the exception of some improprieties of expression which the venerated Author would, if living, be the first to wish cancelled, the theology of Dr. Watts in his Psalms and Hymns is so well tempered, that an Arminian can scarcely quarrel with his Calvinism, and every part of the Christian doctrine is employed for the purpose of aiding devotion or of stimulating to practical piety. Upon the mediatorial office and priesthood of Christ, (a point upon which the Anglican liturgy, as well as the Romish service-book, is seriously deficient,) Dr. Watts is especially full and explicit. The way of access to the Throne of Grace, and the advocacy of our Great High Priest, are constantly kept before the mind of the worshipper as the true ground of confidence and a check to presumption and mysticism. At the same time, as Mr. Montgomery has remarked, Dr. Watts, 'though a conscientious dissenter, is so entirely catholic in his hymns, that it cannot be discovered from any of these that he belonged to any particular sect.' In the original Preface to his Hymns, he says: 'I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of Christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the Word of God, and sing His praises with understanding. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are excluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.'

Now, as Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns has hitherto been the staple as well as the standard of our evangelical psalmody, and its predominant use in our worship has unquestionably tended to preserve among us what may be regarded as the peculiar type of our Nonconformist theology and devotion,—linking us in character and in feeling to the saints of past generations who worshipped God and The Lamb in the same strains, and forming a visible bond of denominational unity and fellowship,—the laying aside of his volume must be regarded as no immaterial circumstance, nor can it be acquiesced in without regret. Before it is finally adopted, it behoves us, at least, to look carefully at what, in parting with Dr. Watts, we must certainly give up, and what we run some risk of being deprived of.

And, in the first place, we may be allowed to express the reluctance we feel in consenting to part with the venerable personality whose effigy so long adorned the various editions of the Hymn-book of our childhood and schoolhood. We well recollect the neat Pasham's and Corall's editions, in polished black calf or morocco of various brilliant hues, gilt-edged, with the mild, beaming portrait of Isaac Watts, D.D., in wig and gown, or his effigy as it appears in Westminster Abbey, which had such attractions in youthful eyes, and a copy of which, enclosed

in silken or leathern case, was so fondly prized as to border upon what would now be styled bibliolatry. The portrait has long disappeared which familiarized to the eye the form of the venerable Psalmodist; but still, the personality of Dr. Watts has survived in our imagination. Who among us has not felt indebted, more or less, to Dr. Watts as his earliest instructor in the mother tongue of devotion, and the educator of his heart in lessons of piety? And who is not conscious of having thus imbibed a personal regard and reverence for his memory, which has enhanced the charm and power of his verse? A multifarious collection of anonymous hymns, or hymns the greater portion of which are by unknown or obscure writers, must altogether lack this potent spell. We never thoroughly enter into the spirit of poetry without having a personal sympathy with the poet and feeling an interest in his history. It is true that some anonymous poems and hymns of rare excellence or beauty have taken a strong hold upon the public mind; but, as a general rule, we yield with more satisfaction, as well as with keener sympathy, to the influence of sacred compositions stamped with the seal of personal sanctity, and speaking to our hearts of the poet's own experience. Such hymns, for instance, as 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and 'Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,' must have been held precious, even had the author of them remained wholly unknown; but what deepened pathos they acquire from their connexion with the religious experience of the Poet of Olney! Persons of poetical taste may derive much gratification from miscellaneous selections of choice pieces; but how very different is the effect produced by such volumes from the constant perusal of a favourite author—of Shakespeare or of Milton, of Wordsworth or of Byron! The compositions of Dr. Watts will continue to edify and comfort the churches of Christ as long, probably, as the English language is spoken; but, with the disuse of his volume, the author disappears and is lost in the crowd of departed worthies. Like his effigy, his mental image will fade away.

Far be it from us to wish to countenance such a superstitious reverence for any uninspired compositions, whether liturgical or metrical, ancient or modern, as would exalt them to a parity with the Holy Scriptures in sacredness or authority. Yet, the attachment of the Episcopalian to his Common Prayer Book, of the Nonconformist to his Psalm and Hymn Book, each venerable from the traditions that hallow its use, and from the holy and tender aspirations interwoven with its familiar language,—claims respect as being founded upon principles deeply seated in our nature, and conservative of piety and the best affections. The stanzas lisped in infancy, taught by a mother's voice, or fami-

liarized to us in early life by the public service, faulty or poor in composition as they may be, possess a charm which no novelties, how superior soever in poetic merit, can exert. A peculiarly sacred character attaches to the hymns or portions of hymns, the repetition of which contributed to solace the last days, and to kindle emotions of joy in the parting moments of those we have loved and lost. It is pleasant, too, to unite in strains of praise which we know to have employed the lips and hearts of our pious ancestors whose faith we follow, and to realize, in this part of our common worship, that

> 'The saints on earth and all the dead
> But one communion make.'

There is, perhaps, no hymn in the English language or in any other, that has employed so many voices and hearts in the same accents of praise, never palling by repetition, as Dr. Watts's incomparable hymn—

> 'Come let us join our cheerful songs.'

It may be quite possible to produce a hymn of superior merit; but who could hope to succeed in rivalling the sublime simplicity, the felicitous adaptation, and the universal acceptance of this version of the heavenly song, which would have been sufficient of itself to immortalize the writer? Now, the charm belonging to the psalms and hymns which have descended to us as traditions, and been sanctified by our early recollections, attaches also to the book which contains them; and, were it nothing more than a fond prejudice which inspires reluctance to give up the use of it in its entireness or distinct identity, such a prejudice is worthy of respect. But there is a positive advantage accruing from associations and reminiscences of so hallowed and salutary character, which it is undesirable to sacrifice, unless for some important and countervailing benefit.

A Public Hymn-book ought to have, or to be, a sort of accredited authority, such as can be safely deferred to in the exercise of devotional feelings without questioning or exception. Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns have heretofore been invested with this prescriptive authority to a considerable extent. The Wesleyan Hymn Book, which, notwithstanding the varied authorship of its contents, is scarcely less strongly marked by the pervading genius of an individual,—'the Poet of Methodism,' bears also the seal of personal editorial authority as it came from the hands of the great Founder of the Connexion, within the wide circle of which it is looked to with implicit reverence and fondness as a text-book of devotion. A sort of authority will ever attach to the prestige of usage, of consentaneous usage, by which a book

acquires the character of a common symbol of faith and devotion. It is obvious that a multiplication of different hymn-books is quite destructive of this sort of authority or endearing prestige. It is not by calling a book 'The Hymn Book,' that it can be constituted what that title seems to arrogate for it; and when people speak of any particular collection or selection of hymns as '*Our* Hymn Book,' it makes a vast difference in the import of that fond pronoun, whether it denotes the hymn-book in use in a particular church or congregation only, or one used in common by a communion of churches worshipping God, generation after generation, in the same familiar strains of praise. In the one case, the peculiar hymn-book, instead of being a bond of denominational unity, is but a symbol of schism: in the other, the common hymn-book is at once expressive and conservative of that unity of spirit which all Christian churches ought solicitously to cultivate, and a perpetual testimony to the essential oneness of the faith professed. We need not be told, that the compulsory use of one psalter or hymn book would not produce or secure either doctrinal agreement or cordial union. On the other hand, a great point is gained when Christian worshippers of different communions are found agreeing in the adoption of the same hymns of praise. There is now a considerable number of psalms and hymns which have come into very general use, being found more or less in most collections. In the Wesleyan Hymn Book, sixty-six of Dr. Watts's compositions are now included. In the 'Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship,' printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we find, among other well-known and favourite hymns, Watts's 'Come let us join our cheerful songs,' and 'When I survey the wondrous Cross;' Doddridge's 'Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes;' Montgomery's 'Hail to the Lord's anointed,' 'Hark! the Song of Jubilee,' and, 'O Spirit of the Living God;' Toplady's 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me;' Cowper's 'Oh for a closer walk with God;' and several of Charles Wesley's finest hymns. Of the two hundred hymns, sixteen are by Dr. Watts, and sixty-five are hymns found in the Congregational Hymn Book; while, among the versions of psalms, which are chiefly from the Old and New Versions, there are three by Mr. Montgomery, and one by Mr. Conder. In most of the collections used in the Church of England, put forth under private editorship, a larger proportion of the versions of psalms are taken from Dr. Watts. Still, considering the auspices under which this publication is issued, it exhibits a remarkable advance in liberality and catholicity of feeling. Again, in most congregations of the Baptist denomination, Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns are still retained in constant use, together with the New Selection (so entitled to dis-

tinguish it from Dr. Rippon's selection), which was 'intended as a supplement to Dr. Watts.' This selection contains 684 hymns by various authors, of which 187 are common to this and the Congregational Hymn Book. And it would probably be found that the hymns which are common to the different collections, are generally, if not intrinsically the best, the most frequently used.

Now, this approximation to consent of testimony and practical agreement in our public psalmody, may be regarded as affording matter for satisfaction in more than one point of view. Considering the wide discrepancy of theological sentiment that separated, while living, the Wesleys and their disciples from Toplady and Cennick, from the poets of the 'Gospel Magazine,' and the Authors of the 'Olney Hymns,'—considering that every doctrinal school, high and low Calvinism, Arminianism and Sandemanianism, high-church and low-church theology, Mysticism, and what is known under the name of Puseyism,—have each and all furnished their contingent to our popular collections of sacred poetry, it is surprising as well as pleasing that so little that can be deemed positively exceptionable by any sect or party has crept into the general stock of our hymns. Thus, the

> '—— varying sects in common hymns avow
> Their harmony of creed:
> From age to age, from church to church sent on,
> The songs of Zion are in unison.'

Now and then, doctrinal peculiarities are implied, rather than expressed, which, in plain prose, might startle and offend persons holding different tenets; but, generally speaking, the diversity of character in the mass of our popular hymns, is such as arises from individual idiosyncrasies more than from sectarian differences. Still, there is reason to fear that a spurious catholicity of sentiment may lead to the admission into our selections of hymns of equivocal spirit and tendency. The increasing multiplication of hymns and hymn-books is likely, moreover, to produce a wider diversity in our customary use of these common forms of devotion and praise. The hymns now serving as the common medium of Christian devotion, will come to bear a smaller proportion to the general mass; and thus, practically, we shall recede more and more from the catholic unity in this part of public worship to which we have hitherto seemed to be tending. The tenacious adherence to one defective or inferior Selection would seem to be, were it the only alternative, preferable to a capricious and ever-growing diversity.

Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns has hitherto been the common (though not exclusive) hymn-book of evangelical Nonconformists alike of the Independent and the Baptist denominations. We

shall deeply regret to see this link between them severed by the abrogation of his volume in compliance with the clamour for a single book. In the American churches, as well as in the old country, Dr. Watts has been as it were the symbol and glory of our common Congregationalism. No other author, no other book will ever succeed to this honour. We have been accustomed to boast, that four of the most popular productions of genius in the English language, 'Paradise Lost,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Watts's Psalms and Hymns,' are the works of Protestant Dissenters: are we to see one of these consigned to desuetude? If it must be so, let us be sure that we gain as much as we lose, by the sacrifice of inferior to higher considerations. Dr. Watts, were he living, would disdain to stand in the way of any change adapted to promote the edification of the churches of Christ; and it is from no undue partiality to his memory, that we have felt it our duty to point out the obligations which we are under to the Poet of our sanctuary, and the probable results of merging his compositions in a Selection. Or, if it be a weakness, let it be pardoned that we are jealous, as Protestant Dissenters, for the reputation of the great congregationalist poet and divine, and are unwilling to see him dethroned from his eminence by the hands of his own children. We are not ashamed either of our nonconformity or of our denominationalism; and hold it to be a false and vicious liberality or catholicism, call it what you will, which disclaims all ties of religious affinity, all peculiar reverence for our ecclesiastical ancestry, or for the distinguished men who have reflected honour by their genius or labours upon their own communion and ours, lest, forsooth, we should subject ourselves to the imputation of sectarianism. Surely, it ought to be a sufficient vindication against any such charge, that we have adopted, to so large an extent, the hymns of Ken and Heber, of Charles Wesley and Toplady, of Montgomery and Lyte. But why is Watts to be set aside, or to be deprived of our just preference? We cannot refrain from noticing, on the part of the Compilers of the Leeds Hymn Book, a bias in favour of other writers, which has led to the adoption of versions of the Psalms, decidedly inferior to those by Dr. Watts. For instance, take those given of Psalms ii., iii., iv., xxxii., cxiii., and cxxx., in the place of his versions. Of the xxxiind Psalm, Dr. Watts has given three, a S. M., a C. M., and a L. M., and the last is in general use: they are all rejected for such feebleness as the following:—

> How blest the man whose conscious grief
> From Thee, great God, hath found relief,
> Whose guilt Thy boundless love hath *veil'd*,
> His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd.

So when *the* storms and tempests *lour*,
And floods of wrath their tempests pour,
They, from the floods and stormy wind,
In Thee a hiding-place shall find.

Of the cxxxth Psalm, Dr. Watts has a C. M. and a L. M. Although they are not among his happiest versions, we challenge for either comparison with Keble's doggrel.

From deeps so wild and drear,
I call Thee, Lord, most high:
Lord, hear my prayer, *unseal Thine ear*,
Receive my mournful cry.

If Thou, Lord, bear in mind
All evil deeds, O Lord,
Who might abide? But Thou art kind,
With Thee is pardon stor'd:

With Thee is pardon stor'd,
Thine holy fear to aid;
I stay'd for mine Almighty Lord,
My soul in quiet stay'd.

Had the Author of the 'Christian Year' been known only by his metrical version of the Psalms, no one would have ranked him in poetical powers above Thomas Sternhold or Nahum Tate; and we cannot imagine why Dissenters are to discontinue the evangelical strains of their own time-hallowed psalmody for the uncouth and scarcely grammatical stanzas of the Puseyite bard, who would doubtless himself scorn Dr. Watts as a canting heretic. If intended as a show of liberality, it is such as will be rewarded only with contempt.

Of Dr. Watts's 'Imitations' of the Psalms, there are 339 in different metres. Of these, 230 are retained, either wholly or in part, in Mr. Conder's revised edition, which is more than twice as many as are comprised in any mixed collection. In the Hymn Book of Dr. Reed only 96 are given; in the Leeds Hymn Book only 124, and these with large excisions, two-thirds of Dr. Watts's psalms being, in fact, struck out. His hymns do not fare much better. Of the 366 in his Three Books, 240 of which are preserved in the Revised Edition, the Leeds Hymn Book gives only 139. We will not enter into any dispute on the ground of taste, as to the comparative merit of the hymns rejected and those which have found preference over Dr. Watts's compositions. Our object is simply to call attention to the broad fact that, upon the disuse of the venerated Author's Psalms and Hymns as a separate volume, the rejection of the larger portion of his psalms and hymns from constant use will inevitably follow. The object Mr. Conder has had in view in his 'Revised Edition' is, to avert this result by 'rendering more acceptable, without sacrificing

its distinct identity and substantive character, a book which has exerted so salutary an influence upon our psalmody, and been heretofore a bond and symbol of our evangelical unity.' Similar motives appear to have led the Rev. John Burder to undertake almost simultaneously his revision of Watts's Psalms and Hymns. It does not appear, however, that either edition has obtained much success. Cheap editions of Watts, in every shape, have so glutted the market, that an improved edition can scarcely compete with them in sale. Some ministers who have adopted Mr. Conder's volume in private use, have hesitated to introduce it into their congregations, pleading that it would be easier to supersede Dr. Watts altogether by a new book. Thus, a too stiff retention of Dr. Watts's volume as a whole, without those excisions and verbal emendations which have long been felt to be desirable, is hastening the rejection of it altogether.

The Congregational Union have already appointed a committee to prepare a new Congregational Hymn Book, 'intended to meet the views and wants of those churches who would prefer one comprehensive book, rather than the employing of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, with an appendix or supplement, such as the existing Congregational Hymn Book.' They propose that the new work shall include all the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts which are proper for congregational worship. But this implies an extensive process of expurgation. The Congregational Hymn Book itself, after having become more extensively than any previous work, except Dr. Watts's, the book of the Denomination, will also, if the new book finds favour, be superseded. What will be the result? Instead of one book, as a substitute for Watts, there will be half-a-dozen, or a dozen *one books*,—Reed's, the Leeds, Burder's, Raffles's, &c., competing with each other for the preference of the congregational churches; and already, suggestions and proposals have been thrown out in the 'Baptist Magazine,' for a comprehensive One Book, to take the place both of Watts and of the New Baptist Supplement, which has displaced Rippon's, so long a universal favourite.* If all this shall end in the real improvement of our devotional service, in the mere weeding of our somewhat over-luxuriant hymnody, and in teaching the next generation to worship God and The Lamb in purer and loftier, yet not less evangelical strains than their

* Mr. Noel's, as including a selection from Watts, aspires to be of this character; but it will fail to give general satisfaction. The extent to which he has carried his alteration of well-known hymns, such as 'Give me the wings of faith to rise,' 'Salvation, oh, the joyful sound!' &c., would of itself preclude the adoption of his work. He assigns these alterations as a reason for not adding the names of authors, which converts the original fault into a double injustice. This is to extinguish Dr. Watts completely.

fathers were accustomed to employ, all regrets and misgivings will speedily give way to grateful satisfaction. But long must it be before any new book, under whatever auspices put forth, will gather round it the sacred and endearing associations which hallow the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, or become, 'both in church and in the family, what the Moravian Hymn Book and the Wesleyan Hymn Book are to the members of their respective communions.'

ART. III.—*Blenham; or, what came of troubling the Waters. A Story founded on Facts.* By E. Elliott. 6s. pp. 419. 1855. London: W. & F. G. Cash.

THE present century has been productive of many extraordinary things. That a volume, in which church-rates have an artistic existence, should have been one of the products, will astonish many. The development is, nevertheless, a natural result of existing circumstances. The subject of church-rates has become one productive of all the conditions out of which a story, 'founded on facts,' as is the case in this instance, could be readily worked, provided a mind qualified to take in the points of interest, and to value these points as they ought to be valued, could be induced to examine, and, after examination, be led to feel the force of these circumstances. Church-rates have developed some of the most salient points of human character; they have called forth the most flagrant exhibitions of shallow dogmatism; they have afforded opportunities for the professedly pious to urge submission to the law as a positive virtue, when really such submission was negatively a vice; they have afforded the picture of religion degrading herself by the use of the broker's ink-horn and the constable's staff; they have given opportunities without end for tyrannical men to try the metal of conscientious and firm-minded followers of Christ, and thus to bring forth many heroes;—heroes, not of war and of bloodshed, but such as have calmly considered the prison-house and its solitary cells as their battle-field; where alone, or with God only, they have battled against the attempt of Cæsar to interfere in the territory which belongs to Christ. Church-rates have afforded striking illustrations of a truth, which nobly but quietly maintained, has gradually worked its way into the public opinion, and has brought out acts of sympathy from those who, although they have not sufficient courage, or perhaps sufficient conviction to go to prison

in advocacy of what they deem right, have yet the courage necessary for the expression of disapprobation of their fellow men being consigned to loss of liberty. Church-rates have, by the mental conflict which they have induced, done much to develop the intellect and the heart of the nation; and have at last so modified opinion as to gain an electoral power, which has manifested itself in that most potent of all declarations, a parliamentary majority in the House of Commons.

Here then are materials sufficient for a story: illustrations abundant of 'What came of troubling the Waters.'

The question now occurs, how has the author made use of these materials? Is 'Blenham' likely to take hold of the public mind? Is it a story to enter the minds of those who never could have been attracted towards the subject of church-rates in another form, and thus to aid mightily towards their abolition? The perusal of the work leads to the belief that such will be the case. 'Blenham' contains many interesting characters, and the peculiarities of each are well sustained. Thomas Doughty (and well did he deserve the name) is the church-rate hero. Doing good to others in his native town of Blenham, he found his own mind expanding and inquiring into matters, which, at the outset of his career, he had no thought of investigating. Church-rates were such a matter. Being convinced of their injustice,—and in 'Blenham,' the progress of his mind in meeting and overcoming the difficulties of the question is powerfully portrayed,—he determines to resist the making of a rate, and if made, the payment.

A character, in connexion with whom the well-known vulgar arguments in defence of church-rates came forth, is Mr. Soursby, who is thus described:—

'He was a zealous churchman in his way, and consistent with his view of the question; that is to say, he hated dissent, and as a respectable parishioner and parish-officer, always attended church twice on a Sunday; in spite of his constant feeling that, to use his own words, the afternoon was "a'most too much" for him, and that he would "defy a man to keep his eyes open after a good dinner." He, however, with respect to this latter unpleasant predicament observed that so he could escape the watchful eyes of Mr. Dunning or his curate, and those of one or two of the "saints," he managed to enjoy a refreshing "snooze," and came away (but this was mentioned in strict confidence in the parlour of 'The White Lion Inn') "more benefited than he might otherwise have been." Those who knew the peculiar style of the good rector, and who were moreover aware that all his eloquence had been exhausted on his morning discourse, felt the full force of this opinion. But Mr. Dunning seldom had both morning and afternoon duties to perform in the same day. Soursby was a man with a low, narrow forehead, and small eyes set very near together; the face was long, and its habitual expression cunning, and rather sinister than otherwise; still

he was tolerably free from vices, and although no great favourite among the people (as what tax-gatherer is?) he was not odious in their eyes, any further than he occasionally became so by virtue of his office.'—p. 16.

The Ecclesiastical Courts at length get hold of Doughty, after he has had an interesting colloquy with the magistrates, in which the sage magisterial dogmas put forth on these occasions, are examined, and expressed with so much force, that it would be an excellent addition to 'Burn's Justice,' the guide of these exalted personages, if the few pages on this subject could be printed for the use of every Petty Sessions in the kingdom.

The arrest of Doughty is told with graphic force: his daughter Mary, his little dog Tim barking furiously at the officials, and then leaping into the conveyance to go with his master to prison. The description of the prison, and of the dungeon, is full of truth and power. Indeed, though our space is small, it will be useful to give a picture of the kind of resting places which the State Church provides for those who exercise the Protestant right of individual judgment in matters of religion.

'The cells of Blenham prison, as they remained up to the time of Doughty's incarceration, were small rooms ranged side by side along the outer wall of the building; they were partially underground, and having stone floors, in a very broken, uneven state, were always more or less damp, and in bad weather necessarily much worse. The size of each cell was about eight feet by five, and it was lighted by a small grated aperture towards the top—the only mode of admitting light and air. The walls were black and slimy; the ceilings were low; a rough wooden frame served as bedstead, on which was a straw mattress, or, on some, straw alone, with a horsecloth for covering. Great rings and chains fixed to the wall were intended to fasten obstreperous prisoners. The whole range of these cells was dirty and infested with vermin.'—p. 218.

Doughty fights out his battle; he suffers from fever; his daughter dies: and though, from the reproach thus created against the ecclesiastical power, the representatives of that power wished the release of Doughty, if he would confess his error, Doughty would not do so, and an Act of Parliament was passed so as to effect his release.

The conduct of Doughty produces effects even in the rectory. Clara, the heroine of the tale, a young lady educated with the rector's daughter, is won by Thomas Doughty's honesty; and so strong is the impression of the necessity of doing something in his behalf, that she visits him in his prison, and there obtains an insight into the operation of a State Church, which is portrayed in 'Blenham' with a fairness which must command respect even from those who still hold a State Church to be scriptural.

Clara's history is one of romance, but is real. Her parentage unknown, but she herself abundantly supplied with means; imagined to be a heiress, endowed with a powerful but pure and chastened and truly feminine mind, she comes upon the scene as a minister of light and mercy; and her progress is an advance from step to step into the kingdom of right, of honour, and of beauty. Her refusal to allow the addresses of the rector's son (she not knowing her parents), the endeavours of the youth to find out who her parents are, the discovery at length opening up the miseries connected with a remnant of Romish superstition, namely, the Fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, are points of deep interest.

This notice of 'Blenham' would be unjust were we not to notice John Holmesdale, who at length becomes the husband of Clara. His character is one upon which the reader will rest with pleasure. Indeed, the whole work is deeply interesting, and all that we can do is to recommend it to our readers. There is throughout its pages a tone of purity and of moral and intellectual excellence which will benefit the cause that all who love the 'Eclectic' have at heart.

ART. IV.—*Embassies and Foreign Courts, and History of Diplomacy.* By 'The Roving Englishman,' Author of 'Pictures from the Battle-Fields,' &c. London: Routledge & Co.

A DIPLOMATIC history of Europe since the peace of 1815 would be inestimable. It would expose the hidden springs of policy, the personal interests to which the independence of Europe has been sacrificed. The diplomatist is the agent of dynastic egotism. He negotiates in concealment, because secrecy is essential to the development of plots and to the ratification of infamous compacts. Without passion or recklessness, it may be affirmed that, from the date of the Treaty of Vienna,—itself a profligate scheme to aggrandize the reigning despots,—the courts and embassies of Europe have not conducted a single public arrangement to a conclusion without admitting an immoral principle or ignoring the incontestible rights of nations.

It is to the credit of the English people that it has become jealous of the occult powers of diplomacy. It perceives that, since the era of liberal legislation began, laws have been discussed and enacted in open assemblies and in the light of day. It asks—If laws are planned in public, why not treaties? If

every domestic question be arranged on the broad platform of the legislature, in the full gaze of the nation, why are the external interests of the country disposed of in unheard debates by irresponsible cabals? The invariable apology is—that foreign governments are sensitive; that arguments used in the cabinet might touch the susceptibilities of an ally or decide the hostility of a 'neutral;' that coalitions and combinations must be prepared with secrecy before they are avowed. To us, not one of these reasonings appears to have any force. Diplomacy has too long been a synonym for inter-dynastic intrigue. Public interests, and not personal weaknesses, should be consulted by statesmen. Great Britain, under a sinister influence, has declined to enforce that law of blockade, search, and seizure which would most effectually disarm the Russian Empire by stopping its supplies. Prussia resists the principle, and her resistance was at first stimulated by an ignominious personal pique. Lord Grenville, as Sir James Marriott relates, when the right of the 'Prussian flag' was referred to, sarcastically said that he had never heard of a Prussian flag, and should as soon expect to hear of the flag of Frankfort. The Prussian king, from that moment, never yielded the point, and the kingdom is now enriched by that indirect trade which affords Russia the means of carrying on the war with the allies. It is the shame of our generation that the miserable pedantries of official etiquette are preferred before those vital realities in which consist the hopes and the safeguards of nations.

Besides, there cannot be preferred for this disreputable system the normal excuse that it works well. Like the British Constitution, it works very ill. Our diplomacy is mocked by the world; our diplomatists have been overreached on almost every great public occasion, from that of 1815 to that of 1855. Nor is the negative proposition tenable that, bad as it may be, no better can be substituted. The example of America is decisive. In that country, which the 'Roving Englishman' has strangely neglected to notice, the power of concluding treaties is vested in the Senate. The President and his agents abroad are merely organs of the great deliberative and representative assembly. They confer with foreign powers, argue the points of disputed questions, frame propositions, and submit them to the Senate. The Senate discusses them, in public or in private as may seem necessary, though on occasions of high importance publicity is the rule. In fact, even diplomatic despatches are filed in the foreign office, and are accessible, by right, to every senator, and by usage to every ex-senator and member of the Lower House of Congress. Ordinary citizens, desirous of inspecting these records, seldom fail in obtaining permission to do so. Often, indeed, the docu-

ments are published as soon as received, in direct contradiction to the English practice, which is to withhold diplomatic dispatches until popular discussions upon them can in no way affect the conventions to which they lead. The President occasionally recommends secrecy, but cannot enforce it. The Senate vigorously maintains its constitutional privileges, and the result is that American ministers, though not bedizened in liveries, as the first-class flunkeys of Europe, are respected in all European Courts fully as much as our own, if not more so, while American diplomacy is far more successful.

In the Old World diplomacy has been converted into a mysterious profession, the visible signs of which to the vulgar world, are deep looks, solemn affectations, fantastic shows of secrecy. Englishmen will do well to study the teachings of the 'Roving Englishman' on this matter. He explains and exposes the system. He has searched its records, and being himself a member of the craft, stands beyond the range of its spell. Once, he tells us, he believed in it. It seemed to him the bland and peaceful means of furthering the highest interests of states, the guardian of public tranquillity and of public law, the soother of discord, the softener of national asperities. He drudged on, in devotion to his theory. Investigation and experience disenchanted his mind. He saw how, from the beginning, diplomacy had been the trade of petty arts, the instrument of paltry passions or of infamous desires, the engine by the aid of which rulers and ministers have worked their wretched interests into the policy of nations.

The rights of legation, though imperfectly understood in antiquity, rested on a sounder basis in the Roman age than under the mediæval barbarism. It was not until the works of Grotius appeared in the seventeenth century, that the attention of modern Europe was directed to the principles of international law. From that date, through a considerable period, diplomacy was regarded as a formal science, and ideal diplomatists were represented by the sonorous pedants of Germany, with the combined qualifications of the theatre and the college. A mighty mass of disquisitions, penned by those dreary Latinists, conveyed the rules and prescriptions of the ambassadorial office. Of course a vast category, full of variations, classifications, provisos, and declaratory clauses, was compiled to bewilder the governments as well as their representatives. It became a subject of profound study to define the rank, duties, precedence, age, dress, religion, &c., of an ambassador, and so many platitudes and subtleties were uttered, that ambassadors began to think that they were, if not the first, at least the second class of human beings.

Emperors, kings, and queens, of course, formed the first degree

As representatives of queens, kings, and emperors, the diplomatists considered themselves vicariously entitled to the homage of all the world. They became courtly in their insolence and regal in their foppery. So extravagant were their pretensions that only the sovereigns whom they mimicked submitted to them. The sovereigns, in truth, entered into the folly of their ministers, and avenged their wrongs with sanguinary effect. There were few ambassadors who would not bury half Europe in blood and slaughter to comfort themselves after a personal affront, and few monarchs who would not, when undeterred by fear, flatter this malevolent vanity. Ambassadors, indeed, as counsel for their crowns in inter-dynastic causes, came to regard their office as the attorney regards his. Diplomatic litigation was their trade, and wars made their profit; for at the subsequent congress they were sure to gain in importance, in pensions, stars, and crosses, not to speak of jewel-hilted swords, diamond snuff-boxes, and necklaces for their wives. Many a time have nations lost their honour, because their representative had been bribed by gifts, or bewildered by 'appreciation.'

At last the impudence of ambassadors was carried too far. It became necessary to reduce their importance as a body, and to preserve only a small number of first-class diplomatists. Inferior and subordinate to them, there were ministers resident and *chargés d'affaires;* but even after this, the reception of diplomatists at foreign courts, especially those of the higher rank, continued to be a costly and pompous affair. The pope's *nuncios* especially were habitually men of proud mind and overbearing demeanour, who claimed sacred as well as political functions, and were exorbitant in their cravings for ostentatious respect. At most courts this increasing self-esteem of ambassadors became a nuisance not less expensive than disagreeable,—the more so if several arrived at the same time,—transacting separate affairs, as did those of Cardinal Richelieu, or keeping guard upon one another, as did Lord Westmoreland and Lord John Russell at Vienna. The German emperors and the French kings occasionally declined to receive these associated ministers, demanding that each court should transact its business with them through a single envoy, though a certain king of Sardinia quarrelled with the republic of Venice because she refused to send two ambassadors to congratulate him upon his accession to the throne. It has been generally established, however, that one envoy is enough, and that this envoy should be a man. Women, says the 'Roving Englishman,' are good councillors and bad actors, yet there are several authenticated instances of their employment on diplomatic missions. It was never proved that the Chevalier D'Eon was not one. Eleonor of France, Mary of

Hungary, Margaret of Savoy, and Margaret of Alençon, were severally engaged in diplomatic missions, with varying degrees of success. One queen of the French, in ancient days, having been condemned for impiety to a disgraceful penance, compelled two ladies of the court to travel to the place appointed, and there to be whipped in her stead; as one of the French kings in a later age, is reported by the editor of Boileau to have done by some of *his* courtiers. However, De Real states, that a king of Persia once dispatched a lady as ambassadress to the Grand Sultan, without informing us whether the mission was as delicate as it was graceful. Certainly, that of Madame la Maréchale de Guebriant, ambassadress extraordinary from France to Poland, was of a very peculiar character. The infamous Countess of Konigsmark, a beauty of the court of Augustus II. of Poland, accredited by him to make peace with Charles XII., did not succeed, for the emperor merely saluted, and would not officially receive her.

The 'Roving Englishman' supplies full and readable details as to the technicalities of the ambassadorial office. His book abounds also in touches of historical satire, pungent and well-directed, with *pièces justificatives* in the form of anecdotes and illustrations. Upon one subject his remarks are likely to explode a popular fallacy. The public likes to believe in State mysteries, in the impenetrable secrecy of cabinets, in the ubiquitous agents of emperors, and in the opaque qualities of the cipher, a dead language to all but the initiated, the adepts of political free-masonry. The cipher is a species of writing much employed in diplomacy; and, as a means of concealment, worth very little. This code of diplomatic signals, in fact, presents few difficulties to experienced men. The most intricate and original ciphers have been read by such persons without a key, simply because, accustomed to invent such symbols, they acquire a perfect proficiency in detecting their import. The 'Roving Englishman' relates how ciphers have been puzzles to the governments to which they were dispatched:—

'Courts and cabinets were kept in a constant state of distress and uneasiness by the incomprehensible despatches of their agents in foreign parts. Strange news was often bruited about, which was supposed to have been received in this way. When it had thrown a nation into the utmost dismay, and given every member of the government a surfeit of horrors and indigestion, it usually turned out to be false. Persons learned that they had been frightened out of their wits, because there had been a mistake either in composing the conundrum, or in finding out what it meant. Sometimes the riddle might be read also in several ways, so that a government did not know whether to rejoice or despair—whether a general illumination should be commanded or a public fast.

'Any class of men in the world but diplomatists would have given

up a series of tricks, the performance of which was attended with such serious inconvenience. They have not, however, been able to persuade themselves to renounce these singular mysteries, even up to the present time. They have invented an expedient. Diplomacy is great at expedients; and her device in this instance was worthy of the occasion. Finding, for the reasons already mentioned, that it was unsafe to use a cipher which no person could read correctly, the modern practice has been to adopt one familiar and easy enough to be generally understood (especially by foreign courts).'—pp. 140, 141.

Diplomatists cherish the cipher because there is a tinge of importance in the contrivance. Their importance is enhanced by its exclusive hieroglyphy. It would seem from the history of their profession, that the one thing needful in an ambassador is to make a grand figure before the world. Formerly, in all the courts of Europe, the foreign ministers supported vast establishments, rode in carriages with six or eight horses, affected processional pomp, clad themselves in rich and delicate garments, gave exquisite banquets, and filled their lobbies and antechambers with a retinue half feudal, half fashionable. The ambassadorial position being thus associated with splendour, became an object of desire to the most worldly and worthless of nobles, who saw in it their only chance of competing in society with princes and kings. The taint thus introduced has not been eradicated yet. Great Britain is still represented to the Continental powers by the most feeble and frivolous of her public men. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is one who ought to be excepted from this category. His policy has been, at least, serious and spirited.

Ambassadors should be well salaried. Their situation requires it. They must maintain an independent and dignified appearance. They must be hospitable. Dining, Lord Palmerston has said, is the life and soul of diplomacy. And we all, when we go to Paris or Vienna make it a point to dine at the Embassy. But in prodigality, as in pretence, ambassadors have usually exceeded the limits of reason. In 1715 Prince Repnin, Russian Envoy at Constantinople, caused no less than thirty-three of the largest houses in the capital to be sumptuously furnished for the reception of himself and his suite. As if to overawe the Mussulman population official and non-official (the Turks being, like other barbarians, enslaved by show), Russia has converted this suggestion of Prince Repnin's taste into a habit of policy, so that, up to the commencement of the war, her embassy always possessed the finest building in Constantinople. In Vienna, the British Embassy occupies only a flat or floor of the great Coburg Palace on the Bastei.

'An ambassador especially requires a good staff of servants. In the draft of instructions for Prussian ambassadors, Von Rehfues tells us

that an ambassador requires "an experienced porter to give answers at the door, and prevent the diplomatist from being disturbed at inconvenient times. In visiting hours, a livery servant should stand ready to receive persons admitted by the porter, and the groom of the chambers should be in the ante-room to announce them. Another livery servant, a chasseur, and a coachman" are, according to Rehfues, a "full and sufficient establishment." The servants of ambassadors also, we are advised, should be of sleek and decorous appearance—of agreeable address and polished manners; in short, diplomatists in plush and buttons, with white handkerchiefs, so to speak. An ambassador is recommended not to surround himself altogether with the subjects of the sovereign to whom he is accredited, lest they should take advantage of the familiar domestic relations of private life, to discover and betray some of those unlucky secrets he will necessarily be so anxious to conceal. Kölle (p. 145) tells us frankly the reason of this. It appears that immediately an ambassador arrives at a foreign court, the police employ themselves in the honourable occupation of corrupting his servants. Hence, the cardinals and nuncios of the pope were accustomed to have secret doors in their abode to let persons in and out without being observed, lest some curious servant should watch the proceedings of their guests and inform against them. "Germans or Swiss" are said to "make the best valets, Englishmen the best livery-servants, Frenchmen the best cooks, Italians the best confectioners,—Britons, Hungarians, and Sclaves the best grooms; and a deaf and dumb servant is valuable on particular occasions!"

'It is a mystery, however, indeed, that any human being should voluntarily condemn himself to live among a set of steel-traps and spring-guns, for the sake of assuring the secrecy of nonsensical schemes, which should be never entertained at all.'—pp. 151, 152.

At last, the expenses of ambassadors rivalling those of the Judges in the Supreme Court of India, whose influence is in proportion to the gilt on their barges, or the number of idlers in their retinue, became so inordinate that governments began to check them. The practice of receiving gifts, which they sought with shameless cupidity, was also discouraged. The United States, whose principle is that of economical liberality, expressly prohibit it; and the East India Company expects that all presents bestowed on its officers shall be given up to the public treasury. However, while their opportunities lasted, the diplomatists snatched, with consuming avarice, every offered gratuity, in jewels and in money; and when the fashion decayed, delicately hinted, sometimes, that if they could not think of accepting gifts, their wives could! 'His Excellency' is now content with ribbons and stars; for diplomacy, as well as chivalry, has dwindled down to sarsenet and tinsel. This reform, which had commenced when Blucher was popular, disgusted him excessively, and he rejoiced when the sovereigns, having decked him like a May-sweep, 'were obliged to come out with their snuff-boxes.'

From the ambassador's strong box, the 'Roving Englishman' vaults to the courier's horse. Formerly, the mounted messenger who carried announcements and treaties was, as the Pegasus of diplomacy, a conspicuous individual. 'It is melancholy to reflect how the importance of government messengers has declined' since telegraphs have practically superseded them. Still, a major who carries a State dispatch to Balmoral, may hope to be gazetted a lieutenant-colonel, while captains who have arduously served in the trenches and in the field, remain on the cold flat of captaincy. How grateful must the promoted soldiers be to those wives of their ancestors who, by becoming infamous, established a perpetual and hereditary family claim to favour at Court':—

'Nevertheless, they like to make a little noise in a foreign capital now and then. We have therefore several comparatively recent instances of their thinking proper to announce their advent by blowing a horn. As, however, there is the authority of a song, which obtained considerable popularity in its day, that "a horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn," perhaps the less we say on the subject the better. The couriers who carried the news of the treaty of peace at Paris, in 1814, eagerly seized on this opportunity of creating a sensation, and their joyful notes were heard at every capital in Europe. We are not informed, however, whether they underwent a previous course of study with an individual whose mania for musicians introduced him about this time to the astounded diplomacy of Great Britain.'—p. 189.

Should a continental war be superadded to the amphibious strife—the battle of navies, forts, camps, and floating batteries in which we are engaged—couriers may once more be important individuals. They formerly travelled with little dispatches wrapped round the bullets of their pistols as wadding, inserted in rings, watches, swords, lockets, sticks, or riding-whips, in the hollow tube of a spur, the lining of a saddle or a hat; they were written in sympathetic ink on the wearer's linen, secreted in quills under his skin, placed inside bulbous roots carefully scooped out, or even in hollow beans at the bottom of a snuff-box. They were scratched on the stem of a feather in the horseman's cap, hidden between the horse's shoe and his hoof,—and when most cunningly secreted, often secreted in vain. For this kind of mystery, another has been substituted in our civil days, and it plays the game of the stock-broker, of the Corsican who haunts the Paris Bourse with an imperial commission, and of certain diplomatic functionaries whose expenses are greater than their salaries.

Not even the ambassador himself surpasses in glory the ambassador's wife. She, in the primitive times, was designated only by her husband's name or title, without catching a beam of his diplomatic brilliance. It is, we know, an affliction to bishops'

wives in our own days, that the world hears only of 'Mrs. Wilberforce,' or 'Mrs. Jackson,' while it hears of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop, &c.; but the ambassadors' ladies were more pushing, and after a long and bitter contest, gained the style of 'ambassadresses.' An objection was often made to their claims, similar to that made by James I. against the claims of the wives of the Scotch Lords of Session. 'I made the carles lords,' said the maundering pedant, 'but who made the carlines ladies?' Yet the wives of ambassadors, with the desperation of Rajputs who will not be taken alive, achieved their triumph, and the Pope capitulated. The Countess Olivarez was declared 'ambassadress' by Sextus V., and was admitted to the honour of kissing his toe; but immediately every other wife of every other diplomatist struggled to the scene, and firmly demanded equal rights and equal titles. After this, there was not, for a long period, an unmarried ambassador, or a 'separated' ambassador's wife in Europe. The ladies asserted their position fiercely, and were successful so far, that it became the practice in England to send a royal yacht to fetch an ambassadress of the first class. Elsewhere they have required salvoes of artillery. In France, the court long resisted the claims of the wives of 'ministers,' but at length gave way, and allowed them to be kissed by the princes, and seated on stools in the royal presence. In Vienna, wives of secretaries of legation are excluded from State balls:—

'There was a great dispute at Stockholm in 1782. The wife of the Austrian envoy (a diplomatist of the second class) actually refused to kiss the queen's hand unless her majesty gave her a return kiss on the cheek in the same manner as to the wives of senators. Here was a pretty business. The queen refused to receive her at all; and resolved to be revenged on the bumptious little Austrian. Her majesty watched an opportunity with female patience and address. It came as all opportunities of punishing insolence do come, if we wait for them. The Austrian lady went to a ball at the town-hall. Austrian ladies dance very well, and I dare say she liked it. She little knew the sleepless vivacity of a royal pique. Immediately the royal family arrived, and they probably came on purpose, the master of the ceremonies approached her with his most official countenance. Let a country gentleman ask for a passport at our British Foreign Office, and he will get an idea of the offended majesty which glowed in the master of the ceremonies' eyes on this occasion: a quaint picture of the lofty and absurd.

'"Sir," said the little lady, stopping in her capers very unwillingly, "you interrupt me."

'The official mouth moved with an official whisper.

'The Austrian could not or would not hear, but she blushed scarlet, and her eyes filled with tears.

'Again the official mouth moved. Its words were not very plain or polite, official words seldom are, but their purport for a wonder was

intelligible. "She had not been presented, and therefore could not remain within the august precincts of the royal circle!"

'I am bound to say that I would not have sat at meat that evening with the offended lady—no, not to have been introduced to an accommodating bill-discounter the next morning. The queen had had her revenge, but the insult so rankled, that she who had received it never rested till her husband had solicited his recall and stirred up the imperial court to resent the affront. This woman's quarrel about a kiss interrupted all international business between Austria and Sweden during no less than six years, for another envoy was not sent to Stockholm till 1788.'—pp. 211-213.

The 'Roving Englishman' illustrates with a pleasant anecdote the history of embassies to barbarous courts. A certain M. Coq was sent on a mission to Morocco, to obtain indemnity for six Belgian vessels which had been plundered on the coast. Persuaded that neither the Sultan nor his ministers knew anything of politics or of geography, he purchased at Gibraltar an immense map. This he caused to be brightly coloured, so that Belgium appeared the largest kingdom on the face of the globe. France, Holland, and Germany were almost entirely swallowed up by the 'Royaume de Belgique' of M. le Coq. But it was necessary to explain how his country had grown to such extent and power. The Belgian Colloredo, therefore, stated that a wretched people called the Dutch had once attacked the mighty monarch of Belgium, who, of course, extirpated them and appropriated their country. Upon similar principles he accounted for other territorial expansions, until the Morocco Sultan perceived that it would be infatuation to resist, and accordingly paid the money. Unfortunately, other diplomatists, with the best causes to uphold, are not so easily successful. The 'Roving Englishman' affirms that, when a diplomatist fails in his mission, with justice on his side, it is a disgrace to him. This is a bold proposition; but we do not think that even the greater part of it is true. The old world is in the possession of dynasties which regard its natives as their property; each has an immoral policy to consummate; and though they may affect to deliberate, to argue, and to seek for a solution, no negotiator, however great his abilities, could turn a diplomatist from the profligate purposes of his master. It is another thing to urge that men are disgraced when, like Lord John Russell, they are cajoled; or when, like Sir Hamilton Seymour, they are drugged into a false sense of security. If our diplomatists had been men of sense, they would, long ago, have understood the policy of Russia in Eastern Europe. Perhaps, had they corporately and individually bestowed on the maxims of their profession as much thought as they have historically bestowed on the miserable

punctilios of etiquette, their science would have stood higher than it does. We must quote the 'Roving Englishman's' summary of the methods which have been invented to conciliate the insatiable and indecent vanity of ambassadors—premising that they apply to a Congress sitting at a square table :—

'1. Every ambassador on sitting down has glared round at his colleagues, and declared his seat to be the post of honour or head of the table.

'2. They have insisted on changing places with each other from time to time, every ambassador thirsting for the moment when he could put his portfolio under his arm, button his coat, toss up his chin, and march solemnly to the head of the table, accompanied by the rancorous envy of his colleagues. Sometimes they have cast lots for distinction, and disputed with the winner.

'3. Every diplomatist has handed a copy of the treaty negotiated to his colleagues, signed by him alone; so that his honoured name has been both first and last, and he has had a whole sheet of paper to himself.

'4. Sovereigns have been even obliged to assume an alias, and go about incognito to avoid being set upon and worried into eminence. They have been obliged to withdraw a wrangling ambassador, and sent a diplomatist with his claws cut, or a chargé-d'affaires.

'5. They have insisted on perfect equality, or some arrangement by which the rank of all parties remained undecided, so as to give a pretext for a fight at some future time.

'6. Some of the most quiet gentry have now and then been persuaded to give and take. Thus when a door was so narrow that they could not all strut through it together; or a president's ear, having only one hole, could not admit all their talk at once, they have reluctantly agreed to walk and talk first by turns. Every man has, of course, observed the other, on such occasions, with a stop watch, lest he should exceed his time by only half a second, and (probably) a stick to give him a gentle poke in the ribs as a warning to make way for his successor.

'7. Sometimes every diplomatist has remained shut up in a dark room lest his dignity should be compromised by appearing on the scene of his duties.

'8. Sometimes the raging vanity of these official peacemakers has been soothed by fixing their place at a conference according to the date of their arrival, and many post-horses were killed in this way before the invention of railways.

'9. Sometimes they have been all allowed to enter a room at the same time through different doors. Each diplomatist having a man Friday to peep through the keyhole, and see that he was prepared to make a rush (and win by a neck, if possible) immediately the bolt was withdrawn, and the signal to start given by the master of the ceremonies or one of the sticks in waiting, who were, of course, obliged to be present as a gentle warning on such occasions.'—pp. 287, 288.

When a round table was invented to make all places equally honourable, the peace-makers, affirming that the seat next the

door was the seat of honour, fought for it. If one ambassador takes another to his house, he must, out of delicacy, yield precedence to him at the door-step; unless, indeed, he be a papal envoy, when his sacred character gives licence to his vanity.

Is not this enough? When such contentions fill so large a space in diplomatic history, is it surprising that diplomacy has been degraded into a game of hypocrisy and cunning? Positively, the bulk of the narrative consists of illustrations of intrigue or egotism. 'The Roving Englishman' has reason, then, for the judgment expressed in the final pages of his volume. The state of the diplomatic service in England is disgraceful. The public perceives the truth, although whatever men venture to declare it are reviled by official organs as disappointed self-seekers, traders in agitation, diseased and incurable malcontents. But education has advanced, political capacity exists in the middle-classes to a far greater extent than it survives in the emaciated aristocracy; liberal opinions are accepted by every healthy mind; the younger race of the people burns to see the end of mediæval practices and privileges:—

'Let the might, and right, and intellect of England band together, irrespective of petty differences. Let the honourable publicists of this country associate in the good cause, and there is no fear of their ultimate success. Most marvellous it is that the genius and practical ability of our land have so long remained in voluntary self-condemned obscurity. How long will any gifted men be yet found to write their own degradation daily—to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, to give up the rich and righteous heritage of their brains for Grub-street and the bench?

'Let the author and the orator, the real teachers of nations, rally loyally round the existing government, to sustain them in the right course, and we are always certain to find among them good men and true. Let us, however, urge on reforms unflinchingly. We should remember it is the interest of the selfish crowd of chartered abuse-mongers to cry out that all opposition to them is the mere outpouring of personal spite and disappointment. We should sneer and pooh-pooh this kind of thing.'—pp. 351, 352.

We have written as the 'Roving Englishman' has written, in a tone of irony. His apology shall serve as ours:—'It seemed to me, however, at the time, impossible to speak seriously about international quarrels for a kiss; the vagaries of ambassadors too dignified to fight their own duels, and not too dignified to allow somebody else to fight for them; now struggling for a place at a dinner-table, and now hanging half-way between the saddle and the ground, lest their diplomatic feet should touch the earth an instant before the aspiring toes of a colleague.'

The principal literary journal has quoted the saying of a living statesman, that diplomatic science would be unnecessary could

one minister go to another with a draft treaty in his left hand, and a pen in his right, and say, 'Now, sir, sign that treaty, or jump out of the window.' We know the occasion on which this smart observation was made. It was when the minister was accused of deserting Poland, and encouraging the violation of European treaties. It was to excuse the faltering policy which, in England, justified faltering diplomacy at St. Petersburg. Lord Palmerston then admitted in the House of Commons that Russia had forfeited all claim to the possession of Poland by infringing its constitution. What was that diplomacy worth which, having sold a nation, could or would not enforce in its favour the conditions that would have mitigated its slavery? Dispatches were exchanged, negotiations were protracted, diplomacy worked in secret, and the natural result was that the 'standing menace' was created, with the sanction, if not by the connivance of Great Britain.

Poland was the parallel of Turkey. The Poles were sacrificed as the Ottoman empire would have been, had not external influences proved irresistible. We will not now descend to particulars in evidence, but we desire that our readers should examine not only the result, but the machinery of English diplomacy.* In legislation, in administration, in Cabinet policy, personal interests and personal feelings are active, suppressing public questions, neutralizing public opinion, taking precedence of public claims. The country will gain, intellectually and materially, by a thorough knowledge of this system in its details, and in its bearing on the destinies of the empire.

The 'Roving Englishman,' who is a practical politician as well as a brilliant writer, supplies the necessary manual; and it is fortunate that he has done so. The public, perceiving that only a band of crazy egotists were worrying the subject, which they had plagiarized from others, was almost inspired with contempt for the idea of diplomatic reform. But now that a man of sense and capacity has explained the basis of the movement, let all Englishmen beware of the agents who may lead them whither it would be a crime to go.

We have been moved by strange forces into a position of great responsibility and danger. We have not yet proved equal to the trials of the war. Clouds and darkness rest upon the future. A moral perturbation is apparent throughout the civilized world, in addition to that common action which has united four nations against one, to fight the first battle of European liberty in the Crimea—on an isolated spot between the steppes and sea, far

* The working of German upon English diplomacy may be studied in Baron Muffling's narrative of his missions to Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Longman & Co.

from the contact of the civilized, intelligent, and oppressed population whose cause we pretend to serve. At this point diplomacy has unlimited power. It may leave Europe—with its military monarchies invigorated—at the mercy of despotism; it may, by a base complicity with the designs of ambitious rulers, sacrifice a hundred years of Italian hope and constancy. It may mock by a premature and flimsy peace all the efforts of the war. It is a machine worked in secret, and at the command of a few men, who may render themselves infamous, and dishonour their country, and can only be judged when their decisions are all but irrevocable.

ART. V.—*Maud, and Other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Moxon. 1855.

THE readers of every popular and successful poet include two classes,—those who admire the author on account of his writings, and those who admire the writings on account of their author. The former judge him to be a poet, because he has written poetry; the latter conclude all that he writes to be poetry, because he is a poet. Critics of the latter order look at his fresh productions in the light of his former successes, and whatever weaknesses, affectations, or negligences he may commit, become in their eyes so many new beauties, which it betokens a very narrow and old fashioned taste not to be enraptured with. And as there are many persons who admire a work of art for fashion's sake to one who admires it from true taste and love for art, and the trumpeters of fame are many while its arbiters are few, there is no small danger that the poet himself may fall into this pleasant mode of judging his own productions, and mistaking popularity for fame, think himself free of his art, and entitled to relax that severity of labour and self-criticism by which he won his triumphs.

To readers of the class we have described, it will be quite enough for us to say that 'Maud' is by the Poet Laureate, and that the booksellers, as soon as it was announced, subscribed for four thousand copies. But those readers who expect us to discharge the critic's office honestly, respecting no man's person, will look for some independent judgment of this new work on its own merits. We are bound to say, that our first impression, which was that of extreme disappointment, has been somewhat modified by further study of it. The faults of the work are such as lie on the surface, and at once strike a fastidious and sensitive

reader by their repulsive character, thus endangering his overlooking or undervaluing its real beauties and merits. Still, after repeated perusal, our admiration is of a very partial and mingled description. The work displays, no doubt, marks of powerful genius; yet, had it been the first work of an unknown author, we greatly question whether these would have saved it from the unmerciful castigation of the critics, or have rendered it popular with the public.

'Maud' is an irregular poem of one hundred pages, composed in lines of all lengths, from two syllables to seventeen, and of all sorts of metre—dactylic, trochaic, iambic, hysteric, and namby-pambic. It consists of a series of passionate songs, twenty-six in number, each reflecting the mood of the imaginary writer at the moment, and brokenly, yet sufficiently, narrating the story of a passionate love breaking in on the monotony of a solitary and misanthropic life, and after a brief interval of bright calm, setting in calamity, separation, and madness. It might be entitled 'The Songs of a Life,' or 'Leaves from a Lyrical Diary.' The prevailing rhythm, though not devoid of a certain wild music, is, through a great part of the poem, disagreeable to a nice ear. Mr. Tennyson seems to have studiously discarded regular and melodious measures, and has taken pains to do elaborately what inferior writers do by nature. The lines jolt along in that perpetual shuffle between iambics and anapests (or trochees and dactyls) which is very common with American writers, and which in them we have always supposed to arise from a defective or undisciplined ear, but which in Mr. Tennyson must be of *malice prepense*. In his earlier poems, he displayed both a perfect ear and a great mastery of varied and harmonious rhythms; and in the 'Princess,' he has shown a complete command of our noblest English measure, both in its grandest and its sweetest moods. Why should he, as though the aim of poetry were not to please, but to astonish, perversely fling away the charm to which the greatest poems in existence owe more than half their power; and with elaborate and affected negligence (for it cannot surely be mere carelessness or indolence) reduce his verse to almost the flat level of prose? Let the reader take the following example, obliterating the typographical arrangement which makes it *look* like verse:—'I was walking a mile, more than a mile from the shore, the sun look'd out with a smile betwixt the cloud and the moor, and riding at set of day over the dark moor land, rapidly riding far away, she waved to me with her hand.'

The rhythm would still be more evanescent than it is, if it were not eked out by dividing the beautiful word 'moorland' into the prosaic phrase 'moor land,' which belongs to the farmer's vocabulary rather than the poet's.

With what we must be pardoned for styling similar perverseness, not a little of the matter is as prosaic as the form. It really seems, in several parts of the work, as though the Author, in the wantonness of power, had resolved to sacrifice all other elements of poetic beauty to passionate energy, and, by sheer force of genius, to compel us to admire what, in the hands of an inferior artist, would move ridicule or disgust. To a certain extent, it is hardly necessary to say he has succeeded; but we think it would have been far wiser not to try.

The reader who has made up his mind, from the pretty little name on the title-page, to expect nothing in the poem but what is equally pretty, is somewhat startled and shocked by the ghastly images and snarling, acrid satire with which it opens:—

I.

'I hate the dreadful hollow, behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are *dabbled with blood-red heath* (!)
The red-ribbed ledges drift with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers 'Death.'

II.

'For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,
His who had given me life. O father! O God! was it well?—
Mangled and flatten'd and crush'd, and dinted into the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

* * * * * * *

V.

'Villany somewhere! Whose? One says we are villains all.
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintained:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.'

In a strain of such fierce invective, that it seems to embody the poet's own bitter feelings, not to depict those of an imaginary personage, the present state of our commercial life is scornfully described, and it is asked—

'Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword,

* * * * * *

Is it peace or war? Bitter war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.
For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.'

In the midst of these bitter meditations, the writer is reminded

that his childish playmate Maud is coming to 'the hall;' and a pretty description of her former childish beauty is marred by calling her a '*moon-faced* darling.' He makes up his mind not to trouble himself about her; philosophically soliloquizing—

——'There is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone.
Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.
I will bury myself in my books, and the devil may pipe to his own.'

In spite of the resolution expressed with so much refinement and delicacy, the first glimpse of the 'cold and clear-cut face' takes hold on his imagination, and though he flatters himself that he has 'escaped heart free,' it haunts him in his dreams, 'luminous, gem-like, ghost-like, death-like, half the night long.' Thread by thread, the web of passion is woven round a heart that has been so soured by early misfortune as to regard life as no better than a gloomy and mysterious labyrinth of strife and fraud, and desires nothing beyond 'a passionless peace,' and a 'philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways;' and resolves above all to 'flee from the cruel madness of love.' He thinks Maud cold and proud. Yet he cannot withstand the charm of her voice overheard in her father's grounds:—

I.

'A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call;
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death for their native land.

II.

'Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of death and of honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III.

'Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.

Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice,
But to move to the meadows and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.'—pp. 22, 23.

Love is too strong for his sour philosophy. Maud meets him in the village, and gives him a cordial greeting, which he is yet suspicious may be only 'some coquettish deceit,' or perhaps an electioneering smile to secure his vote for the 'dandy-despot,' her brother; or, perhaps, sincere?

'O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught
By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me wrought
But, I fear, that strong new wine of love,
That made my tongue so stammer and trip,
When I saw that treasur'd splendour, her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip?
* * * * *
——If she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter,
But a smile could make it sweet.'—p. 29.

The growth of this passion, helped on by one little glimpse or interview after another, is painted with a masterly touch. The fierce, sarcastic temper which Maud's song and smile seemed to exorcise, breaks out again on the appearance of a rival in the shape of a new-made lord, whose antecedents are described in a style that reminds us, as does a large portion of the poem, much more of Thomas Hood than of Mr. Tennyson's own previous works. Only, that in Hood's most irregular verse there is a wonderful ease and smoothness, not as if poetry were affecting the gait of prose, but as if, when the author sat down to write simple prose, it had spontaneously tripped off into dancing verse. The grandfather of the said lord was a coal-owner, for whom

'Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks,
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom,
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine,
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turned to gold,
To a grandson, first of his noble line,
Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore,
And simper and set their voices lower,
And soften, as if to a girl, and hold

Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
Seeing his gew-gaw castle shine,
New as his title, built last year,
There amid pecky larches and pine,
And over the sullen purple moor
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.'—pp. 35, 36.

Several of the succeeding songs appear to us but of second-rate merit, though displaying power of the spasmodic sort, and having passages and touches of great beauty. But the dramatic conception and portraiture of passion, in exhibiting which Mr. Tennyson seems purposely to have neglected the attempt to give excellence to the songs as individual compositions, is undeniably fine, and shows a perfect acquaintance with this part of the lore of the human heart. The weakest song in the whole series, in our judgment, and the portion least worthy of Mr. Tennyson's genius, is that (No. XIII.) in which the lover anticipates that Maud will receive his avowal of love with favour, and requests the 'happy day' to publish the tidings all over the world. Thus he sings:—

'When the happy yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the *news*,
O'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it through the west;
Till the *red man dance*
By his *red cedar tree*,
And the *red man's babe*
Leap, beyond the sea (*!*)
Blush from west to east,
Blush from east to west.
Till the west is east
Blush it through the west,
Rosy is the west,
Rosy is the south,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.'—p. 54, 55.

Really, if this be poetry, we should like to know what twaddle is. And if a man of genius, and a laureate, will write twaddle, he ought to be told of it roundly, if not for his own sake, at least for that of his junior readers and enthusiastic imitators. It is positively fearful to think what may be the result of these verses. Perhaps some of our readers may have already perpetrated something equally silly in similar circumstances, and we would make every allowance for them; but then they did not,—we hope,

at least, they did not publish it. We can only suppose that Mr. Tennyson would say that he is quite aware that it is twaddle, and that he meant it to be twaddle, and wrote it on the same principle on which, a little further on, he has versified, with questionable taste, but with unquestionable force and fidelity, the ravings of grief-stricken madness.

It is to be presumed, either Maud did not see this little song, or that her taste in poetry was less severe than our own. At all events, her pride and iciness, if they existed anywhere but in her lover's imagination, melt down before his fervent passion, and the following section, which, if space permitted we should feel inclined to extract, is one of the most beautiful portions of the poem. The wild, rough rhythm changes into melodious, flowing, regular verse, in which skilfully recurring rhymes chime like wedding bells.

We cannot further pursue the conduct of the story, except to say that the joy of the lovers is soon extinguished in hopeless gloom. A quarrel takes place with the 'dandy-despot,' Maud's brother, followed by a duel, in which he is shot, and Maud's unhappy lover flies to France, and under the double weight of remorse and grief, goes mad. It is not clearly indicated whether Maud dies, though this seems implied in the closing song, which depicts the writer's recovery from his madness, or what a member of the Peace Society would probably consider a change in the method of his madness; for he comes forth from his seclusion to rejoice in the prospect of war 'in defence of the right,' and to take part in it. In the excitement of action he shakes off the crushing gloom and burden of the past, and the spirit of fierce discontent with modern social and political life which breathes in the cynical satire of the commencing stanzas, breaks forth at the close into stormy exultation. Our boasted peace and civilization and commercial activity, have but substituted, according to this cynic, the secret civil war of fraud for the honest, old-fashioned open fighting with 'our natural enemies.' Thus he rejoices, as he feels himself free from the spectre that had long haunted him, and takes his place again among men:—

'Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
Tho' many a light shall darken and many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just doom shall be wreaked on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,

And noble thought be free under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done.
And now, by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.'—pp. 99, 100.

Viewed as an entire work, 'Maud' may be regarded as a very bold attempt to combine the aims and excellences of the two kinds of poetry the furthest removed from each other,—lyrical and dramatic. The form is lyrical, but the design is dramatic;—not the utterance of disjointed moods of passion, but the progressive development of character through action and experience. Beauty of detail has been kept subordinate, and sometimes utterly sacrificed to breadth of treatment, and to the forcible attainment of the general object. In regular dramatic poetry, the propriety of this is so fully acknowledged that humorous, commonplace, or coarse passages or scenes, or even passages of plain prose, are not felt to be out of place in Shakspeare's finest tragedies. That serious lyrical poetry naturally resents such liberties, is evident from the fact, that the introduction of downright prose would be wholly inadmissible and destructive of the very essence of this kind of composition. Consequently, every approach to the prosaic style must be injurious, and ought to be kept within very narrow limits. These limits, Mr. Tennyson appears to us to have decidedly transgressed, and to have forgotten that lyrical poetry, being the very poetry of poetry, cannot afford to dispense with any of the chief elements of poetic beauty, and demands perfection of detail even more imperatively than unity of plan, and subordination of each part to the whole. On the other hand, the reader will plainly do the Author injustice, if he judges of any poem in the series without reference to its place and relations, while at the same time there are many portions sufficiently beautiful to dispense with this plea, and challenge admiration as separate compositions.

Of the other poems in the volume, it is not necessary to say much. One or two of them, a poet jealous of his fame would scarcely have cared to publish. But there is a very spirited little sketch of a lover's quarrel, entitled, 'The Letters;' and an extremely sweet idyl, 'The Brook,' in the course of which the little brook sings its own song—a song which we should greatly like to transfer to our pages; such a one as perhaps nobody but Mr. Tennyson could have written, and which will find its echo by the meadowy banks and pebbly rapids of a thousand English brooks in summers long to come. Really, when we took up our pen, we had a mind to be very sour and ill-natured; but a poet who can tell us what the village brook is singing in such fashion as this, is not a man for even a critic to quarrel with.

ART. VI.—*Food and its Adulterations; comprising the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the 'Lancet' from the years* 1851 *to* 1854 *inclusive.* By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Chief Analyst of the Commission. Illustrated by One Hundred and Fifty-nine Engravings. 8vo. pp. 648. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

SINCE Dr. Accum's 'Death in the Pot,' no book on the adulteration of food in this country has created the sensation which the one now before us has done. As an important branch of the sanitary subject, which all the civilized nations of the west have now fairly engaged in, this one of the adulteration of food is most worthy of public consideration; and as in the chief articles of plain diet the adulterations are easily detected, while they are inflicting incalculable evil upon the people of this country, and especially upon that essential portion of them (the working men) least able to protect themselves, it is clearly the interest of every patriotic and the duty of every humane man to give some attention to the topic. We say that a deep and solemn responsibility rests upon every Christian man in reference to this great subject of public health, whereof the adulteration of food is one, and the pollution of the air and water of the people is another grand section; and we say further, that as the poor are, in the present state of their knowledge and political influence, absolutely helpless to remedy the evils complained of, a tenfold responsibility rests upon those who do possess the intelligence necessary to discern, and the political power to remedy these evils.

It is our sincere conviction, that from various causes connected with our advancing power and 'civilization,'—of which the chief are want of pure plain food, pure air, and pure water,—in other words, for want of sound sanitary measures, perfectly attainable and perfectly consistent with personal liberty, the *physique* of the people of this country is deteriorating, and that should our factory system continue to extend, and thorough public health measures not be speedily adopted, the national constitution and vigour will be *irreparably* injured.

We have before urged on the readers of the 'Eclectic' the duty incumbent on all intelligent and humane persons,—all the friends of temperance, education, religion, social advancement in every way, to be instant in season and out of season on the subject of public health reform, seeing that on it really rests all hope for the rapid improvement of the people. It is vain to expect social progress, except downwards, among the *poor* people of this country, while their air, water, food, and drink are polluted

and poisoned as they are at present. Even the light of the Gospel will scarcely burn in the foul air of our cellars, courts, alleys, and back streets. Without thorough drainage there will be no effectual cleansing of the inner man of this nation. To expect to wash away moral pollution or the grime of ignorance without a full supply of pure water to begin with, is a mere hallucination. God works in human hearts mainly by human means; and if we will not adopt the means He has pointed out,—whereof surely common cleanliness of the body and the air which surrounds it, is, if not first, one of the most essential, how can we dare to look for His blessing in any of the means we use for the improvement of our fellow-men?

On pipe drainage and a full water supply rests, we believe, sound social progress; all the bishops and beer-bills in the world will be perfectly inefficacious without that. And pipe drainage and water supply are quite as attainable as bishops, would the people of this country only set themselves as fairly to work to procure them as our prime ministers—of all parties—do, to furnish their friends and followers with the 'unsullied sanctity of the lawn.' Next to good sewers and pure water, which provide a wholesome atmosphere for communities, comes the obtaining for the people of pure, plain, wholesome food. And in the few simple essential articles which constitute the main nourishment of the masses, purity is, we believe, quite as attainable by the exercise of proper care on the part of the guardians of the public health, as is purity of the atmosphere by the adoption of 'sanitary measures.'

This book of Dr. Hassall's will be, has, indeed, already been, of effectual service in attracting the attention of the public to the important reform under consideration. We remember well, in 1850, when the first of these analytical papers appeared in the 'Lancet,' what consternation was excited in the tradesmen of the metropolis on their finding their *names* given along with analysis of goods procured at their shops; and how, strong in the veracity of the microscope and the laws of chemical affinity, the editor of that paper laughed at their threats of prosecution, and all the outcry which they raised.

Mr. Wakley evidently saw that, as in the case of flogging in the army, he had, in the adulteration of food question, got hold of a 'good thing;' and as, in his position of Coroner, he kept the horrors and humiliations of the triangles and the lash before the public until the general voice pronounced emphatically against the practice of flogging: so, in this question of the adulteration of the people's food he went on, week after week, giving the names of tradesmen, and the frauds which were practised on the purchasers of their goods, until the whole country was roused with indignation. Something of this kind is requisite to rouse

John Bull, for it is one of the evils of a system so popular as ours, that long and reiterated efforts are required to carry measures for the public good, which, in less free nations, are at once applied, so soon as the Executive is convinced of their value. Thus, in France and Prussia, measures have been taken to prevent the adulteration of food; while years will perhaps elapse before the Government of this country will be able to appoint officers, who, by the exercise of a little easily-acquired scientific skill, may give to England the same advantages. Such facts as these, we may observe, by the way, are by some persons urged as arguments in favour of absolute governments. Valuable reforms, they say, like these sanitary ones, cannot be introduced into countries like England—where the people are ignorant, but must still be consulted. Though impatiently demanding the reforms, however, we prefer a little more delay to a little more absolutism. The legitimate cure for this evil is more intelligence among the people, and a consequent more lively and quick appreciation of the value of the proposed reforms. There is another cure, likely, we fear, to be as tedious in its attainment as the general enlightenment of the people—it is the increased enlightenment, honour, and purity of their rulers, and the consequent conviction of the people that their governors' measures are honest and disinterested.

In America, measures have been successfully adopted to arrest adulteration in food; thus showing that it is not popular liberty which prevents reforms like these. Dr. Hassall and his staff went on for four years giving analyses of various articles—arrowroot, coffee, tea, bread, vinegar, pepper, cocoa, tobacco, bitter beer, &c., giving the names of both the knaves and the true men—helping the latter, no doubt, largely; setting the former at defiance, and conducing much, for the time, to prevent the practice of adulteration. He gave also full explanations of the methods of analysis, and drawings of the microscopic appearances of both the true and the adulterated articles. The whole of these are now collected in the work under notice, and we need scarcely, therefore, say, that it should be consulted by every one interested in the subject.

We said it was long before John Bull could be thoroughly roused to social reforms like these. The public health agitation had gone on for many years before, in 1848, the cholera compelled legislation on the subject, and even now Sir Benjamin Hall may consider himself fortunate should he, next session, carry the mild and admirable measures under his care.

And so, now, after France, Prussia, and America have led the way, and after Dr. Accum's 'Death in the Pot' has been proverbial for a generation, and Dr. Hassall's analyses of 'Food and

its Adulterations' have been going on for five years, we have, at last, John Bull roused; and after having remonstrated at Birmingham, Manchester, and elsewhere, in public meetings during the last year, we have members of parliament alluding to this book, and founding on its revelations a measure for the remedy of the evils of which it treats.

Mr. Drummond, in one of his droll, bright speeches (wherein, as in an unknown tongue, prophecy seems strangely blended with buffoonery), spoke thus in May last:—'There was a story of the late King George IV., who, being pleased with a particular wine, ordered his servant to send up some for dinner on the following day or so. The butler immediately hurried off to the wine merchant, and said, "What shall I do? I have drunk all that wine myself." The merchant replied, "Never mind; I will send you in something like it, but you must not keep it two days; it must be drunk the same day." The wine was sent, and no difference was detected. Thus wine merchants were wine manufacturers, and in confirmation he might mention that within the last ten days a friend of his went to a wine merchant in town, and, having tasted one kind of wine, was offered another, which he said was precisely like the one he had tasted before. Whereupon the wine merchant said, "There is not a drop of wine in it; it is manufactured." Had the House read the book of Dr. Hassall? That gentleman had been engaged in an investigation of how much fraud was practised in dealing with all kinds of food in this country, and he had made an awful exposition of the morals of the middling classes—the manufacturing classes—the class in which the whole strength of the country consisted, and not in that profligate aristocracy which was connected with the peerage. He had seen a remark in a German paper, in a review of that very book, that Napoleon had called the English a *nation boutiquière*, but that now they were a nation of the greatest rogues in the world.'

And on the 26th of May, Mr. Scholefield, in moving for a select committee to inquire into the adulteration of food, drink, and drugs, after remarking that 'if fraud had increased so as to outstrip existing legislation, the means of detecting fraud had been still more increased by the knowledge which had been acquired of organic chemistry,' said, in reference to the work before us, 'A gentleman who had been a member of that House, Mr. Wakley (proprietor of the 'Lancet'), to whom the public owed a debt of gratitude, had made some startling disclosures with regard to the adulteration which took place, although in the course of that task he was subject to various annoyances, and even to threats of personal violence; and some of the details which that gentleman had published were well worthy of atten-

tion.' The hon. member then read statistics to show how coffee and other articles of consumption were adulterated, and remarking that people were obliged to have recourse to medicine after being injured by adulterated food, went on to show that the adulteration in drugs was quite as great as in food. The Home Secretary admitted the necessity of the inquiry; and we may hope to have a good committee on the subject, and a good Blue Book to read ere long.

Dr. Hassall, in his appropriate Dedication to Sir Benjamin Hall, observes, that 'more persons have died, and still continue to die, from the neglect of proper sanitary precautions, and from living in violation of the fundamental laws and rules of health, than have ever fallen in battle.' This is a very obscure statement; but it can be proved by any well-informed student of sanitary science, that more persons perished of preventible diseases in the metropolis of England alone last year than both pestilence and the enemy have destroyed of the British army in the East. What number of persons perish, or what amount of disease is produced by the adulteration in our food and drink, it is obviously impossible to say, seeing that we are just entering on the inquiry as to the probable amount of that adulteration; it is certain, however, that an enormous amount of preventible disease is to be traced to this cause. The people will not offer the same opposition to any plans which Parliament may adopt for lessening the adulteration of food and drink as they have done to the measures commonly called 'sanitary;' and, therefore, we trust Mr. Scholefield's committee will grapple with the subject without fear or delay.

Dr. Hassall gives, in his Introduction, a very useful classification of the substances used for adulteration, dividing them into 1st, 'Substances used for adding weight and bulk to the different articles,' as ground rice, deal sawdust, and salt to cayenne pepper; 2nd, 'Substances used for the purpose of imparting colour,' as red-lead and bisulphuret of mercury to cayenne pepper; and 3rd, 'Substances employed for the purpose of imparting smell, flavour, pungency, and other properties,' as alum to bread, salt to porter, and cayenne pepper to gin. It is a melancholy fact, that the gentleman who indulges largely in cayenne pepper or curry powder may be painting the inner coats of his stomach with red-lead, and thus leading to an indigestion and paralysis inexplicable even to his doctor; that since the good old English housewifely fashion of preparing the pickles and preserves at home has gone out, people who purchase them are compelled to eat along with them more or less poisonous doses of salts of copper; and that the 'goodies,' all gloriously yellow, green, and blue, which grandmamma holds up to the dancing eyes and

watering mouths of her darlings, are glittering with gamboge, the deadly arsenite of copper, and Prussian blue!

The adulteration of tobacco and ardent spirits may probably not interest very many of our readers, seeing these are not essential necessaries of life; but every one must feel that the milder stimulants, and 'cups that cheer,' of tea, coffee, and cocoa, are intimately connected with the progress of civilization, and that next to air, water, and bread, it is desirable that we should possess the beverages named in a pure and wholesome state. Brandy and tobacco, as well as tea, coffee, and cocoa, have only become familiar to the Christian world since the era of the Reformation. Some readers will look on this as another instance of the good and evil principle marching abreast through the world; and many will believe that the milder stimulants and narcotics of tea and coffee, while supplying the want universally felt of something to soothe and to exhilarate, are *intended* to be antagonistic, as social powers, to the fiery alcohol and the Indian weed. We believe there is an immense amount of false philosophy and science, as well as a considerable quantity of cant abroad just now on these subjects; but without entering on disputed ground, no one, we think, will deny that there is something in the nature of the beverages we infuse peculiarly adapted to modern constitutions and modes of life, and that their general use, in a pure form, is eminently calculated to favour the temperance, refinement, and elevation of the national character.

It is singular, that along with a narcotic aromatic oil and a tonic bitter principle, all these substances contain what chemists have named theine or caffeine, and that cocoa or chocolate contains a similar substance, named theobromine, a white crystalline body, bitter, possessing tonic qualities, and peculiarly distinguished, as Professor Johnstone of Durham has pointed out in his 'Chemistry of Common Life,' by its power of retarding the waste of the animal body, making, in short, the food go further or last longer than would be the case without its use.

We believe the beverages referred to are peculiarly adapted to modern modes of life and of labour, and that to provide them unadulterated for the people would be a work worthy of philanthropists and statesmen.

Dr. Hassall points out their usual adulterations, and the mode of detecting them; and we think, with him, that there would be very little difficulty in providing, through the means of proper public officers, the means of bringing home the crimes of dishonest tradesmen, in reference to these and some other articles of general consumption. The microscope and test-tube, in fact, may be as readily employed for the detection of fraud as the

standard parish weights and measures; and as it is well known that a little vigilance in the public authorities suffices to prevent much robbery by false weights, we cannot see why a similar plan may not be employed to detect adulterations in food.

The reputation of a common huckster of the back streets is blasted by the discovery of false weights and measures: no respectable tradesman, except by an accident, is found guilty of possessing them; we believe the time will come when, in the essential articles of the people's diet, adulteration will be as rare and as easily detected as these formerly common frauds of unjust measures and weights. Dr. Hassall's book will hasten that time.

ART. VII.—*L'Amour dans le Mariage.* [Love in Marriage. By M. Guizot. Second Edition. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.] Par M. Guizot. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. pp. 92. 1855.

HISTORIANS generally have recorded the deeds of heroes, but of the devotedness and gentleness of women they have taken but slight account. They have considered it too much their province to narrate the ambitious projects of kings, the intrigues and crimes of men seeking their own aggrandizement by any means—the horrors of war, the rise and fall of states, the consolidation of nationalities, and the conflicts of contradictory principles, which have their embodiment in monarchical and popular institutions; but they record the names and life-deeds of but few women, and these, for the most part, are of that sterner mould and of that ferocious character which can be associated only painfully with our thoughts of the gentler sex. The characters of Cleopatra, Julia, Messalina, Catharine de Medici, the English and Scottish Marys, show darkly amid the memorials of the generations passed away. It is painful to think they were women. Herodias and the Magdalene, Drusilla and Lydia appear darkly and brightly in the brief but sublime narratives of the early Church, as if those faultless memorials intentionally exhibited the ultimate possibility of vice and virtue, cruelty and kindness, in feminine character. Time gives intensity to the lineaments alike of the hero and the villain; and if it be true that there is properly no history, only biography, if all history, to quote the words of a great essayist, becomes subjective, one sees in all that recorded past still only the same nature, the same humanity in its contradictory developments. Thus, from the hour when the

first pyramid was commenced, until to-day, man is identical. That which has been done, will be repeated in the present and the future. If the evil shall reappear, so also shall the good.

Few women are comparable with the wife of the unfortunate Lord William Russell; and it may be hoped, from the advance of good principles, and from the general progress of mankind, that evil times, such as those in which she lived, will never return. In her mournful story are recorded those noble characteristics, which are generally depicted only on the pages of romance. In her they were actual, the strength and beauty of her life—not only an enduring self-denial, an entire devotion to the memory of her murdered lord, and to the well-being of their children, but that persistent goodness of heart, that entire religiousness of conduct, equally in her happiness and in her sorrow, which

'————Through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows, and gleams immortal.'

Beautifully the story of Lady Russell's life shines out amid the troublous darkness of the reigns of Charles II. and his successor—that evil period of national transition from the cruel despotism of the Stuarts towards constitutional government. Born in 1636, and related to the illustrious Ruvigny family, who were driven from France by religious persecution, she early learned, not only those grand truths that man is responsible for his faith to his Maker alone, and that it were better to die than to live enslaved, but also to feel a perfect sympathy with the misfortunes even of strangers, and thus, as if in anticipation of her future, to know the sublimity of patient endurance. Married, in her eighteenth year, to Lord Vaughan, the elder son of the Earl of Carberry, she became a widow at the end of two years, and shortly after the decease of her husband, her father died, leaving his vast property to be shared by herself and her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Noel. In 1670, Lady Vaughan became the wife of Lord William Russell, and it is from this epoch that she is known to the world, sharing the fortunes of the ill-starred and time-honoured patriot, the victim of a king without virtue and without heart. Rare in this world of ours, amid the antagonism of rival interests, and the selfishness of the multitude, is love like that of Rachel Russell, without mistrust or fear, a pure passion, without intemperance and without discord, and which, as M. Guizot writes, in harmony with all aspirations human and divine, to them who enjoy it, is Paradise regained. Tranquil, modest, and supremely virtuous, loving ardently and innocently her husband, whose heart beat high with patriotic ardour in his hope that, one day, he should see his fatherland prosperous because

free; and that it might be his glorious life-work to establish reasonable liberty on a lasting basis; with a truly Christian soul, warped by no bigotry, and exhibiting always an exalted charity to those who did not think as she thought, Lady Russell appears before us with peculiar grandeur of character. How tender, and yet how touching are her letters, those especially of her earlier wedded life, sent to her husband during his occasional absences from home, with their scanty intelligence of such news of the day as could reach her—that there had been, it was rumoured, a great sea-fight off Solbay, in which Ruyter was vanquished, but with grievous loss—that the Duke of York's marriage was broken off—that the courtship between Miss Ogle and Tom Howard's son continued—and that Tom Wharton was looking out for another mistress; such chit-chat as the 'Morning Post,' in our own day, delights to present to languishing beauties and eager rivals—the gossip, follies, and frivolities in the voluptuous court of the 'mutton-eating king,' whose words were never foolish, and whose deeds were never wise. How these letters evince, also, her passionate love, carefulness, and apprehensions for her absent lord; and, most of all, the suspicion that such complete joy as theirs could not but, some day, have its cloud, such peace its storm!

'What can I pray for,' she writes in one of these charming epistles, 'but that God, if it seem good to Him, may continue to me all these joys? And if he decide it otherwise, that He may give me strength to submit without murmuring to His wise arrangements and to His sovereign providence, keeping a grateful heart for those years of perfect happiness which I have already received from Him. He knows, better than we, at what moment we have obtained and enjoyed enough here below. That which I earnestly implore of His compassion is, that, no matter which of us may first depart, the other may not despair, as if without hope of finding his beloved one again. Let us joyfully hope that we may live together until a good old age; if not, let us not fear but that God will sustain us in the trial with which He may afflict us. Let us daily pray to God that it may be so, and we shall fear nothing. Death is, it is true, the greatest evil, and which troubles our nature the most; let us overcome our immoderate fear of death, both for our beloved and for ourselves; we shall live then with tranquil hearts.'

Nearly eleven years had passed away since this letter was written, and the dreaded storm broke at last; the serene sky became densely clouded; but, even amid the murky air, the star of hope remained to allure the patient mourner to brighter worlds. The tyranny of Charles II. had become insupportable to all intelligent lovers of their country. The monarch, himself a mere pensioner of the ambitious French king, was popish at heart, and, even under the cloak of a sublime hypocrisy, was

unable entirely to conceal his predilection from the vigilant men who sighed for the virtue and the heroic spirit which passed away when Oliver died. The standing army was a burden and a terror to men who painfully remembered the fields of Naseby and Worcester; the Parliament was corrupt and servile; and the government weak, despotic, and mercenary. Lords Hollis and Russell, with the hope of remedying these evils, which perilled the very existence of the State, had entered into a clandestine correspondence with the French ambassador; but Barillon's letters abundantly prove that their conduct was actuated only by patriotism. The time was come, when serious questions were to be asked by them and by all serious men—How was the royal tyranny most effectually to be resisted? How was the nation to attain to liberty? Would it be well to invite foreign co-operation? That the majority of the Whig party, and their adherents, would fight side by side with the troops of the Grand Monarque, even could these effect a landing on the English shores, was to the last degree improbable. Better to live under the despotism of a heartless and profligate English king, than to obtain freedom by the intervention of a foreign and a popish power. Lord Russell, sincere, earnest, inexperienced, and guided always by principles of high honour, and by nobility of mind, could not counsel freedom for the fatherland by such means. But was the old spirit entirely quelled, which had kindled so great a conflagration against the first Charles? If a conspiracy could be formed among some of the wealthier and more popular nobles, would it not succeed? To establish the Commonwealth again was out of the question, but it were not difficult, perhaps, to form a strong and lasting constitutional government, by which a king should rule in harmony with the wishes of the people. Was there not everything to justify an armed resistance? The Parliament had been corrupted, and the entire state was at the feet of a debauched ruler and his profligate harlots. Russell revolved these weighty matters frequently—alas! without consulting his noble wife, whose counsels, perhaps, had overborne his sterner purpose. But his resolution was formed, to overthrow the hated tyranny by the armed hand. Conspirators, like gamblers, calculate on a theory of probabilities entirely their own, but with too little regard to the chances of failure, and with too much placed upon those of success. That success was far from hopeless, may be assumed from the fact that noblemen such as Essex and Russell, who had so much to lose if the attempt miscarried, had not engaged in it but with a prospect of accomplishing their lofty purpose. No one at all acquainted with the character of these two illustrious men, could suppose that they were connected with the minor plot for the assassination of the king. That were to

degrade themselves from patriots to assassins. In an evil hour, Russell, Essex, Algernon Sidney, and Hampden, admitted Lord Howard to their counsels—a man of a fickle nature and malignant heart, a hasty conspirator and a ready traitor. Howard, fearing for his own safety, if the conspiracy failed, or desirous to build his fortune upon the ruin of the confederates, secretly went to the king at the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and informed him of all which the misplaced confidence of the patriots had permitted him to learn. Intelligence of the discovery was immediately conveyed to the conspirators. Lord Shaftesbury fled into Holland; Essex was placed in the Tower, where he speedily destroyed himself; Lord Russell was arrested, and taken before the council. The king presided, keenly watching the noble prisoner, and already resolved that he should not escape, if it were possible to destroy him. The examination was long and perplexing, and at its close Russell was committed to the Tower. On entering that gloomy fortress—the dungeon-home through weary years, and at last the grave, of many a gallant heart—he said to his valet, 'They will have my life; the devil is unloosed.' Fifteen days elapsed before the unfortunate nobleman was brought to trial, his wife, the while, doing her utmost to serve him, using every effort to rescue him from that last evil she feared so much. On July 13, 1683, Lord Russell was brought to trial. Pemberton, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who presided, was a humane, but a weak and vacillating, man. The counsel for the crown against the prisoner were Sawyer and Jefferies, the latter of whom has earned an immortality of infamy—'a man,' as Mr. Macaulay has described him, 'constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions—the most consummate bully ever known in the profession.' The sheriffs, either commanded by the court to do so, or eager to obtain substantial proofs of the king's favour, had packed the jury. No modern jury would have returned a verdict of guilty on the evidence of such witnesses as Howard and Rumsey; but, in those evil days, judge and counsel alike prosecuted the unhappy victims of royal hatred or mistrust. The hall of trial was so crowded that the lawyers complained they had no place in which to sit down. Lord Russell asked for a pen, ink, and paper, in order to take notes of the proceedings. These were given to him; and he said, 'Can I have some person who can write, to assist my memory?' 'Yes, my lord, one of your servants.' 'My wife is here, ready to do it,' he replied. 'If her ladyship will take the trouble, she can do so,' said the judge; and the thronging spectators could not refrain from expressions of sympathy and admiration, when the noble woman, calm, self-possessed, and majestic, seated herself by the side of the man she loved so tenderly and

well, and whom she was soon to see no more in this changeful, weary world. During the long and tedious trial, ever ready with wise suggestions, Lady Russell was at once her husband's secretary and counsellor;—but, neither able self-defence, nor the more powerful eloquence of her tears prevailed with a corrupt judge and a hireling jury. Convicted and condemned, he was warned to prepare for speedy death. In vain, at his wife's earnest entreaties, noblemen implored the Duke of York to intercede with his brother for the life of the condemned prisoner. That cruel, stubborn bigot silently refused. Nothing so completely represents to posterity the cold, merciless nature of Charles II.—for the true profligate is ever without heart—as the replies made by him to the persons who besought the royal clemency on behalf of Lord Russell. To his own son, Monmouth, the king said—'I should like to pardon him, but I cannot do so without involving myself with my brother. Don't let us talk of it any more.' The answer he gave to Lord Dartmouth, however, evinces the real reason of his refusal—'All that you allege is true; but it is also true that, if I do not take his life, he will soon have mine.' Lady Russell thought that, if her uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny came to London with the permission of Louis XIV., her husband might perhaps be pardoned. Charles, hearing of it, said to the French ambassador, 'I don't wish to prevent M. de Ruvigny, from coming here; but my Lord Russell will have his head cut off before he can arrive.' In their horror of republican institutions, under which their piety and competency had been so severely tested, the Anglican clergy had preached the insane doctrine of non-resistance to the crown, however tyrannous the monarch might be. The clergy of that day, abject and servile, happily possessed but little power, or the English nation had been entirely lost. Even Sherlock stooped so low as to write, that it is 'unlawful under any pretence to wage war, even defensive, against the king, that the supreme power is in him; for he who is unaccountable and irresistible is supreme.' What was to be expected from such ready servants of a detestable despotism, but that they should strengthen their bloody master's hands? Burnet and Tillotson tormented the condemned lord in his prison, by vexatious questionings as to his belief in this atrocious doctrine of the unlawfulness of resistance to royal authority, however insane or cruel the ruler might be. Lord Russell was too wise and too honourable a man to obtain even life by assenting to such a proposition: 'For my part,' he said, 'I have always thought that a free nation, such as this, was right in defending its religion and its liberties, when any one threatened to snatch them away. If I have sinned in this, I hope that God will not regard it as a crime in me, for it is only a sin of ignorance.'

When Burnet pressed him again with the same question, he cut the matter short by saying: 'I cannot lie; I shall lie, if I proceed farther.'

Although annoyed and distressed by the persistence of Tillotson in pressing this question, Lord Russell, in such brief time as remained, prepared to enter on that world where every doubt is removed, every sorrow forgotten, and where, too, upon the tranquil soul is shed the light of perpetual day—truth without eclipse. The years passed with his noble wife had not been spent in vain. From her he had learned how good and great is the strength of virtue, how soothing and fortifying is true religion in the darkest hour of human endurance and sorrow. The nearer the fatal day approached, the more he wished to be alone with her, that he might learn from her piety and courage how a good man should encounter death. On July 19th, he was informed officially that no respite would be granted, and that in two days he must die. He had learned that it was in vain to trust in princes, and that the heart of a Stuart could neither pity nor spare. The king, who basely neglected his scarred and impoverished friends, was but little inclined to pardon his enemies; and in the breast of some hereditary monarchs the quality of mercy is rare, unless by its exercise reputation can be acquired or power increased. Republican governments have sometimes been cruel to traitors and captives; but long lines of kings with irresponsible authority are painfully remembered by posterity as, oftentimes, the murderers of men whose only crime was the endeavour to be free; and, of these, none are more conspicuous than that hated family whom William of Orange banished for ever from the English throne.

On the evening before his execution, Lady Russell, with anguished heart, brought to him their children, that he might take a long farewell of these beloved ones; and after conversing with them for some time, and of their education and their future, he gave them his parting blessing. When they had been removed, Lord Russell said to his wife, 'remain to supper with me, and let us take our last earthly repast together.' During supper, he spoke of the many illustrious men who had met death without fear—the nobility of the ancient glory; and at ten o'clock, after embracing many times, in trembling silence, their 'woe too deep for tears,' they parted in this world for ever. Turning to Burnet, he said, 'The bitterness of death is passed;' adding, at intervals in his grief, 'What a blessing she has been to me! God has shown me remarkable mercy in giving me such a wife—birth, fortune, great intellect, great piety, great love for me; it has been all that! And, above all, her conduct in this extremity! It is a great consolation to me *to leave* my children in the hands of such a mother; she has

promised me to take care of herself on their account, and she will do it.' Burnet then spoke to him of his approaching end; and as his thoughts reverted to his own state, Lord Russell said to the sorrowing clergyman, 'What an immense change death must make in us! what new and marvellous scenes must open before our soul! I have heard it said of men who were born blind, that they were stricken with stupor when, after the cataract had fallen from their eyes, they were able to see; how great would this have been, if the first object they had looked upon had been the rising sun!' Then, giving his watch to Burnet, he said, 'I have done with time; eternity is at hand.'

That short summer-night of tears seems like the last hours of some grand martyr in the early time of Christianity, who preferred death to a recreant and dishonoured life, and who sought, in 'the bosom of his Father and his God,' for that freedom and peace which the world could not give. Such a hero-martyr was Lord Russell, worthy to be lastingly remembered and revered, as one of those whose sacrifice was necessary for the future well-being of mankind; for by his blood were moistened the roots of that freedom under whose shade the English people live. His memory will render tyranny for ever impossible in England. A new era began when this patriot died. The execution took place on July 21, 1683, and from that day Lady Russell lived to mourn her irreparable loss. Her life was prolonged to a great age. At Southampton House, on September 29, 1723, the illustrious mourner expired in the arms of one of her children, honoured and beloved by all men, not only for her great historic name, which had long been the watchword of the free, but for her gentleness of soul, her sublime devotion to her murdered husband's memory, and her religion pure and undefiled. Faithfully she had obeyed his last behest—she had lived for their children alone. Labouring for their highest benefit, and patiently waiting until she should join her beloved one in the home of all the good, she was permitted to see her posterity, honoured, virtuous, and esteemed by the entire English nation, who, enjoying that liberty to obtain which Lord Russell died, forgot not, in their regard for his children, the thanks which were due to their immortal father.

We must leave M. Guizot to narrate for our readers the widowed life of Lady Russell, and that admirable philosophical historian has delineated her portraiture with a master-hand. His retirement from public life has enabled him to contribute from his profound historical knowledge to the literature of Europe, and, among other works, to produce this exquisite sketch of the life of an illustrious woman, whose true religion, as M. Guizot gracefully and prominently states, surrounds her character with lasting dignity and beauty.

ART. VIII.—*Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber; or, the Influence of Romanism on Trade, Justice, and Knowledge.* By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Post 8vo. pp. 455. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot.

THE historical interest of Italy is unsurpassed. Judea has features of its own, which exclude it from comparison. The fact of its having been the scene of Our Lord's personal ministry gives it a special fascination, which the progress of time may refine, but cannot destroy; and which present degradation, however it weakens, can never wholly obliterate. The historical student, who is at all alive to the momentous importance of the events which occurred in Judea, will never fail to regard it with deep interest, or to view it as a special case apart from others. Italy is associated, more or less intimately, with all our modern ideas of political institutions, classical literature, and ecclesiastical policy. The Cæsar in pagan, and the Pope in Christian times, have extended their sceptre over it, and each has impressed his character on its people and institutions. The influence of the latter, however, has been exerted on the largest scale, and is the most obvious. Everywhere, and over all classes, this influence is visible. At times, it has appeared to wane, but hitherto it has withstood all hostile forces. The elements of disaster have sometimes been accumulated. Dissatisfaction and embittered enmity have spread around it. The ground beneath its feet has given way. Its throne has tottered, its sceptre has drooped, and those who were waiting for its fall have hastily proclaimed their triumph. But the hour of hope has passed, the Successor of St. Peter has regained, in appearance at least, his former power and splendour; dark clouds have regathered over Italy, and the worst government which Europe ever witnessed, has continued to mock the hopes, and to grind down the spirits of men. Of modern times, we need not speak. The present condition of Rome is known to all. The papacy is dependent on French bayonets. Let the soldiers of France be withdrawn from his capital, and Pius IX. would speedily be a fugitive.

Dr. Wylie visited Italy, at the close of 1851, for the purpose of noting the influence of popery on the condition of the people. 'I did not go to Rome,' he says, 'to seek for condemnatory matter against the Pope's government. Had this been my only object, I should not have deemed it necessary to undertake so long a journey.' To this statement we do not object. We believe that it honestly expresses the author's intention. At the same time, we are bound to state, that the decision of his views on the papal

question, and the good service he had previously rendered, must be borne in mind when estimating his testimony. If his report had differed from that of other witnesses, we should be disposed to admit that it had probably been influenced by pre-conceived opinions. The medium through which he looked at the government of the Pope, and traced out its effect on the character and condition of his subjects, would, in such case, be regarded by us as having somewhat influenced his estimate. Such, however, is not the case. Dark as are the colors in which Dr. Wylie portrays the condition of Italy, he is borne out by a concurrence of many witnesses. Men of various classes and conflicting creeds, both political and religious, have given us an insight into the condition of the Italian people, which confirms the worst view afforded by our author. 'I had previously,' he says, when referring to the papacy, 'been at some little pains to make myself acquainted with this system in its principles, and wished to have an opportunity of studying it in its effects upon the government of the country, and the condition of the people as respects their trade, industry, knowledge, liberty, religion, and general happiness.' To this end the present volume is devoted. It is due to Dr. Wylie to state that his readers are not furnished with lectures on history instead of a book of travel. 'It is not,' he tells us, 'an abstract disquisition on the influence of religion and government, such as one might compose without stirring from his own fireside, which I intend to write. It is a real journey we are about to undertake. You shall have facts as well as reflections,—incidents as well as disquisitions.' This statement is accurately descriptive of his volume, which is, in consequence, replete with interest to various classes of readers.

Dr. Wylie passed into Italy by the Mont Cenis route, the least rugged of the Alpine passes, and was impressed, as all intelligent and reflecting men must be, at the first sight of this classic land. In truth, it is impossible to renew the impressions attendant on such a spectacle. 'The Italy which one comes to see on his second visit is not the Italy that first drew him across the Alps. That was the Italy of history, or rather of his own imagination. The fair form his fancy was wont to conjure up, draped in the glowing recollections of empire and of arms, and encompassed with the halo of heroic deeds he can see no more. There meets him, on the other side of the Alps, a vision very unlike this. The Italy of the Cæsars is gone; and where she sat is now a poor, naked, cowering thing, with a chain upon her arm,—the Italy of the Popes. But the fascination attends the traveller some short way into that land. Indeed, he is loath to lose it, and would rather see Italy through the warm colourings of history, and the bright hues of his own fancy, than look upon her as she is.'

In the course of his travels he passed through Turin, Milan, Brescia, Verona, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and Rome, so that he had manifold opportunities of witnessing the condition of the people, and of tracing out the effects of the government on their character and condition.

Turin was one of the first cities visited, and it was only natural that in referring to it he should recur to the political revolution of which the Sardinian kingdom has been the recent theatre. The constitution which Charles Albert gave his subjects in 1848 was unsolicited. It had its origin probably in political considerations rather than in any enlightened estimate of what was due to popular rights. The sovereignty of Italy, then in arms against Austria, was uppermost, we apprehend, in the monarch's thoughts. The campaign in Lombardy, however, proved disastrous to Charles Albert. His army was thoroughly routed by the Austrians, and he himself died of a broken heart at Oporto, whither he had fled. Radetzky, the Austrian General, was expected immediately to march on Turin, and to put down the constitution. To the astonishment of everybody he did not do so. Why, we know not. We record the simple fact, and recognise in it the germ of future good. Sardinia retained its constitution, notwithstanding the defeat of its army and the death of its king. Dr. Wylie tells us—

'King Victor Immanuel—a constitutional monarch simply by accident—turned out a good-natured, easy-minded man, who loved the chase and his country seat, and found it more agreeable to live on good terms with his subjects, and enjoy a handsome civil list,—which his Parliament has taken care to vote him,—than to be indebted for his safety and a bankrupt exchequer to the bayonets of his guards. Thus marvellously, hitherto, in the midst of dangers at home and reaction abroad, has the Piedmontese charter been preserved. I dwell with the greater minuteness on this point, because on the integrity of that charter are suspended the civil liberties of the Church of the Vaudois. When I was in Turin, the Constitution was three years old; but even then its existence was exceedingly precarious. The King could have revoked it at any moment; and there was not then, I was assured by General Beckwith,—who knows the state of the Piedmontese nation well,—moral power in the country to offer any effectual resistance, had the royal will decreed the suppression of constitutional government. "But," added he, "should the Constitution live three years longer, the people by that time will have become so habituated to the working of a free Constitution, and public opinion will have acquired such strength, that it will be impossible for the monarch to retrace his steps, even should he be so inclined. It is exactly three years since that time, and the state of the Piedmontese nation at this moment is such as to justify the words of the sagacious old man.'—p. 31.

The Sardinian constitution had to struggle against no ordinary

difficulties. The numbers and power of the priesthood exceeded those of any other country in Europe. 'Piedmont,' says Dr. Wylie, 'was the paradise of priests.' With a population of four millions and a half, there are in Sardinia 7 archbishops, 34 bishops, 41 chapters with 860 canons attached to the bishoprics; 73 simple chapters with 470 canons; 1100 livings for the canons, and 4267 parishes with some thousands of priests. The property of the church is equal to a capital of 400,000,000 of francs, with a yearly revenue of 17,000,000. The income of the Sardinian prelates is double that of the bishops of France, and the Archbishop of Turin alone has an income of 120,000 francs, which is more than the whole bench of Belgium bishops. Nor is this all. There are 71 religious orders besides, divided into 604 houses containing 8563 monks and nuns. Our readers will not be surprised therefore that a bill has been carried through the Sardinian legislature for the better distribution of the revenues of the church, and for the suppression of the so-called religious houses. The priests of course denounce this bill as 'spoliation and robbery,' but the readers of the 'Eclectic' will regard it as only an instalment of the debt due to sound legislation and religious liberty.

The recent adhesion of Sardinia to the league of the Western Powers is another illustration of what all history attests, that religious and political freedom are, in fact, but two phases of the same thing. The great bulk of the liberal party in this Italian kingdom surmised from the first that the overthrow of the popedom was essential to the establishment of constitutional liberty, and what was matter of surmise at first, is now felt with all the strength of an unquestioned conviction. In 1848, the Italians were willing to accept the leadership of the Pope. They will do so no more. 'The perfidies and atrocities of which they have since been the victims have burnt the essential tyranny of the papal system into their minds; and the next insurrection that takes place will be against the papacy.'

About thirty miles to the south-west of Turin lie the valleys of the Vaudois. These were of course visited by our author, and their scenery and productions, the condition of their people, their religious faith, heroic sufferings, and present freedom are, described in terms of deep and impassioned interest. 'Their martyr-age,' says Dr. Wylie, 'lasted five centuries; and we know of nothing, whether we regard the sacredness of the cause or the undaunted valour, the pure patriotism, and the lofty faith in which the Vaudois maintained it, that can be compared with their glorious struggle.'

'The Vaudois excel the rest of the Piedmontese in point of morals just as much as they excel them in point of intelligence and industry.

All who have visited their abodes, and studied their character, admit, that they are incomparably the most moral community on the Continent of Europe. When a Vaudois commits a crime,—a rare occurrence,—the whole valleys mourn, and every family feels as if a cloud rested on its own reputation. No one can pass a day among them without remarking the greater decorum of their deportment, and the greater kindliness and civility of their address.'—p. 75.

Up to 1848 the inhabitants of the valleys were proscribed beyond their own limits. Out of these they could not possess land, and if reduced to sell their paternal fields to a stranger, they could not buy them back. The Waldensian 'was shut out from the colleges of his country; he could not practise as a member of any of the learned professions; every avenue to distinction and wealth was closed against him. He could not marry but with one of his own people; he could not build a sanctuary; he could not even bury his dead beyond the limits of "the valleys."' A terrible illustration of the grinding oppression under which he suffered was supplied in the fact, that children were frequently taken from their parents to be trained in the rites of Romanism. Such was their state until the revolution of 1848 produced the decree of Charles Albert, declaring them free subjects of Piedmont and their church a free church. Their disabilities are now happily matters of history, and the kingdom which gave them religious liberty 'has had its own political liberties wonderfully protected.'

Proceeding towards Rome, our author arrived at Venice, which wore to him the appearance of 'a city of the dead.' We shall not dwell on his description of the 'Queen of the Adriatic,' as it is familiar to most of our readers from personal observation or from the pages of other travellers. He visited several of its one hundred and twenty churches, and was surprised, as most others will probably be, to find classes of boys and girls under instruction. Few Protestants will be prepared for this, yet the fact is undoubted, and it is noteworthy as indicative of reviving superstition:—

'The Sabbath-school system,' says Dr. Wylie, 'is in full operation in Venice, in Rome's behalf. The boys were in charge of the young priests, and the girls, of the nuns and sisters. In some cases, laymen had been pressed into the service, and were occupied in unfolding the mysteries of transubstantiation to the young mind. Seating myself on a bench in presence of a class of boys, I watched the course of instruction. Their Text-book was the 'Catechism of Christian Doctrine,' which contains the elements of the Roman faith as fixed by the Council of Trent. The boys were repeating the Catechism to the teacher. No explanations were given, for the process was simply that of fixing dogmas in the memory,—of conveying as much of fact, or what professed to be so, as it was possible to convey into the mind

without awakening the understanding. The boys were taught to *believe*, not *reason*; and those who acquitted themselves best had little medals and pictures of St. Francis given them as prizes.—p. 181.

From Venice our author proceeded to Padua, which he tells us,—'Of all the wretched and ruinous places I ever saw, this is the most wretched and ruinous,—hopelessly, incurably ruinous. . . . . The inhabitants, pale, emaciated, and wrapt in huge cloaks, wander through the streets like ghosts.'

Ferrara was subsequently visited, and as it was the first town belonging to the Roman States which he entered, Dr. Wylie was specially solicitous to mark the operation of the papal government. The contrast between the *past* and the *present* is here most obvious and painful. The glory which formerly rested on Ferrara has disappeared. Commerce, learning, the arts and religion, have equally withered, and its scanty population enclosed within extensive walls 'have a wasted and sickly look:'—

'The town once enjoyed a flourishing trade in hemp,—an article which found its way to our dockyards; but this branch of traffic now scarcely exists. The native manufacturers of Ferrara have been ruined, and a feeble trade in corn is almost all that is left. How is this? Is its soil less fertile? Has its natural canal, the Po, dried up? No; but the Government, afraid perhaps that its fields would yield too plenteously, its artisans become too ingenious, and its citizens too wealthy in foreign markets, has laid a heavy duty on its exports, and on every article of home manufacture. Hence the desolate Polesina without, and the extinct forges and empty workshops within, its walls. A city whose manufactures were met with in all the markets of Europe is now dependent for its own supply on the Swiss. The ruin of its trade dates from its annexation to the Papal States. The decay of intelligence has kept pace with that of trade. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Ferrara was one of the lights of Europe; now I know not that there is a single scholar in its university; and its library of eighty thousand volumes and nine hundred manuscripts, among which are the Greek palimpsests of Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom, and the manuscripts of Ariosto and Tasso, is becoming, equally with Ariosto's dust, which reposes in its halls, the prey of the worm.'—pp. 214, 215.

All our readers have heard of Francesco and Rosa Madiai, who were imprisoned at Florence for reading the Word of God in Italian. A protestant deputation visited that city to intercede for these confessors, but the Grand Duke was for a time immovable. A guillotine was imported from Lucca, and the sovereign, as if in contempt, told his subjects that he was 'determined to root out protestantism from his State, though he should be handed down to posterity as a monster of cruelty.' Notwithstanding, however, this threat, and the measures which were adopted for its

execution, protestantism has widely spread. All the liberal papers have been put down, and every printing establishment which ventured to issue the Bible or religious books has been suppressed. A secret press, however, has been diligently at work, and has gone far to supply the want experienced. Bibles have been printed in large numbers, and D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation,' M'Cree's 'Suppression of the Reformation in Italy,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and various religious tracts have been widely circulated.

The civil and ecclesiastical powers have vainly combined against the truth. Deterred by no scruple, reckless of all consequences, and bitterly hostile to Evangelical doctrine, they have sought to perpetuate the ignorance and superstition on which they thrive. The natural result, however, has followed. Light has entered; a few elements of truth have penetrated into the enclosure, and the means adopted to perpetuate the despotism and ignorance of Tuscany have consequently failed:—

'The prohibition of a book by the Government is sure to be followed by a universal demand for it; and the Government decree is thus the signal for going to press with a new edition of the forbidden work. Mr. Gladstone's letters on Naples were prohibited by Government; and the very means adopted to keep the Tuscans ignorant of what Englishmen thought of the state of Naples, and of the Continent generally, only led to its being better known. Though not a single copy of these letters was to be seen in the shops or on the stalls, they found their way into every one's hands. The same thing happened to Count Guicciardini. The Government prohibited his statement, and all Florence read it. The well-known hatred of the priests to the Bible has been its best recommendation in the eyes of the Tuscans. Thus the Government finds that it cannot move a step without inflicting deadly damage on its own interests. Its interposition is fatal only to the cause it seeks to help. To prohibit a book is to publish it; to bring a man to trial is to give liberty an opportunity of speaking through his advocate; to cast a confessor of the Lord Jesus into prison is but to erect a lighthouse amidst the Tuscan darkness. The Government and the priesthood find that their efforts are foiled and their might paralysed by a mysterious power, which they know not how to grapple with.'—p. 250.

Considerable hopes were raised in this country, a few years since, by the earlier measures of Pius IX. His popedom was hailed as the commencement of a new era. Italy was intoxicated with delight. Her patriots began to look up, and the fondest dreams of a sanguine people were thought to be near their realization. Our own countrymen partook of the delusion; and the change which speedily ensued, when the plaudits of Rome were exchanged for suspicion and hostility, and the pontiff was compelled to seek safety in flight, has been referred to in

proof of the fickleness of the Italian mind. This conclusion was not unnatural when little was known of the character of the Pope, and of the condition of Rome. Much, however, has since been learned, and we are now compelled to admit that the hopes formerly cherished were delusive; that the smile of the popedom was but the outward garniture of a grave; and that what many deemed ingratitude and recklessness were the measures to which honest men were forced by the vacillation and treachery of the Pope and cardinals.

On one occasion our author saw Pius IX., and his description of the personal appearance of the pontiff will be read with interest:—

'Pio Nono,' he says, 'though king of the kings of the earth, was attired with severe simplicity. His sole dress, save the skull-cap I have mentioned, and red slippers, was a gown of white stuff, which enveloped his whole person from the neck downwards, and looked not unlike a camlet morning dressing-gown. A small cross which dangled on his breast was his only ornament. The fisherman's ring I was too far off to see. In person he is a portly, good-looking gentleman; and, could one imagine him entering the pulpit of a Scotch Secession congregation, or an English Methodist one, his appearance would be hailed with looks of satisfaction. His colour was fresher than the average of Italy; and his face had less of the priest in it than many I have seen. There was an air of easy good nature upon it, which might be mistaken for benevolence, blended with a smile, which appeared ever on the point of breaking into a laugh, and which utterly shook the spectator's confidence in the firmness and good faith of its owner. Pius stooped slightly; his gait was a sort of amble; there was an air of irresolution over the whole man; and one was tempted to pronounce,—though the judgment may be too severe,—that he was half a rogue, half a fool. He waved his hand in an easy, careless way to the students and Frenchmen, and made a profound bow to the English party.'—p. 316.

The condition of the Pope's subjects is painted in the darkest possible colors. It is impossible to conceive of a people more fearfully oppressed. 'The little finger of the Pope,' says Dr. Wylie, 'is thicker than the loins of the Cæsars. The sights I saw, and the facts I heard, actually poisoned my enjoyment of Rome. What pleasure could I take in statues and monuments when I saw the wretched beings that lived beside them, and marked the faces on which despair was painted; the forms that grief had bowed to the very dust; the dead men who wandered in the streets and about the old ruins as if they sought but couldnot find their graves.' This is strong language, but not too strong. Our author fully sustains it Anything more sanguinary than the policy of the ecclesiastical government cannot readily be imagined. It combined the ferocity of the tiger with the cunning of the fox, and though its end

has been accomplished for a season, a terrible retribution is in store.

'I cannot,' says Dr. Wylie, 'go into any minute detail of the imprisonments, banishments, and massacres by which the Pope has signalized his return to his palace and the chair of Peter. But I may state a few facts, from which some idea of their number may be gathered. When Pio Nono fled from Rome to Gaeta, what was the amount of its population? Not less than a hundred and sixty thousand. I conversed with a distinguished literary Englishman who chanced to visit Rome at the time I speak of, and who assured me that there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand in Rome then, for Italians had flocked thither from every country under heaven, expecting a new era for their city and nation. But I shall give the Pope the benefit of the smaller number. When he fled, there were, I shall suppose, only a hundred and sixty thousand human beings in his city of Rome. Take the same Rome six months after his return, and how many do you find in it? According to the most credible accounts, the population of the Eternal City had dwindled down to little above a hundred thousand. Here are sixty thousand human beings lacking in this one city. What has become of them? Where are they gone to? I shall suppose that some were fortunate enough to escape to Malta, some to Belgium, some to England, and others to America. I shall suppose that twenty thousand contrived to get away. And let me here do justice to Mr. Freeborn, the British consul, who saved much blood by issuing British passports to these unhappy men when the French entered Rome. Twenty thousand, I shall suppose, made good their flight. But thirty thousand and upwards are still lacking. Where are your subjects, Pio Nono? Were we to put this interrogatory to the Pope, he would reply, I doubt not, as did another celebrated personage in history, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But ah! might not the same response as of old be made to this disclaimer, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground"? Again we say, Where are your subjects, Pio Nono? Ask any Roman, and he will tell you where these men are. Ask our own consul, Mr. Freeborn, and he will tell you where they are. They are, those of them that have not been shot, rotting at this hour at the bottom of the Pope's dungeons. That is where they are.

'There is a singular unanimity in Rome amongst all parties as to the number of political prisoners now under confinement. This I had many opportunities of testing. I met a Roman one evening in a bookshop, and, after a rather lengthened conversation, I said to him, "Can you tell me how many prisoners there are at present in the Roman States?" "No," he replied, "I cannot." "But," I rejoined, "have you no idea of their number?" He solemnly said, "God only knows." I pressed him yet farther, when he stated, that the common estimate, which he believed to be not above the truth, rather under, was, that there were not fewer than thirty thousand political prisoners in the various fortresses and dungeons of the Papal States. Thirty thousand was the estimate of Mr. Freeborn. Thirty thousand was the estimate

of Mr. Stewart, who, mingling with the Romans, know well the prevailing opinion. Of course, precise accuracy is unattainable in such a case. No one ever counted these prisoners. No list of them is kept,—none that is open to the public eye at least; but it is well known that there is scarce a family in Rome which does not mourn some of its members lost to it, and scarce an individual who has not an acquaintance in prison; and I have little doubt that the Roman estimate is not far from the truth, and that it is just as likely to be below as above it. When I was in Rome all the jails in the city were crowded. The cells in the Castle of St. Angelo,—those subterranean dungeons where day never dawned, and where the captive's groan can never reach a human ear,—were filled. All the great fortresses throughout the country,—the vast ranges of galley-prisons at Civita Vecchia, the fortress of Ancona, the castle of Bologna, the fortress of Ferrara, and hundreds of minor prisons over the country,—all were filled,—filled, do I say! they were crowded,—crowded to suffocation with choking, despairing victims. In the midst of this congeries of dungeons, surrounded by clanking chains and weeping captives, stands the chair of the "Holy Father." '—pp. 387-389.

These prisons are now crowded with the best citizens of Rome. It would be difficult to justify the wholesale incarcerations practised, even if the character of the victims had been most reprobate. What, then, shall we say when the very opposite is the fact? The most intelligent, virtuous, and noble of these citizens are now immured in the dungeons of the Papal States. Their convictions were no doubt hostile to the spiritual power. They deemed the Pope's government a curse rather than a blessing, and thinking that the hour of redemption was come, they honestly followed out the measures which the pontiff had originated. To estimate the full horrors of their position, we must know the wretchedness and filth of the dungeons in which they are immured, and the diabolical character of the malefactors with whom they are brought into contact:—'Their sufferings,' says Dr. Wylie, 'are indescribable. The consequence of this accumulation of horrors,—foul air, insufficient food, and the fearful society with which the walls and chains of their prison compel them to mingle,—is, that a great many of the prisoners have died, some have sought to terminate their woe by suicide, while others have been carried raving to a madhouse. Mr. Freeborn assured me that several of his Roman acquaintances had been carried to these places sane men, as well as innocent men, and, after a short confinement, they had been brought out maniacs and madmen. He would have preferred to have seen them shot at once. It is a prelate who has charge of these prisons.'

In 1852, sixty-five citizens of Sinigaglia were arrested on the charge of being concerned in the political disturbances of 1848.

Thirteen of them were fortunate enough to escape, but the remaining fifty-two were brought to trial in August of the former year before the Sacra Consulta of Rome. Twenty-eight were condemned to the galleys for life, and twenty-four were sentenced to be shot. The latter displayed great unconcern at their execution. Reckless of the future, they were strongly impressed with the wretchedness of the present. They felt how the iron had penetrated into their hearts, and exulted in the hope that their deaths would accelerate the progress of Roman freedom. Similar trials, followed by similar executions, took place in various other places, and Swiss and Austrian soldiers were the instruments of the pontiff's sanguinary policy.

It is the fashion with many of our newspaper writers to describe the leaders of the Roman Republic as ambitious, selfish, and sanguinary men. The system they established is misrepresented and their measures are grossly caricatured. We say nothing now about their republicanism; in this they may have been mistaken. We believe they were; but it is gross treachery to human freedom, the worst form of political infidelity, to portray their doings in such terms as are sometimes employed. That there were things done in the days of the republic which merit the severest censure, we are not concerned to deny; but, notwithstanding these, the achievements of Mazzini and his associates are amongst the noblest efforts of human patriotism, and will be estimated as such in future ages when the records of these times are perused. Let those who doubt the fact ponder well the following:—

'Most of my readers, I doubt not, are familiar with the name of M. Leone Levi, now engaged on the great work of the codification of the commercial laws of the three kingdoms, and their assimilation to the continental codes. The fact I am now to state, and which speaks volumes as regards the efforts of "the Church" to educate Italy, I had from this gentleman; and to those who know him, any testimony of mine to his intelligence and uprightness is superfluous. M. Leone Levi, an Italian Jew, was born at Ancona, but eventually settled in England. During the Roman Republic he paid a visit to Italy. But such a change! He scarce knew his native Italy,—it was so unlike the Italy he had left. In every town, and village, and rural district, schools had sprung up since the fall of the Pontifical Government. There were day-schools and night-schools, week-day schools and Sabbath-schools. The young men and young women had forgotten their "light loves," and were busied in educating themselves and in educating the little boys and girls below them. The country appeared to have resolved itself into a great educational institute. He was inexpressibly delighted. Such a change he had never dared to hope for in his native land. But ah! back came the Pope; and in a week,—one short week,—

every one of these schools was closed. The Roman youth are again handed over to the Jesuit. Italy is again sunk in its old torpor and stagnation; and one black cloud of barbaric ignorance extends from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic.'—p. 406.

With these facts in view—and it were easy to multiply proofs—it is strange that any of our political writers should make the assertions they sometimes hazard. If ever a revolution was called for, it was at Rome. If ever the institutions and conditions of a people were improved by the terrible ordeal of a civil strife, it was in the Imperial City. The vilest government which ever cursed a people had there given place to one which in its earliest period bore noble fruit, and which was well suited to produce both social happiness and political freedom in coming times. The form of this government, we are aware, was republican, and Englishmen may be prejudiced against it on this account. But it is obvious to remark, that the Italians were fully entitled to shape their political institutions as they pleased. We think them wrong; but their right was undoubted, and the policy of France on the occasion was as suicidal as it was base. That the young republic of France should overthrow that of Rome was as gross a blunder as it was a crime. Much of the misery of Europe since 1848 has arisen from this source, and a terrible expiation may yet be called for. Though the French army overthrew the Roman republic and re-established the Pope's supremacy, it did not in the slightest degree regain him the affection of his subjects. On the contrary, it is notorious that a deeper and more embittered feeling of resentment now exists than at any former period. The priestly party is aware of this, and they tremble. Hating the foreign troops which garrison their city, they yet retain them as their only safety. Nothing is more certain than that the government of the Pope is dependent on the continued presence of the French soldiery. Let them be withdrawn, and Pio Nono with his cardinals may esteem themselves fortunate if they escape with life. All intelligent Englishmen who have resided for some time in Rome, and have acquainted themselves with the state of popular feeling, tremble to think what will certainly occur should the French be withdrawn. 'Give us but half an hour,' say the Romans, 'and we undertake that the papacy shall never again trouble the world.' We shudder at the future which is thus shadowed forth. But in justice to the people it must be borne in mind 'that the Romans have been goaded to this pitch of exasperation.' A slight change in the political relations of Europe may suffice to precipitate on the Papal States 'an avalanche of vengeance.'

There are many other passages in this volume which we should like to extract, but our limits are occupied, and we must therefore be content to refer our readers to the work itself. We do

this with earnestness and with much confidence. The style of the volume is animated, forcible, and graphic, and the materials which it contains are eminently worthy of attention. We have recently heard much of the pretensions of popery. Some of our countrymen have been alarmed, and in their fears would re-enact the laws which formerly disgraced our statute book. We have no sympathy with such. Our estimate of popery is the same as it has ever been. Its policy may be more refined and subtle, but its spirit is as assumptive and sanguinary as ever. Hostile alike to the rights of citizenship and the freedom of conscience, it spreads servitude and religious desolation wherever it rules. Let its influence be predominant, and the strength of an empire will decay, the manhood of our nature will disappear, and a cringing, fawning, lying spirit will take the place of that erect and noble bearing by which the children of God ought to be distinguished. If there be one fact more obvious than another, more legibly written on the condition and institutes of nations, it is this, that the influence of the papacy is as destructive of political freedom and of individual worth as of religious progress.

ART. IX.—*The Works of Philo-Judæus.* Translated from the Greek by C. D. Yonge, B.A. In Four Volumes. (Bohn's Ecclesiastical Library.) London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

THE martial spirit and prowess of ancient Hellas had declined along with its poetic, artistic, and philosophical inspiration. The fire had died out, and no new phœnix was to spring from its ashes; the principle of life had become exhausted, and it was found impossible to restore it. But on the other side of the main which divides Europe from Africa, in the ancient land of dreams and mysteries, the ancient real or fancied home of civilization, an asylum for letters was for some time to be established. Egypt—its soil, its climate, its people, its culture, its worship—all are peculiar. It is the land of imagination. The fertile soil, originally barren sand, when impregnated by fertilizing waters, rapidly yields its rich harvest. All shares in the same rapidity and grandeur. It was there that a new and peculiar direction was to be given to human thinking. A stage had been reached in the history of mankind. The intellectual movement which had its centre in Alexandria concluded the past, and prepared for the future religious history of the world. Necessarily its influence served to modify for good and for evil the elaboration of

Christian doctrine, for which it had also in measure prepared the way.

The capitals of the ancient world had fallen, and the empress of the West had not yet ascended the throne of the world, when Alexander the Great built the city called after his name, Alexandria, about the year 333 before Christ. It was proposed to take advantage of its commanding situation to make it the commercial centre of the world, and in many respects it bade fair to realize, if not to exceed these expectations.

Notwithstanding the bloody tragedies enacted within its walls, by domestic and foreign tyrants, Alexandria continued for some centuries the centre of a certain kind of civilization. In vain do we look amongst its productions for originality in letters or philosophy. We meet with learned and ingenious commentators on foreign poets and philosophers; the exact and practical sciences, as mathematics, natural and medical studies, are successfully prosecuted; but these or similar departments indicate the limits of Alexandrian literary activity. To originate a school requires native vigour and energy, and a native development. The literati and the literature of the Museum at Alexandria were alike of foreign origin. The tree from which they had sprung was dying at the root, and however these off-shoots might under favourable circumstances present for a time promises of fruit, both the promise and its realization speedily passed away. The characteristic result of Alexandrian thinking was not anything original and independent—it was eclecticism, an attempt rationally to account for all schools and views, and to unite all into one system. All the various philosophical tendencies and religious persuasions were now to be combined into a unity—all pointed in the same direction, all meant the same truths; the form alone was different according to the different degrees of development. The highest stage was the abandoning or the adopting of all—a misty Pan-philosophism and Pan-theism, in which the heterogeneous elements were combined into one mass—the boundary line of exhausted thinking—yet containing amongst its mass of rubbish precious gems which were soon to glitter in the rising sun. This tendency was consonant with the grand distinction between the exoteric and esoteric, the uninitiated and the initiated, which the aristocracy of letters sought to establish, and which in its full development led to self-apotheosis in Alexandrian pantheism. A dreamy mysticism served as the connecting medium of all these systems. Where with a good deal of acquired knowledge and subtilty of thinking there was an absence of fresh vigorous thought and of native development, where the criticism of the literary 'roué' took the place of the originality of the philosopher, eclecticism, we repeat it, became a necessity. We will

make no invidious comparisons, but we believe the reader cannot fail to remember more than one exemplification of similar tendencies and similar results.

Although eclecticism was the necessary general result, it is interesting to notice how far it penetrated into and modified the different systems, and in what order it addressed itself to them. We find the peculiar Alexandrian element in the Academy, in the Synagogue, and in the Church. In the last, it was more particularly the form which became modified; in the synagogue the general direction of doctrine was altered; in the academy the whole philosophical system became transformed. The synagogue was the first to give signs of, if not actively to initiate this tendency. The Jews of Egypt separated from their brethren of Palestine, were constituted into an almost independent sect, having their rival high priest and temple. Left to themselves, and set free from those elements which led to the development of Rabbinism in the mother country, the Alexandrian Jews pursued a different direction. They had to defend their faith from the attacks of a philosophical system apparently related to it, but claiming for those initiated in its mysteries a higher spirituality and a loftier elevation. To retain the truths of Platonism in Judaism, to vindicate them for and to elicit them from the Old Testament, such was the first task of the Alexandrian Jewish apologist. But if the very symbols and letter, the husk of that religion, already placed the Jew on a footing of equality with, or even elevated him above the Platonic philosopher, what distinguished position was occupied by the Jewish philosopher, or rather theosophist; what elevation was reached by an ecstasy which equalled in kind, though not perhaps in degree, the inspiration of the prophets! Hence the study of philology, logic, poetry, rhetoric, and heathen philosophy, were highly to be commended, but they served only to prepare for the divine philosophy of Judaism. They were only the peristyle to the temple. Such, it appears, were the fundamental views entertained by Philo.

These remarks will prepare the reader for a brief analysis of his system. Though the writings of Philo are the oldest connected production, breathing the spirit peculiar to the Alexandrian school, he was by no means the first to originate it. He himself appeals to predecessors in these inquiries, and besides the kindred extracts from previous writers, preserved, for example, in Eusebius' 'Praeparatio Evangelica,' even the Old Testament version of the so-called seventy interpreters exhibits manifold and most distinct traces of a similar theology. Of course, we can do no more at present than allude to this as well as to the manifestly Jewish Alexandrian interpolations of the older Greek writers which the learned reader will find in the above-named

work of Eusebius. Philo then represents simply the Jewish Alexandrian school, one extreme in that chain of Jewish mysticism of which the Kabbalah forms the other, and the sects of the Essenes in Palestine, and Therapeutae in Egypt the middle and connecting links. And in delineating Jewish Alexandrian doctrine, we shall necessarily have occasionally to refer to the kindred tendencies which, if they did not originate, at least mightily influenced it—viz., pure Jewish mysticism (the Kabbalah) and Platonism. Philo, an Alexandrian Jew, by birth connected with the most influential of his countrymen in Egypt, of whom his brother was Alabarch or chief, was a man of profound erudition, thoroughly acquainted with Grecian literature and philosophy, but specially of deep moral earnestness. Often had he retired to the wilderness to lead in solitude and abstinence a more spiritual life; but as often did the felt plague of his heart convince him 'that it was not change of place that brought either evil or good.' (Leg. Alleg. II.) Above all, he was devotedly a Jew. Himself a descendant of Aaron, he had visited the Holy City, to offer, after the fashion of extra-Palestinian Jews, vicarious sacrifices for his brethren in Egypt. Notwithstanding the scorn which the bigotry of some of his co-religionists, whom he rallies as slaves of the letter, brought upon his creed, he was not ashamed publicly to avow his connexion with them. Perhaps he felt and consoled himself that every religious philosopher had to expect misinterpretations and enmity from the vulgar. The persecution which the envious Egyptians sought to raise against the Jews on the occasion of the mad attempt of the Emperor Cajus to enforce the universal adoration of his statue, led to the despatch of an embassy to Rome, of which Philo was the most prominent member. He has described the ill-success of that mission in a treatise which throws some light upon the state of the Roman Court at that period. We only add that the old Cologne edition of Philo's works contains forty-seven treatises, most of them in the form of commentaries. But this catalogue is not complete, as some of his writings have evidently been lost. Within the present century, a few of them have been discovered and published in Italy. The writings of Philo treat of the being and character of God, the origin and constitution of the world, the divine law, the duties of man, &c. The style is in general loose, and the reasoning often confused and unsatisfactory. There is little depth or freshness about his thinking. Philo was a learned man, but not a sage. As to his general views of Scripture, it may be sufficient to indicate that he clings with tenacity to the letter—in the version of the LXX.—and that in perfect consistency with his allegorical mode of interpretation, by which not only individual passages bear a profound and

mystical meaning, but Scripture, as a whole, becomes one connected allegory. In such a system clinging to the letter, to which generally the peculiar interpretation strictly attaches itself, was necessary. Where philosophical interests do not demand its rejection, the ordinary historical interpretation is however retained, and forms the basis of the mystical. The *doctrinal* views of Philo may briefly be characterized as a mixture of Platonism and Jewish mysticism. In point of *practice*, he advises conformity to the Jewish ritual observances, although apparently only on the ground of avoiding scandal. Moral perfection is sought in Asceticism, in opposition to the Platonic view of this subject, although the fundamental principles concerning matter are the same in both systems. The last word of Philo's philosophy, like that of the Kabbalah, is—Pantheism. The reader will find an *éloge* of our author in Josephus (Antiq. XVIII. 10); Eusebius (Histor. Eccles. II.); Hieronymus (Catalog. Script. Eccl.); Photius (Bibl. Cod. CIII.—CV.); and in Suidas.

Like most Jewish theologians, Philo places the authority of Moses above that of the other inspired writers, who are considered rather as his interpreters and followers than as his equals. But even in Moses we have to distinguish what he attained by philosophical acquirement from that which he received from God, either in ecstacy (a state more or less attainable by all initiated), in answer to his inquiries, or by direct communications. The results of all these are laid down in the Scriptures. But all deeper spiritual truths appear there veiled; the letter conveying comparatively low and carnal views in order to condescend to the gross and carnal notions of the vulgar, so to bring at least *some* truth to them, and perhaps gradually to attract them to higher and more spiritual views. It were impossible, it is ridiculous, to interpret literally many scriptural statements, which, so understood, are contrary to reason, and would degrade Judaism below the level of heathen philosophy. We have here presented to us those rationalistic and mystical elements which, in their combination, yield the Alexandrian theology. In explaining the supposed allegories of Scripture, the Greek text of the LXX. is rigidly adhered to by Philo, though traces of an imperfect acquaintance with the Hebrew occur. A good deal was, of course, to be left to the exegetical tact of each interpreter, but the following seem to have been some of the principles of Alexandrian exegetics :—1. The terms in the text may be expanded and its statements applied to any or all topics to which the same expressions might figuratively be applied. Thus, the word 'place' might, beside its proper meaning, apply to the Logos, and even to God, who contains and fills all. 2. The *idea* conveyed in the text may be educed from the *words* by showing a similar etymological derivation, and hence an affinity

between the words and the idea. 3. Every thing not absolutely requisite in the text was supposed to point to some special and hidden meaning. 4. Attention was to be given to the exegetical traditions of the fathers. 5. Above all, the commentator may by reaching the ecstatic state of the inspired writer, sympathize with and gain an immediate view of the same truth. 6. Several differing interpretations may all convey portions of truth.

The *theology* of Philo (his views of God) bears the closest resemblance to that of the Kabbalah and of Plato. As the latter spoke only negatively of the 'ὀν,' the Being, and the Kabbalah of the 'En-Sof,'—the boundless One—so Philo affirms that the Divine nature is in itself without quality, and inconceivable. All his definitions on this subject are only *negative*, showing that neither thought nor language can approach Him. 'He is more indivisible than indivisibility; more good than goodness; more beautiful than beauty, &c.' (De præm. ac pœn.); in short, 'He is a monad, ay, and more simple than it.' (De vita contempl.) Three inferences are drawn from the absence of all quality in God and His separation from all: 1. That He is free. 2. That He is inaccessible to feelings of every kind, or apathetic. 3. That He is perfectly happy, rejoicing in Himself. Apathy, freedom, and happiness are thus combined, affording a distant view of the origin of Asceticism. Such a God can never be known by mortals—they can only recognise *that* He is, and that which is *by* Him. But as God is in all and pervading all, His rational creatures may, by virtue of this divine power in them, rise to Him in ecstatic moments when the fetters of matter are for a time cast aside. No particular name ought to be given to the Deity—'He who is,' 'the One,' 'He who exists in truth,' are His only lawful designations. Names may, however, be given to that inferior Being, 'the Logos,' God manifest, which stands in contact with the world as its Creator, and to the individual Logoi, the attributes, or rather the stereotyped emanations of the Deity, which in their totality constitute the Logos. All those passages in Scripture which attribute affections &c. to God are only anthropomorphisms, and must be explained allegorically.

In his *Cosmology*, Philo approaches to Plato more closely than to the Kabbalah. This world is to him the gate to the invisible (De Somn. I.), the first step of the heavenly ladder. (De præm. ac pœn.) The order and adaptation of the world point to a heavenly Architect, while the fact that everything that exists is dependent on higher powers, and subject to change, sufficiently indicates their created origin. (Comp. De Mundi Opif. and de Cherub.) However, such proofs for the being of a God are second in rank when compared with the evidence which 'the truly pious and holy' obtains by rising, 'without any external help,'

to an immediate contemplation of the Divine. (De præm. ac pœn.) But we have to distinguish between the form and the matter of this world. The latter is inert, irrational, and continuous, and must be viewed as a principle co-eternal with God, entirely different from, and therefore not produced by him. The *forms* of matter alone exhibit design, and are the workmanship of God, who is the Architect rather than the Creator, the Demiurgos rather than the Father of this world. To complete this part of our sketch, these forms were produced by the Divine life pouring itself forth into and pervading matter, in as far as matter was capable of receiving it. We are thus introduced to the Pantheism of Philo, which bears a close resemblance to that of the Kabbalah. But remembering the infinite distance between God and all His creatures, we ask how could a connexion be established between inert matter and the Deity, such that by virtue of it the Divine life flowing into matter originated its various forms? In reply we are directed to the Divine Word or the Logos. When God was about to form the world, He proceeded, like other architects, to form a plan, an invisible, purely intelligible world; of which the visible is the exact counterpart. These ideas, or the individual Logoi are again all combined into the one Logos who contains and comprises in Himself that incorporeal world. The Logos formed the world in a twofold manner, by separating the chaotic mass of the four elements, and dividing them into antagonists until the simplest forms were reached; and by binding them again together, and resolving the antagonisms into a higher unity. By the Logos the continued connexion between God and the world is also kept up; on the one hand, by a transfusion of the Divine life into the world; on the other, by a transmission of Nature's continued service of praise to its Divine author. In these respects, the Logos is the Mediator, the connecting link between God and the world, the interpreter of our spirits and of God, the name of God, the vicar of God, the image of God, &c. In as far as *we* are concerned He is the first, in as far as the Most High is concerned, He is the *second* God. (Comp. De Mundi Opif.) The Logos is made to say: 'I stand in the middle between God and you, being neither unbegotten as God nor begotten as you, but the middle between these extremes.' (Quis rerum divin. sit haeres.)

Time originated only along with or after the creation of the world—another proof this that God created all in and by the Word; for as time had no existence, it could not intervene between the Word and the world. Again, man's freedom and God's foreknowledge are here reconciled; for as everything is present with God, it is no longer *foreknowledge*, but simply *knowledge*. To return—the Logos is God manifesting himself, or, as the Kabbalists have it, the En-Sof, the boundless, concen-

trating upon itself. But here we again distinguish between the conceiving and the executing activity in the Logos, or between *wisdom* and *speech*, the former as it were facing the Supreme Being, the latter the world. Wisdom is the spouse of the Most High, by whom He has begotten His only and beloved sensible son, this world. From this mystical union all the Divine virtues and potencies sprang. This, then, is the Logos in the *narrower* sense of the term. This God manifest stands between two cherubim, which are goodness and power. These are the *formative*, besides which we have the *preserving*, and finally the *ruling* aspects of the Divine manifestation, the last of which again contains the *commanding* and the *forbidding*. In the wider sense, the Logos comprises all these six—symbolized by the six Levitical cities of refuge—viz., the Logos in the narrower sense, the creative, the kingly, the preserving, the commanding, and the forbidding potencies. Again, corresponding to them, we have the two tables of the law, the mercy-seat, the two cherubim (the creative and regal potencies), and between them the Divine intellect. The three latter potencies are high above all that is human. Corresponding to the potencies are also the various biblical names of the Deity, or the expressions of his emanations and manifestations. Hence, in one sense, there is only *one* God—in another there are *many*, all these potencies being gods, and the highest God the God of gods. The potencies hold together the universe, and the Logos itself is 'the incorporeal habitation of the incorporeal ideas,' sprung from a mystical union between God and wisdom, described in language which we dare not quote. 'After the only true God there are two supreme and primary potencies, goodness and power, and everything has been made by goodness, and is governed by power. Between them and connecting them is the Logos.' 'The author of this world is God, by whom it is made; the matter of the world, the four elements from which it has been prepared; the instrument is the Logos of God by whom it has been built, and the final cause the goodness of the Demiurgos.' (De migrat. Abr. and de Cherub.) Before leaving this point we adduce an illustration employed by Philo (De Somn.) which will place the relationship between God, the Logos, the potencies, and the world in clear light. If the Supreme God is the bright and inaccessible light, the Logos is its concentration, the Sun; the potencies are the rays which he emits in every direction, and creation is matter lit up in this manner. Philo's Pantheism thus practically expresses that nothing exists really save in as far as it is in God and God in it.

There are four classes of beings in this world: those which are endowed with natural powers, and are capable of nourishment,

growth, and decline, as plants; those which are endowed with a soul or principle of life, and possess the five senses, power of imagination, memory, and instinct; finally, rational beings who have the power of self-determination, and hence are capable of virtue. But whence this gradation if the same Divine power operated in all? Was matter not equally capable of receiving the Divine energy, or had the emanations become weaker in their progress? We confess that to our mind Philo's reply is not distinct, though it apparently inclines to the adoption of the first alternative. The reasoning part in man was not produced as all other creatures in the world, by the Divine potencies, but is, like the other higher intelligences of whom it is one, a direct emanation of the Deity, and the very image of the Logos. In fact man unites in his nature all the four classes of beings, and, like the Logos, he is the microcosm of which the world is the macrocosm. Hence, in his production, the Divine potencies co-operated with God, as it is written, 'Let us make man.' Beside our earth the whole universe is peopled. The air is specially the dwelling-place of a higher class of beings, some of whom had descended on earth, and by uniting with the material elements there, originated the human race. These air-spirits (or angels) constitute the spirit of God. There are no evil spirits or devils, as all sin is connected with and inherent in matter. Angels became evil when their love to the terrestrial dragged them into union with it. The body—as the seat and cause of moral evil—is the prison of the soul, and virtue consists in victory over the material. When conquering it, the soul, the air-spirit in us, rises by virtue of its nature to an ecstatic communion with the Divine. If such have been our life, the liberated spirit rises at death to an immediate contemplation of God. A twofold bond connects during our present state the spirit with matter, that of necessity and that of pleasure. The former cannot be loosened, but the latter, in itself the closest and most dangerous, has to be broken. Love of pleasure is the source of all sin, and to its removal the energies of man must be directed.

In his *ethical* disquisitions, Philo has an opportunity of fully developing his peculiar method of Scripture-interpretation. The history of the Old Testament, as a whole, is transformed into an allegory. Adam is pure reason unconnected with sense, but which, in order either to act or to be happy in this world, required to assume a form similar to it, or a body. It was not good for Adam to be alone, and God gave him (pure reason) a companion—viz., sensibility. But they were both naked, i. e., not properly connected. An end was put to this state of matters by the serpent, or pleasure. The union thus brought about constitutes the fall of pure reason, which however implies not sin but imperfection and liability to moral evil. Hence also the child, though

fallen, is not corrupt during the first seven years of its life, its soul then being a 'tabula rasa.' It is only when pleasure becomes a *passion*, and the soul seeks after and loves the sensual, that the dominion of sin is established. The beasts brought before Adam and over which he was to reign, are the passions. From the connexion between Adam and Eve (reason and sensibility) sprang, as first child, pride and presumption, or Cain. For after the union of mind with the senses, the mind at first considered everything as its own, and from this arrogance, or Cain, spring all human ills. The names of the progeny of Cain are therefore expounded as allegorically expressing the various ills of the soul. On the contrary, Abel was natural and untrained piety—the younger son, because it succeeds the tempest of first-born youthful passion. Cain and Abel enter into contest, in which Abel succumbs, because his piety is uncultivated and his mind untrained. The successors of Abel have now to make good this defect. The six generations from Seth to Jacob mark the six stages of piety, by which a Seth becomes an Israel—a prince with God. First we have Enos, or hope, then Henoch, or repentance, and Noah, or righteousness. The latter, however, was only perfect in *his* generation; he is the culminating point of one kind of spiritual wisdom, which embraces the four cardinal virtues of justice, temperance, wisdom, and courage. But there is a higher kind of virtue—viz., that of the religious philosopher, gradually attained by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and which marks an entirely different stage of development. For the attainment of this stage, mental culture was necessary. Abraham entered upon it by leaving the land of the Chaldees, who held that nature is its own cause. He went to Haran, or caves, i. e., made a right use of his senses, and thus attained, by the second and inferior evidence (that from a view of nature) to the knowledge of God. Abraham had a son by Hagar, or worldly wisdom, the handmaid of Sarah, or perfect virtue. In Mamre he met, however, only three angels—viz., the Logos, and the potencies of goodness and of power, but did not rise to a view of the highest God. Corresponding to the contemplation of these three angels is the service of God for his own sake (the Logos), from love (potency of goodness) and from fear (potency of power)—all three attainable by natural religion in the sense which Philo attached to that term. If Abraham had *faith*, Isaac rose to *conviction*. Then Esau, or passion, was rejected, and Jacob, or ascetic virtue, which constitutes the highest wisdom, chosen. Here necessity, not pleasure, forms the bond between the sensual and the super-sensual. Asceticism consists in abstinence from worldly or material pleasures, and patient endurance of all sufferings. However, asceticism does not imply abstinence from the necessaries of life, or the self-infliction of pain for the mortifi-

fication of the flesh. Its full practice in entire renunciation of the world, and retirement to the wilderness is only recommended to those of *mature* age and at the close of a *practical* life, in which the principles of Asceticism have been studied, defended, and partially exemplified.

We conclude this brief sketch, in which we have only delineated the most prominent features of Philo's system, by giving our author's replies to some questions on which the reader may desire information. Trials and difficulties, the necessary consequences of our connexion with matter, are in this respect indeed requisite for the moral education of the ascetic, but absolutely speaking they are hindrances, and the kingdom of God will be a period when such impediments will no longer intervene between the soul and God. The privileges of the Israelites do not consist in their original choice by God, but in possessing an ancestry which, by gradual development, attained in Moses to full communion with God. Their sufferings were due to sin, and bear proportion to their privileges. But a brighter day is yet to dawn upon Israel. Their common return to piety will fill the nations amongst whom they are dispersed with awe; they will be dismissed from the lands of their captivity, and return to Palestine, under the guidance of a Divine Being in human form, visible only to themselves. An era of universal holiness, peace, and prosperity will then ensue. Passion will give place to virtue, wild beasts will lose their destructive character, war will cease, or at least its commencement and termination will be almost simultaneous. The harvests will be so plentiful that none will require to collect stores, and the supply of each will be abundant. A numerous family, long life, exemption from disease—in a word, everything requisite for happiness and comfort, will be provided. Finally, all mankind, influenced by the example of Israel, will turn to the Lord. The Messiah of this redeemed world is the Logos, the same who led Israel out of Egypt, accompanied and guided them as the cloud and fiery pillar—that vicar of God, and invisible prince of angels!

Such is a brief summary of the system of Philo. Besides the philosophical, historical, and theological interest attaching to it, its influence on the development of the Christian Alexandrian school, on certain systems of Gnosticism, and some tendencies which were not confined to one school or party, but became a powerful element in the church generally, and led to important modifications of the primitive simplicity of Christian faith and manners, ought to secure for it an attentive consideration. Philo's mysticism is indeed jejune when compared with that of the Kabbalah, but this is due to the fact that it contains less profundity and freshness of thought, and fewer genuine spiritual elements. It has sometimes been asserted that Christianity owed

its origin to Alexandrian mysticism. Ignorance alone could have originated or credited such a statement. It is not indeed denied that the residuum of spiritual truth preserved in Jewish mysticism presented many traces of the precious truths brought to light by the Gospel. But a single verse in the Gospel of John (i. 14) sufficiently exhibits, to our mind, the fundamental difference and contrast between the views of Philo, and in general between the highest aspirations of human thinking and inspired doctrine :— *And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth.*

In conclusion, we are glad that the spirited publisher, Mr. Bohn, to whom English readers are under so many obligations, has undertaken to furnish the student with an elegant, good, and cheap translation of the works of Philo. We hope he will meet with the encouragement and success which he deserves. If ecclesiastical history is to be studied not as a succession of unconnected facts, but in its gradual internal development, the history of Gnosticism should be prefaced by that of Eastern and Western Jewish mysticism, of the Kabbalah, and the writings of Philo-Judæus.

Brief Notices.

CONTENTS.

1. Louis XIV. and Writers of his Age.
2. The Book of English Rivers.
3. Catherine; the Egyptian Slave in 1852.
4. Arts connected with Organic Chemistry.
5. The Phasis of Matter.
6. Catholic and Protestant Nations.
7. Ecclesiastical History of New England.
8. Doctor Antonio.
9. Dissenters' Marriages Bill.
10. Geological Facts.
11. Exposition of Ezekiel.
12. The Words of the Lord Jesus.
13. Impressions of China.
14. Life and Letters of Cicero.
15. Talvi's Colonization of America.
16. Missions urged upon the State.
17. The First Cause.
18. The Churches for the Times.
19. Cruise in the Western Pacific.
20. A Few Words to the Jews.
21. God and His Works.
22. i. Glossary of Military Terms.—ii. Military and Naval Dictionary.
23. The Little Philosopher.
24. The Bye-ways of the Bible.
25. Anti-Mysticism.
26. The Nature of Faith.
27. Manna in the Heart.
28. Rational Godliness.
29. Our State Church.
30. Leaves from a Family Journal.
31. i. Holy Scripture and Geology.—ii. Early Christian Church.—iii. The Sacraments.
32. Condensed Notes on Scripture.
33. Works of Stephen Olin.
34. History of Christian Churches.
35. Conversation: a Lecture.
36. Widow-Burning.
37. Slavery of the United States.
38. Dress as a Fine Art.
39. Scripture Readings.
40. Studies from History.
41. Remains of Rev. Somerville Hay.
42. The Curse of Britain.
43. Absurdity of Unbelief.
44. The Irish Regium Donum.

Louis XIV., and the Writers of his Age; being a Course of Lectures delivered (in French) *to a select audience in New York.* By the Rev. J. F. Astie. Introduction and Translation by the Rev. E. N. Kirk. Boston: John P. Jewitt & Co., Cleveland, Ohio, U.S. 1855.

THIS volume consists of a series of dissertations designed to present a view of that literary galaxy which shone forth in France under the

reign of him who has been styled by way of eminence the *Grand Monarque*. The author commences with an historical picture of Louis XIV. and his times, and then proceeds to a series of critical biographies of the most illustrious men in every department of literature who adorned that period. It is curious to remark that both England and other European nations participated, at that era, in the same bountiful harvest of intellect and learning. Especially in our own country some of the greatest names which adorn our literature flourished coevally with those authors who still retain their supremacy as the glory of France. Time would fail to repeat the names of those, who, in the seventeenth century—that vintage season 'rich with the spoils of time'—constructed the pathway for that march of intellect which is boasted of in later days. The literary worthies of Great Britain, however, do not lie within the circumference of our author's design; but to those of France he does ample justice. He exhibits a gallery of portraits, in which the drawing is as accurately defined as the colouring is rich and consistent. We are introduced successively to Corneille, Racine, and Molière, on the dramatic stage; to Fénélon in the pulpit, and to La Fontaine and Boileau in general literature. In addition to these we are pleased to find two lectures devoted to Pascal, the second of the series to his 'Provincial Letters,' and the ninth and concluding lecture to his 'Thoughts.' To the author last named, with whom we fancy the reading public are far too little acquainted, he does ample justice. Perhaps there never was an instance in which such conceptions as those which we find in Pascal's 'Thoughts' were thrown off amidst the agonies of neuralgia;—*ea sola voluptas, solamenque mali;* while the 'Provincial Letters' will probably ever remain the unrivalled masterpiece of satirical controversy. The author's literary criticisms, mingled as they are with biographical and anecdotal narrative, will bring every reader competently acquainted with the great literary worthies of that epoch which he justly denominates the Augustan age of France; and as a compact view of that era, we have never met with any work so complete and elaborate.

The only exception we feel disposed to take has reference to the comparison which the author institutes in his introductory chapter between France and England, founded on the conduct of the present war. His theory is, that the greater practical efficiency of the French army, as compared with the British, demonstrates either the superiority of an absolute over a constitutional government, or that our country must yield to our French allies the prestige of common sense and administrative skill which they have hitherto enjoyed. The author fails to observe that the British people not being adequately represented in the legislature, cannot be held responsible for that official nepotism, incapacity, and corruption over which they have no constitutional control.

The writer's observations on the comparative efficiency of the two armies may be fairly admitted; but the blame should fall on the right quarter; and the military and administrative skill of Great Britain should not be supposed to be exhausted, because certain incapable rulers cannot be dislodged from their places.

The Book of English Rivers; an account of the Rivers of England and Wales, particularizing their respective Courses, their most striking Scenery, and the Chief Places of Interest on their Banks. By Samuel Lewis, jun. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

THIS work assumes by the alphabetical arrangement of the rivers of England and Wales the apparent character of a topographical dictionary. But while it serves that purpose to the extent of its subject, it is something more and better than that. The scenery which spreads around the course of our streams is described with great felicity; and the historical knowledge which Mr. Lewis has brought to the illustration of events locally associated with his theme, gives both value and attractiveness to his book. It might be supposed that a volume of nearly five hundred pages devoted to the rivers of England would be monotonous. It will be found on the contrary a most readable and pleasing book, as well as a convenient and reliable work of reference. The author names at the close of his description of each river the various sources whence he has drawn his topographical and antiquarian knowledge.

Catherine; the Egyptian Slave in 1852. By the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1855.

THIS tale, we are assured by the author, who was formerly Principal of the English College in Jerusalem, is founded on facts communicated by a missionary who was resident in Cairo at the time of their occurrence. It details the wrongs and sufferings of a young girl, a native of Bosnia, and a Christian, who had been sold into slavery to a noble lady at Cairo, by whom she was presented to a rich and licentious friend, in order to remove her from the presence of her son, whose manners indicated too great an admiration of her beauty. By him she is treated with the utmost brutality in consequence of her refusal to submit to his lust; but having escaped from the prison of her tormentor is befriended by a Jewess and her husband, and finally flies in safety to Italy with a young man who had favoured her escape, and to whom she is ultimately united. The incidents of the narrative are few and simple; but they afford occasion for a graphic development of the state of society in Egypt and Turkey; and a sickening picture it is. 'I do not believe,' says the author in his preface, 'that all our expenditure of blood and treasure in the Crimea *ought* to maintain, in its present condition, that foul sink of corruption—the Turkish government. I sincerely trust that we may require from the Ottoman power some security against the continuance of its most crying evils, or we shall not have greatly advanced the interests of humanity by repelling Russia.'

Lectures on some of the Arts connected with Organic Chemistry. By Professor Brande, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.

THIS book, as the title-page informs us, contains the subject matter of a course of ten lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, in the spring of 1852, by the Professor of Chemistry, arranged, by permission, from the lecturer's notes by J. Scoffern, M.B. Additional interest

attaches itself to this course, since it was the last that the eminent lecturer gave before he resigned those duties which he had so long and so ably performed. It is impossible, within a brief space, to give anything beyond an enumeration of the various interesting topics noticed in the volume. The Professor devotes the first three lectures to a consideration of the chemical processes employed in the dyeing and bleaching of textile fabrics, and in calico printing, the detail of which is greatly enlivened by the historical sketches with which the different inventions or discoveries are introduced. He then considers the rationale of the various methods made use of for tanning leather; passing on to the subject of sugar, he describes the whole process of obtaining that article from the cane, and its subsequent refining. He then treats of woody fibre, and within the compass of one short lecture, passes under review the conversion of it into sugar, the preparation and qualities of gun-cotton, Mr. Claussen's cottonizing, and Mr. Mercer's corrugating processes, which attracted so much attention at the time of the Great Exhibition; the making of bread from wood, and the various means adopted for preserving timber from decay. On the next occasion, Mr. Brande took up the chemistry of fatty bodies, and described the manufacture of the various kinds of soap and candles. A scientific disquisition on the principal hydrocarbons with which chemists are acquainted, introduces the important subject of coal-gas, and afterwards gutta percha and india rubber, with the extraordinary change that takes place in the latter substance through the concomitant agency of sulphur and heat, and which has received the name of vulcanization. The ninth lecture is devoted to a consideration of a miscellaneous group of 'nitrogeniferous or azotized' substances, commencing with nitric acid and its compounds, among which gunpowder is introduced, then passing on to ammonia, the azotized principles of vegetables and animals, cyanogen and the prussiates, and ending with the fulminating compounds. The series concludes with a description of the phenomena and products of fermentation, with the chemical characters of different sorts of beer, wine, spirits, and vinegar.

Mr. Scoffern has evidently discharged his duties as editor with great care, and he has added some valuable introductory and supplementary dissertations. His descriptions of the natural history of silk, cotton, and sugar, and his historical accounts of the introduction of these articles into European use, are highly interesting; while his particular acquaintance with sugar-refining has led him to dwell *con amore* on that subject. The book is illustrated with many diagrams, most of which are really valuable; but we hardly see why there should be a drawing of the lecturer's hand holding a Florence flask, in which sulphur is being melted, or what interest can attach to sketches of an inkstand or a lion's head in gutta percha, however serviceable the articles themselves may have been on the lecture table. Throughout the work there is little, if anything, that is novel in a scientific point of view, as far as we have observed; but that was not the specific object of Professor Brande. Altogether this volume offers to the reading public an unusually large amount of instructive matter given in an attractive form.

The Phasis of Matter; being an Outline of the Discoveries and Applications of Modern Chemistry. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THIS book is 'intended for the wants of the general scholar, and of men of the world whose active occupations are more or less based on a knowledge of chemical principles and chemical facts.' We believe with the author that there is room for such a treatise, since those hitherto published, which are professedly popular, are too limited in their scope, and those which are strictly scientific are too much encumbered by detail for the general reader. Dr. Kemp has supplied this desideratum by a most comprehensive view of the materials that compose or float over the surface of our globe; for he not merely gives a description of the elementary bodies and their combinations, but treats the reader to dissertations on mineralogical and geological phenomena, the chemistry of living organisms, and many of the applications of science to the purposes of the useful arts connected with health and domestic economy. The book is not profound in any respect; it is not adapted to the wants of the student. We could have wished that, such being the case, the systematic arrangements of scientific manuals had been more completely dispensed with. Yet it fulfils its purpose, and belongs to a class of work, for which we have been frequently asked, but heretofore in vain.

Catholic Nations and Protestant Nations compared in their Three-fold Relation to Wealth, Knowledge, and Morality. By Napoleon Roussel. 8vo. Two Volumes. pp. 313, 322. London: Ward & Co.

THIS work bears the imprint of London, though 'got up' in France. The two volumes are bound together, and the course of argument which they pursue is in close keeping with the temper of the age, and is strikingly forcible. M. Roussel sets out with the position that 'wherever wealth, knowledge, and morality shall be found, it may be said that here truth exists; and where misery, ignorance, and vice shall be found, there error reigns.' Arguing from these premises, he compares the condition of various countries, such as the protestant and catholic States of America, Ireland and Scotland, the catholic and protestant Cantons of Switzerland, Austria and Prussia, and Belgium and Holland, and from the whole concludes, that if these several comparisons give the same result, 'it may be safely concluded that the problem often worked, and always yielding a similar solution, has at last led to the discovery of the truth.' This conclusion is worked out with considerable force. The evidence adduced is clear, varied, and unequivocal, and the weight of it is considerably increased by the fact that it is drawn from various authors, who never contemplated the use now made of their words. Nor is this all. M. Roussel has taken the case of England and Spain, and tracing their progress, has thence endeavored to ascertain the nature of their religious faith. 'Going back,' he says, 'three centuries, and selecting two nations, one essentially protestant and the other essentially catholic, we shall study the case of each separately, and consider its starting-point, its progress, and

the height that it has reached, in order to ascertain which of the two has ascended and which has descended in the scale of civilization under the influence of its religious faith.' This course of investigation is pursued with clearness and much force. A sound judgment is exercised in selecting the evidence adduced, and as much of impartiality is visible as the character of the human mind and the strong convictions of the author would incline us to anticipate. We strongly recommend the work to the attentive consideration of our readers. It will amply repay them. Abstract reasoning may be conclusive with a few, but in the great majority of cases there is a directness and overwhelming force in the conclusions derived from facts, which no mere reasoning can command. M. Roussel's volume is an illustration of this, and it should immediately find a place not only in the libraries of our ministers, but in those of all intelligent men, whatever their political or religious faith.

The Ecclesiastical History of New England; comprising not only Religious but also Moral and other Relations. By Joseph B. Felt. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 664. Boston: Published by the Congregational Library Association.

Mr. Felt's History promises to be a valuable though not very readable one. Its title is somewhat of a misnomer. It is not so much a history as a collection of historical materials. Very few will read it through, but no future writer on the annals of New England will overlook its treasures. To the historian it will be invaluable, though its worth in this respect is considerably diminished by the absence of references. The volume now before us is only the first, and we are not informed of the extent to which the work is to be carried. It is published by the 'Congregational Library Association' of Boston, the report of whose Committee on the character of the work is very properly prefixed to the present volume. 'It everywhere discloses,' says the Committee, 'a thoroughness of research, and an accuracy of statement in regard to matters of fact, which the early history of New England has never before had, and will never again need. No other writer on the subject, among the living or the dead, has devoted the time or enjoyed the facilities which have been afforded to the author of this work.'

Mr. Felt, we are informed, has been pursuing his investigations for twenty years amongst the best libraries of America and England. He has shrunk from no labor, and has spared no pains by which his object might be accomplished, and we are glad to report that—so far as we have examined the work—it is honorable alike to his diligence, correctness, and fidelity. The History is drawn up in the form of annals, which, whatever advantage it may possess, does not certainly increase its attraction to general readers. In some respects the work is similar to Mr. Hanbury's 'Memorials of the Independents.' It is a storehouse from which future writers will largely glean. Few men are capable of the diligence required for its preparation, nor is the number much greater of those who will fairly estimate its worth now that it is executed.

Doctor Antonio. A Tale. By the Author of 'Lorenzo Benoni.' Post 8vo. pp. 454. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

THE readers of 'Lorenzo Benoni' will need no argument to induce them to peruse this volume. The rare qualities of the former work will stimulate their desire to acquaint themselves with the present one. Nor will they be disappointed. Large as their expectations may be, we promise their fulfilment. 'Don Antonio,' like its predecessor, is evidently the production of an intelligent, refined, and pure mind, keenly alive to whatever is beautiful in outward forms and in moral sentiments, sympathetic with the highest and best types of humanity, and generously patriotic. The hero of the tale, an Italian physician, born in Sicily, and practising at Bordighera; his patient, Lucy Daenne; and her father, St. John; are full-length portraits, somewhat exaggerated in their qualities, whether good or bad, but deeply interesting as studies. The scene is laid in Italy, and the incidents of the tale, which are but few, are blended with the political struggles of Naples in a manner which betokens great skill, and largely conduces to the value of the work. Whilst there are no marvellous scenes in the ordinary style of novel-writing, there is a deep growing interest in the volume, which carries on the reader to its close, and then leaves a feeling of regret that the narrative had not been continued. The volume, in its own department, is just such an one as we like to see in the hands of our young people; pure in sentiment, and correct in style, its tendency whether literary or moral, is good, whilst the political views which it propounds are free from all exaggeration and materialism. They are the well-balanced judgment of an upright and considerate mind, rather than the fiery impulses which shook the fabric of European monarchy in 1848. Should another outbreak occur at Naples—and this is highly probable—we fervently pray that its result may be far different from that in which Don Antonio took a prominent but disastrous part.

A History of the Dissenters' Marriages Bill of 1855, *with Observations on the principal Alterations made therein in the Commons and the Lords as affecting Churchmen, Dissenters, and Jews.* By Hull Terrell. To which is appended a Letter to the Author, containing Suggestions on the Bill, by Thomas Mann, Esq., of the General Registry Office. 8vo. pp. 53. 1s. London: Robert Theobald.

IN our Journal for September we reported that the 'Dissenters' Marriages Bill' had been postponed until the next session of Parliament. We then gave the history of this matter from a letter addressed by Mr. Terrell to the editor of the 'Patriot.' These circumstances we need not now repeat. Our object is simply to call attention to this pamphlet, and to recommend our friends to obtain and peruse it. The measure must come under consideration next session, and Mr. Terrell has rendered a good service by supplying the means of obtaining, with little cost and labor, an intimate knowledge of it. His pamphlet wears a business character, is well adapted to its purpose, and should have an extensive circulation.

Geological Facts; or, the Crust of the Earth. What it is, and what are its Uses. By the Rev. W. G. Barrett, Royston. London: Arthur Hall & Co. pp. 288.

In the present cosmoramic age, when everybody must see something of everything, it is no mean attainment to possess the exhibitor's art of effectively grouping the ready-made works of absent artisans, arranging them with taste and discernment, and thus contributing to fill the intellectual Panopticon. This merit belongs to Mr. Barrett in the volume before us. Without pretending to originality of discovery or profundity of reasoning, he has produced from notes of oral lectures a pleasant, truthful, useful general picture of geology. The wise and earnest student will not seek for encyclopædic lore in a popular lecture, but the disclosures of the latter may induce many persons to resort to the former. Besides the class to which such treatises are only elementary, there is an increasing number of instructed intelligent persons who, amidst the needful din of common life, must perforce rest satisfied with such utterances concerning science as the present. A lively style, thorough love of the subject, skill in quotation—and above all—a manly, reverent, sound, and becoming way of dealing with God in his word and works, enable us most cordially to commend this little volume to the lecture-loving population of these realms.

We object to the use of Scripture for the expression of a common truth at p. 15, and in a statement at p. 91 the Devonian culms of carboniferous age are confounded with the Bovey coal, which is tertiary.

Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy: an Exposition. By Patrick Fairbairn, D.D. Second Edition. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Scotland is far ahead of the southern portion of our island in the production of Biblical commentaries suited to the demands of the age. The names of Brown, Candlish, Haldane, Eadie, Henderson, and several others will readily occur to the reader in this connexion, nor will that of Dr. Fairbairn, the learned author of the 'Typology of Scripture,' and of the valuable exposition of Ezekiel now before us, be deemed unworthy to be placed by their side. We heartily congratulate him, and the religious public at large, on the appearance of a second edition of so highly meritorious a production, and we trust that now, since its reputation is fairly established, so long an interval will not elapse before a new impression shall be called for. It deserves, and we believe it will attain, a widely extended circulation, not only among those who are professionally devoted to the study of divinity, but also amongst the many devout and intelligent laymen belonging to various evangelical bodies. There is no parade of learning about it to frighten the less erudite from its pages, and yet it is sufficiently rich in the results of profound and earnest study to tempt the careful perusal of the ripest Biblical scholars. Its tone is uncompromisingly orthodox without being bigoted, and its style of exposition is solid and clear. Whilst far from lacking in originality and independent thought, it is a model of

sobriety. What a pity but Dr. Cumming had sat at the feet of our author, and conned over his sensible remarks upon the thirty-eighth chapter of the prophet before inflicting upon us his last new book, which we hope till either he or the religious world becomes wiser, will indeed prove to be 'The End.'

The Words of the Lord Jesus. By Dr. Rudolf Stier. Vol. I. Translated from the Second Revised and Enlarged German Edition by the Rev. W. B. Pope. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

'THE Words of the Word'—such was the striking and impressive title which Dr. Stier at first thought of prefixing to his work, and, notwithstanding his statement of the reasons which led him to abandon this intention, and to adopt in preference the simpler designation, we are not sure that in this instance second thoughts were best. We will not, however, quarrel with his fragrant gift for the sake of the name, especially in a case where the only difference is between a good and a possibly better one. All such points are utterly insignificant in comparison with the sublime subject which our author has undertaken to handle. It was a happy conception when he projected a commentary upon the sayings of Him who spake as never man spake, and we express the unanimous opinion of evangelical Germany, when we affirm that the lofty idea has been worthily carried out. Dr. Stier is a ripe scholar, a man of masculine genius, and at the same time a devout and humble Christian. He sits at the feet of Jesus to *learn* of Him, and abhors the impiety of putting his own thoughts into the mouth of the Great Teacher. The only post he aspires to is that of plain Mr. Interpreter, and most ably does he acquit himself in that capacity. We know of no exposition of the Gospels which can compare with this invaluable production. His commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, for instance, which occupies a great portion of the present volume, is decidedly superior to either Tholuck's or Olshausen's, which is saying a great deal. Let our readers procure the work, and after judging for themselves, we have no doubt they will coincide in our opinion, and be grateful to us for calling their attention to its very great merits.

Impressions of China and the Present Revolution: its Progress and Prospects. By Capt. Fishbourne, Commander of the 'Hermes' on her late visit to Nankin. pp. 441. Crown 8vo. 6s. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1855.

THIS book should have received an earlier notice: it is, indeed, of little use to praise a book of this kind, except at the time of its publication, for its contents are soon absorbed into contemporary literature, and the topics on which it treats naturally undergo a change of phase or of interest. We will, therefore, content ourselves with describing the work in few words. It contains the observations and reflections of a Christian and intelligent man, who had rare opportunities of forming a good judgment on one of the most remarkable movements of this century. On that movement we deem it premature

to prophesy—even the materials of criticism are very imperfect—but Capt. Fishbourne is one of those who have done most and best to enable us to understand it. His book deserves, and will doubtless obtain—indeed, we should suppose, has obtained—extensive notice.

An Account of the Life and Letters of Cicero. Translated from the German of Bernard Rudolf Abeken. Edited by Charles Merivale, B.D. London: Longman & Co. 1854. pp. 484.

THE present volume, different in plan, arrangement, and purpose from any other Life of Cicero in the English language, is intended to furnish tutors and schoolmasters with an exact philosophical acquaintance with the biography of one of the greatest of ancient Romans. It were superfluous to remark on the extreme value of a work like the present, which, in its English form, happy in translation and type, is another specimen of the beauty of many of the publications of the Messrs. Longman. The title which Mr. Charles Merivale has given the work may mislead the reader at first. M. Abeken had designated his work 'Cicero in his Letters'—implying that the orator's life could be well read from a chronological arrangement of his letters. Why not retain so expressive a title? Literate men will not require that it should be explained: illiterate men will not read the book, and, therefore, the explanation is not needed on their account. The volume is of great value; not the less so because of the admirable analysis which it furnishes of Cicero's moral and political character.

Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. Edited by William Hazlitt, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. In Two Volumes. London: T. C. Newby.

THE public probably are not aware that 'Talvi' is the assumed name of Caroline von Jacob, the daughter of an eminent Professor in Germany, and who is now the wife of the erudite Dr. Robinson, author of 'Biblical Researches in Palestine,' &c. The aim of the writer of the work before us is to trace the growth of the great American Commonwealth from its origin, and thus, as the volumes were originally written in German, and chiefly circulate among the constantly increasing German population in the States, they were intended for the instruction of the authoress's compatriots, not a few of whom, wearied with the despotism which rules their country as with a rod of iron, and rendered sick at heart by the faithlessness of the rulers to their oaths, look longingly towards the land beyond the Atlantic where thousands of their brethren enjoy the sweets of liberty. Indeed, unless the same absolute authority which fetters the German press, and hinders the healthy advancement of the German people, shall put a check to the flow of emigration, many years will not elapse before a powerful and free German State will be in existence on the North American continent. These admirable volumes will do not a little to increase yet more the desire for emigration in the hearts of those who mourn in bondage, and sigh over the desolations of their beloved

fatherland. In England we have not been deficient in excellent historical accounts of the colonization of at least New England. Neal, Robertson, and Chalmers, who had access to the documents in the Colonial Office, have supplied the English public with excellent narratives of that colonization; but, with the exception of the book of Edeling, the German public had no satisfactory work on the subject until the publication of these volumes by 'Talvi,' and of a translation of Mr. Bancroft's great work. The volumes are well written, philosophical, instructive, and highly entertaining, and are worthy of a hearty welcome from the lovers of history.

Missions Urged upon the State, on Grounds both of Duty and Policy. An Essay which obtained the Maitland Prize in the year 1852. By the Rev. C. K. Robinson, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. pp. 127.

Sir Peregrine Maitland long held a military command in the Indian army, and was well known, not only as an eminently good man, but also for his zealous attachment to the grand objects of missionary labour. From respect to the general's memory, his surviving friends founded two Maitland scholarships in the grammar school at Madras, and a triennial prize in the University of Cambridge, for an English essay on the subject of missionary enterprise. The author of the present essay, which secured the prize, is an admirable advocate of the cause whose claims he enforces. Our principles do not, of course, permit us to sanction his remarks on the necessity of state interference on behalf of missionary service; but we fully agree with all that he has said in this very able essay on the social and political advantages of missions, both to our own and to heathen lands. True charity blesses both giver and receiver.

The First Cause; or, a Treatise upon the Being and Attributes of God. In Two Parts—viz., 1. *The Proof from Reason;* 2. *The Proof from Revelation.* By J. C. Whish, M.A. 8vo. pp. 447. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1855.

Whatever may be thought of the prize-essay system, one thing is certain, that it serves to direct the attention of many minds to important subjects, and secures a practical result in the form of numerous publications. Our table is always bearing proof of the stimulating effects of literary competition. After every adjudication, we are called to the contemplation of several works owing their existence, avowedly or without avowal, to the announcement of a premium. The volume before us, we are told, 'was sent to compete for the Burnett premiums; but as its publication was not intended to depend upon the issue, it was in the press before the decision was announced.' It is no business of ours to pronounce upon its merits in relation to that award, or to institute a comparison between it and the successful treatises. We, however, have pleasure in saying that Mr. Whish, without producing

anything very original on the subject of the Divine existence and attributes, has furnished an essay of much solid excellence, containing not a little acute thought and forcible reasoning. Dividing his work into Two Parts—the Proof from Reason, and the Proof from Revelation—and adopting the *a posteriori* argument, he maintains his positions, with which in general we agree, with judgment, moderation, and a competent knowledge of the conditions of the questions discussed.

The Churches for the Times, and the Preachers for the People. By William Ferguson. London: B. L. Green. pp. 308.

This is an honest and outspoken book, by an energetic, devoted, and laborious minister, pointing out many of the evils which obtain among Nonconformist churches, and suggesting appropriate remedies for them. The excellent author ranges over an extensive sphere; shrewdly detecting latent errors; and, in no measured terms, condemns professions which are unreal, and religious observances which are a mockery. We have long been convinced of many of the serious evils which he describes and deplores, especially in relation to the economics of some of our smaller dissenting societies. That an advocate of needful reforms, so able and zealous as our author, may find his volume extensively and profitably read, will give us much satisfaction; and to this end we heartily commend it.

Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, &c. &c. By Captain J. E. Erskine, R.N. London: John Murray. pp. 488.

From the days of Anson and of Cook, the Pacific Ocean has been one of the most interesting scenes of modern travel and adventure. Therein are islands of romantic beauty; people with peculiar characteristics, now becoming rapidly extinct, or passing from the grosser forms of barbarity towards the confines of civilization. Here are growths and phenomena unknown to naturalists, whose researches have been confined to the Old World, or merely to the American continent; and thither have missionaries sailed, carrying with them that truth which perishes not or changes not with the decays or revolutions of the world, and whose heroic courage and persistence are shedding the rays of a moral loveliness upon the Edens of the Southern Sea. Those which now are thinly populated islands, or inhabited by men whose benighted minds can with difficulty comprehend the elements of the Christian faith, will be inhabited, before many years have passed, by brave, energetic, and refined peoples, emigrants either from Europe or from the United States. The British Government and people are under no small obligation to the accomplished and skilful commander who narrates, in the volume we now briefly notice, his cruise in the 'Havannah' frigate among the islands of the Western Pacific. Such a work deserves a longer notice, but which, however, we find it impossible to give. Adorned and enriched by plates and maps containing the most recent information, written with the freshness and ability, and,

from the best evidence, thoroughly impartial in narration, and abundant in detail, we do not hesitate to pronounce Captain Erskine's volume a valuable addition to our maritime literature. They who are interested in the progress of missionary labour will be rejoiced at the handsome manner in which he speaks of the ministers, their exertions, successes, and hospitalities. It is cheering to learn, on testimony so unexceptionable as that of Captain Erskine, that the servants of the truth are doing a noble work in the islands of the Pacific; and for full information on the subject we heartily commend this admirable volume to our numerous readers.

A Few Words to the Jews. By One of Themselves. Fcap 8vo. pp. 210. London: John Chapman. 1855.

WRITTEN by a Jewess—the late Charlotte Montefiore—these pages are designed to bring out the religious and moral element of Judaism, and to purify and quicken the religious and moral life of Jews. There is much in them that all enlightened students of the Hebrew Scriptures will approve, and all well-wishers to the ancient people will hope may find acceptance. The ethical features of the old dispensation are well presented, and some of the chief needs of its disciples are tenderly and earnestly addressed. But there is lacking, in our view, an insight into the spiritual essence of the Hebrew system, and the most effectual means of spiritual renovation. What Paul saw in the faith and service of prophets and priests the authoress does not appear to have seen, and history as well as inspiration teaches us to regard that as the necessary instrument of holy life. The character and relations of Deity, moral precepts, and the hope of immortality, however clearly and beautifully expounded, without the revealed truth of mediation and divine influence, neither realize our idea of the 'pure and noble revelation,' nor satisfy our sense of the wants of Jew or Gentile.

God and his Works; or, the Existence of God in harmony with Human Consciousness. By the Rev. Thomas Roberts. Crown 8vo. pp. 195. Partridge, Oakey, & Co. 1855.

THERE is no problem more solemn than the existence of Deity; and none requiring at the present time more anxious thought on the part of philosophers and philanthropists. Strange as it may seem, there are some—there are many—who, if not prepared to deny the existence of God, yet profess an inability to believe in it. What is the proof of this fundamental fact? And how may it be used? Are logical reasonings of use, and, if so, of what kind? Or is the matter one of consciousness? The author of 'God and his Works' 'has taxed reason to the utmost; and, as a consequence, is constrained to admit that, however legitimate and exalted her functions, she is but the handmaid and interpreter of faith. The *existence* of God must be received by faith.' Beginning with the existence of God as a realized fact, the author passes to a consideration of his being and his attri-

butes. We cannot give an analysis of his reasonings, nor even indicate them, but commend the careful study of his work to those who take an intelligent interest in its momentous theme. They will soon feel that they are in the presence of one who has deeply pondered that theme with not unworthy powers. His intellect is fresh and keen. He has nothing stale or commonplace in substance or form. Occasionally too rapid and impetuous, he has presented a great subject within a small compass, and condensed into a manual an amount of thought that might easily have been expanded into a bulky tome.

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1. *A Glossary of Military Terms; intended as a Handbook for Junior Officers, Candidates for Commissions, and Readers of Military Terms.* London: Longman & Co.
2. *A Popular Military and Naval Dictionary of War Implements and War Terms.* By Alfred Piper. London: Simpkin & Co.

THE despatches and military correspondence from the seat of war are frequently unintelligible to the public, from the occurrence of technical terms, of the meaning of which the ordinary reader is ignorant. Besides this, particulars as to the organization of our army and navy; their strength; the nature and construction of fortresses and of siege works; the modes of attack and of defence; and the meaning of professional phrases, become universally interesting at a time like the present, when the conflict in the East is the subject of every man's thought and conversation. The two Manuals prefixed are designed to afford popular explanations of scientific terms, and will be found of great service not only from the definitions they contain, but from the general information they supply on the topics of which they treat.

The Little Philosopher; or, the Science of Familiar Things. By Thomas Tate, F.R.S.A. Book I. pp. 91. II. pp. 179. III. pp. 261. London: Longman & Co.

THE object proposed in this series of useful little books is to teach the principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy from the properties and uses of familiar things. These numbers touch on Chemistry, Mechanics, and Physics. The Illustrations are numerous and well chosen for the purpose. The text, also, is in a simple style, which cannot fail to interest the young. The author has had much experience in such books. Not long since we had the pleasure of favourably noticing one or two small works of his in 'Gleig's Series.'

The Bye-ways of the Bible. By the Rev. Richard Brown. 2s. Liverpool: E. Howell.

THIS is a peculiar book with a peculiar title. It is a series of Essays on debatable subjects which are indirectly introduced or incidentally taught in the Bible. It is divided into thirteen chapters,—viz., 'The Number of the Righteous,' 'The Salvation of Infants,' 'Heavenly Recognition,' 'The Outward Form and Features of the Redeemer,'

'The War in Heaven,' 'Does Baptism save us?' 'The Intermediate State,' 'The Sin against the Holy Ghost,' 'The Millennial Reign of Christ,' 'Baptism for the Dead,' 'Degrees in Glory,' 'Where is the Celestial Paradise situated?' 'The King's Highway; or, Things which accompany Salvation.'

The writer has given out much material for thought and reflection. He has closely adhered to the teaching of the Word of God, and in all the opinions he has advanced has made it his last appeal. Though too prolix and too diffuse in some parts of his work, yet we can cordially recommend it to the inquirer and to religious educators of the young.

Anti-Mysticism; or, Man in his relation to the Holy Spirit, Revealed Truth, and Divine Grace. By W. R. Baker. London: Ward & Co.

WE have endeavoured to find out Mr. Baker's creed, and cannot. He has made a subtle effort to disturb and remove the foundations of hope on which the best of men rest, and he has not attempted to provide any substitute. He avows his belief in the Bible, and talks largely about the power of truth, but not a sentence indicates that his mind has ever yielded to its influence. He avows his belief in the existence of the Holy Spirit, though he virtually denies that that Spirit carries on any operations in the human heart.

There is scarcely a writer of any note on the work of the Holy Spirit, from Dr. Owen to Dr. Stowell, whom Mr. Baker does not oppose. Notwithstanding his protest to the contrary, we are bound in all honesty to say that his work is decidedly *rationalistic* in its tendency, and that its appropriate title is anti-evangelicism.

The Nature of Faith, as protective against Doctrinal Error; the Claim to Infallible Authority; and Baptismal Regeneration considered. By the Rev. Edward B. Moeran, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Trinity College, Dublin. 1s. 6d. London: Seeley & Co.

THIS volume contains eight admirable sermons. It is an energetic and evangelical protest against the errors of Romanism on the one hand, and its twin-sister Tractarianism on the other. Profound, original thinking, clear and forcible reasoning, and pure evangelical doctrine, are the distinguishing characteristics of the volume. The work does great credit to the head and heart of the author. Trinity College, Dublin, may well rejoice in having its chair of moral philosophy occupied by so zealous and judicious an advocate for the truth. We rejoice that the work has already reached its second edition.

Manna in the Heart; or, Daily Comments on the Book of Psalms. Adapted for the Use of Families. By the Rev. Barton Bouchier. London: J. F. Shaw.

THE former volumes from Mr. Bouchier's pen clearly showed that he was qualified for the work of a faithful commentator, and awakened

expectations that when he turned his attention to the Old Testament he would be as successful as he had been in his expositions of the Gospels. Our highest expectations have been realized. The volume now before us embraces from the first to the seventy-eighth Psalm inclusive. We have no profound criticisms nor elaborate arguments. The work is a contribution to the piety of the Christian and not to the learning of the scholar. It is written in a luminous, chaste style, is evangelical in its teachings, and is well adapted to aid the devotions of the healthy Christian in his closet, or to comfort the afflicted in the chamber of suffering. Many portions of the work are highly suggestive, and will be appreciated by thinking and studious readers.

Rational Godliness. After the Mind of Christ, and the Written Voices of His Church. By Rowland Williams, B.D. Fellow and Formerly Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Hebrew at Lampeter. 10s. 6d. London: Bell & Daldy.

We confess we looked with suspicion on this volume, as we do on every book which places 'the written voices of Christ's church' in the same category as 'the mind of Christ.' We think the latter the only safe and infallible guide to 'Rational Godliness,' while the former is vague, confused, and dangerous. Tractarianism is based on the former, and evangelical religion on the latter. A careful reading of the volume, however, has removed the suspicions we first entertained. These sermons possess some good qualities. They are free from tractarian teaching, yet unhappily they are not evangelical. Mr. Williams speaks of 'the Book of Proverbs,' as containing, 'like the 'Essays of Lord Bacon,' the English 'Spectator,' and the 'Rambler,' a number of those pithy sayings and just reflections, which contribute to form our principles, and insensibly build up the character,' page 108. On page 165 he says that when Christ uttered that memorable exclamation, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' 'we should understand him to have uttered the whole of the twenty-second Psalm.' And on page 228, he pleads for the popish doctrine of a Christian *priesthood*. 'The New Testament,' he says, 'tells no more against a priesthood than against a Sabbath, though it discourages Judaic hardness in both.' We regard these statements as calculated to produce much mischief, and regret that many similar ones are to be found throughout these sermons.

Our State Church: her Structure, Doctrines, Forms, and Character. A Manual of Dissent. By W R. Baker, author of 'Anti-Mysticism,' &c. &c. London: Ward & Co.

This volume contains a comprehensive view of the whole question between dissenters and the abettors of a State Church. The *organization* of the State Church is shown to be of materials which the worldly-minded furnish and the word of God repudiates, while its principles of union are those of human invention. The *doctrines* of the State Church are set forth as anti-scriptural, delusive and ruinous in their

tendency. The *ceremonies* are shown to be of papal origin, and calculated to engender formalism and hypocrisy; while the *character* the State Church has acquired for intolerance, injustice, and indifference to the spiritual welfare of souls, is fully exhibited. The reader is invited to examine the pattern given by Christ, and then to look at the organization, or community, called the State Church, and thus to learn the discrepancy which exists between a church of Christ, and one of human policy. Political in its structure and action, its results are far more political than spiritual.

Leaves from a Family Journal. From the French of Emile Souvestre. 5s. London: Groombridge & Sons.

SOME authors are guilty of sins of omission, others of sins of commission. The writer of the little volume before us belongs to the first class. We do not object so much to what he has written as to his omission of the great principle of social and domestic religion. The book contains a cursory history of a family for about twenty years. Many domestic errors are pointed out and corrected, and many valuable hints on house-keeping are given; but religion, of every kind and form, is ignored. The only allusion to the Sabbath recognises it, not as a holy day, but as a day devoted to entertaining friends at home, or to pleasure-seeking abroad. Domestic difficulties and afflictions are recorded, but neither counsels nor consolations are sought in the way religion teaches. Chance was the only god, and human policy the only oracle with which this family was acquainted. While reading the book, we could not refrain from applying to the author the language of Scripture—'God was not in all his thoughts.'

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1. *The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science.* By J. P. Smith, D.D., LL.D., &c. Post 8vo. pp. 468.
2. *The Theology of the Early Christian Church, exhibited in quotations from the Writers of the First Three Centuries, with Reflections.* By James Bennett, D.D. Post 8vo. pp. 315.
3. *An Inquiry into the nature of the Symbolic Institutions of the Christian Religion, usually called the Sacraments.* By Robert Halley, D.D. Part II. Post 8vo. pp. 411. London: Jackson & Walford.

THESE volumes constitute the fourth issue of the cheap and uniform edition of the 'Congregational Lectures.' Our critical judgment has already been pronounced on them, and we have therefore nothing more to do at present than to report on the form in which they are now issued. This form is all we can desire. Neat, readable, and cheap, they are well suited to the circumstances of a very large class, and ought to be found in every part of the country where the principles of congregationalism are appreciated or its polity is upheld. The original edition of these Lectures was adapted only to the more affluent members of the congregational body, nor did we regret the fact. We readily conceded priority to them. All we asked was that the more numerous class should speedily be supplied with an edition suited to their circum-

stances. This demand is now fully met, and it remains with Congregationalists themselves to say whether they sufficiently value their principles and appreciate their own literature to give to the enterprise their zealous support. We have heard it intimated that though the first and second issues of this edition had an extensive sale, the fact has been different with the later ones. We can scarcely credit such a rumor. It is too discreditable to be easily admitted. All purchasers of the earlier volumes should lose no time in completing their sets, and those who have risen into public life since the reprint commenced, should immediately possess themselves of such volumes as are yet on sale.

In commending the 'Congregational Lectures' to our readers, we need scarcely say that we express no opinion on the subject discussed by Dr. Halley. We are pledged to neutrality on the baptismal question, and have never violated the compact. The advocates of adult baptism may learn much from his volume, whatever they think of the main views which are broached.

Condensed Notes on Scripture: being the Substance of Sermons Preached by the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts. Selected from his manuscript Sermon Notes, and edited by his Son, Edward Henry Bickersteth, A.M., Rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset. 10s. 6d. London: Seeley.

THE character and writings of the late Edward Bickersteth are so highly appreciated by evangelical Christians of all denominations, as to secure for any posthumous publication of his a cordial welcome. In the absence of this *prestige* the intrinsic merits of this volume entitle it to a large number of attentive readers. We have a hundred and forty-eight passages of Scripture examined and explained. These 'Sermon-notes' are not dry criticisms, but familiar expositions of sacred truth. The critic is lost in the Christian teacher. No one can read them attentively without seeing the salutary suggestive influence they are calculated to exert. The young minister or clergyman will find in this volume some valuable models of sermon writing.

The Works of Stephen Olin, D.D., LL.D., late President of the Wesleyan University, United States. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low.

THESE volumes comprise selections from the manuscripts of a devoted and able Christian minister. There is a freshness, power, and freedom about them which render them worthy of circulation in this country. The first is a volume of Sermons and Sketches, many of which were not designed for publication, but which give favorable specimens of the author's general preaching. The second volume is not inappropriate to students in our colleges, and includes lectures on the theory and practice of scholastic life, and discourses to the graduating classes of the university. Dr. Olin was a man of eminently catholic and missionary spirit, and was active in the formation of the London Evangelical Alliance. It would have been a great improvement to this work if it had contained, besides his portrait, a brief sketch of his life and labors.

History of Christian Churches and Sects, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Marsden, M.A. 8vo. Part VII. 3s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley.—Mr. Marsden's labors are rapidly approaching to completion. His work is to consist of eight parts, of which the seventh is now before us. It concludes the article on the Church of Rome, and contains interesting sketches of those of Russia and Scotland. The former is specially attractive at the present moment, and will find many readers. Whatever objections may lie against some features of Mr. Marsden's plan, his work is an interesting and highly creditable addition to our theological literature.

Conversation: a Lecture addressed to the Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institution at Reading. By Francis Trench. London: J. W. Parker & Son.—A lecture which may be usefully read by many. It makes no pretensions to originality; does not affect the profound; but is distinguished by good sense and healthy feelings.

Widow-Burning; a Narrative. By Henry Jeffreys Bushby. Post 8vo. pp. 62. London: Longman & Co.—This is a reprint from the 'Quarterly Review,' with additions, and it is eminently worthy of perusal. The labors of Major Ludlow in suppressing the Suttee are beyond all praise, and may well encourage the benevolent efforts of others. We cannot perfectly accord with all the author alleges in reference to missionary operations. Our exceptions, however, are few and partial, whilst we promise our readers both pleasure and information from the perusal of this small volume.

The Two-fold Slavery of the United States; with a project of Self-emancipation. By Marshall Hall, M.D., F.R.S. With Two Maps. Fcap 8vo. pp. 159. London: Adam Scott.—We have no dispute with Dr. Hall on the excellency of his design in the preparation of this small volume, but we seriously demur to the equity of his plan, and have no faith in its practicability. The slaveholder, not the slave, is the guilty party, and the former therefore must be required to abandon his crime, not the latter to redeem himself by money.

Dress as a Fine Art. By Mrs. Merrifield. Fcap 8vo. pp. 173. 2s 6d. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.—We do not profess to be very skilful in the matters to which this volume pertains, but our fair readers will no doubt be attracted by its title; nor will they be unrewarded by its perusal. The essays of which it consists were originally published in the 'Art Journal,' and in 'Sharp's London Magazine,' and many extracts from them have appeared in various periodicals. As a small volume of light reading on matters not frequently treated of, it may be read with pleasure. Mrs. Merrifield is evidently familiar with the theme, and has devoted to its elucidation much thought and time.

Scripture Readings; or The Bible familiarly explained to the Young. Edited by the Rev. Robert Jamieson, D.D. London and Glasgow: Griffin & Co.—This is the first volume of a series. The expositions which it contains are restricted to the Book of Genesis. They furnish valuable illustrations of the harmony of Scripture and science. The style is perspicuous and pleasing, well calculated to interest and instruct the young. The volume will be highly prized by the parent who devotes a portion of the Sabbath to the religious instruction of his children, and also by the teacher of a Bible class. It would be a valuable accession to a Sunday School Library.

Studies from History. Vol. I., *Richard I. and the Third Crusade. Mohammed II. and the Fall of the Greek Empire.* By the Rev. William H. Rule. London: Mason.—These studies from history proceed on the principle, that men give a character to the times in which they live. In this view, Richard I. is a representative of the barbaric life of the twelfth century. The names of Henry II., and of Becket, will never fail to be remembered by Englishmen; and through them we glance at a struggle of our ancestors with the Court of Rome, a conflict of patriotism and superstition, and the early germination of constitutional liberties, yet waiting for

the lapse of five centuries to ripen. For a similar reason Mohammed II. is selected. His resistless arms gave to Europe a shock which resulted in an entire social change, and made the way for a new era.

Remains of the Honourable and Reverend Somerville Hay, A.M., sometime Vicar of Netherbury and Beaminster, Dorsetshire. Comprising Sermons, Tracts, and Letters, with an Introductory Memoir. By Thomas Graham, M.D. London: Simpkin & Marshall.—The biographer and the portrait-painter are both employed in the work of delineation. One has to exhibit the inner man, the other the outward form and expression. Both require study, judgment, taste, and experience. We advise Dr. Graham to study the memoirs of Andrew Fuller and Robert Hall, by J. M. Morris, and the Life of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, by Archdeacon Russell, before he again ventures an attempt in biography. In the hands of a skilful writer, the Memoirs of the Honourable and Reverend Somerville Hay would have been *materiel* for an invaluable volume. The book before us contains ample proofs of the eminent piety, evangelical sentiments, and persevering diligence of Mr. Hay as a clergyman of the Church of England. His brightness, however, is clouded by the dim shadow of his biographer. Mr. Hay was a good subject for a fine portrait, and deserved better workmanship than Dr. Graham has put forth.

The Curse of Britain: an Essay on the Evils, Cause, and Cure of Intemperance. With an Introductory Chapter on the Maine Law. By W. R. Baker. Fourth Edition. London: Ward & Co. This little volume is an excellent protest against intemperance, the fruitful parent of nine-tenths of the crime and poverty of this country. This opinion has been ratified by some of our most distinguished magistrates and judges. And though we cannot endorse every sentiment Mr. Baker has expressed, he has rendered good service to society, and we heartily wish him success.

The Absurdity of Unbelief in Christianity. By Thomas Mills. London: Partridge & Oakey. This pamphlet of forty-four pages is full of vigorous thoughts, expressed in clear and forcible language. It is intended to show that the infidel believes more than the Christian, and with a much less amount of evidence. Mr. Mills has admirably succeeded in showing that the unbeliever is inconsistently credulous. It is a valuable pamphlet to put into the hands of young men, who are more often assailed by the gibes than by the arguments of infidelity.

The Irish Regium Donum. Speech of John Bright, Esq., M.P., delivered in the House of Commons, July 6, 1854. London: Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control.—An able speech showing the history, mystery, and abuse of the Regium Donum in Ireland, which inflicts a blow on that arrangement which it cannot long survive.

Review of the Month.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER, WE WARNED OUR READERS AGAINST THE OBVIOUS TENDENCY of recent legislation to desecrate the Sunday. This tendency has been visible for some time past, and we must make up our minds to a searching investigation of the Sunday question. The struggle which impends may not be protracted, but it will be severe, and those only are qualified to take part in it whose views have been calmly matured. We are not sorry that the evil tendency to

which we advert has embodied itself in the form of a new society, entitled 'The National Sunday League.' The object of this Society is 'to obtain the opening of the British Museum, and other national institutions on Sunday; also, the repeal of the law which compels the closing of the Crystal Palace, and other collections of an instructive character, on that day.'

Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P., is president, and among the vice-presidents are Sir J. V. Shelley, Bart., M.P., W. Scholefield, Esq., M.P., W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P., W. A. Wilkinson, Esq., M.P., and George Dawson, M.A., of Birmingham. The nucleus of the association, we are informed, has existed for some time, but experience has shown that the influence of 'a committee of working men' is too limited to accomplish the object sought. A more extended organization has therefore been resolved on, and an Address is now issued, setting forth in distinct terms the constitution and end of the society. 'The efforts of the committee,' we are told, 'have been hitherto confined to the opening of *national* institutions only, conceiving that in this they were asserting a public right rather than seeking an especial privilege. But the *Crystal Palace*, in its magnificent and artistic decorations, and its accumulation of wonders otherwise inapproachable, has already assumed the character of a national undertaking, and, with other exhibitions of a less pretentious character, claims the attention and solicitude of the public. The Committee, therefore, while regarding the Sunday opening of national collections as their primary object, cannot exclude from the area of their operations similar exhibitions, although such may be, to a certain extent, the result of private enterprise.' So far we have no complaint to make, save that which lies against the primary design of the society. There is no attempt at mystification. Its language is clear and intelligible. It means to do away with whatever is distinctively religious in the observances of Sunday, and to substitute in their place such recreations as may be consonant to the tastes of the age. We are aware that it is as a social question that Sunday legislation is treated. The League does not recognise either sect or party, and 'would not arrogate to itself any interference in spiritual matters.'

The language of the Address on this point is exceedingly moderate. Its framers were obviously aware of the objections which would be advanced, and have therefore asked only for a portion of the day. 'In seeking,' it says, 'to obtain free access to exhibitions of an innocent and instructive character on Sunday, it asks only for the latter portion of that day. It would not deter a single individual from attending a place of worship, but would offer an instructive and elevating resort to the reflecting—an innocent means of relaxation to the overburdened.' We are thankful for this moderation, the spirit of which we duly estimate. We have no faith, however, in the limits prescribed. Let the latter part of the day be surrendered to these 'innocent means of relaxation,' and religious worship will speedily be abandoned by no inconsiderable portion of the community. There is much cant in the talk of our would-be philanthropists on this subject,—a cant the more reprehensible from its being in open antagonism to Christian truth. Should our legislature be induced, which we do not apprehend, to give its sanction to the scheme, a worse blow would be inflicted on our

religious interest than has occurred since the publication of the 'Book of Sports.'

The friends of religion have met this movement with becoming promptitude. The 'Lord's Day Observance Society' has issued a circular, inviting the Metropolitan Committee of 1850 to resume its labors, 'with a view to memorialize the Crown, and, if necessary, to petition Parliament, against the public performances of music in Windsor and Kensington on the Lord's Day, and against the opening of the National Galleries and Museums thereon.' We may therefore look forward to a severe contest in the coming session, and it becomes every religious man to prepare for the duty of the hour. It is impossible to travel on the Continent, whether in Protestant or Catholic countries, without being shocked at the open profanation of the Lord's Day. To this we shall ultimately come if the object of the 'National Sunday League' be accomplished. The narrow edge will thus be inserted, and it will not be long ere the deterioration of the religious sentiment will be painfully visible in the ordinary occupations of secular life.

THE INDECENT HASTE WITH WHICH OUR LEGISLATURE SUCCUMBED to the dictation of a mob, in the case of the 'Sunday Beer Bill,' is already bearing fruit. We thought it would be productive of unmixed evil, and what has recently occurred in the Metropolis has served to confirm our expectations. The high price of bread has naturally led to much grumbling. It is the cause of extensive suffering, and we are not therefore surprised to hear the language of complaint. There is more ground for it than has existed on many occasions. Encouraged by what took place last session, large placards have been posted about London, calling on the working men to assemble in 'Our Park.' This was accordingly done on the 14th and 21st. They met in large numbers, and the fact of no disturbance having occurred is attributable probably to the better conduct of the police rather than to the greater discretion of the men assembled. The daily press is evidently concerned to make little of the matter, and it is undoubtedly true that the proceedings were wanting in the resolution and earnestness which betoken strong confidence. The good sense of the English people has readily perceived that such is not the mode in which great social changes can be safely effected. In a particular case the result of such an agitation may be good, but in the long run, and on a large scale, such results will be pernicious. We are glad therefore to record that this movement is a failure. Had it been otherwise, we should have trembled for our country, and even as it is, we look with some solicitude to the next session of Parliament, to see whether the Legislature will vindicate itself from the imputation contracted by its late precipitate and most undignified deference to physical force.

THE PRESENT IS THE DAY OF POLITICAL MANIFESTOES. An important one has appeared in the 'Italia e Popolo' of Genoa, whence it has been transferred into our own journals. It bears the signature of Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and Mazzini, and has occasioned much excitement and no little unconstitutional declamation. The 'Morning Post' has been specially zealous in the matter, and attempts have not been wanting to prejudice the case of M. Kossuth and his associates by

reference to the language of some French exiles in Jersey. It is needless to reply to all this. Every right-minded man sees the fallacy, and indignantly spurns the counsel proffered. The English people will never permit the enemies of foreign tyranny to be driven from the land whither they have fled for safety. The document in question wears a foreign complexion, and suffers somewhat in lucidity and directness from its being known to us through a translation. There is no mistaking, however, the power it displays or the intense earnestness by which it is pervaded. It addresses the democracy of Europe, declares that the time has arrived for securing its unity, and calls on its abettors to take advantage of the present condition of affairs, in order to accomplish their two-fold purpose of national independence and of political freedom. 'We have been silent until now,' say the illustrious Triumvirate, 'because our language, opportune at this moment, would have been incautious and immature a few months ago.' They disavow the illusions entertained by many on the direct bearing and primary design of the present war. 'Some hoped that the *Italo-Hungarian question* would be helped by the forced support of the Western Powers, if ever the identity of principles, tradition, or fear, should throw Austria openly into the arms of the Czar; others thought the necessity of success would drive the Governments of England and France towards the only really vulnerable point of Russia—Poland. We never entertained similar illusions. We knew that *it was enough for Austria to maintain an appearance of neutrality, to give every possible aid to Russia.*'

The forces likely to be arrayed against any popular movement are so far divided as to be incapable of acting in concert, and the address therefore urges on the Liberals of Europe to act with promptitude and determination. 'Each people has but one enemy to fight against, and in 1848 (which is not to be forgotten) it was sufficient for each people to attack in order to conquer. The co-operation of two or three different forces is necessary to triumph over the Revolution in Rome, Germany, and Hungary.' Russia, Austria, and France, are represented as having enough to do at home; whilst England is said to be exhausted 'in consequence of want of military organization.' Such being the condition of Europe, the people are exhorted 'to seize the opportunity which God has sent them.' Harmony in general principles and independence of conviction on all minor points, is the faith avowed, whilst those who sympathize in the views broached are called on to contribute to their diffusion. Republicanism is distinctly proclaimed, and France and Italy are pointed out by name as the countries where the movement should originate.

We have passed over many of the topics embraced in this Address. Those we have named sufficiently indicate its general character. We sympathize with much of the feeling expressed, and bating the matter of republicanism, have little dispute on the score of principle with the subscribers. There is, however, one feature of the Address which cannot, we admit, in honesty be omitted, but which renders it distasteful to the majority of our countrymen, and lies at the basis of much of the hostile criticism to which it has been subjected.

Louis Napoleon, equally with Francis Joseph and Alexander II.,

is the party impeached. The French are addressed in similar language and with similar motives as the Hungarians, Italians, and Poles. But the French Emperor is our ally in the Russian War. In that capacity, his policy, so far as we are aware, has been consistent and honest, and his continued adhesion to the alliance is needful to a successful issue to the struggle. We are placed, therefore, in this difficulty. Were the address of Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and Mazzini to accomplish its object, we might, and probably should, be left to continue the struggle without the aid which has so materially contributed to past triumphs. Now, this alternative is one from which our countrymen shrink. Our own estimate of Louis Napoleon is on record, and we see no reason to alter it; yet our conviction of the incumbency of the present war is so deep, that we should deplore any occurrence which would prevent an effectual check being put on the aggressive policy of the Czar.

It is probable that the first act of the drama will speedily be enacted. The sanguinary proceedings of King Bomba have prepared his subjects for revolt. Naples is a vast mine which may explode at any moment, and if we are not greatly mistaken, is nearly ready for the outbreak. What may be the result of the struggle, we tremble to think. The Swiss troops of the king will fight; may we rely on the Neapolitans doing so too? We have our misgivings respecting the course which has been pursued by France and England in the case of Naples. Should it ultimately appear that after encouraging the subjects of the Bourbon in their earlier movements, they shrunk back when the hour for action came, we shall bitterly deplore the humiliation and disgrace to which our national flag has been exposed. It is said that England, throughout the Neapolitan territory, is regarded as an insincere and perfidious ally.

The case of Italy is recently complicated by the conduct of the Tuscan Government towards that of Sardinia. All diplomatic relations between the two have been broken off. The Sardinian Legation has left Florence, and the Tuscan Minister at Turin has received his passport. So far, the case, though serious, did not preclude remedy. It might have been hoped that the intervention of either of the leading powers of Europe would have satisfied the Tuscan Government that it had erred in the demand it had preferred. The case is rendered more serious by the intervention of Austria, and the greater obligation is thus laid on France and England to be prompt and very decided in the expression of their views. The Austrian Minister, Count Buol, has recently informed the Sardinian representative at Vienna that, 'as the rupture between the Courts of Florence and Turin had taken place in consequence of instructions sent by the Imperial Government, his Majesty the Emperor would not remain out of the question, but was determined to consider it a personal one to himself. We shall fix a time,' he continued, 'in which the difference ought to be made up; it does not matter to us whether there be a Sardinian Minister at Florence or not, but if you do not settle the dispute, his Imperial Majesty will consider it a personal affair, and take measures accordingly.' 'The question,' as the 'Times' of the 23rd remarks, 'is whether Austria shall be allowed

to take measures in the manner which Count Buol indicates. Is Piedmont to suffer for her alliance with us? The Court of Vienna has formed a high resolve, it is for Europe to say whether it shall be carried out. . . . The Grand Duke relies on Austria, and Austria relies on her superior strength to force Piedmont into abject compliance. It remains to be seen whether the confidence of the great and the petty Autocrat has a sound foundation. A storm of this kind has been long foreseen. Austria can never forgive Piedmont for being the ally of France and England.' We are far from regretting the intervention of Austria in this matter. It may possibly bring about the decision which ought long since to have been formed. Let our statesmen say in *unmistakeable terms* that she shall not coerce Sardinia, and the bully will be meek as a lamb. She knows her own position too well to hazard the perils of strife. Italy, Hungary, and Poland are words which act like a charm on the nerves of Austria. We confess, lovers of peace as we are, that we shall be glad to see the treacherous neutrality of Austria brought to a speedy test.

THE SEVENTEENTH AUTUMNAL SESSION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES was held Oct. 22—26. It has been usually held in the provinces, and has already gone the round of most of the great centres of manufacturing and commercial industry. Cheltenham and Hull stood next on the *rota*, but owing to unforeseen difficulties, the resolution of the Union was not carried out, and it became necessary to fall back upon the metropolis. The result has been a considerable improvement in attendance, as was to be anticipated, and we think in some other respects as well. We are not at all disposed to underrate the dangers of centralization, to counteract which was one of the objects contemplated in the autumnal peregrinations of the body; but we are by no means sure that this important end may not be better secured by more frequent visits of the country to London, than by the opposite method. We cannot now stop to develop our reasons for so thinking, since we are here only chroniclers, and not commentators upon public events.

The proceedings opened with a very well attended devotional meeting at the Poultry Chapel on the evening of the 22nd, the elevated tone and spirit of which afforded a bright presage of success. The business meetings occupied the mornings of the three following days, and were held in the same place. The introductory address of Dr. Halley, who filled the chair, was a masterly production, and well sustained the reputation of these presidential orations as important manifestoes, which all who would inform themselves of the spirit stirring in modern Congregationalism would do wisely to study. A passage in which the speaker modestly and in a very guarded way gave utterance to his own apprehensions, that the growing power of Romanism in the East, as the result of French aggrandisement in that quarter, might ultimately give as much trouble as Russian aggression, produced a good deal of ferment in the meeting, and has been the subject of much animadversion outside. The address, it is understood, will be printed, but in such a form as not to pledge the Union to any particular sentiments as to the present war, or the French alliance.

The evenings of the 23rd and two following days were devoted to

public meetings. The first was held in Exeter Hall, and was of a somewhat novel character for that well-known place. It was for the exposition and enforcement of Congregational principles, and never before, perhaps, did they venture to show themselves in such an arena. We are informed that the committee, after engaging the room, repented of their rashness, and even took steps (which, however, were not successful) to cancel their bargain, by representing themselves to the authorities of the Hall as quite equal in revolutionary violence to the Religious Liberation Society, to whom, as is notorious, the use of the building has been refused. Many, we know, anticipated a ridiculous failure, but the result proved how ill they had gauged the spirit of the times. The Hall was quite as full as on recent missionary occasions, and even read speeches were received with enthusiastic applause. The Rev. Newman Hall threw off the following programme of Independency, which was cheered to the echo:—'A church—a voluntary association of Christians! The word of God its only statute-book! Christ its only Head! Love, its only source of revenue! No opinions of fallible men binding on the consciences, except as they are confirmed by Holy Scripture. The Church independent of the authority of pope, prelate, presbytery, prince, or parliament! The right of the members of the Church to appoint their own ministers and regulate their own affairs. All congregations and all Christian pastors officially equal. 'One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.' The Churches independent in government, confederate in love and good works. Individual liberty, combined with Catholic unity. As the State must not control the Church, so the Church disclaims all interference with the State. No compulsory taxation for religion. The same liberty we claim for ourselves, claimed equally for all mankind. In the words of an old Puritan, "By God's command the civil magistrate is discharged to put the least discourtesy upon any man, Turk, Jew, Papist, Socinian, or whatsoever, for his religious belief."' The other evening meetings were devoted to British missions and Chapel-extension respectively, and were somewhat thinly attended. The speaking, however, was good, and the spirit excellent. A crowded *soirée* on the 26th, held at the Milton Club, which was placed at the service of the Union during the week, concluded the series of meetings in a most pleasant manner, and the members dispersed highly gratified with the session, which, as a whole, has been one of the most interesting and important ever held.

THE SUCCESSES OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA HAVE BEEN CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA WITH UNUSUAL DEMONSTRATIONS OF DELIGHT. Since our last brief record of the progress of the war, some signal victories have crowned the arms of the allies. Kinburn has fallen before the bombardment of the allied fleets and the position taken by the French forces, which precluded the Russian garrison from all possibility of escape. One general and forty-seven officers, with nearly fifteen hundred soldiers, were taken prisoners and sent to Constantinople. The condition of their being allowed to evacuate the fortress with the honours of war was, that they should leave it in its present condition, and the result was the capture of no less than one hundred and seventy-four pieces of

artillery, and an immense amount of military stores. This success was followed by another, in which the Russians were the principal agents. Perceiving the impossibility of holding Oczakoff against the forces arrayed against them, they blew up the fortifications of that place; and thus, with their usual suicidal policy, left it the easy prey of their enemies. The operations of the allied fleets and troops in the Sea of Azoff have also been successful. On the 24th of September a considerable force of English and French were landed on Fanagoria, a fort protecting the town of Taman. Both were at once evacuated by the enemy and occupied by the allied troops, who found sixty-six pieces of cannon and four mortars, all rendered unserviceable, beside eleven twenty-four pounders buried in the sand. The 29th of September was signalized by two great successes, obtained against the Russians. The former and more severe of these was inflicted by the Turks under General Williams at Kars. It is thus reported to the Turkish government by the Commander-in-Chief:—'On the 29th September the Russians had attacked Kars; the assault lasted eight hours, and during the conflict, which was fierce and obstinate, the enemy several times gained an entrance into some of the batteries with all their force, but were again driven back with considerable loss. After having made the greatest efforts, the Russians were compelled to yield before the courage of our brave troops, and to retire, completely routed. Besides the dead and wounded carried away during the action, they left in and around the trenches of the fortress 4000 men killed, 100 prisoners, and one gun. Our loss is from 700 to 800 men, among whom we have to regret the death of several superior officers. The Russians are preparing to retreat, and abandon the siege.' In a similar despatch Lord Redcliffe states, that the Russians lost 2500 men killed, and twice that number wounded. Upwards of 4000 muskets were left on the field. The loss of the Turks was about 700 killed and wounded. The second disaster was the defeat of the Russian cavalry on the plains of Eupatoria. The overwhelming charge of the cavalry of the allies drove them into headlong flight, harassing them for more than two leagues. The material result of this defeat was the capture of six pieces of ordnance, one officer, 169 prisoners, and 250 horses, besides other spoils. The subsequent movements of the allied fleets and military forces, though unexplained, for obvious reasons, threaten more conclusive operations; and it will not be long, in all probability, before we are brought acquainted with still more important events. Happily the loss of life in the events we have thus briefly chronicled, has been comparatively small. The allied forces have been found to be irresistible, both by land and sea; and the enemy generally save unnecessary bloodshed by a timely capitulation.

Meanwhile, the all but universal dissatisfaction with the conduct of General Simpson has led the Government to a resolution to 'relieve' him of his duties; and once more the British army in the East is to be placed under a new commander-in-chief. We wait to see the result of this important change. Hitherto the successes obtained, so far as they have been dependent on the British arms, have seemed to be the result of the indomitable valour of our troops, and to have owed comparatively little to the military skill of our commanders. It remains to be seen

whether the long period of peace and consequent military desuetude has not left us some generals endowed with comprehensiveness of view, of powers of combination, and of capacities for energetic action. For the welfare of our species this seems a matter of vast importance. For though we are sick of the distressing details, and wearied with the tardy progress of this struggle, we still feel that on the success of the allied arms depends, under God, the spiritual and secular welfare of millions for a period which it is not in the power of human sagacity to reduce to years. It is obvious to notice that a feeling is growing in various sections of our countrymen hostile to the continuance of the war. On many grounds we deeply sympathize with this feeling. We cannot regard the waste of human life, and the material loss and pressure which it involves, without the deepest concern. We shall rejoice in its auspicious close. But we still are reluctantly compelled to believe that its vigorous prosecution is absolutely necessary to avoid those future results, affecting alike the moral and the material interests of this country and the Continent of Europe, the magnitude of which it is impossible to appreciate. At the best, a dark prospect looms before us, but a blacker horror lurks behind. The latest intelligence up to the time at which we are writing is, that about 40,000 of the allied forces advanced on the 22nd from Eupatoria to Tulat, a place marked on the map as about midway between Eupatoria and Simpheropol.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Intellect, the Emotions, and the Moral Nature. By Rev. William Lyall.

The Man Christ Jesus. By the Rev. Robert Craig, A.M.

An Essay on Intuitive Morals; being an attempt to Popularize Ethical Science. Part I.—Theory of Morals.

The Whole Evidence against the Claims of the Roman Church. By Sanderson Robins, M.A.

The Way of Salvation: Illustrated in a Series of Discourses. By the Rev. Albert Barnes. Revised by Rev. E. Henderson, D.D.

The Fur Hunters of the Far West. A Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains. By Alexander Ross. In Two Volumes.

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Specimens of Greek Anthology. Translated by Major R. G. Macgregor.

The Suffering Saviour; or, Meditations on the Last Days of Christ upon Earth. By Rev. Fred. W. Krümmacher, D.D. Translated under the express sanction of the Author by Samuel Jackson.

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The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ. An Imaginary Biography founded on Fact. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. Two Volumes.

THE

Eclectic Review.

DECEMBER, 1855.

ART. I.—*The Life of Giovanni Angelico da Fiesoli.* Translated from the Italian of Vasari by Giovanni Aubrey Bezzi. With Notes and Illustrations. Printed for the Arundel Society. 1850.

2. *Giotto and his Works in Padua; being an Explanatory Notice of the Series of Woodcuts executed for the Arundel Society after the Frescoes of the Arena Chapel.* By John Ruskin. Printed for the Arundel Society. Parts I. and II. 1854.

THE above publications are issued by the Arundel Society, which was expressly established for promoting the knowledge of Art. It was thought that the general and increasing interest felt for art in this country stood in need of education and guidance, and that its high study might well be promoted by the publication of engravings from some of the great Italian painters, and by translating and editing the abundant materials existing in foreign treatises and documents. In pursuance of this object, the Society has published the above works, and likewise issued careful and characteristic engravings from some of the more valued frescoes by Giotto and Fra Angelico. It has thus done good service to the cause of art in bringing into increased notice the period of the Italian Pre-Raphaelites. Of this early epoch, we now propose to treat: we shall endeavour to estimate the peculiar merits of these ancient works; to show their historical relation with the great masters of the fifteenth century, and, coming down to our own times, to judge of the paintings and teachings of men who are known among us as the modern Pre-Raphaelites.

We will at once confess that the stiff rigidities of mediæval

art have long ceased to be wholly repulsive to our tastes; we can now see in the early Italian works redeeming qualities which offer for these defects, at least, a partial recompense. The time was, indeed, when we found it most difficult to comply with the injunction of Goldsmith by praising the works of Pietro Perugino. These early Italian masters came to us in such quaint and questionable garb and demeanour as to excite rather ridicule at their oddities than admiration for their merits. This was natural and inevitable. In literature, as well as in art, what is strange or ridiculous first strikes the eye; while unobtrusive beauty and excellence lie hid beneath the disguise of a repelling exterior. If we look into Chaucer and Spenser, we are probably first struck by their quaintness; and on opening George Herbert are repelled by his conceits ere we are won by his beauties. The friends, too, we value most have possibly, by exterior eccentricity, excited a smile before they called forth our sympathy. So likewise is it with ancient times. If the life of any of us could be thrown back into the actual world of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—into the streets of its cities, or the cloisters of its convents—we should be repelled by a mode of thought and life to our modern tastes most foreign, ere we could appreciate the saving beauty and excellence which, dwelling beneath the outer garb, constitute the true and vital essence of the age. Thus, also, it is with mediæval art. The first distaste for its quaintness, rigidities, and too painful and apparent defects, must be forgotten and overcome ere we can be brought to acknowledge the life it breathes, the sterling merits of a character beautiful in its simplicity and steadfast in its truth. It would thus appear that the admiration and appreciation of mediæval art is a gradual growth, and in some sense an acquired taste; that prejudices and counter-feelings must first die out, and that then may come a heartfelt appreciation for the earnest truths and simple beauties of these early works. We fear, however, that with many minds there succeeds a still subsequent phase in which judgment becomes blinded, and the worship due alone to the manifestation of genius is unconsciously transferred to incapacity and ignorance. Of this ultimate stage of prejudice, not less fatal or deplorable than the first, we shall treat in the sequel. At the present moment, our purpose is to examine into the real merits, not to expose and dispel the fancied virtues of these early men. We will now speak of that which we know.

We cannot refer to our study and experience of the early Italian masters without some emotion. The hours and days passed in the galleries and churches of Italy, tracing the growth and final decay of art, have been among the most delightful and profitable which life records. We made a pilgrimage to Assisi, the city of

St. Francis, to examine the works of Giotto in its painted church. In Sienna, we traced an early, pure, and specially spiritual art to its first origin. In the Campo Santo at Pisa, we have attentively examined Orcagna's frescoes of 'The Triumph of Death,' and 'The Last Judgment,' and found therein united with the inability incident to infant art a reverent conception of holy things. In the churches and galleries of Florence we have traced early art from its infancy to maturity. The Church of Ste. Croce in that city contains a series of frescoes, which, in the history of art, are of great interest and importance. Those by Giotto are specially worthy of notice. The female heads are of the noble, pure, and spiritual type common to these early times; the male figures, more decided in character, and somewhat quaint and constrained, are, however, remarkable for that truthful, heartfelt, and thoughtful expression, which gives to these masters and times their chief interest and value. In our notes on this series occurs the following passage:—'We are more and more convinced that these early men worked in a spirit of reverence and deep feeling, which in later times was in a great measure lost; it is true that they do not possess those merits which can only be found in an art fully developed; but the want is less felt because we prize their works for those high qualities of thought, purity, and emotion, which a knowledge of mere technical art can never confer.' The Church of Ste. Maria Novella is rich in a series of frescoes from the more matured and facile hand of Ghirlandajo. Freed from the bald austerities of his predecessors, art here indulges in the luxuries of gold brocades and rich costly draperies. He conceives of a noble race of beings, enjoying the full and balanced powers of mind and body, in which neither tyrannises over the functions of the other, but each exerts within its separate sphere its rightful dominion. The care and thought-worn countenances, while duly elevated above the commonplace realities of actual life, are no mere dreamy abstractions lost in contemplation. The spirit of heaven and of earth are here blended, and the healthful enjoyment of this world is made compatible with the aspirations for the next. We find in our note-book the following entry on these works:—'We are impressed with the fancy that these early men always painted good people. Subsequent artists painted pretentious people, well-dressed poeple, empty people, created not by God, but by the dressmaker and dancing-master. But in these old times they painted men and women of high attributes, solemn, of deep thought and earnest purpose, knowing and feeling their responsibilities, and impressed by the truths and realities, not carried away by the vain shadows around them. Hence in these days flourished an art humbly tending to the glory of God and to the honour of his creatures, by rendering

them Godlike; while, on the other hand, subsequent times often degenerated into mere picture manufacture, wanting the soul and high purpose of earlier art.' We need scarcely say more. We will not insist upon the merits of well-known figures by Masaccio which became studies and examples for subsequent masters; we need not enlarge on the purity and heavenly beatitude of Fra Angelico; of his countenances rapt in beatific vision, of beings purified and bodies glorified, walking in angelic converse the gardens of paradise, gathering the flowers which blossom in the fields of heaven. We will not now enlarge further upon these things, of which the public may ere this be well nigh satiated; we have already sufficiently, strongly, and fully expressed our opinion on the unrivalled though partial merits of these early masters, and it will therefore be the more readily conceded that no blind insensibility or predetermined prejudice has dictated the remarks which may follow upon the revival of this early Italian period in our modern English school.

In studying art through its past history, nothing is more strikingly manifest than the diversified and almost incompatible characteristics which enter into and distinguish its different schools. If man himself were not equally diversified in character, if life and general history were not examples of contrasts as well as of analogies, if man is demon not less than angel, now holding communion with heaven, now grovelling on earth, it might be more difficult to explain and reconcile the works which he has left recording his passions or manifesting his aspirations. The entire philosophy of man can never be deduced by a partial and one-sided review of his manifestations. The philosophy of art, as of all other mental developments, must embrace all known examples: the basis on which it builds cannot be too wide or extended. We therefore rejoice that writers and artists have come forward to rescue from neglect early works of which we have already spoken in the highest terms. Such pictures teach a lesson specially needed in the art of our country, and lead to a reaction which, if it swerve not too greatly from the line of moderation, cannot fail of being salutary. We had previously been too exclusively under the sway of the Carracci school at Bologna. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his 'Discourses,' states, that art students would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to the city of Bologna than it has been hitherto their custom to bestow. He also tells us that, in his opinion, Ludovico Carracci has, of all other painters, the greatest power over the means by which conceptions and sentiments are pictorially expressed—that in unaffected breadth of light and shadow, in simplicity of colour, in the solemn twilight which is diffused over his pictures, corresponding so well with the gravity and dignity

of his subjects, this painter approaches, of all others, the most nearly to perfection. Now, from a school, for the most part of such fatal facility and conventional mediocrity, vainly seeking to hide its inherent want of vitality under the pretence of adopting all existing excellence, any reaction must be a change for the better. Still it would argue narrow-minded blindness to adopt any one master or epoch, whether it be the mediæval at Florence, or the eclectic at Bologna, for exclusive commendation and imitation. Doubtless, each man, according to the pointing of his genius, will necessarily feel greater sympathy for one style or school, than for its opposite. Etty revelled in Venice, others find the earlier masters, or even the Dutch painters, most congenial to the idiosyncrasy of their tastes; but it is evidently the part of wisdom to enlarge to the uttermost the sphere of vision, and to merge special individual sympathies into the oneness of a completed and catholic system. It is only when the entire cycle of art shall be described that the varied genius of man will obtain adequate expression. No true poet can be blotted out of the hemisphere of literature, no artist out of the scroll of art-history, without leaving a void in the consecutive but still incomplete genealogy of genius. In these days, every legitimate art-manifestation must grow out of the consummated history of art's past development. Each separate school can teach something. The artist who would enlarge the individuality of a partial genius into universality must study not one school or master, but many. It is true that his special sympathies may rightly lead to the selection of a special master or epoch; he may thus make one special art-manifestation his primary aim; but unless he be content to sink into a narrow mannerist, he must bring to bear upon the central idea of his life and labours, all collateral lights, aids, and agencies. The artist must look to universal nature if he would correct and enlarge the individual bias of partial genius; and in like manner he must study art's universal history, not in order to listen in egotistic delight to the echo of his own thoughts and words, but to catch the utterance of that varied and pervading genius, which, refusing to reveal its full mystery to any one man or epoch, completes the entire art revelation in art's consummated history. Thus, by a law of development in this art-creation, each manifestation leads to its succeeding phase by links which ought never to be forgotten or dissolved. Each school and master is but a portion of a greater whole, from which no part can be taken without marring the symmetry of the entire structure. We may know that the Venetian school is less thoughtful than the Roman, but is it, therefore, to be excluded from our art-studies and philosophy? The Roman, in turn, might, in like manner, be cast aside because

it cannot boast of the colour of the Venetian. Admitting, therefore, that these early Italian masters attained a purity, an earnestness, and spirituality surpassing all other periods, is it reasonable, is it wise, to ignore schools which are as undoubtedly supreme in other, and by no means despicable qualities? We dissent, therefore, from the creed of these Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, not because they worship what is unworthy of reverence, but because, in their too ardent and exclusive admiration for one circumscribed period, they ignore the full cycle of art's history and development.

This pretended art revival has originated in and been sustained by collateral causes, which we now proceed to enumerate and examine. A love of paradox, the craving for some startling eccentricity, the mental excitement involved in throwing aside old and unaccustomed guides for new, have, with some minds, a delusive fascination. Again, while there are men who are impelled by ambition and discontent, to launch into a fancy-created future, there are others who seek an escape from the present by turning their steps backwards to the past. In ecclesiastical matters, their sympathy is with whatever Church can boast of remotest origin; in literature, they love old books, or new books in old bindings; and in art, in like manner, they prefer old prints, old coins, old pictures, or new pictures in the oldest manner. Now, far be it from us wholly to discourage this harmless dilettantism incident to refined and accomplished minds. We confess that we feel towards it a greater sympathy than for that confident and too complacent reliance on present unaided resources and capabilities, which looks upon the past only for self-congratulation on its own superior attainments. But still this indiscriminate worship of the old merely because it is old, implies a blindness and weakness subversive of a rational and natural taste in art. This is the first cause we would assign for the present resuscitation of art-antiquity. It is thus evident that this art-phenomenon is only one form of a wider manifestation, having its origin in a tendency latent in humanity.

Another reason is to be found in the delight felt by connoisseurship in discovering merits unappreciable by the uninitiated multitude. To find and bring into notice neglected genius is a favourite resource with minds which can shine only by borrowed light. To call the oft-repeated, however intrinsically excellent, conventional and commonplace, and to reserve for peculiar worship what is distant, foreign, and necessarily beyond the sympathies of the multitude, doubtless may be presumed to argue a refined and discriminative taste. There is likewise an inherent tendency in each fashion in succession to wear itself out; and the conventional style of art, long established in England, having become, through endless repetition, hackneyed

and commonplace, it was but consonant with the known oscillation which governs human affairs, that a reactionary movement should set in. The reaction is, of course, in an opposite direction to the antecedent tendency. Art critics having formerly placed the epoch of perfection a little too far onwards, it would now seem but a necessary reaction to remove art's culmination to a period somewhat too far back. Hence this resuscitation of an early art-period. We thus see that this modern revival is but one of those reactionary and vacillating movements that constitute the zig-zag career of human progression, which, by an inherent law of exaggeration, thus swerves from the right line of its destiny.

We can assign one more cause for this reversion to mediæval art. In art there has been waged an ever-recurring conflict between the classical and Christian elements. Cimabue, Giotto, Ghiberti, and Masaccio, were essentially Christian in spirit, striving after not so much a bodily beauty and perfection as for the expression of a spiritual state of experience—the pure and elevated manifestation of the Christian character. The change which undoubtedly came over the spirit of art, under the influence of the Medici, both in Rome and Florence, is usually ascribed to the study of the antique. That this change was an advanced movement; that the masterpieces of the classic period supplied manifest defects in then undeveloped Christian art; that it was desirable and necessary that the arts should pass through this phase on their onward career, we cannot for one moment doubt. We are ready, however, to join Mr. Ruskin and the Brethren, at least in a partial condemnation of the movement. The advantage gained was purchased, undoubtedly, at the expense of something lost. The æsthetic beauty of the classic remains was not the sole actuating principle in this onward movement. At the Vatican infidelity was enthroned; Christendom at its source was in spirit unchristianized; and classic literature, classic art and tastes revived amidst the expiring faith in the pure life and essence of Christianity. Our knowledge of Raphael's later period, however, does not justify the imputation that this spirit of Antichrist sullied and infected the pure character of his works. Still it must be admitted that a classic revival had set in for evil as well as for good, and that synchronous with the movement, the fervent spirituality of early Christian art was on the wane. An analogous and parallel coincidence occurs in the art epoch of the French Revolution. Christianity is overthrown, and with the rise of infidelity classic art is once more ascendant. David and his followers moulded figures on canvas cold as the antique marbles which were the models, sceptical and faithless as the age out of which these creations sprang, inspired by the convulsive paroxysm of revolu-

tion in lieu of the quiet sustaining spirit which once breathed in Christian art. This country, likewise, has passed through a classic epoch, and is now possibly in the perihelion of the ecclesiastical orbit. Classic and its derivative Italian architecture was long exclusively the style not merely for palaces but for churches; and now, on the contrary, Gothic is equally imperative, not only for churches but for the palaces of secular legislation. This ecclesiastical and Christian revival is so clearly marked and widely diffused that it is scarcely needful to insist further on the fact. It is seen in the increased vitality of the Church, and its spirit is equally extended and diffused over our literature and our arts. The writings of the Fathers have been rescued from neglect, and with them, not unnaturally, the pictures of the middle ages. The modern Pre-Raphaelite school, therefore, has its rise in a still wider manifestation, and appeals, even in its anachronisms and eccentricities, to present existing tendencies and sympathies. The teaching of the Brethren is consonant with their practice, and accordant with the movement of which we speak. They tell us in a periodical entitled 'Art and Poetry,' that the art of the Greeks was not spiritual; that 'their gods speak to us no longer as gods;' 'they have become mere images of stone and profane embodiments;' that 'Hellenic art wants everything which Christian art is full of;' that 'Ithuriel's golden spear was not more antagonistic to Satan's loathly transformation, than is Christian opposed to pagan art.' Now, that one form of beauty is essentially antagonistic to any other of its genuine manifestations, cannot for one moment be admitted. We make this quotation merely to exemplify the conflict which from time to time has been waged, and is now again renewed, between classic and Christian art. This mistaken, because exclusive sympathy for the ecclesiastical element, will likewise explain the otherwise somewhat anomalous advocacy of Mr. Ruskin. A man who can seriously tell his auditors in Edinburgh that iron architecture is not to be tolerated, because he finds no sanction for its use in the Bible, and because, thereby, the force of the Scripture image of the Corner Stone would be lost—who can seriously recommend the people of Edinburgh, in default of Gothic edifices, to annex at least a Gothic porch or Pointed window to their classic houses, is evidently so far the victim of enthusiasm, as ceasing to be a guide, to serve only as an extreme example. We know, with the certainty of an *à priori* argument, that through innate antipathies such a man, so committed, must necessarily condemn classic art as he abjures the pagan faith. We can no longer be astonished, when he denounces our modern English art, on the assumption, however false, of its denying Christ; and on the other hand, it is but natural that

his hopes and sympathies should centre around mediæval art and its present revival, inasmuch as by a parallel assumption it alone is found to 'confess Christ.' That this is sound catholic or healthful criticism, we deny; but its refutation is not now our object. We confine ourselves to the statement of its antecedents; the premises being given, the conclusion, however startling, is thus easily understood. Having, therefore, in the first place, not only admitted but endeavoured to enforce the merits by which mediæval art and its recent revival rightly claim our attention and discriminative admiration, we have now enumerated certain accessory and incidental reasons that have given to the movement an additional and fictitious importance.

We will further attempt to show that this modern school not only implies partial and exaggerated truth, but involves likewise positive error. It does not content itself with the simple assertion, that the earlier Italian masters attained to certain special and exclusive excellences. To this position, we have already given our assent. But it further maintains that these early men are better guides and truer artists than either Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Leonardo da Vinci. This we utterly deny, and will now advance our reasons. To prevent mistake, we at once state that we are not the champions of the Post-Raphaelite masters. We are not the devoted admirers of Guido's refined ideals, of Annibal Carracci's, or Nicholas Poussin's classical compilations, and we shall not now stop to insist on the paramount merits of Correggio, Titian, Veronese, or Tintoretto, in their several departments. We confine ourselves to the simple position, that art did not culminate with the Pre-Raphaelite painters; that the meridian of its power was not attained till Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael reached their zenith. On what ground have these great names been cast down from the eminence to which the suffrages of all times and countries have rightly raised them? Is the career of Leonardo, and the history of his greatest work, calculated to impair confidence and respect. 'The Last Supper' is said to be a compendium of all his studies and writings; we are told by Vasari, that to the heads of the apostles he gave so much beauty and majesty, that he was constrained to leave that of the Saviour unfinished, because he could not hope to find on earth, and he had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, that perfection of beauty and celestial grace requisite for the due representation of Divinity incarnate. The head of Judas was also still wanting. He did not think it possible to imagine the fitting features of a man, who, after so many benefits received, possessed a heart sufficiently depraved to betray his Lord. Throughout the work every feature is a study; each head the exponent of a well-marked and fully elaborated

character; but we need not dwell on the merits of a painting happily so well known. If any one wishes to mark the wide gulf which lies between early Italian art and its subsequent maturity, let him contrast this work with the engravings from Giotto's Chapel at Padua, now in course of publication by the Arundel Society. We recently made a special visit to Padua for the purpose of examining these pictures, and after spending several hours in their study, could well comprehend why Giotto was deemed a man of genius. Such a man would have been great in any art-epoch—indeed would himself have constituted an epoch. The pictures in this chapel possess the merits which we have already pointed out as characteristic of early Italian art, yet we think it would be manifestly absurd to place them on an equality, or even to compare them with Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' Michael Angelo's Sibyls and Prophets, or Raphael's 'Transfiguration' and 'School of Athens.' We would not for a moment do Giotto the injustice of putting him to this test. We do not pretend to decide which of these men inherently possessed the greatest genius. Raphael, had he lived in the days of Giotto, might not have proved the greater man; but we are exclusively now concerned with the comparative merits of their respective works, about which we conceive there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Giotto and Leonardo have each painted the 'Last Supper;' the work of the one is stereotyped in the memory of every educated man throughout the world; would the other be wholly unknown, had it equal merits?

The truth can never be too often enforced, that art is a development, not in each separate mind a fresh creation out of nothing; men of undoubted genius, consequently, who come later in the world's history, rich in inheritance, advance art to increased maturity. The laws of perspective were unknown to Giotto, Cimabue, and their immediate followers; however high and noble their thoughts, they struggled, in some measure necessarily in vain for utterance, because the language and grammar of art were not yet established and matured. In like manner neither the art of foreshortening, nor the science of anatomy, was known or studied by the Pre-Raphaelite artists, and consequently they were incapable of representing the human form either with truth or varied power of expression. A monk in a convent may, through prayer and fasting, attain in his art to a heavenly purity, but if painting be indeed heavenborn, it at least demands a fitting earthly habitation. Even poetry, which approaches more nearly to a disembodied spirit, cannot be wholly unmindful of outward form and comeliness; and in painting, at least it is manifest that purity and elevation of intention will not alone suffice, without power and knowledge to give to thought efficient

expression. Mere poetical conceptions must be distinguished from pictorial powers. The Chinese, the ancient Egyptians, and the former inhabitants of Central America, may possibly each have been endowed with high poetic conceptions; but they were all manifestly wanting in the graphic power to give to their thoughts outward expression. The early Italian painters, likewise, may have been men of transcendent genius, with whom the pure essence of poetry was struggling for manifestation; yet without the knowledge of perspective, composition, anatomy, and even the grammar and first elements of art, how could they give to their thoughts adequate pictorial utterance? It is truly a study of no slight interest to mark how these simple, earnest, and truthful men struggled, according to the measure of their light, which shone in so much darkness, to express the deep heartfelt thoughts and emotions with which their minds and lives were burdened. We may learn from such a study much that is valuable to ourselves, more perhaps from the spirit of their minds, exemplified through their works, than from the intrinsic merits of the works themselves. Their conscientious truthful endeavours, their loving painstaking labour, their childlike simplicity, their want of art, so to say, artlessness, their faltering timidity,—even their very ignorance and blunders, cannot fail to endear these early artists to all who have sympathetically studied their childlike works. Still we again assert, that these men were but children groping in the dark, and many of their works are interesting and historically important, only because they lead up by a natural sequence to art's true consummation.

We have often, likewise, in looking with admiration on the purity and heavenly resignation pervading these early painters, been convinced that the type of countenance they chiefly loved is of all others the most easily represented. It may sound an anomaly, but it is nevertheless an undoubted truth, that those states of mind which are most difficult to attain unto, are the most easy of pictorial representation. That perfect peace which the world cannot give, the heavenly resignation, and prayerful reliance on a superior power and guidance—the latest, as it is the highest of all spiritual attainments,—presents comparatively few difficulties for pictorial embodiment. In early Italian art this type of features is found in endless repetition: the secret by which the expression was to be produced being once discovered, the same combination of features with the same identical expression became traditional from master to pupil, and was at length indefinitely multiplied by rote, without awakening or demanding in the artist any corresponding thought or emotion. Heavenly states of mind are the most difficult of attainment, but earthly passions the most difficult of pictorial representation. In the

one, the features and frame are in convulsive action and transitory and rapid movement; in the other, they are in fixed repose, and therefore more easily transcribed. The one demands a knowledge of the anatomy of expression, with a ready and certain facility of drawing; the other may be attained even in the early history of undeveloped art, without science or artistic knowledge. As examples, we may adduce the picture of 'The Last Judgment,' as treated by Orcagna and Fra Angelico. The angelic loveliness and purity of the heavenly choir, the unbroken and perfect holiness of the blessed, softly treading the flowery paths or walking in happy bands among the shady bowers of Paradise, are most fittingly represented by an art guiltless of all earthly knowledge, in which the forms seem too frail and inarticulate for worldly conflict. But when we turn to the anguish, despair, and agony of the lost, these early men fail, from lack of power and knowledge, and they fall into the grotesque and distorted, because incapable of the natural. Again, does early art afford us even one example at all comparable to Leonardo's cartoon of 'The Battle of the Standard,' Michael Angelo's equally celebrated cartoon of 'Soldiers Bathing in the Arno,' or Raphael's fresco of 'Heliodorus' in the Vatican? These works do not consist of solemn saints standing rigidly upright, but contain figures in motion and action, demanding a knowledge of drawing and anatomy wholly beyond the scope and capacity of early Italian art.

It would appear, then, that the simplicity and heavenly purity which we cannot but admire in these early men, resulted as much in the want of worldly knowledge, as from the affluence of spiritual gifts. There is the simplicity of the child consequent on his ignorance; and there is likewise the simplicity of the full-grown man, whose purity of spirit the world has failed to sully. The simplicity of the early Italian masters is that of the child, whose childlike ways win our sympathies, whose first efforts excite our interest, not so much from their intrinsic merit as evidence of the mind's earliest workings, as manifestations of a mental state which is at least the promise of a higher excellence. But this simplicity of the child, and of the early painter, is not to be compared and confounded with that ultimate simplicity, the mind's highest and most mature attainment, when it casts aside the world as worthless, when in the full maturity of its strength and the rich accumulation of its knowledge, it feels the vanity of vanities, and retires into the repose of its highest nature, finding enduring satisfaction in that essential truth, beauty, and goodness, which is alone true simplicity. The last state of that man is better than the first. The simplicity of that character, or of that art, which results from matured strength rightly governed,

from consummated knowledge fitly applied, is the ultimate attainment and perfection, of which the simplicity of the child and of early art is but the prelude and the promise. We trust that we have now adduced sufficient evidence to prove that art did not attain its climax till that great period which could boast of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, as living contemporaries; that the preceding centuries were comparatively but ages of infancy, leading up to art's full and ultimate maturity in these great men.

We will now proceed to show that Raphael's career was throughout one of advancement, and not, as is now pretended, a retrogression. We are told that Raphael's mind became degenerate, and his later works corrupt; that he in his own life and practice was the turning point where that which was really true and admirable in art ended, and what was false first began; that, to quote the words of Mr. Ruskin, 'mediæval principles led *up* to Raphael, and modern principles lead *down* from him.' Now, our knowledge of Raphael's works does not justify this conclusion. That his later style differed from his early, is universally admitted; that he at first adopted the dry, rigid manner of his master, Perugino, is well known, and it is equally evident that he subsequently expanded into a freer, bolder, and more ambitious manner. The constant, untiring aim of Raphael's life was progression; with this end he studied the antique, and sought to attain and rival the excellences of his predecessors and contemporaries. His mind and diversified acquisitions were no incongruous compilations of conflicting materials, but all that dwelt within his thoughts, or obtained expression in his works, was suffused with the gentleness and beauty of his nature, and assimilate into the essence of his genius. It is, nevertheless, just possible that all this mental striving, this earnest pursuit after the highest excellence in his art, may have but led him in a career of downward degeneracy. This we say is possible, but most improbable. It is just possible that such an apparent paradox might, on full examination, prove as true as it is startling. It is barely possible that the concurrent judgment of all subsequent times may be mistaken, and Mr. Ruskin and 'the Brethren' in these last days alone right. All this is possible, nevertheless most improbable.

That the enthusiastic and exclusive admirers of the early masters should prefer Raphael's youthful to his later matured manner is naturally incident to the fanaticism of their tastes. By his first style he is in fact identified with mediæval art, the limited merits of which we have already examined and admitted. That Raphael in his later and matured period reached a higher art-consummation we shall now, as far as is possible, in words

unillustrated by the works themselves, proceed to show. Now, that a man in the full vigour and attainments of his thirty-seventh year shall have lost none of the special graces of a youth of twenty is improbable. That Raphael's early works possess the peculiar charm which generally pertains to the unobstrusive timidity and the conscientious care of undeveloped power we readily admit. That in spirit they are closely allied to the manner which reigned throughout the preceding centuries of art, cannot likewise be doubted. The world is not so prodigal of beauty, art not so rich in its choicest creations as to make us eager to ostracise any true art-manifestation. We have freely admitted the beauty of the early Italian works; we should do injustice to our tastes, and injury to the cause of art, did we deny their merits. On the same grounds we gladly acknowledge the simple, truthful, heartfelt spirit which is suffused over that early and most deservedly admired picture of the 'Sposalizio,' by Raphael, in Milan. We admit that the spiritual graces of this exquisitely refined and delicate work have never been surpassed, and possibly never equalled in any of his later works. So sincere and profound is our reverence for the genius of Raphael, that we cannot speak otherwise than in commendation of his earliest no less than of his latest productions. It is to us, who have in turn felt the spell and beauty of all his works, a distasteful task thus to make invidious comparisons or contrasts. Rather would we show that the same beauteous nature is stamped upon and dwells in all his works; that his genius may have diverse manifestations, but that in every stage of its growth it is essentially the same; that on its first dawn in youth we find youthful qualities and charms, and in its maturer age the unextinguished ardour, power, and capacity of manhood, without even the preludes of decay.

There is, however, a period when the genius of man may be said to culminate,—when, indeed, he attains to his majority, and fully establishes his freedom; when his acquirements give full scope and capacity of expression to his powers, this matured manhood wields with fullest efficacy his accumulated knowledge. Now, it seems to us most evident that Raphael in painting his earlier works had not attained to this majority and freedom. He was still under the trammels of his early education; his art was still restricted to the narrow limits of the preceding century; he was as yet a mere historical link of transition; he belonged to a circumscribed period, and not to all time; he was the expression of a partial art-development, not the exponent of entire humanity. It was during this restricted period, when his genius was under chains, and imprisoned in the past, that he painted his well-known picture of the 'Entombment,' now in the Borghese

Gallery at Rome. The 'Marriage of the Virgin,' at Milan, before referred to, although most winning from that quietism, tenderness, and subjective beauty and grace which seem the very life and soul of Raphael's genius, is yet a work in which his powers were not put forth in full force; we see them here unbending in graceful, tender dalliance with beauty; they are not as yet self-reliant in the full consciousness of strength. The same city of Milan contains as a contrast to this early work the completed cartoon for the School of Athens, subsequently executed in the Vatican. Here the full force of Raphael's genius, with all the wealth of his rich acquirements, found adequate scope and expression. The wisdom and philosophy of Greece, the greatest men in the golden epoch of perhaps the world's most renowned city, are here by the world's greatest painter assembled, as in a council of the gods. Countenances the most varied, characters the most diverse, are carefully studied and thought out, blended and brought together by the selfsame spirit of gentleness and urbanity which in Raphael's life drew all men unto him. Art and philosophy are here as helpmates united, each giving to the other an accession of its own glory and immortality. Philosophy, ceasing to be purely abstract, obtains pictorial expression, and art, allying itself to thought, mounts to philosophic heights, and walks with sages the temple of wisdom. Again we say that a career and life of mental discipline, a course of art-studies ultimately leading to such results may possibly have been a mistake, a degeneracy. It is, we say, possible, nevertheless most improbable. If in the great frescoes of the Vatican we could detect nothing but cold lifeless compilations from the antique; if Raphael, losing all inward fire, had in these mature works become a mere learned, lifeless painter, we too would join Mr. Ruskin and 'the Brethren' in their censure and regrets. But, on the contrary, we find his genius not oppressed and borne down, but enriched and amplified; learning became in him wisdom, the antique was assimilated into his own thoughts and emotions, and the classic thus became refashioned into the Raphaelesque. Raphael's countenance, so pure and beautiful, which he is said to have inherited from his mother, may be taken not only as the mirror of his mind, but as the key-note of all his works,—

> 'His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
> His mind a temple for all lovely things
> To flock to and inhabit.'

Such are the words of Mr. Rogers; but he does not hint that the temple of Raphael's mind was given up to a false worship.

The individuality of each of the pre-Raphaelite masters is to a great extent merged and lost in the traditional treatment and stere-

otyped forms of the unemancipated art period in which they flourished; the Carracci, on the other hand, from an opposite cause, lost all individuality in the licence of abused liberty, and gained but the merits of the mocking-bird, which imitates every song of the forest, but has no music of its own. It is a distinguishing attribute of Raphael that his latest as well as his earliest works bear alike the stamp of well-marked individuality. He is immediately descended from the early masters, yet he is unlike them; he is brought under the direct influence of Michael Angelo, and while his manner becomes invigorated and enlarged, it still retains its essential beauty and purity; he lived likewise, as we have said, in an age of classic revival; yet all these influences were but circumstances and advantages which the truly great and original mind makes subservient to more expanded originality. Thus is it that in him the widest variety points to that central unity which constitutes the thought-focus of all self-sustained minds. In further confirmation of the fact that Raphael's career was one of continued progress we might refer to the last as likewise by general consent the greatest of his easel pictures, 'The Transfiguration.' The reader will recollect that the work was incomplete at the artist's death, and that it now ranks as the first oil picture in the world. Vasari says of the head of Christ: 'It was the greatest effort of the art, which could advance no further, and this last term of the painting marked also the term of the life of the painter. He never touched pencil more.' Vasari also tells us that this picture of 'The Transfiguration' was placed before the dead body of Raphael in the hall wherein he had last worked. Of this striking scene, and this greatest of pictures, Mr. Rogers thus writes:—

> And when all beheld
> Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday,
> Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
> His last great work; when entering in, they looked
> Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece,
> Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
> Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
> And would live on for ages—all were moved;
> And sighs burst forth and loudest lamentations.

Surely it is reserved for Mr. Ruskin to discover and declare that it was Raphael, 'in his twenty-fifth year, one half year only past the precise centre of his available life,' when summoned to Rome to decorate the Vatican, who 'wrote upon its walls the *Mene Tekel Upharsin* of the arts of Christianity:' and from that spot and from that hour the intellect and art of Italy date their degradation. We are thankful to find that Mr. Leslie, in his 'Hand-book for Young Painters,' raises his voice against this

startling doctrine. He thus writes:—'I cannot understand the spirit of that criticism that can speak of his fall—*the fall of Raphael!*—be it observed, long before he painted the cartoons—and that can at the same time dwell with admiration on the meanness and inanity of the saints of Francia, and his unchild-like children.'

The cartoons here referred to by Mr. Leslie are, of all other works, the most conclusive evidence; if, indeed, further evidence be needed in refutation of the charge of 'Raphael's fall.' Of them, at all events, it cannot be said that the study of the antique, or the revival of classic literature, has in any wise corrupted or destroyed their true Christian character. In looking at these great productions, we feel, with Lavater, that 'Raphael is, and ever will be, an apostolic man; in other words, he is, with regard to painters, what the apostles were with regard to the rest of mankind.' We find that these cartoons, which, in the opinion of competent judges, are the very greatest of his works, were executed, not in youth, prior to that turning-point in his career, the commencement of his fall, and which Mr. Ruskin has determined, with such nice precision, as being 'one half year only past the precise centre of his available life;' they were not conceived and designed at the early age of twenty-five, the commencement of that fall, but upwards of five years later, when his degeneracy according to Mr. Ruskin, had become hopeless and irredeemable; they were executed, in fact, at that fatal period when Raphael had already sealed the destiny of Christian art and Italian intellect by enthroning the heathen Apollo in the world or kingdom of poetry. We appeal to our readers whether these works evince the fall and degeneracy of which Mr. Ruskin speaks. On the contrary, is it not with justice that they have ever been deemed models of true Christian art; not indeed the morbid enfeebled art of the convent and the cloister, not the petrified art of austerity and mistaken mortification of the body, but that healthful, manly art, which, of all others, is best suited to embody a faith and religion which, while claiming heavenly descent, yet finds its true sphere and duties in the actual conflict of life. These great works, indeed, in their freedom and vigour, are apostolic and universal; they exhibit not only art emancipated, but religion reformed. It would appear, indeed, judging from Raphael's later works, that the authority of his Church was waning in his mind, while the Christian religion, in its essential sense, truth and authentic history, remained still supreme. In this Raphael may have suffered an ecclesiastical fall; certainly, neither an artistic nor religious one. The well-known merits of these cartoons justly entitle them to that pre-eminent position which, by universal consent, they now occupy. No meretricious ostenta-

tion marks decline; knowledge of drawing, and of the human form, does not here degenerate into statuesque poses or obtrusive anatomical display. The execution and treatment are free, without being facile or florid; and the entire works, although executed expressly for an art manufacture, are true, genuine emanations, and no forced manufactured products.

We have thus, it is hoped, succeeded in showing that the cry of Raphael's degeneracy and fall is unfounded, and that the names of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, must still hold their accustomed supremacy in the realms of art. We have, likewise, in the course of our inquiries, seen upon what historical evidence the Pre-Raphaelite movement in this country rests. We have found in past records sufficient to account for the origin, if not to justify the career, of our present mediæval school. We have seen that its art antecedents are not only curious but instructive; that the ancient moral documents are titles to an honourable ancestry, if not the impassable limitations of future destiny. We have, on the present occasion more especially, concerned ourselves with the Italian Pre-Raphaelites; on a future opportunity, we may possibly examine more in detail the works and teachings of the men who, in our country, assume the manner and the name of these early progenitors.

ART. II.—*A History of British Ferns.* By Edward Newman, F.L.S., &c. London: John Van Voorst. 8vo. 1854.

2. *The Ferns of Great Britain.* Illustrated by John E. Sowerby. The Descriptions, Synonyms, &c., by Charles Johnson, Esq. Lambeth: J. E. Sowerby. 8vo. 1855.

3. *Popular History of British Ferns and the Allied Plants: comprising the Club Mosses, Pepperworts, and Horsetails.* By Thomas Moore, F.L.S. With Twenty Coloured Plates by Finch. London: Reeve. Royal 16mo. 1854.

OF late years, the cultivation of ferns has become fashionable; and we should find little fault with fashion if it always selected as its favourites forms as beautiful and objects as worthy of attention. Gardeners, or their patrons, have discovered that the graceful fronds and rich green hues of those elegant cryptogamic plants harmonize with the rugged outline of rock work; and that the waters trickling over and smoothing the sharp edges of unhewn stones cannot be better employed than in giving verdure and luxuriance to a soft bed of moss and a group of filices. This is no

new discovery. Men have always professed to believe that the excellence of art is to imitate the forms and distributions of natural objects. When gardens were made as if they were curiously devised geometrical figures prepared by mathematicians to invite demonstration, some little out of the way place might be found by going up in one corner or down in another, where a pigmy imitation of a cascade, or a ridiculously small lane overgrown by some matted creeper, required unhewn stones and a liberal sprinkling of ferns. But we shall not be curious to inquire how our friends have been employed in times past, for whether they are new friends or old friends in a new dress, we care but little, so that they are presented to us in the graceful ease of nature, and not with the stiff formalities of art. With this one restriction we welcome the ferns wherever we find them.

In selecting this beautiful class of the cryptogamia for careful cultivation, the art of landscape-gardening and the science of botany may be alike benefited; but it is in reference to the latter that we must consider the books before us; and of them it is not too much to say that they are creditable to their authors, and very honourable to the science of the age. The caprice of luxury and wealth under the fancied inspiration of an artistic spirit, brought the British ferns from their damp, rocky mountain homes, and the rugged banks of the dusky lanes they haunt, and planted them in the gardens of rich citizens, too often in vaults which make men shiver and women turn pale. But this is no business of ours. What men choose to pay for, they have a right to enjoy; within limits such a fancy is not likely to pass. But though often cultivated with a care ill-spent in the production of the grotesque or ridiculous, the artist drops them in the right places, and then it seems more simple and easy to obtain beauty than to create deformity. This is only a question of taste, with which science generally has little to do; for it is not the creature of fashion, and when it ministers to its wants, is never a slave to its absurdities. Our interest is in the three books before us, which would not, in all probability, have been written, had there not been a great demand for the plants they describe. They are all valuable descriptive works, calculated to raise the interest of the fern-grower in the beautiful forms he cultivates, and to convert, by the communication of sound botanical knowledge, the lounger into a thinking man. One would like to talk with an intelligent observing person in his fern nursery before and after a careful study of one of these books, that we might compare the busy trifling of ignorance with the quiet solicitude of knowledge, the fussy showman with the educated botanist. Without knowledge, a man's interest in such objects soon dies, but with it will increase; for the plaything, to be thrown away when it ceases to

amuse, becomes a study. Nor will there be any lack of subjects, for of the 19,000 species of cryptogamia, 3250 are ferns; of which about a fortieth part are natives of Britain. A few general remarks on the place which ferns hold in the vegetable kingdom, and on their distribution and numerical relation to plants of other kinds, may be useful as preparatory to the study of generic and specific differences.

When Ray formed his classification of plants, he divided the whole kingdom of vegetable life into two classes—the flowering and the flowerless. The flowerless plants were called the cryptogams by Linnæus, acotyledons by Jussieu and Decandolle. Both these names have been objected to because they rather represent what the plants are not than what they are. The necessary distinction, founded on structure, is now made by the adoption of the terms Exogens, Endogens, Acrogens, and Thallogens. The two former include the phanerogamic or flowering plants, and the two latter the cryptogams. The acrogens have, for the most part, a distinct root, a stem, and symmetrical leaves, by which they differ from the fungi, lichens, and algæ; but they may be divided into two classes founded on structure—the vascular and the cellular; the former includes the ferns and their allies.

The classification of the ferns among the acrogens points out that they do not increase the stems in diameter by additions outside like the exogens, nor inside like the endogens, but simply lengthen them by extension. The stem, which is generally procumbent and frequently hidden under ground, has received, from its root-like appearance, the name rhizoma. In tropical climes, however, there are arborescent ferns, some of which grow to the height of forty feet, and are crowned with a plume of foliage; but their cylindrical stems are of equal diameter throughout, and differ so much in many particulars from the stems of phanerogamic plants, that it has been thought necessary to find another name for them, and they are called stipes. They are usually hollow, but sometimes the centre is filled with spongy matter. The outer portion or case is of an entirely different structure from all flowering plants, and is composed, as Sir William Hooker says, 'of excessively hard plates folded upon themselves in such a manner that a section of them represents a number of sinuous lines doubling about among spongy matter.' The leaves or fronds, when in the bud, are coiled up like the spring of a watch, and gradually unfold in early summer, forced open by the reviving energy of the living force. But the best description of a fern is, perhaps, given by Mr. Francis:—

'A fern,' he says, 'is a flowerless plant, which has a fibrous root, vascular stem, veined leaves, reticulated cuticle, furnished with stomata,

and bears spores as fruit in capsular receptacles. The ferns and their allies, form the first order of the Linnæan class cryptogamia, and their structure shows such an intermediate character between the vasculares and cellulares, that all systems of classification have assigned them this station among vegetables. They are without flowers, have but imperfectly formed vessels, and no deposition of real woody fibre; therefore cannot, with propriety, be arranged with phanerogamous plants, while their semi-vascular texture, and their fully-developed leaves, show their organization to be greatly above that of any other order of cryptogamic plants.

'Although the true ferns,' he adds, 'have a direct analogy with the palmæ and cycadeæ, the connexion between them and other orders is more apparent in the pteroides or fern allies, particularly the equiseta and lycopodia. . . . Thus the tribes under consideration, which are divided according to the modern system into filiciales, lycopodales, and equisetales, the first the true ferns, the other the pteroides or fern allies, altogether form valuable because well-connecting links in the great chain of nature.'—'Francis on Ferns and their Allies.' 1837.

As the ferns are flowerless plants, they are of course without seed in the ordinary acceptation of the word, and their mode of propagation must be essentially different from that of the phanerogamia. The reproductive germs, spores, or sporules, for as they have no cotyledon, radicle, or plumule, the term seed cannot be used without giving it a new definition, are granular bodies, and the cases are elaborately organized. These are formed on the under side, or the margin of the fronds, and yet, as an anonymous writer says, no difference exists between seeds and sporules, except as to the origin, organization, and mode of development of the latter. Instead of having their centre divided into plumule and radicle, to which one or two cotyledons are attached, they are mere homogeneous masses of cellular substance, and instead of uniformly growing from two constant points of their substance, from the one upwards and from the other downwards, they are capable of sprouting into root or stem indifferently from any point of their surface.' By what process this is done we do not know, and it is not easy to account for so singular a deviation from the constancy of the phenomena attending the germination of the phanerogamia. Some botanists have of late doubted the accuracy of this explanation of the production of ferns. Count Suminiski has discovered by microscopic examination an organization in ferns, supposed to be sufficient for fructification. The female organ is said to be situated in ovate cells in the middle of the sporangium, and the male in the organs producing threads (the ciliated antheridia), and the motion of these threads is supposed to produce the same effect as the pollen tubes. If this supposition should be proved, the spores on the under side of the frond are flower

buds. Mr. Newman says, 'abundant evidence exists, that there is in these discoveries no contradiction to the assertion, that acrogens, so far as our researches have extended, are perfectly asexual.' Nor does Mr. Johnson find any reason to give a new description of the reproducing organs, as will appear from the following passages, in which he clearly defines some terms necessary to be known, and explains phenomena supposed to be connected with the continuance of the species:—

'The representative germs of the flowerless plants are very minute, indeed generally microscopic, and notwithstanding the gigantic size of some members of the fern tribe, no exception occurs in this respect; their production apparently taking place under different laws to those which regulate the fructifying function in flowering plants; they are not called seeds, but spores or sporules, and are inclosed in little cases denominated thecæ, which, in the ferns, are mostly aggregated in small clusters of different size and shape, termed sori, and arise from the veins on the under surface of the frond, or from their extremities on its margin; in some instances the thecæ, instead of forming sori, are associated in spikes or clusters, called panicles, formed by the depauperation of the fructifying frond, or of its lobes. The primary development of the thecæ takes place in immediate contact with the vein, and beneath the epidermis, or outer covering of the leaf, which is forced up by their enlargement in the form of a whitish membrane, constituting the indusium, or protecting cover of the sori. During the advance of the fructification towards maturity, the indusium separates partly or wholly from the surrounding epidermis, and subsequently either shrivels and becomes hidden by the bursting of the thecæ, or falls off altogether. In some instances, the opening takes place in the centre, the indusium investing the sorus like a cup, when it is styled, though erroneously, an involucre; while in others, the epidermis from both surfaces of the leaf extends beyond the margins, including the thecæ between them, and fulfilling the office of indusium without being regarded as such; occasionally this marginal separation and extension of the leaf membrane takes place uninterruptedly along the whole edge, but it is often only local, and about the soriferous extremities of the lateral veins. In a few genera the indusium cannot be traced, the sori appearing to be produced externally; but this probably in all cases arises from the very early period of growth, at which the disruption takes place, as careful examination of some species of polypodium readily discovers.'—Introduction, p. 4.

A mild but uniform temperature, with an abundant supply of moisture, are the atmospheric conditions best adapted to the growth of the filices. We must not look for them in open plains or places exposed to sun and wind, but in sheltered nooks under the shadow of rocks, moistened by the oozing stream—on the banks of deeply-cut lanes, where trees over-arch the path, and shut out the bright glare of sunlight, preventing evaporation—and in the recesses of mountain chains, where moist clouds drift

over the surface, and night drops a curtain of thick mist. That such are the localities favourable to the growth and reproduction of the filices, appears from the distribution of the arborescent ferns in tropical climes, as well as of the polypodiaceæ and its kindred groups in higher latitudes. The picturesque arborescent ferns have a great resemblance to the palms, those 'kings among grasses,' but their stems are more rough and scaly, and thicker in proportion to their height. They are properly designated tropical plants, but are found at elevations in temperate and equable climate. In South America they are seldom found at an elevation of less than 1280 feet above the level of the sea, with a mean temperature between 64° and 70° Fahrenheit. On the declivities of the Cordilleras the true region of the arborescent ferns is at an elevation of from 3200 to 5250 feet. On account of the greater atmospheric humidity of the southern than of the northern hemisphere, they advance further from the equator on one side than on the other. To the north they are not found beyond the tropic of Cancer. In the southern hemisphere the tree fern is found at Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Land (42° 43′ lat.), where there is an annual mean temperature of 52° 2′ Fahrenheit; the Dicksonia squamosa flourishes in Dusky Bay, New Zealand (46° 8′ lat.), and the aspidium venestrum in the Auckland and Campbell Islands (53° lat.). The dependence of the distribution of the filices upon favourable atmospheric conditions, is clearly exhibited in the numerical calculations collected by Humboldt—

'The climatal relations under which ferns generally flourish are manifested in the numerical laws of their quotients of distribution. In the plains within the tropical regions of large continents, this quotient is, according to Robert Brown, and from more recent investigations on the subject, $\frac{1}{10}$ of all the phanerogamia, and in mountainous districts of large continents from $\frac{1}{6}$ to $\frac{1}{5}$. The ratio is quite different on the small islands scattered over the ocean, for here the proportion borne by the number of ferns to the sum total of all the phanerogamic plants increases so considerably, that in the South Sea Islands the quotient rises to $\frac{1}{4}$, while in the Sporadic Islands, St. Helena and Ascension, the number of ferns is almost equal to half the whole phanerogamic vegetation. In receding from the tropics (where on the large continents D'Urville estimated the proportional number at $\frac{1}{20}$) the relative frequency of ferns decreases rapidly as we advance into the temperate zone. The quotients are for North America and the British Islands $\frac{1}{35}$, for France $\frac{1}{58}$, for Germany $\frac{1}{52}$, for the dry parts of Southern Italy $\frac{1}{74}$, for Greece $\frac{1}{84}$. The relative frequency again increases considerably towards the frigid north. Here the family of ferns decreases much slower in the number of its species than does that of the phanerogamic plants. The luxuriantly aspiring character of the species, and the number of individuals contained in each, augment the deceptive impression of *absolute* frequency. According

to Wahlenberg's and Hornemann's 'Catalogue,' the relative number of filices are for Lapland $\frac{1}{75}$, for Iceland $\frac{1}{18}$, for Greenland $\frac{1}{12}$.'—'Views of Nature,' pp. 339, 340.

We shall not quickly tire of examining the beautiful ferns of our own country, to say nothing of those of foreign growth, for their physiology and mode of reproduction are still subjects for examination. But at the same time, we cannot forget that this form of vegetable life has long been an inhabitant of our world, and that when flowering plants and fruit bearing trees were rare, they covered much of what there was of dry ground. The remains of arborescent ferns largely contributed to the formation of the masses of coal which have made England so rich in manufactures and industry. In the coal formation alone there are more that 120 species of filices, chiefly belonging to the polypodiaceæ family, to which the greater number of the living arborescent ferns also belong. With these are associated other cryptogamic plants, in so great an abundance that the remains of the phanerogamia are relatively rare. At this early period in the history of the world, all the cryptogamic plants attained a great size, exceeding that of the largest now growing in the tropics. From these facts, taken in connexion with what we know of the distribution of the ferns and their allies, some probable conjecture may be formed of the state of the earth at the time of the deposition of the coal measures. It is supposed that the plants whose remains have in the lapse of ages been converted into coal, grew in low marshy districts, and that their remains were accumulated by the ordinary process of decay and occasional denudations. This may account for some of the cryptogamia found in great abundance, but the arborescent ferns, as we have seen, do not flourish in the low flooded grounds of tropical countries, but at considerable elevations above the level of the sea. It is therefore probable, that when the vegetable matter of which coal is formed, was growing on the surface, there were lofty elevations as well as low swamps, and that the arborescent ferns of that age, like those of the present, lived in a moist atmosphere, with a warm vernal temperature, on slopes like those of the Andes. We must therefore demur to the conclusion of M. Brongniart, though indorsed by many eminent geologists, that the large abundance of ferns and vascular cryptogamia gives a probability to the supposition, that the temperature of the earth was at that time greater than it is now in equatorial regions. In association with the fossil ferns many of their allies are found. The equisetæ, during the carboniferous age, were not such puny things as now grow in swamps and ditches from Lapland to the equator, but plants ten feet high and five or six inches in diameter; and the lycopodiaceæ, a lost link between the ferns

and coniferæ, and so called from their resemblance, except in size, to the club mosses, grew to the height of sixty and seventy feet. They resembled the ferns in the abundance of axilar ducts, and the coniferæ in their stems, but bore a general resemblance to the club mosses.

These remarks will be sufficient to show that the interest attached to the study of the vascular cryptogamia is not confined to living species, and we may hope that the publication of the books before us will aid the progress of an important branch of fossil botany. It is a subject beset with difficulties, and all the more uncertain in its conclusions from the rare preservation of perfect specimens. The combined labours of many intelligent observers, intimately acquainted with existing forms, is therefore required, and all that is calculated to educate such men for the service of geology must receive the approbation of naturalists.

ART. III.—*The Fur Hunters of the Far West; a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains.* By Alexander Ross. In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE author of this work is entitled to respectful hearing. His volumes, unlike many which our prolific press sends forth, have something to tell. There is an honest purpose in them. A veritable narrative is given, and the intelligent reader will rise from their perusal with information which it is difficult to obtain, and with strong confidence both in the integrity and in the intelligence of the author. For forty-four years Mr. Ross resided in the Indian territories of North America. The first fifteen of these years was spent in Columbia, the extreme point of the 'Far West;' the remaining twenty-nine have been passed in the Red River settlement, 'a spot more effectually cut off from the rest of the world than any other colony of the empire.' During the earlier period of his career he was actively engaged in commerce; first, in connexion with the Pacific Fur Company; then with the 'North West;' and lastly with the Hudson's Bay Company. Having published in 1849 his adventures, in connexion with the first of these companies, he is now encouraged to attempt a more extended narrative, which, with all the interest of its predecessor, has attractions of its own not frequently equalled. 'His aim has been to exhibit realities; to relate facts as they have occurred; to impart to others at their quiet firesides the interest of a wild and adventurous life, without its

toils, privations, and dangers, and to adhere always to the simple truth. As, then, these volumes range over a wider expanse of Indian territory than the former, so do they introduce new features of Indian life and manners. Regions unvisited, and now only partially explored, are portrayed as they appeared to the first civilized intruder in the wilderness.'

Mr. Ross's commercial engagements were those of the fur trade, which brought him into frequent contact with the Indians; exposed him to many perilous adventures, and has pre-eminently qualified him to describe the occupations and habits of the wilderness. It is no *dilettante* record with which we are here furnished. The work performed by our author was rough and perilous. It involved the sacrifice of many lives, and was frequently attended with much hardship. The narrative given partakes of this character. It is a clear, unvarnished, business-like statement, the deep interest of which arises from the facts reported, and not from the artistic skill of the narrator. Not that there is any deficiency in the latter quality, but that the author is too fully occupied with the history he records to be much concerned about the mode in which he presents it. The great interest of the work is derived from the peculiar phase under which human life is seen. We have been wearied with the *common-places* of modern travel. The eternal round of the same unmeaning sentimentalisms has become perfectly disgusting. The mere sight of such volumes is sickening. We turn from them with distaste, assured that the intellectual region they unfold—if such, indeed, it may be termed—is a dead level, without one point of interest, or any capability of exercising a healthful mental influence. Mr. Ross's volumes differ from all this. They introduce us to another world; paint men and women in a somewhat different color from that in which they are ordinarily seen. They disclose in part, at least, the secrets of the wilderness, and whilst they correct many of our previous notions, they add considerably to the domains of knowledge.

The Oregon territory is little known to Englishmen. It lies at the extreme west of North America, between Canada and California, and was matter of dispute between Great Britain and the United States a few years since. That dispute, however, was happily settled by the Conventions of 1839 and 1846. At the time to which these volumes relate, few white men inhabited this district. The solitariness of the forest was scarcely disturbed, and vast numbers of beavers rewarded the labors and the toils of adventurers. This state of things, however, is passing away. The Indians, formerly so numerous and dreaded, are disappearing. The fur trade has almost perished, and the plough is rapidly extending the domains of civilization. 'Churches,' says

Mr. Ross, 'are already rising upon villages, schools are multiplying, the hymn of peace has taken the place of the wild song of the savage; and soon all traces of the past will be in the memorials which the pen has preserved.'

Some of our readers may possibly regret this change. We cannot say we do. That there have been much misery and many crimes involved in it, we do not doubt; over these we mourn, but the general result is favorable to human virtue and happiness. Nor can we conceal from ourselves the fact that the Indian of these volumes is a vastly different being from the Indian of the novelist and the poet. He has some noble qualities which, apart, may render him an object of special interest; but there are others which, as seen in real life, awaken emotions of a vastly different order. But it is time that we turn to the volumes themselves. The following brief extract will inform our readers of one kind of danger to which our author was exposed:—

'I slept but little during the night: my mind was too occupied to enjoy repose, so we got up and started at an early hour. Our journey to-day was through a delightful country of hill and dale, wood and plains. Late in the afternoon, however, we were disturbed and greatly agitated, by a fearful and continuous noise in the air, loud as thunder, but with no intervals. Not a breath of wind ruffled the air; but towards the south-west, from whence the noise came, the whole atmosphere was darkened, black, and heavy. Our progress was arrested; we stood and listened in anxious suspense for nearly half an hour, the noise still increasing, and coming, as it were, nearer and nearer to us. If I could compare it to anything, it would be to the rush of a heavy body of water, falling from a height; but when it came opposite to where we stood, in a moment we beheld the woods before it bending down like grass before the scythe! It was the wind, accompanied with a torrent of rain—a perfect hurricane, such as I had never witnessed before. It reminded me at once of those terrible visitations of the kind peculiar to tropical climates. Sometimes a slight tornado or storm of the kind has been experienced on the Oregon, but not often. The crash of falling trees, and the dark, heavy cloud, like a volume of condensed smoke, concealed from us at the time the extent of its destructive effects. We remained motionless until the storm was over. It lasted an hour; and, although it was scarcely a quarter of a mile from us, all we felt of it was a few heavy drops of rain, as cold as ice, with scarcely any wind: but the rolling cloud passed on, carrying destruction before it, as far as the eye could follow. In a short time we perceived the havoc it had made, by the avenue it left behind. It had levelled everything in its way to the dust: the very grass was beaten down to the earth for nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth.

The Indian that I had along with me was so amazed and thunderstruck with superstition and fear at what he had seen, that his whole frame became paralysed: he trembled, and sighed to get back. He refused to accompany me any further; and all I could either say or

do could not turn him from his purpose. At least, seeing all mild endeavours fail, I had recourse to threats; I told him I would tie him to a tree and proceed alone. At last he consented, and we advanced to the verge of the storm-fallen timber, and encamped for the night.' —Vol. i. pp. 48, 49.

Notwithstanding, however, this consent, Mr. Ross placed no reliance on his Indian companion. Seeing the reluctance with which he prosecuted the journey, and being apprehensive of his escape, 'I endeavoured,' he says, 'to watch his motions as closely as possible during the night: yet, in spite of all my watchfulness, he managed to give me the slip, and in the morning I found myself alone! I looked about in all directions for him, but to no purpose; the fellow had taken to his heels and deserted.'

Another enemy shortly appeared. The principal chief of the Oakanagan Indians came to Mr. Ross, with a serious countenance, informing him that strange wolves, as large as buffaloes, were coming up the river, killing everything in their way; and so fierce as to set at defiance all the measures that could be arrayed against them. On the third day after this communication, the wolves made their appearance, and killed five horses during the night.

'On discovering in the morning the havoc the unwelcome visitors had made, I got a dozen steel traps set in the form of a circle round the carcase of one of the dead horses; then removing the others, and keeping a strict guard on the live stock, we waited with anxiety for the morning. Taking a man with me, and our rifles, we set out to visit the traps; on reaching the spot, we found four of them occupied. One of them held a large white wolf by the fore leg, a foot equally large was gnawed off and left in another, the third held a fox, and the fourth trap had disappeared altogether. The prisoner held by the leg was still alive, and certainly, as the chief said, a more ferocious animal I never saw. It had marked and cut the trap in many places; it had gnawed and almost consumed a block of oak, which held fast the chain, and in its fruitless efforts had twisted several links in the chain itself. From the moment we approached it, all its efforts were directed towards us. For some time we stood witnessing its manœuvres, but it never once turned round to fly from us: on the contrary, now and then it sprang forward to get at us, with its mouth wide open, teeth all broken, and its head covered with blood. The foot which the trap held was gnawed, the bone broken, and nothing holding it but the sinews. Its appearance kept us at a respectful distance, and although we stood with our guns cocked, we did not consider ourselves too safe, for something might have given way, and if so, we should have regretted our curiosity; so we fired two shots, and put an end to its sufferings. Its weight was a hundred and twenty-seven pounds; and the skin, which I gave to the chief, was considered a valuable relic. Leaving the chief in a joyful humour, the man and myself followed the

faint traces of the lost trap which occasionally appeared upon the crust of the snow. Having proceeded for some miles, we at length discovered the wolf with the trap at his heels, making the best of his way over a rugged and broken surface of rocks, ravines, hills, and dalès; sometimes going north, sometimes south, in zig-zag courses, to suit his escape and deceive us; he scampered along at a good trot, keeping generally about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. We had not been long in the pursuit, however, before the man I had with me, in his anxiety to advance, fell and hurt himself, and had to return home; I, however, continued the pursuit with great eagerness for more than six hours, until I got a shot. It proved effectual. Had any one else done it I should have praised him; for at the distance of one hundred and twelve yards, when nothing but the head of the wolf appeared, my faithful and trusty rifle arrested his career and put an end to the chase, after nearly a whole day's anxious pursuit.

'Some idea of the animal's strength may be conveyed to our readers from the fact, that it had dragged a trap and chain, weighing eight pounds and a half, by one of its claws, a distance of twenty-five miles, without appearing in the least fatigued.'—Ib. pp. 63-65.

It appears that there were three wolves of unusual size in this pack, but these were accompanied by numerous smaller ones. Two of the larger wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and the mode in which their attack is conducted is singularly ingenious and amusing.

'If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatted on their hind quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a slyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the ham-strings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous: both wolves spring at their victim the same instant, one to the throat, the other to the flank, and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before, then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless: the victory is won. At this signal, the lookers-on close in at a gallop, but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance, until their superiors are gorged, then they take their turn unmolested. The wolves, however, do not always kill to eat; like wasteful hunters, they often kill for the pleasure of killing, and leave the carcases untouched. The helplessness of

the horse when attacked by wolves is not more singular than its timidity and want of action when in danger by fire.'—Ib. pp. 66, 67.

On one occasion, a party of trappers was forbidden by the Indians to hunt in the Wallamitte, and a larger party having subsequently been dispatched to pacify the natives, a serious encounter took place, in which three of the Indians were killed, and one of the hunters was severely wounded. The commercial operations of the traders were seriously checked by these occurrences. Those in command were earnestly desirous of remedying the mischief; and for this purpose a strong party was placed under Mr. Ross's charge. Of the singularly characteristic negotiations which took place, the following account is given:—

'This half-diplomatic, half-military embassy, consisting of forty-five armed men, left Fort George in three boats, and reached the Wallamitte falls on the third day. It was there the Indians had assembled to resist any attempt of the hunters to ascend the Wallamitte. There we found them encamped on the left or west bank. We took up our position, with two field-pieces to guard our camp, on the east or right-hand side, which is low, rocky, and somewhat uneven. Both parties were opposite to each other, with the river between them. Early the next morning, we set the negotiation on foot, and made several attempts, but in vain, to bring the Indians to a parley. I went to their camp; we offered them to smoke, and held out the hand of friendship in every possible way we could; but to no purpose. They refused holding any communication with us; but continued to sing their war-songs, and danced their war-dance. We, however, were not to be discouraged by any demonstrations on their part.

'Patience and forbearance do much on these occasions. It is the best policy to be observed with Indians; indeed with all the natives of Columbia. Peace being our object, peace we were determined to obtain. We therefore quietly waited to see what time would bring about.

'The first day passed without our effecting anything, and so did the second; friendly offers were constantly held out to them, but as constantly rejected. On the third day, however, the chiefs and warriors crossed over to our side, and stood in a group at some distance from our camp. I knew what was meant by this; so I took a flag in my hand, and went alone to meet them. Just as I had reached the party, the whole Indian camp burst into a loud and clamorous scene of mourning. That moment, the chiefs and warriors, forming a ring, squatted down, and concealing their faces with their garments, remained silent and motionless for about the space of half an hour. During all this time I had to stand patiently and await the result. Not a word was uttered on either side; but as soon as the lamentations ceased in the camp, the great men, uncovering their faces, stood upon their feet. I then offered the pipe of peace, according to Indian custom; but a significant shake of the head from the principal chief was the only reply.

'After a momentary pause, the chief, turning to me, exclaimed in his own language, "What do the whites want?" Rather nettled at his refusing the pipe, I answered, "Peace—peace is what we want;" and in saying so, I presented him with my flag. "Here," said I; "the great chief of the whites sends you that as a token of his love." A moment or two passed in silence; a whisper went round; the peace-offering was accepted, and in return, the chief took a pipe, painted and ornamented with feathers, and laid it down before me. This was a favourable sign. On such occasions, the calumet of peace is always an emblem of friendship. They were gratified with the toy; it pleased them. The chief asked to smoke. I then handed him the pipe he had but a little before refused, and some tobacco, and they sat down and commenced smoking; for that is the introductory step to all important affairs, and no business can be entered upon with these people before the ceremony of smoking is over.'—Ib. pp. 103-106.

A rude treaty was subsequently agreed on, and it is due to the uncivilized man to state that Mr. Ross asserts 'that the Indians faithfully and zealously observed their parts of the treaty for many years afterwards.'

The following sketch of an Indian banquet will not be uninteresting to our readers. We need say nothing of its want of refinement; this is sufficiently obvious. It evidently forms one of the first links in that extended chain which binds in a common brotherhood the lower and the higher types of humanity. Compared with the European, a North American Indian is a savage; but compared with the Australian aborigines he is far advanced in mental culture:—

'On the score of cheer, we will here gratify the curiosity of our readers with a brief description of one of their entertainments, called an Indian feast. The first thing that attracts the attention of a stranger, on being invited to a feast in these parts, is, to see seven or eight bustling squaws running to and fro with pieces of greasy bark, skins of animals, and old mats, to furnish the banqueting lodge, as receptacles for the delicate viands: at the door of the lodge is placed, on such occasions, a sturdy savage with a club in his hand, to keep the dogs at bay, while the preparations are going on.

'The banqueting hall is always of a size suitable to the occasion, large and roomy. A fire occupies the centre, round which, in circular order, are laid the eatables. The guests form a close ring round the whole. Every one approaches with a grave and solemn step. The party being all assembled, the reader may picture to himself our friend seated among the nobles of the place, his bark platter between his legs, filled top-heavy with the most delicious *mélange* of bear's grease, dog's flesh, wappatoes, obellies, amutes, and a profusion of other viands, roots, and berries. Round the festive board, placed on *terra firma*, all the nabobs of the place are squatted down in a circle, each helping himself out of his platter with his fingers, observing every now and then to sleek down the hair by way of wiping the hands. Only one

knife is used, and that is handed round from one to another in quick motion. Behind the banqueting circle sit, in anxious expectation, groups of the canine tribe, yawning, howling, and growling; these can only be kept in the rear by a stout cudgel, which each of the guests keeps by him, for the purpose of self-defence; yet it not unfrequently happens that some one of the more daring curs gets out of patience, breaks through the front rank, and carries off his booty; but when a trespass of this kind is committed, the unfortunate offender is well belaboured in his retreat, for the cudgels come down upon him with a terrible vengeance. The poor dog, however, has his revenge in turn, for the squabble and brawl that ensues disturbs all the dormant fleas of the domicile. This troop of black assailants jump about in all directions, so that a guest, by helping himself to the good things before him, keeping the dogs at bay behind him, and defending himself from the black squadrons that surround him, pays, perhaps, dearer for his entertainment at the Columbian Cascades than a foreign ambassador does in a London hotel!'—Ib. pp. 112, 113.

The Indians are fickle and wayward as children. Several instances of this are recorded, to which we can only allude in passing. On one occasion, Mr. Ross missed a small terrier, which, on escaping from captivity, scampered towards its master's tent, and was followed by two Indians with their guns. The latter attempted to shoot the dog, but the former very naturally interposed on behalf of his little pet. A child of one of the Indians had been scratched by the dog, and the consequences of the rupture threatened to be serious. A slight concession, however, averted the danger. Putting the camp in a posture of defence, the leader of the traders and Mr. Ross went to the Indians. 'We gave the scratched bantling,' he says, 'a small present; invited the chiefs to our camp to smoke, gave them a little tobacco, and parted once more the best friends in the world: and all this did not take us two hours' time, nor cost five shillings.' Mr. Ross may well remark, 'that the Indian is, in some respects, a mere child, irritated by and pleased with a trifle.' Instead, however, of being treated with the forbearance due to childhood, every possible advantage is taken of his simplicity, and the worst passions are frequently indulged at his cost. The Iroquois Indians were employed in the service of the traders and evinced unhappily the worst vices of both classes. They were the frequent cause of dispute, and were always ready to indulge their native ferocity to the utmost.

One of their number having been killed in a quarrel, which themselves had stimulated, a considerable party, under charge of Mr. Ogden, was despatched from Fort George to punish the murderers, and to settle the affair. On approaching the Indian encampment, he earnestly counselled the Iroquois to be very guarded in their demeanor, but they arrived unhappily at the

tents of their enemies prior to Mr. Ogden; 'and instead of waiting for orders, or ascertaining whether those they had found were or were not the guilty persons, the moment they got within gunshot of the Indians, they fired on all they saw.' Twelve persons were thus killed, and even after Mr. Ogden's arrival, and notwithstanding his utmost efforts to stay the slaughter, another was shot. To crown the whole, the Iroquois scalped three of their victims, and on returning to Fort George, exhibited these sanguinary trophies on poles, and danced with them in the square.

A still more atrocious instance is recorded by our author in a subsequent portion of his work. No doubt there were provocations, but the men who could enact the following, partook rather of the nature of demons than of human beings. Anything more disgustingly cruel we never met with:—

'As soon as our people had got over the second ravine, they took a sweep, wheeled about, and met the Indians in the teeth; then dismounting, the battle began, without a word being spoken on either side. As soon as the firing commenced, the Indians began their frantic gestures, and whooped and yelled with the view of intimidating; they fought like demons, one fellow all the time waving a scalp on the end of a pole; nor did they yield an inch of ground till more than twenty of them lay dead; at last, they threw down their guns, and held up their hands as a signal of peace. By this time our people had lost three men, and not thinking they had yet taken ample vengeance for their death, they made a rush on the Indians, killed the fellow who held the pole, and carried off the scalp and the five horses. The Indians then made a simultaneous dash on one side, and got into a small coppice of wood, leaving their dead on the spot where they fell. Our people supposed that they had first laid down their arms and next taken to the bush because they were short of ammunition, as many of the shots latterly were but mere puffs. Unfortunately for the Indians, the scalp taken proved to be none other than poor Anderson's, and this double proof of their guilt so enraged our people, that to the bush they followed them.

'M'Donald sent to the camp for buck-shot, and then poured volleys into the bush among them, from the distance of some twenty or thirty yards, till they had expended fifty-six pounds weight; the Indians all this time only firing a single shot now and then, when the folly and imprudence of our people led them too near; but they seldom missed their mark, and here three more of the whites fell. At this part of the conflict, two of our own people, an Iroquois and a Canadian, got into a high dispute which was the bravest man; when the former challenged the latter to go with him into the bush and scalp a Piegan. The Canadian accepted the challenge; taking each other by one hand, with a scalping knife in the other, savage like, they entered the bush, and advanced until they were within four or five feet of a Piegan, when the Iroquois said, "I will scalp this one, go you and scalp another;" but just as the Iroquois was in the act of stretching out

his hand to lay hold of his victim, the Piegan shot him through the head, and so bespattered the Canadian with his brains that he was almost blind; the latter, however, got back again to his comrades, but deferred taking the scalp.

'M'Donald and his men being fatigued with firing, thought of another and more effectual plan of destroying the Piegans. It blew a strong gale of wind at the time, so they set fire to the bush of dry and decayed wood; it burnt with the rapidity of straw, and the devouring element laid the whole bushes in ashes in a very short time. When it was first proposed, the question arose who should go and fire the bush, at the muzzle of the Piegan's guns. "The oldest man in the camp," said M'Donald; "and I'll guard him." The lot fell upon Bastony, a superannuated hunter on the wrong side of seventy; the poor and wrinkled old man took the torch in his hand and advanced, trembling every step with the fear of instant death before him; while M'Donald and some others walked at his heels with their guns cocked. The bush was fired, the party returned, and volleys of buck-shot were again poured into the bush to aid the fire in the work of destruction.

'About one hundred yards from the burning bush, was another much larger bush, and while the fire was consuming the one, our people advanced and stationed themselves at the end of the other, to intercept any of the Piegans who might attempt the doubtful alternative of saving themselves by taking refuge in it. To ensure success, our people left open the passage from the one bush to the other, while they themselves stood in two rows, one upon each side, with their guns cocked; suddenly the half-roasted Piegans, after uttering a scream of despair, burst through the flames and made a last and expiring effort to gain the other bush; then our people poured in upon each side of them a fatal volley of ball and buck-shot, which almost finished what the flames had spared. Yet, notwithstanding all these sanguinary precautions, a remnant escaped by getting into the bush. The wounded victims who fell under the last volley, the Iroquois dealt with in their own way—with the knife.'—Vol. ii. pp. 56-59.

But we turn to more pleasing topics. The principal occupation of the white man in this distant territory is trapping the beaver, and the mode adopted in this pursuit is thus briefly described:—

'A safe and secure spot, near wood and water, is first selected for the camp. Here the chief of the party resides with the property. It is often exposed to danger of sudden attack, in the absence of the trappers, and requires a vigilant eye to guard against the lurking savages. The camp is called head-quarters. From hence all the trappers, some on foot, some on horseback, according to the distance they have to go, start every morning, in small parties, in all directions, ranging the distance of some twenty miles around. Six traps is the allowance for each hunter; but to guard against wear and tear, the complement is more frequently ten. These he sets every night, and visits again in the morning; sometimes oftener, according to distance, or other circum-

stances. The beaver taken in the traps are always conveyed to the camp, skinned, stretched, dried, folded up with the hair in the inside, laid by, and the flesh used for food. No sooner, therefore, has a hunter visited his traps, set them again, and looked out for some other place, than he returns to the camp, to feast, and enjoy the pleasures of an idle day.

'There is, however, much anxiety and danger in going through the ordinary routine of a trapper's duty. For as the enemy is generally lurking about among the rocks and hiding-places, watching an opportunity, the hunter has to keep a constant look-out; and the gun is often in one hand, while the trap is in the other. But when several are together, which is often the case in suspicious places, one-half set the traps, and the other half keep guard over them. Yet, notwithstanding all their precautions, some of them fall victims to Indian treachery.

'The camp remains stationary while two-thirds of the trappers find beaver in the vicinity; but whenever the beaver becomes scarce, the camp is removed to some more favourable spot. In this manner, the party keeps moving from place to place, during the whole season of hunting. Whenever serious danger is apprehended, all the trappers make for the camp. Were we, however, to calculate according to numbers, the prospects from such an expedition would be truly dazzling: say, seventy-five men, with each six traps, to be successfully employed during five months; that is, two in the spring, and three in the fall, equal to 131 working days, the result would be 58,950 beaver! Practically, however, the case is very different. The apprehension of danger, at all times, is so great, that three-fourths of their time is lost in the necessary steps taken for their own safety. There is also another serious drawback unavoidably accompanying every large party. The beaver is a timid animal; the least noise, therefore, made about its haunt will keep it from coming out for nights together; and noise is unavoidable when the party is large. But when the party is small, the hunter has a chance of being more or less successful. Indeed, were the nature of the ground such as to admit of the trappers moving about in safety, at all times, and alone, six men, with six traps each, would, in the same space of time, and at the same rate, kill as many beavers—say 4716—as the whole seventy-five could be expected to do! And yet the evil is without a remedy; for no small party can exist in these parts. Hence the reason why beavers are so numerous.'—Vol. i. pp. 228-230.

Another Indian custom is illustrated by the following, which will be read with interest by those who are concerned to attain an accurate knowledge of Indian life. It may be well for us to bear in mind that our superiority is not always so complete as we imagine. Many of the ceremonies practised by the denizens of the forest appear to us ridiculous, but we may profitably ask whether the evasions and duplicity practised by European diplomatists do not indicate still more reprehensible qualities?

Rudeness and ignorance may be obvious in the one case, but the deeper stain of moral delinquency is frequently shown in the other. But to our extract:—

'The chief's lodge was quickly put in order, with a fire in the centre, when the ceremony of ratifying the peace, according to Indian form, commenced. The two Cayouse plenipotentiaries were placed in the back part of the tent by Pee-eye-em, and I next to them; eighteen Snake dignitaries next entered and squatted themselves down on each side of us. Lastly, Pee-eye-em sat opposite to us, with his back to the door, having Ama-ketsa on his right, and another chief on his left; apparently with the intention of keeping out all intruders, and preventing any one from either going out or coming in during the solemn sitting. This completed the diplomatic circle. After which, a silence ensued for some time.

'The great medicine bag was then opened, and the decorated pipe of peace taken out of it; the pipe was then filled, with the usual formality, by Pee-eye-em, who immediately afterwards took a handful or two of sand, with which he covered a small hole by the fireside; then smoothing it over, he made two small holes with his finger in the sand, large enough to hold a goose's egg, one on each side. This done, he then took out of the medicine bag a small piece of wood, shaped like a sugar-tongs, with which he took up a piece of burning horse-dung, and laid it in the hole of sand to his left; resting the bowl of his pipe in the hole to the right, and holding the stem of his pipe all the time in his left hand. He then took up the same piece of wood or tongs, and with it took the burning piece of horse-dung out of the hole to the left and laid it upon his pipe; which was no sooner lighted, than Pee-eye-em taking up the pipe with both hands, drew three whiffs, allowing none of the smoke to escape, but swallowing the whole of it; then taking the pipe from his mouth, he held it vertically each time that he smoked, blowing the cloud out of his mouth on to the stem: this he did three successive times, and each time he uttered a short prayer, as if invoking a blessing.

'Then holding the pipe horizontally, and pointing to the east, he drew three whiffs, blowing the smoke on to the stem as before; then turning it to the west, next to the south, and lastly to the north, he did the same: always observing to repeat the short prayer when he turned the pipe. Lastly, pointing the pipe to the ground, he drew three whiffs, blowing the smoke, as before, on to the stem; signifying that the animosities of war might be for ever after buried beneath the earth. But in all this ceremony, Pee-eye-em did not once, as is generally customary among Indians, hold the pipe to, or blow the smoke, either to the sun or the firmament.

'All this time Pee-eye-em was sitting on his hams; but now rising up, and turning the pipe-stem, he presented it to one of the Cayouses, telling him to touch it with his mouth, but not to exhale any smoke; the Cayouse did so: then withdrawing the pipe for a moment, he presented it to him a second time, with the same positive injunction, which the Cayouse observed. The caution was no doubt intended to

impress upon the Cayouse the duty of reflecting on the responsibility of what he was going to do; for smoking with Indians on such occasions is the same as an oath with us: then putting it to his mouth the third time, the chief said, "You may smoke now;" adding, after he had drawn a few whiffs, "we are now brothers."

'The Cayouse, after smoking, handed me the pipe, but without any ceremony. The smoking then went round and round the circle, with no other formality than that Pee-eye-em always filled the pipe and lighted it himself, with the same tongs as before. The fire was always a piece of horse-dung, till the ceremony on the part of Pee-eye-em was gone through.

'The lodge during this time was like an oven, so that I got up to go out and get a little fresh air; but Pee-eye-em shook his head, and made signs for me to sit down again. I then asked for a drink of water; but Pee-eye-em giving another shake of the head, I had to sit down and compose myself: there we sat, half roasted, half stifled, thirsty, and uncomfortable, until long after midnight; when Pee-eye-em, getting up and opening the door, went out; we all followed, and the ceremony ended.'—Vol. ii. pp. 93-96.

Many of our readers will be astonished at the extent of the journeys performed by the trappers in their annual excursions. On one of these occasions, we are told that the distance travelled was 3430 miles. From the Snake country, which they visited with considerable labor and much risk, they returned with 5000 beaver skins, exclusive of other peltries.

Retiring from his exhausting and perilous labors, our author settled down in the Red River Colony, where the winter endures for seven months, and the mercury sometimes freezes. 'Generally speaking,' he says, 'the isolated position of the colony and its northern and frozen locality, almost preclude the inhabitants from intercourse with the rest of the civilized world; except once a year, when the Company's ship from England reaches York Factory.' Mr. Ross promises a history of this settlement, which we shall be glad to receive, and in the meantime we very cordially commend his present volumes to our readers. Though they relate to a period some thirty years since, and to a state of things which is rapidly passing away, they are full of interest. It is not often that we obtain so competent a guide amidst the vast solitudes of the forest. We are happy to have done so on the present occasion, and invite our readers to share the information we have thus obtained.

ART. IV.—*Reformers before the Reformation, principally in Germany and the Netherlands.* By Dr. C. Ullman. The Translation by the Rev. R. Menzies. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1855.

THIS is not absolutely a new work, having appeared some fourteen years back, but its value and interest are such, that if the Messrs. Clark have erred in incorporating it with the 'Foreign Theological Library,' we doubt not that the great mass of their subscribers will readily to accord them an indulgence in this instance. As a general rule, however, we venture to suggest, that it is highly desirable, on more accounts than one, that the New Series should keep pace with the theological movement in Germany. A decided change for the better in the spirit and tone of religious thought and speculation is in rapid progress there, and we have no doubt that it was with a view to this that the enterprising Edinburgh publishers wisely determined on closing the old series, and starting altogether afresh. They must be well aware that hosts of German theological treatises, which have appeared not more than ten or fifteen years back, are now as completely out of date on the continent, owing simply and solely to their rationalistic bias, as the products of the dark ages. This is not the case with Dr. Ullman's book, and we feel assured that future selections will be equally free from the leaven of the Sadducees. In saying this, we wish to pass no ill-natured censure on the former series. On the contrary, we regard it, in spite of some dross, as a rich treasure of sacred learning, which it would be a sin to depreciate. It gives us the best works of the best writers of the German church as it *was*; and if we would rather have the gems of the fathers of the German church as it *is*, we will not forget that to-day is the child of yesterday, as to-morrow of to-day. Great credit is due to the Messrs. Clark for the steadiness with which they persevered through evil as well as good report in the praiseworthy endeavour to acclimatize on English soil the noble plant of German theological learning, albeit somewhat injured by blight. The generous graft, we venture to say, has already borne good fruit, and will yet yield richer and more plentiful clusters. We hope to see the day when Dr. Cumming will not be looked upon as a great divine, nor such commentaries as Dr. Henderson's be thrown upon an eleemosynary market.

But we are forgetting Dr. Ullman's work, of which we must now give a brief account. It is not, as might be gathered from a too hasty glance at its title, a record of the struggles of those forerunners of the Reformation whose names are in every one's mouth. In the first sentences of his preface, Dr. Ullman guards

against any such misunderstanding, and sufficiently indicates his design. 'W. Gilpin,' he says, 'an English author wrote in his day biographies of Wickliffe, Lord Cobham, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, whom he entitled the *best known* of the Reformers prior to Luther. On the work which I now present to the good will of the public, I might inscribe the very opposite title, and call it, Biographies of the *least known* of those early Reformers. In that case, however, it would be requisite, if proper, to annex that they all the more deserved to be known.' In the present volume, two of these forgotten worthies are made to live again, through the painstaking researches of our author, who has ransacked many dusty MSS., and rare printed volumes, for the interesting materials, which he has so skilfully combined in the masterly portraits before us. These leading figures are John of Goch, and John of Wesel; the former a representative, and a most interesting one too, of those quiet mystics, whose living communion with God taught them to despise the cumbrous externalism of the dominant church system, and whose writings served in so many respects to pave the way for the Reformation; the latter, one of those more active and practical spirits who boldly attacked ecclesiastical abuses and the shameful lives of the clergy, high and low.

The reforming principles of John of Goch, who was born about the commencement of the fifteenth century, and was founder and prior of a nunnery at Mechlin in 1451, are thus summed up by Walch. I. Holy Scripture is the sole fountain and rule of faith, and by it the opinions of the fathers and other doctors are to be judged. II. It is impious and Pelagian heresy to believe, that the natural power of free-will suffices without the help of grace for any work of inward or outward piety. III. They are in a state of sin who fancy that the obligations of Christian virtue can be fulfilled by attention to the various parts of outward ceremonial service, and by will-worship and bodily exercises of various kinds, whilst they are wanting in charity towards their neighbours. IV. The Church may err. V. The doctrine of Thomas Aquinas concerning monastic vows and their efficacy is false and self-contradictory. VI. Predestination does not involve the impossibility of sinning, but the impossibility of final defection, and of perseverance in sin to the end. VII. The sacraments have no virtue *ex opere operato*, but require a certain disposition in the recipients. VIII. The distinction between presbyters and bishops, on which the Romanists insist, was not instituted *jure divino*, but was unlawfully introduced by the Church. IX. Evangelical poverty does not require that a man should have no possessions, but simply that he should wean his heart from superfluity of riches: hence the feigned monastic poverty is contrary

to the laws of Christ. It is truly marvellous that Goch should have been suffered unmolested to diffuse for a quarter of a century such a creed as this, and to live and die in peace. Yet such seems to have been the fact, and it was not until after the adherents of the Reformation began to make use of his writings to further their cause, that they seem to have attracted the attention of the inquisitors. Of the first editor of these marvellous treatises, Cornelius Grapheus, of Antwerp, who published Goch's 'Epislota Apologetica' in 1520, and his book 'On Christian Liberty,' the year after, prefaced by spirited remarks of his own on the necessity of a radical reformation in the church, Dr. Ullmann in his appendix gives an interesting account. Unhappily, Grapheus was subsequently driven through fear of the stake to recant, and sunk into deserved obscurity and contempt.

Alas! that a similar disgrace should have clouded the last days of Goch's contemporary and coadjutor, the Erfurt professor and doctor of Holy Scripture, John of Wesel. But considering his vigorous attacks upon the corruptions of the clergy, whom he unsparingly lashed from the pulpit, and before the whole world, he could hardly expect to escape the wrath of the dragon, to which, however, he did not succumb without many agonizing struggles. It is even tolerably certain, that his persecutors did not deem the triumph which they had achieved over the old man, wasted as he was by sickness and want, and worn out with long imprisonment, a very complete one, as the vague terms of the recantation wrung from him, and their consigning him to end his few remaining days in the cell of a monastery, sufficiently show. Still his fall demands a tear, and dims his glory as the forerunner of Luther in the great Reformer's own university, where, more than thirty years before the son of the Mansfeld miner was born, he wrote a protest 'Against Indulgences,' scarcely less convincing, clear, eloquent, and scriptural than the world-famous 'Theses.'

It was on occasion of the Papal Jubilee of 1450, that Wesel's remarkable tractate on the subject was composed. The great secular fair for the sale of indulgences had then been instituted just a hundred and fifty years, having been first set on foot by the haughty Boniface VIII., in the year 1300. In a bull, dated February 22nd, in that year, his Holiness, 'in virtue of the divine mercy, with confidence in the merits of Peter and Paul, and from the plenitude of his papal authority,' promises that every one who, in the course of the year 1300, and of every hundredth year to come, shall visit with reverence the churches of the Apostles Peter and Paul in Rome, and there do penance and confess his sin, shall obtain 'not only a full, *but the very fullest forgiveness of all sins*,' it being required in return from every inhabitant of the city that for thirty days in succession or otherwise

he shall visit these churches at least once a day, and of every foreigner, that he shall so visit them for fifteen days. This proclamation was responded to by the visit of no fewer than 200,000 pilgrims to Rome, and the experiment upon popular credulity having succeeded so well, the interval was shortened from a hundred to fifty years by Clement VI., 'conformable to the custom of the Jewish Jubilee;' and in 1350, the number of the pilgrims rose to 1,200,000. It was in accordance with this ordinance of Clement VI., that the celebration in 1450 was ordered to be kept, although meanwhile Urban VI. had further cut down the jubilee lustrum to thirty-three years. The crowd of devotees which flocked to Rome from all the countries of Christendom was again immense, and at the Secular Games (*Ludi Seculares*) appointed by the pope for the occasion, some hundreds of persons were drowned by the fall of one of the bridges over the Tiber. But notwithstanding the countless multitudes who thronged to the Holy City, ecclesiastical avarice was not sated, and in the next year the indulgence was extended to other provinces of the Catholic world, Germany amongst them.

Here the profitable imposture at once met with the most determined opposition on the part of our reformer:—

'Taking his stand, like Luther, upon Scripture, and upon clear and evident reasons, and applying them as a test to the authority of all ecclesiastical teachers, as being otherwise insufficient of itself, Wesel, with copious citations from Scripture, lays down the following *seven propositions:*

'1. On every one who has infringed his law, God, as lawgiver, and in the exercise of his justice, imposes a penalty, and this penalty he does not remit, although in his mercy he may forgive the guilt; for, as Augustine says, God is always merciful in a way that leaves free course to his justice.

'2. Christian priests, to whom are committed the keys of heaven, are the ministers of God in the remission of guilt.

'3. The penalty which God has imposed upon a transgressor, no man can forgive; for nothing can resist the Divine will.

'4. The Holy Scriptures nowhere state, that any priest, or even the pope, can grant an indulgence which shall liberate a man from the penalties denounced against him by God.

'5. The pope, however, has it in his power to absolve from the penalties which man or positive law has denounced for sin, because the pope is appointed by the Church the founder of positive law, in as far as it subserves the Church's edification, and not its destruction.

'6. That the penalties, which man or positive law have denounced, correspond with the awards of God's penal justice, in such a manner as that when they are annulled, God's justice is also satisfied, is by no means certain, unless it has been revealed by God. For the Divine will (*Wesel*, of course, means in such particular cases) is unknown to man, and nothing is said of this in Scripture.

'7. The opinion of theological teachers regarding a treasure of the Church, accumulated from the merits of Christ and the supererogatory works of the saints, and committed to the charge of the pope, is undoubtedly very pious, but it is at the same time an opinion to which certain modest objections may be profitably made. In particular, it may be objected that the saints have left behind them no such treasure, because the Scripture says, "Their works do follow them." So long as the saints sojourn in this life, their works are by their very nature transitory, and when the saints cease to labour, their works have no independent existence of their own, but, in as far as through the grace of God, they are in any degree meritorious, they follow their authors from the scene of their labours, and enter with them into rest. The works of the saints, accordingly, have no local habitation here below, but are in the place where they who performed them reside. If, during life, the saints earned any merit for others, it was done consonantly with the will of God, who distributes to every one severally as he will. Our merit does not spring from our own will but from God's, and to distribute such merits in the last instance is competent to God alone. If done by a man holding a Divine commission for the purpose, it can only be done in virtue of some agreement entered into between God and him, such as the teachers maintain is the case in regard to the sacraments. But that any such agreement has ever been made by Jesus with the ministers of the Church is not stated in the Gospel.

'These propositions comprise the substance of *Wesel's* sentiments upon indulgences.'—pp. 260, 261.

If, as cannot be denied, there is much that is defective and immature in these sentiments, especially in the concessions made to papal authority, this is only what may be said of Luther's 'Theses.' Moreover, if we miss in Wesel's statements any hint of the material principle of the Reformation—viz., the doctrine of justification by faith, which the 'Theses' certainly do embody, at least by implication, it must not be overlooked, on the other hand, that Wesel has the advantage of Luther in the prominence which he gives to its formal principle, the authority of Scripture, which we see is with him everywhere decisive. Of course we do not mean to insinuate that the earlier reformer could have done the work of the later, or wish at all to detract from the well-earned fame of

'The solitary monk who shook the world.'

But, whilst utterly repudiating any such idea, it is still fairly supposeable that Wesel's writings were not without their influence on Luther's mind and opinions, especially on the question of Indulgences. It is hardly possible that his treatise on that subject should have lain in the library at Erfurt, without attracting the notice of the author of the 'Theses;' and with respect to Wesel's works in general, we have Luther's own acknowledgment that he studied them. It is Dr. Ullman's judgment also, that

Luther owed not a little to his predecessor in the warfare against Indulgences.

Besides attacking this monstrous abuse, Wesel was very caustic in his censures upon the corrupt clergy of the age, from the pope downwards. His book upon 'The Authority, Duty, and Power of the Pastors of the Church' is written quite in the spirit of another Ezekiel. Dr. Ullman gives us a copious analysis of it, with the more important passages in full. Several of these we would gladly transcribe if space permitted. As it is, we content ourselves with a single specimen, which, whilst it shows how little Wesel was dazzled with the nimbus that surrounded the tiara in his days, serves also to confirm the view given of his profound reverence for the Word of God as the sole rule of faith and practice.

'The papal title,' he says, 'the reputation of scholarship, and the fame of science are purely personal things. All that such masks and spectres write and command, can be regarded as true only in as far as the word of God prescribes, which word alone the Lord commands us to hear. The apostle Paul himself claimed the belief of men solely for the sake of the Gospel entrusted to him by God, not on account of his person, and not for the weight of his name. Even he aspires to no more than to be a minister, apostle, and herald, and glories so little in what he suffers for the Gospel, that he declares it to be folly to speak of his labours. Before such a pattern, let the flatterers, whom the Bishop of Rome permits to honour him with the titles of "Holy" and "Most Holy" be silent, and not breathe a word. Let the truth of the Gospel be proclaimed, and the work of faith extolled, and then we shall bow the neck to Christ, and to the pope as Christ's ambassador and faithful servant. That which Christ says, "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me," ought the pope also to be able to say. He only who teaches the word of the Lord, he only who, with insight and skill feeds the flock, is a true apostle, a shepherd, and bishop, according to God's own heart. But the man from whom I hear nothing of Christ's righteousness, and in whom I perceive no insight and knowledge, I refuse to confess as a master, I own not in him the authority of a bishop, nor reverence him as a pastor. What then remains but that all such are dumb idols, serving only their belly and not Jesus Christ, nominal shepherds and mere titular bishops, who by vain semblance and outward pomps, miserably impose upon the people. I care not, however, for the two-horned mitre. The shining infula affects not me. I abominate the priestly slippers decorated with precious stones and gold. I laugh at the high-sounding names, the tragic titles, the lofty triumphs. They are mere semblances, and anything rather than the badge of a true pastor, bishop, or teacher, when that is lacking which alone gives them worth, and renders them tolerable.'—pp. 318, 319.

In addition to the principal portraits, Dr. Ullman has introduced, by way of episode, several charming miniatures of accessary

personages, who, although not in the eminent sense in which the application belongs to John of Goch and John of Wesel, were yet in their way, and according to the measure of light which they enjoyed, Reformers before the Reformation. Amongst them may be mentioned Sebastian Brant, the author of that famous satire, 'The Ship of Fools,' Gregory of Heimburg, the zealous defender of German nationality against the encroachments of the papacy, and Jacob of Jüterbock, who, born in the same town in which one hundred and thirty-two years afterwards friar Tetzel opened his commission as a seller of indulgences, and labouring in the same university in which Wesel taught and Luther received his education, was a bright witness of evangelical truth before the earlier of these other luminaries rose above the horizon. Nor should Matthew of Cracow, the reforming Bishop of Worms, be forgotten. Upon all these men there is no doubt the writings of our own Wiclif had produced a great impression either immediately, or mediately, through the Hussites. We should have been glad to see this point brought out more clearly by Dr. Ullman, instead of being touched upon only incidentally. But it is only very recently that the German *literati* have begun to make themselves acquainted with the masterly works of Vaughan and Le Bas upon the greater Luther of England. We are happy to find that at last their fame has reached the continent, where they are beginning to be appreciated at least as much as they are at home, and where they will hardly fail, we hope, to awaken such an interest in our neglected reformer, as shall re-act upon ourselves, and force us for very shame to rescue his writings from the rats, and print them at least for posterity, if not for the present generation.

ART. V.—*Souvenirs d'un Naturaliste. Par A. de Quatrefages, Membre de l'Institut (Académie des Sciences). Deux Tomes. Paris: Librairie de Victor Masson, Place de l'Ecole de Médecine.* 1854. [Recollections of a Naturalist, by A. de Quatrefages].

2. *Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist.* By W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., &c. London: John W. Parker & Son.

WHEN a naturalist sits down to write his reminiscences, he subjects himself to the full force of the censure directed by the Roman poet, Horace, against the author who tries to write about everything, and a few other things besides. But, in fact, the censure need trouble him little, for no well-grounded fault can be found with an author for the choice of any topic he pleases, or

as many themes as he chooses, provided he has anything to tell, and knows how to tell it well. The only unpardonable literary delinquency is to have nothing to say. 'Nature is the servant of man,' and the naturalist especially is in this sense the master of nature. Natural history, which is repulsive in the form of reports, dissertations, and treatises, is popular when presented in voyages, travels, and reminiscences. The public hope by their means to enter into the pleasures, and escape the difficulties of the study of nature. How often have we heard expressions such as these! 'I should be delighted to study natural history, but I cannot remember the crack-jaw names; I cannot afford the expense of specimens; and, to tell the truth, I sometimes don't see the use of it.' The public in Europe have long been of the opinion respecting the pedantic naturalists expressed by Voltaire in regard to Buffon, and in point of fact, the criticism applies with greater justice to the naturalists of the nineteenth than against their predecessors of the eighteenth century. Buffon had laughed at Voltaire for saying the sea-shells found on the mountains might have been dropped by pilgrims from their hoods on returning from Palestine; and Buffon was right in his ridicule, but he had not more reason on his side than Voltaire had in one of his retorts. When they were talking to him one day about Buffon and natural history, he replied, 'Not so natural,'—*pas si naturelle.* If they expressed serious opinions, the persons who doubt the utility of the natural sciences would be inexcusable, for they would show themselves to be ignorant of their own nurriture, their own apparel, their own homes, and their own bodies. All they mean, however, we suppose is, to protest against the disdainful neglect by certain naturalists, from false notions of dignity, of the beneficial and practical applications of the sciences. The objections to the nomenclature of the sciences which treat of animate and inanimate bodies are perfectly well founded; since nothing could be more dark or harsh than this constantly multiplying pest of ugly words. 'It is the plague of darkness upon man, upon beast, and upon every herb of the field.' Most completely have his successors merited the condemnation which Buffon himself pronounces against those who, by trying to reduce nature to their little systems, and by multiplying words and methods, render the language of science more difficult than science itself. The knowledge of stars, plants, and animals, is for him who has once fairly entered into it, a world of grand, wonderful, and beautiful things. It is the knowledge of our earth, this shell of quartz and feldspar, with its sea of fire raging within it, and its ocean of water rolling around it. It is the knowledge of the universe, from the star upon which we live, onwards to the planet whose existence has only just been

revealed by the latest calculations of astronomy. Natural history is the knowledge of life, the meanest form of which is more surpassingly wonderful than the most glorious sidereal combination in all the heavens. But three monsters beset the gate of natural history—Terminology, Expense, and Impracticability. Most assuredly it is profoundly to be regretted that the makers of systems should have erected at the very threshold of this temple of knowledge, a barrier of difficulty and disgust comparable only to the gate which Milton places at the entrance of his Pandemonium, for the slowness with which it turns, and the barbarous dissonance with which it grates on the ears of men.

The oldest and newest great classifications of nature are the same. Aristotle divides nature into animate and inanimate; and the moderns repeating the same thing, and lowering the idea of life down to the idea of organization, arrange bodies as organic and inorganic. Linnæus, while deriving his classification from the alchemists, who divided the empire of nature into three kingdoms, stones, plants, and animals, has retained, oddly enough, with all modern naturalists, the notion of kingdoms long after the kings have all been dethroned by the revolutions of science. It would now-a-days be deemed a metaphorical puerility to speak of gold as the king of metals, the vine as the king of plants, and man as the king of animals; although we retain still in our books the three kingdoms of minerals, plants, and animals. The alchemists rejected the great Aristotelian classification founded on life, because they asserted the growth, vegetation or animation of stones. As for the Tri-une classification, they seem to have adopted it out of respect to the theological doctrine of the Trinity. 'The creature is the image of the Creator,' says Colleson; 'there are three worlds, and these three are one.'

Certain German authors who retain the notion of kingdoms without kings, recognise four kingdoms in nature—the mineral, vegetable, animal, and *hominal*. They are expressed by the four Latin words—*esse*, *vivere*, *sentire* and *intelligere*: the mineral is, the plant lives, the animal feels, and man knows. This classification expresses a natural reaction and a just repugnance against Linnæus, who calls the orang-outang the man of the woods, or *homo sylvestris*. In the new classification man forms a whole kingdom of himself, and the unity of his races in one sole species having been demonstrated, he is both the king and the kingdom rolled into one; and in a different sense from that of the song he may sing—

'My mind to me my kingdom is.'

Some of the most curious things in the volumes of M. de Quatrefages relate to the natural history of man. There are

two kinds of men, however, of which no Frenchman can give an account, — the Frenchman and the Englishman. There is nothing more incredible than the natural histories of the Englishman which have been written by Frenchmen, except the fabulous accounts they have published of themselves. M. de Quatrefages, a man of superior acquirements and intelligence, for instance, believes and publishes that the English and Portuguese troops, on taking St. Sebastian, on the 31st of August, 1813, fired upon several persons who were waving handkerchiefs on the balconies in celebration of their triumphant entry. It is a strange fact, a curious sign of the malady, that this scientific academician has no other proof to give of such an extraordinary statement than his having found it in an *ex parte* manifesto! When at Inkerman, Russian officers were accused of finishing the wounded on the ground, the accusation was brought home to one of them, the testimony against him was recorded, and his condemnation establishes the fact according to the scientific principles of legal evidence. The friends of the English could have no motive for refraining from making their complaints to Lord Wellington against their assassins. Who was the English officer condemned for this outrage? Who were the friends of the English who complained of it? Can M. de Quatrefages name a single witness who went before a magistrate and said: 'I was waving a handkerchief at such an hour, on such a balcony, and was fired at by the English soldiers I celebrated?' If in matters of science, M. de Quatrefages were not more intelligent in regard to the evidence necessary to certitude than he is when publishing accusations against the English, his work would not have been worthy of our notice. We state the St. Sebastian affair as an illustration of a national malady, of which he is one of the victims. Let us complete it, and then pass to fresher and more amusing topics. M. de Quatrefages writes in perfect good faith; he believes what is said by the manifesto; yet he proves it himself to be unworthy of a particle of credence. The authors of it, whom he calls the civil authorities, retired to Zubieta, and thence made a solemn appeal to Lord Wellington, and the Spanish regency and congress, and the whole of Europe, on the grounds stated in their manifesto, and on behalf of fifteen hundred families, without homes, without clothes, and without bread. Europe supplied them with one subscriber, a German merchant living at Bilbao, who gave them half an ounce of gold! There can be no better proof that nobody believed a word they said. The credulity of M. de Quatrefages is of rare growth, and springs up less readily when it implies that good people may have to part with their money than when it merely involves the patriotic duty of hating one's neighbours.

Destitute of the testimony necessary to establish this calumny, M. de Quatrefages is, however, provided with a principle upon which he bases it. He derives it logically from a French idea of the nature of the Englishman. 'Certainly,' he says, 'they did not obey an instinct of gratuitous barbarity which is not in the least in the character of their nation.' He finds the solution in the passion for commerce which maddens British generals! 'It is always,' he says, 'that implacable policy which we find at the bottom of all the acts of England, and which would make her burn one half of the world to be alone to sell cotton to the other half.' This curious case of Anglo-phobia was published in Paris eight years after England had proclaimed her policy of commercial freedom and equality with all nations; and three years after the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park had presented a miniature picture of it to the representatives of the whole intelligence of the age.

Ethnologists who have studied the characteristics, origin, and distribution of the races of mankind, such as Pritchard and Humboldt, have been particularly struck, and much occupied by the Basques. Saint Sebastian is one of the centres of this population, who own no kin with any other European nation, and whose origin is one of the most difficult puzzles in ethnology. They call themselves the Euskaldunac, or the cunning hands. Their ancient fables commence with the destruction of a former world, from which only a few solitary men escaped, like olives on the tree after harvest, or grapes on a vine-branch after the vintage. Of the number were Aïtor and his followers, their ancestors, who lived a year in an inaccessible grotto, whence they saw the water and fire at their feet disputing for the mastery. When they descended into the plains they remained faithful to the worship of one God, the Lord on high, as taught them by their ancestors of the mountains; and their old men offered up sacrifices of fruits, under oak trees, where they made laws and administered justice. Death they regarded as the bed of a long sleep, and they believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. They pretend to have been one of the first of the nations which became Christians. They say their language is as natural to the human race as cooing to the dove, barking to the dog, or roaring to the bull. William von Humboldt thought that it could not be connected with any of the languages of the Indo-Germanic family, and its grammatical structure approaches some of the American languages. Some words of it have been found by the Abbé de Hiarce to be identical with words found in a vocabulary of the language of Van Diemen's Land. Foreigners find it almost impossible to acquire the Basque language. Nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, change into verbs, and the verbs metamorphose themselves into nouns and adjectives. Prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, inter-

jections, and even the characters of the alphabet, are declined like nouns and adjectives, and conjugated like verbs. Every noun has six nominatives and twelve cases, and the adjectives have twenty cases. The noun changes often according to the state of the being, or the thing which it signifies. What would be said in French in a single verb is represented in Basque by thirty-six verbs, each of which expresses a modification either of the action, or of the being or thing which is the object of the action. There are besides four different conjugations, according to whether the person addressed is a child, a woman, an equal, or a superior. The Basque learn French or Spanish easily, but neither the French nor the Spaniards can ever learn the Basque language.

Everything seems to confirm Mr. Prichard in his opinion that the Basques are an aboriginal race, who formerly occupied extensive territories which they no longer possess. In their language we found the etymologies of a great many names of places, rivers, mountains, provinces, of Italy, France, Spain, and the Mediterranean islands. It was Leibnitz who was the first to show the importance of the names of places, from the difficulty with which they change, in discovering the traces of ancient populations. The Basques were expelled from their territories by the Ligurians and Celts, especially the latter, who drove them for shelter into the wildest passes of the Pyrenees. Protected by the mountain fastnesses they found there, they formed themselves into several little republics, and bravely and successfully maintained their independence. Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Francs, Saracens, have successively attacked, and temporarily or nominally subdued them, but they have always hitherto preserved their nationality, manners, customs, and language. When discomfited for a time they have always been ready to seize every opportunity to regain their complete independence. On several occasions they have displayed heroic valour against their invaders. Their institutions having been zealously preserved, they present in the middle of the nineteenth century a society with nearly all the features unaltered which they wore during the middle ages.

The privileges of the Basque provinces have become celebrated under the name of *fueros*, and they regulate their internal affairs and their connexion with the crown of Spain. The king of Castile was their sovereign, and in case of invasion they were bound to rise *en masse*. They paid scarcely any taxes. No fortresses could be erected in their country; and the king himself, when he entered it, was obliged to leave, with the exception of a small escort, all his soldiers behind him. The province was in reality a federal state, composed of a number of little republics, governed by their Alcades and their Ayuntamientos. Every

town and village was independent. Every republic was represented in the assembly of the province, to which was reserved the right of imposing taxes and the duty of preserving their *fueros*.

To be eligible to sit in this national assembly it was sufficient to be a Basque proprietor. The feudal hierarchy, as it was found everywhere else in Europe, has never existed among the Basques. The Guipuzcoans, it is true, enjoyed in Spain the rights of nobles, and certain towns of Biscay and Alava conferred them on their inhabitants; but these were only exterior privileges, and were of no value in the Basque countries. The highest titles which could be conferred by the kings of Spain on certain families did not establish any real distinction in their favour among their fellow-citizens. In Guipuzcoa, in Biscay, and in Alava, the constitution recognised neither nobles, nor marquesses, nor dukes; and, on the other hand, no one was of mean birth. To be eligible to take part in the deliberative assemblies, or in the administration, it was only necessary to be the master of a house, and this quality, attached to the possession of soil, was transmitted with it. A stranger, however low his birth might have been, on buying land acquired this title, and could take in addition, if he pleased, those of noble, gentleman, or hidalgo, which the Basques considered as only the equivalents of the first.

The master of the house enjoyed no other privileges. All professions were of equal rank, and none of them were deemed mean. When the municipality gave a ball at Saint Sebastian, they invited nobody; they simply announced the ball, and anybody might come to it who liked. Insolent commercial manners have spread in recent times. Nevertheless, M. de Quatrefages has seen counts and tailors figuring away at a public ball in the same country dance. Since the war against Don Carlos, the Spanish soldiers, acting as gendarmes, have been introduced into the three provinces, and the Customs have been extended to the frontiers of France. When the Alavaise, Biscayans, and Guipuzcoans fought for Don Carlos, what they really meant was *Viva los fueros*. Occupied with their own affairs, in which every man takes the part of a free citizen, they have never been troublesome to their neighbours, neither oppressed nor oppressors, neither conquered nor conquerors. The contrast between great riches and great poverty is seldom seen in their country. They are generally in easy circumstances. From the time of the middle ages they have occupied themselves in the whale fishing, and have been hardy sailors. They are a very beautiful race, with round skulls, large foreheads, straight noses, finely formed mouths and chins, an oval face, narrowing towards the chin, large black eyes, black hair and black eyebrows, brown complexions, slightly coloured, and small, well-formed hands and feet. In public

assemblies at Saint Sebastian, for one plain person there might be counted twenty or thirty truly handsome. The beauty of the ladies warms the style of our scientific academician into eloquence. It is a principle of ethnology that the characteristics of a race are always more marked in the women than in the men. 'Their faces regular and animated, their large eyes full of expression, their mouths almost always open, with a slightly mocking smile, their long hair falling in tresses to the knees, or rolled round the head like a natural crown, strike the least attentive observer. Nearly all have necks and shoulders remarkable for the purity of their lines; and this rare trait of beauty gives to the humblest peasant a something noble and graceful which might be envied by a duchess. I do not exaggerate: there is in the gait of these *aguadoras* in rags, carrying on their heads heavy pails of water, the ease and almost the majesty of Diana the Huntress.' M. de Quatrefages never saw in the village *fêtes* of a Sunday the two sexes dancing together. The women danced together, while the men played at tennis ball and ninepins. From their proud and courteous air and brilliant costume, M. de Quatrefages calls the Basques a nation of nobles. He records, however, an odd trait in the manners of these proud, black-eyed, magnificent fellows. When one of their wives has been confined, she gets up as soon as possible, and attends to the care of the household, while the husband takes to bed with the new-born baby, and there receives the congratulations of his neighbours. We leave the whole of the responsibility of this statement to the learned academician. This custom, according to Diodorus of Sicily, once existed in the Island of Corsica; there are traditions of it among certain Scythic tribes called Tibari, on the banks of the Euxine; and it is said to be found among certain aboriginal American and African nations. The male frog (Alytes obstetricus), the *crapaud accoucheur*, who undertakes the maternal duties by retiring, with the new-laid eggs around his abdomen, into a solitary place in the pond or ditch, and hatching them, is certainly a zoological curiosity, but he must yield the palm of singularity to his human *analogues*. The Basque highlander seems to have inherited a custom even more curious than this Batrachian instinct. M. Chaho traces this peculiarity of the Basques to an incident in the life of their ancestor Aïtor; but the origin of the 'hominal' custom, and the explanation of the Batrachian instinct, are alike unknown.

But enough of the accoucheur Basque. All races who are too conservative, who refuse to mix their blood, mingle their ideas, and blend their customs, with those of other races, seem doomed to perish. There is in nature an analogous process. While the Americans destroy the Red man, the English the Kafirs, the Russians the Turks, the Chinese the Tartars, there is

a war of extermination waging in Europe between the grey rats and the black rats. For centuries, the mouse was the only mammal of the rat kind known in Europe. The ancients knew no other. Man sought the help of cats against his redoubtable though timid and little enemies, the mice. Buffon says this was calling in the help of one enemy to suppress another, which is more inconvenient;—a view of the character of cats which has been resented ever since by nearly all the ladies who have read him. During the middle ages, the black rats, coming from nobody knows where, spread themselves over Europe. They have warred against the mice ever since, who owe their preservation to their small size, which enables them to retreat into holes too narrow for the admission of their pursuers. About the beginning of the last century, the grey rat arrived in Europe from India, having been brought in merchant ships. It appeared in England in 1730. When Buffon wrote, it was only known in France, in the environs of Paris; and had not entered into the city. In a few years it overran the whole of France. Stronger, fiercer, more fecund, and swimming well, the grey rat soon mounted the rivers and streams in pursuit of the black rat, which it destroyed. Now-a-days the black rat is only to be met with here and there, in a solitary grange in the interior, or a lonely island on the coast, where it has found a refuge.

This fact of the war of extermination waged by races of animals against each other, and the influence of man as the great destroyer of every kind of creature or thing which he finds or fancies hostile to him, have not had their due weight on the authors of theories of the history of life on the globe. Sound induction, nevertheless, requires the exhaustive consideration of all known and real causes in actual operation, prior to having recourse to the imagination for guesses. When the authority of Aristotle, Leibnitz, Buffon, and Bonnet, made the idea of a chain of existence the prevalent one, poets and popular writers said the loss of a single species,

> 'The least link in being's wondrous chain,'

would be equivalent to a derangement of the universe. Bernardin de St. Pierre says, 'The harmony of this globe would be destroyed, in part if not in whole, if they suppressed only the smallest species of plant; its destruction would leave without verdure a certain space of earth; and without nurriture a certain kind of insect that lived on it. The annihilation of these insects would entrain the loss of the kind of birds who nourished their little ones with them; and thus, in succession, to infinitude. The total ruin of the kingdom might issue from the destruction of a moss, as we see that of an edifice commenced by a lizard.'

Cuvier and his disciples, on the contrary, fall into an exaggeration on the other side, which is probably equally excessive; for they say the living species are greatly outnumbered by the lost species. One of them has estimated the living species of fish at five thousand, and the fossil species at twenty-five thousand! The number of extinct species of turtles already obtained from the Island of Sheppy alone, it has been said, exceeds the whole number of the species of tortoises or animals in shields (or chilone) known to exist throughout the globe. The school of Cuvier pretend that the sedimentary rocks are not merely a sort of petrified grave-yard of plants and animals, which have individually come under the dominion of death; they would have us believe them to be a museum, in which have been preserved the remains of numerous species of animals which no longer exist. The whole of these hypotheses rest on the anatomical authority of Georges Cuvier, which has received such shocks of late, and now-a-days has but little weight in Paris, where it is best known. Professor Schlegel, of Berlin, recently proved that Cuvier was cheated by a German country surgeon, in regard to one of his great extinct reptiles! Zoological research is continually showing how little is known of what actually exists, and anatomical investigation is proving daily the identity of living with what have been called extinct species; and as knowledge increases, the presumption of the men becomes more and more apparent, who pretend to know what exists and what is extinct in the immensities of nature. The whirligig of scientific opinion promises a return to something like the sentiments of the poets whom we find quoted by Mr. Gosse in his popularly written and beautifully illustrated 'Aquarium':—

> 'From Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,—
> Tenth or ten thousandth,—breaks the chain alike.'

and, again, from Stillingfleet:—

> Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
> Important in the plan of Him, who fram'd
> This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
> Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
> Which nature's self would rue.

M. de Quatrefages indulges his imagination in the formation of a perfect animal. 'The perfect animal, if it could be in this world, ought to unite the rarest qualities which are disseminated among a great number of different species. It ought to move upon the earth with the security and swiftness of a zigetai, the wild horse upon which the Monguls mount the god of fire. It ought to be able to cleave the air like the martlet, and sustain its flight like the pelican, which are met two hundred leagues.

from all land, and can fly four hundred leagues without resting a single instant its wings, whose length prevents them from reposing upon the surface of the waters. The perfect animal ought to be able to dive to the depths of the seas, and cleave their stormy waves with the rapidity of the dolphin and with the perseverance of the shark, which follows a ship from Europe to America, making, without stoppage, a voyage of eight or nine hundred leagues, the windings and tackings of which treble or quadruple the distance. To these faculties of locomotion, it ought to add the force of the elephant or the whale; the infallible scent of the pointer; the delicate touch of the bat; the fine ears of the mole; the piercing glance of the condor, which, hovering above the Cordilleras, discerns the smallest prey browsing on the plain four thousand metres beneath him. For attack and defence, it would combine the formidable claws of the tiger with his terrible jaws; the impenetrable cuirass of the crocodile with the envenomed teeth of the rattlesnake and the cobra di copella; finally, all these divers attributes ought to be found together in a body in which the grace of the kitten should be found in alliance with the majesty of the reposing lion, while displaying the brilliant colours of the humming-bird and the bird of paradise.'

Although poets have praised each other for exhausting worlds and then inventing new, the creative fancy has never yet appeared among the endowments of men which could exhaust the idea of perfect animality. The creation of our learned academician is very bizarre and very incomplete. The principle upon which animals are coloured, striking exceptions apart, is harmony with their habitats, with modifications adapted to climate; sober colours in the winter time, and brilliant beauty in the love season. The pigments in the epiderm of the perfect animal ought, we submit, to adapt themselves to the moods, lights, and shadows, habits and habitats of the animal. Wood bugs have the hues of the bark and lichens upon which they live; green insects are found among the green grass and leaves; and just as there are beetles undistinguishable from the withered leaves among which they crawl, and caterpillars in the gooseberry-bushes motionless as their withered twigs, the giraffes and cameleopards resemble the weather-beaten trunks of the forests, and the grey of a herd of elephants is mistaken by unpractised eyes for the grey of the thorny jungle.

Another serious omission from this creation is the protection of the tortoises as apostrophized in the Greek proverb—

'O tortoises! happy in your hides.'

Why not, since we are about it, give the perfect animal the

power of enclosing himself in a box? The type of a chelone is an animated box. No naturalist has surpassed the old nursery book in the description of it:—

'The tortoise securely from danger does dwell,
When he tucks up his head and his tail in his shell.'

Some enclose themselves by drawing in their heads; some by folding in the necks; there is a kind with a lid in front, another kind with a lid behind; and again, a kind with a lid at each end. Our perfect animal ought surely to be made happy in such a shield-like box.*

Longevity is another quality which must not be omitted. Brisk young tortoises, three or four centuries old, feed at Galapagos upon cactuses which have been growing for a thousand or a couple of thousand years.

However, the greatest omission from the conception of the perfect animal is of its sociability, which fits animals for domesticity and the service of man. The perfect animal ought to be tameable. Vast as are the services man derives from the lower animals, they are probably insignificant in comparison with what

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* *Apropos* of tortoises and turtle, no Londoner can help thinking of aldermen, and Mr. Broderip relates an anecdote of Chantrey the sculptor and a civic functionary at a feast on green turtle, which is too good to escape quotation:—'Our own lamented Chantrey, who, though fully alive to the merits of the good things of this world, was one of the most unselfish and liberal of men, had a story of a passage during one of the City feasts at which he was present. The great national sculptor—for truly great and truly national he was—sat next to a functionary before whom stood a large tureen of turtle-soup. This citizen instantly possessed himself of the ladle, carefully fished out the coarser parts, and offered the plate containing them to Chantrey, who declined.

'"I watched," said he, "the progress of the plate: at last it was set down before the Lord Mayor's chaplain; and the expression of that man's face, when he beheld it, I shall never forget." The functionary went on helping till he had cleared the soup of all but the green fat and richer parts, the whole of which he piled up in a capacious plate for himself. Then up spoke our sculptor, and said, "If you will allow me to change my mind, I'll take a little turtle;" and the waiter, who held the plate, placed it, to the horror of the dispensing expectant, before Chantrey, who immediately commenced spoon-exercise, as Jonathan delicately describes such evolutions; "and this I did," said Chantrey, "to punish him for his greed."

'What was our unhappy functionary to do? His own tureen was exhausted, and, in a half frantic tone, he called to one of the waiters to bring him some turtle. But at City feasts the guests are very industrious, especially when turtle is the order of the day; and the waiter, after trying about, brought back to our greedy citizen the identical plate of fatless flesh which had so astounded the chaplain, who had contrived to exchange his unwelcome portion for one more worthy of a sleek son of the Church: "and then," Chantrey would add, "my attentive neighbour's visage was awful to look upon!" There was no help for it; so the disconcerted functionary betook himself to the rejected plate, with the additional discomfiture of seeing Chantrey send away his, still rich with calipee, fat, and fins.'

will in future times be obtained from them. All animals sociable among themselves, it is probable, may be domesticated. The Chinese fisherman sends the cormorant, with a string round its neck to prevent its swallowing the prey, away to fish for him, and has taught the bird to fear his bamboo cane if it is idle, and to feel pleased if applauded when it is industrious. The dog is a wolf. There is no difference between the anatomy of a wolf and a dog. They reproduce together freely, voluntarily, and continuously; and this is what physiologists mean by species. Gratitude in the dog, fear in the wolf, moral and not zoological differences, inspire the fidelity of the one, or excite the ferocity of the other, and make the dog a friend and the wolf an enemy of man. 'The wolf in his midnight prowl' is the kindred of the sheep-dog who protects the fold. The differences between the effects of good living and hunger during successive generations, and the hereditary transmission of qualities once acquired, will be found to explain probably all the differences which exist between the house-dogs which protect the homesteads of France and the flocks of wolves which every winter spread terror from the Alps and the Pyrenees up to the very gates of Paris.

The function of perforation is one of the most wonderful faculties of animals. It is the most incredible feat of nature in accomplishing great effects by small means. The researches of M. de Quatrefages in the neighbourhood of Saint Sebastian gave him opportunities of studying the *teredo navalis*, which the French naturalists call *le taret*, and British sailors the 'ship worm.' There are several varieties of the ship-worm, at least half-a-dozen of which are British. Just now, when we have a fleet in the Black Sea, which is infested by the ship-worm, its kindred, the pholades, and its associates and allies in destruction, the sea fleas (*chelura* and *limnoria*), the subject is of vital importance to the interests of the maritime powers engaged in the war. Every account we have ever read of the Russian fleets at Sebastopol, has described the vessels of it as weakened and rapidly destroyed by these pests of the seas. In the last century, Holland which braved Spain when strongest, and whose navy once invaded the Thames with a besom at the mast-head, was in danger of inundation from the ravages of these small but terrible enemies, in destroying the piles upon which it is built. Prior to the coppering of the bottoms of ships, it sometimes happened that they went into pieces far at sea, under the feet of the sailors and passengers, without giving the slightest warning of the catastrophe. The Turkish, British, and French fleets at Balaklava and Chersonese, are now exposed to the insidious enemies, long so fatal to the Russian ships; and will have to sustain attacks, more persevering, more perfidious, and therefore still more perilous,

than the hurricanes of the Euxine or the artillery of Sebastopol. A slight idea of the practical importance of the study of these shellfish and crustaceans may be derived from the consideration taught by experience to the maritime nations, that it is cheaper and better to sheath the bottoms of their ships with copper, or as if it were with half-pence, than to run the risk of their ravages. This expensive defence, however, has been found to be an insufficent protection; and one of the most important questions of practical science in the present day is how to find more efficient remedies for the evil.

Perforation, boring, piercing, or excavating, is the most curious operation in the animal world. Most kinds of animals make holes. Blainville imagined a classification based on form, extending from man the most perfectly formed animal, downwards to the sponge the nearly formless animal; and in almost every link of this multiform chain, kinds of animals exist, which perforate without exception, even of the last and lowest of all, the sponge, one species of which in the silicious group has acquired the name of *spongia terebrans*, or the boring sponge, because it corrodes the stones to make a lodging for itself. Without mouth or intestines, and having for its envelope only a very soft and glutinous membrane, the boring sponge penetrates and corrodes the shells of molluscs, especially oysters and the hardest calcareous stones. These stones are riddled with labyrinthine holes; and they are holed in every direction to such a degree, that at first sight they might themselves be taken for petrified sponges. Animals perforate all kinds of substances, animal, vegetable, and mineral, bones, tissues, horns, skins, woods, and granite. Indeed, larves of insects have of late years been proved to have perforated the lead of roofs and the metal of the steel and copper plates of engravers.

The object of the different animals in their perforations is either to find food or lodging, or a place of security for their eggs. A Californian woodpecker, however, which Sir William Jardine proposes to call *picus providens*, the provident woodpecker, a black one, with a red head and yellow throat, has been described of late, which is said to hammer out holes in the bark of trees to store acorns in them. They are even said to prepare holes during the summer to be ready for the acorns in the autumn. The statement needs confirmation. This is, we believe, the first time such a high instinct as foresight and providence, rare even among the human species, and found in few mammals, has been ascribed to birds. If the observation should be confirmed, it would give an additional object to the zoological perforation—namely, the storing of food. We should be obliged to correct our statement, and to say animals perforate to obtain food and lodging,

and to depose their eggs and store their provender. In pursuit of these objects, animals of such apparent insignificance as to be popularly called fleas, flies, grubs, worms, and the like contemptuous names, destroy harvests, breakwaters, piers, forests, towns, navies, and nations.

The ship-worm is called, in Cuvierian terms, an acephalous mollusc, a headless soft-bodied animal, words which have come into vogue all the more readily, that nobody has defined either what is a soft body or what is a head. As for this present writer, he has spent too many pleasant months in the society of these shell-bearing creatures to venture to say they have no heads. The word 'teredo' is a Greek and Latin word, signifying the wood-worm; and Linnæus, adding an adjective to the substantive, which means naval, describes the animal as the *teredo navalis*, or wood-worm of ships. Lamarck includes them in 'les conchifères demiaires tubicolés'—or inhabitants of a tube, bearing shells, which have two muscular impressions within each valve. M. Deshayes calls the ship-worm a 'pholadaire,' or creature hiding in a hole like the pholades. The ship-worm seems a white-greyish worm, about a foot long, and half an inch thick, with a round end, and a forked end. The shell consists of two small valves, about the size of a nut. Within the valves is what the French naturalists have called 'un cuilleron' or small spoon, and the English a 'spoon-shaped process;' but which we have demonstrated with general acceptance in France and England to be a veritable lever. [See Jameson's 'Edinburgh Phil. Mag.' for July, 1851, and 'Eclectic Rev.' for December and August, 1853.] Outside the valves are the teeth of a rasp, as in the other pholades. The foot of the *teredo navalis* is at the bottom of the tube and hole it makes in the wood, and the levers are inserted in the muscles of it. Two syphons form the opposite end of the ship-worm, which communicate with the sea. Like the pholas, the teredo is a rasp, and grates down the wood in making its hole: like the pholas also, the teredo is a squirt, and rejects through the anal syphon the wood dust. The foot acts as the motor of the rasp through the levers of the valves; and by its expansibility as the piston of the squirt. Such is this animated perforating machine. In the elongated form of the teredo, the liver, ovaries, and gills, are not placed beside each other, but the one after the other. We know not whether the kinds of ship-worms in the Black Sea consist of those who spawn in spring or in autumn. If the public accounts of the Russian fleets are true, the spawning season of these animals occurs when it may be a dangerous time for our navies of war and commerce. Their reproduction is involved in much obscurity. The reproductive characteristics, the fecundation, and the spawning of these crea-

tures, have never yet been described or seen, we believe, by any observer. Probably, the young are deposited in a gelatinous mass upon the adjacent surface of wood as the pholades are upon the rocks, according to our personal observation; and after a certain time, each individual separates and shifts henceforth for itself. All animals undergo metamorphoses; the metamorphosis of the insect into egg, larve, chrysilade, butterfly—or of the frog into eggs, fish, quadruped—or some other not yet sufficiently observed, such as the alternate generations of salpa, in which the single creature produces the combined creatures, and the combined the single!

M. de Quatrefages thus describes what he has seen of the metamorphoses of the ship-worm:—

'Let us see what happens to the teredo. The larve is at first almost round, and resembles one of those little sea urchins, every one of whose spines serves it as an organ of natation. It swims about in every direction with extreme agility, and this first state lasts about a day and a half. About this time the outside skin splits and encrusts itself with calcareous salts, and becomes a shell, at first oval, then triangular, and lastly nearly round. During the formation of the shell the vibratile hairs disappear, but this does not condemn the little animal to inactivity. As the exterior hairs disappear, a swelling developes, which is equally hairy, and which enlarges and spreads like a little collar surrounded with fringes. This new organ of locomotion can hide itself in the shell, or display itself outside, and act almost like the wheel of a steamboat.

'Thanks to this apparatus the young larve continues to swim with as great facility as in his first condition; but he has acquired in addition an organ which enables him to walk upon a resisting surface, and to raise himself, for example, along the side of a glass vase. This is a sort of fleshy foot, similar to a long tongue, which lengthens and shortens at will. The larve of the teredo possesses besides auditive organs, like those of several other molluscs, and eyes analogous to those of certain annelides.

'During this period of his existence our mollusc enjoys in a high degree the characteristics of the *être animal*. He moves, and is in relation with the exterior world by special apparatus. Very well! then comes another metamorphose; this same ship-worm loses his organs of movement and sensation, and becomes a sort of inert mass, in which the life of the vegetable almost entirely replaces the spontaneous activity of the animal.'

We have seen young ship-worms, about the size of the head of a large pin, in the little cups they bore for themselves on the surface of submerged wood. As they grow they penetrate across and then along the grain of the wood.

Many remedies have been employed against the devastations of these creatures. Wood for ships has been steeped in corrosive

sublimate, and M. de Quatrefages proposes to prevent the fecundation by means of salts of copper, lead, or mercury, thrown into the docks or basins in which the wood lies submerged. The late M. Laurent, who devoted many years to this subject, thought more success would be obtained by encouraging the natural enemies of the teredoes, the most voracious of which are several species of nereides.

We have called them pests of the seas, these destroyers of rocks and ships. But they do good work; by breaking down the rocks they supply the ocean with the lime which forms the bones of fish and the cement of sandstone; and by destroying the floating timbers washed down by the tropical rivers, they hasten the decay and decomposition of vegetable matter, which is the greatest enemy of the health of animal life upon the globe.

The multifarious contents of the works of Messrs. Quatrefages and Broderip have led us to glance discursively at the idea of life. Life is nutrition and reproduction, which words may be again interpreted by assimilation and metamorphosis. A distinguished physiologist analyzed the blood in the left sac of the heart of a dog the other day, in illustration of assimilation, and found sugar in it, and in the blood which had circulated and reached the right sac there was none. Reproduction consists of changes, which warrant the statement that embryogeny is the science of metamorphoses (from the egg, which is a series of envelopes or cells, onwards to the adult animal), very various in kind, and but imperfectly known.

We conclude by mentioning two great facts which have been touched upon by our authors—the mystery of suspended animation, and the marvellous relations which subsist among animals. Dr. Franklin wished he could have his life suspended a century, to see what had become of the United States. The flies he saw revive in London, after having been corked in wine bottles in Virginia, may not have been quite so long confined as the wine merchant asserted. On the moss of our slate roofs, however, lives an animal, called by the discoverer of it, Leuwenhœck, a rotifer, which dies in dry and lives in wet weather. We have only to wet the moss, and squeeze it into a cup, as if it were a sponge, to see the rotifers under the microscope. The rotifer has become the representative of a class of small animals, chiefly worms (some of which have indeed been classed with eels and spiders, 'Anguillules' and 'Arachnides,') and all of which possess the faculty of suspended animation.

Animals are strangely related to each other. Man has in him, on him, or about him, a representation of the animal world. Every animal has, like him, animal friends and foes. If he is attended by the sparrow, the sleeping crocodile is debarrassed of

the insects in its mouth, and warned of danger by the *zic-zac*, a little plover. Sheep and cattle are protected by daws, magpies, and starlings. The feet and beak of the *beefeater* (Buphaga Erythrohyncha) are admirably adapted to enable it to rid oxen, camels, and antelopes, from the maggots which burrow in their hides. 'When the sleeping rhinoceros is in danger,' says Mr. Gordon Cumming, 'his birds stick their bills into his ears, and utter a harsh grating cry, nor do they desert him when brushed off as he runs, by the branches of trees, nor when pursued by the bullets of the hunter.' Major Denham records a similar observation in regard to wild elephants, and a number of thrush-like birds, who do not quite abandon the elephant even when alarmed by the flashes of muskets, nor after they have been struck by spears. The philosophers who pride themselves on finding a verminous self-interest under appearances of heroic devotion, will not forget to tell us that the birds find ticks, on which they feed, on the backs of the rhinoceros and the elephant.

The adaptation of the structure of animals for the services they are to render to other animals; their relations of mutual advantage; the suspension of life until it seemingly passes in alternate death and life; the power of the feeblest creatures of perforating the harder substances; longevity reaching several centuries; sociability capable of transforming ferocity into friendship, and the extermination of mammal as of human races; such have been the subjects we have enumerated, perhaps of necessity somewhat in the touch-and-go style of a showman before a booth:—but this booth is a temple.

ART. VI.—Πανδώρα, Σύγγραμμα περιοδικὸν ἐκδιδόμενον δὶς τοῦ μηνός. Συντάκται, A. P. Ραγκαβῆς, K. Παπαρρηγόπουλος, N. Δραγούμης, κ.λ. Τόμος Πέμπτος. Ἀπὸ Ἀπριλίου, 1854, μέχρις Ἀπριλίου, 1855. Ἀθήνησι. [The Pandora, a periodical published twice a month. Editors A. R. Rangavis, K. Paparrigopoulos, N. Dragoumis, &c. Volume V. From April 1854 to April 1855. Athens.]

2. *Romaic and Modern Greek compared with one another and with Ancient Greek.* By James Clyde, M.A. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox. 1855.

GOETHE thought that the idea of destiny which lies at the root of Greek tragedy having vanished from the earth, we ought now to agree with Napoleon that politics is fate. The great German may have been influenced in this opinion by his court connexions

and his aristocratic tendencies; but, notwithstanding, there lies within it a vast deal of truth. In support of this, we could adduce no more striking instance than the present war. What is its object? The British people are most certainly agreed, that it is a war made against a tyrannic government, which threatens to drag all free men within its murderous grasp. So far, all right; and we, as one of the British people, would urge its thorough and resolute prosecution. But as soon as we come to look a little more closely into matters, we are met on all sides by the most puzzling questions and difficulties. On the very threshold we are stopped by the inquiry, What object has the British government in carrying out the war? For be it remarked, there is an immense difference between the British government and the British people. The British people are loud in the praises of liberty, and have a deep and heartfelt persuasion of its blessings. The British government on the other hand are essentially despotic, their sympathies lie with the continental despots, and their acts, when not forced on by the representations and enthusiasm of the people, have been despotic in their nature and tendency. What motive then can they have in this war? Unfortunately, they have none. It was a mere accident to all appearances that led them into it; they tried to slink out of it as well as they could; they hoped for an amicable settlement with their despotic friends, and doubtless they would long ere this have allowed the Czar to prey on Turkey, had there not been in Britain a freedom-loving, noble-hearted people to compel their sluggish and apathetic rulers to a more determined and more manly course. If thus entering on a war with no leading idea, in fact nothing to fight for, but merely something to fight against, we may be sure that they will conduct it without any such idea, and the consequence will be, that, when, as often happens, the cause of liberty might be served, its interests will be neglected, and even its services despised.

We shall not enter into a more minute discussion of these matters. Any one can easily suppose for himself how a skilful government, anxious to see men everywhere freed from tyrants, might find auxiliaries to itself by acting sympathetically with millions of Germans and Italians who long for a free land. We say, a *skilful* government, for no one can be blind to the immense difficulties with which it would have to cope. In the meantime, we wish merely to direct attention to a small corner of land, once the seat of the most illustrious city-states, the birthplace of the most gifted artists, and the home of some of the greatest thinkers of the past.

The difference between the British government and the British people has nowhere made itself more completely mani-

fest than in the case of Greece, and nowhere has it wrought more mischief. The British people hailed the Greek revolution with the utmost ardour, assistance was sent them from all quarters, Philhellenes raised subscriptions for them in London, and Philhellenes went over and fought for them in Greece. But as surely as the British people sympathize with any spark of liberty, as surely does the British government try to extinguish it in their own quiet unobserved way. Again and again did our consuls play the most detestable part in support of the Turks. Again and again have men, dressed in a little brief authority, played fantastic tricks before high heaven in the government of the Ionian Islands. And more than once has there been wanton interference with Greeks, merely to show them that the British lion is not to be tampered with. What is the consequence? Just this, that the Greek people have far more ardent expectations of liberty from Russia than from England, and that, if they are to be under a foreign government, they would choose the domination of the Czar rather than the rule of Britain. For Russia has been kind to them, has favoured their idea of freedom, has been supposed to work for it, and even yet her representatives do all the good they can to the Greek nation, and aid the prosperity of Greek institutions. Even this very war at first sight seems undertaken in behalf of Greek Christians against Mohammedan Turks. We know for a certainty that the Czar had far other aims. His communications with Sir Hamilton Seymour, are to us most conclusive proofs that the autocrat in his ambition thought nothing of Christians, except so far as he might subject them, soul and body to himself, the supreme head of Church and State. And the Greeks by this time should be aware that Nicholas (and doubtless his successor is of the same mind) affirmed that he would 'never permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state.' Indeed many of the Greeks are well aware of this. But what matters that? Russia has hitherto entwined the interests of Greece with her own, and Greece will cling to her and side with her, so long as free England can offer her nothing but the stern and haughty treatment in which our aristocratic rulers delight.

The vast difference between the present position of the Greeks and the Turks is this; that there are the elements of progress in the one, and the most marked signs of decay in the other. Turkey can advance only when it has ceased to be Mohammedan; Greece has begun to advance, and has had for some time within it a party of noble-minded men longing for the moral and intellectual regeneration of their native land, and some of whom have already bequeathed to her heroic deeds, and self-sacrificing

labours. Here is the determining point for us. Granting that all the accusations that have been poured of late on the Greeks are true to the smallest tittle, that they are cheats, lazy scoundrels, ignorant, selfish (though by the way, we ought to remark that Englishmen knowing modern Greek, almost invariably bring back a good report, a small minority like Joshua and Caleb of olden times, while the great numbers who do not, cannot find terms adequate enough to express their contempt and their disgust), granting all this for the sake of argument, it is still indisputable that there is within Greece a fellowship of workers, who have resolved, and now labour hard to raise their country from its degradation. Within itself there are the elements of a new existence. These patriotic men are not so foolish as to deny the moral disintegration of Greece. Though anxious to maintain their country's credit, whenever it can be upheld, and though they occasionally praise it more than it deserves, (no very heinous fault, surely!) yet still the palpable fact lies before them, that vast numbers of the Greeks are uneducated, polluted by many vices, and often guilty of deeds as foolish as they are injurious. The hard strugglers in the battle of Greek regeneration have again and again to complain of the apathy of their fellow-countrymen, nay even of the apathy of the government, and the selfish conduct of Greek ministers. But why wonder at this? As Professor Phrearitis says, in an article on education, 'the Greek nation is yet a babe.' It has as yet had scarcely thirty years of liberty, in which it might throw off the prostrating and demoralizing effects of a slavery more than four hundred years old. A nation is not born in a day. Evil habits, especially the evil habits engendered by tyranny and slavery, are not shaken off in the twinkling of an eye. The Greeks ask fair play. 'Give us time and give us opportunity, and then you will see what education can make of us.' 'Why,' says Professor Phrearitis (p. 530), 'are we vexed with the hired Fallmerayer, because he writes against us that we are not Greeks, when we afford him the greatest proof of this in despising our own great ones, and gaping for the least pittances of foreigners? O ministers of Greek instruction and the Greek church! none of us is guilty in this, the Greek nation is yet a babe; it has need of a teacher and a guide (παιδαγωγοῦ καὶ χειραγωγοῦ) unwearied and faithful to introduce it to the ancestral storehouses of knowledge, and to point out to it the ancestral mine. But this is up to this time covered over as it were; uncover it, O minister, through suitable workmen, and then you will see how brilliant, abundant, and magnificent it is. Unfold it to our eyes, and you will hear from the mouth of all one cry, "We all wish to be scholars of those whose sons we verily are."'

Such earnest endeavours ought not to be despised. It is those noble-hearted men thus intent on the welfare of their country, that make Greece at present a most worthy object of sympathy, and of pleasant contemplation. The Turks have no such men. The Turks can point to no such strivings among themselves to bring about a regeneration, and consequently we have no such strong and just hope for Turkey as we have for Greece. How do these Greek patriots intend to raise their country? This is a subject keenly discussed among themselves. One of the articles of the 'Pandora' is entitled, 'What are the Centres of National Unity?' The writer, Mr. Carousos, of Cephalonia, finds them in Byzantium and Athens—Byzantium, the seat of the patriarchate and the church; and Athens, the seat of learning and education. The church and the school are the watchwords of Greek patriots, for the opinion of Mr. Carousos is shared by almost all the active and earnest men in Greece.

A British reader might ask, Why the church? and certainly the reason is quite a peculiar one. It is not that the clergy are so good that they will reform the people. In a pamphlet on Education by Professor Stroubis, we met with the following suggestion: 'Where the constitution of such a school becomes impossible on account of the number of the population, let the priest have the task of teaching the children writing, reading, the four rules of arithmetic, and the holy catechism,' &c. Then again, he asks: 'Why is the Word of God rarely heard preached from the sacred pulpit in the capital itself, and almost never in most of the villages and towns?' And farther on, he affirms of the priests, that they 'eat the fat, and clothe themselves with the wool, and kill them that are fed, but do not feed the flock. The diseased they have not strengthened, neither have they healed the sick, neither have they bound up that which was broken, neither have they brought again that which was driven away, neither have they sought that which was lost, but with force and with cruelty have they ruled them.' (Ezek. xxxiv. 3, 4.)

In reviewing this work for the 'Pandora,' Professor Phrearitis makes the following remarks on the suggestion and the accusations (p. 526):—'Here our writer talks as if he had come immediately from Scotland or Northern Germany straight into Greece. He is ignorant that not only in villages, but not even in Greek cities, are there educated priests scattering in the midst of the people, as happens in other happy lands, the light of the Divine word and the civilization of Christianity. He is ignorant that such a blessing has not been vouchsafed to us by Divine Providence. He is ignorant that most of our priests have themselves need of instruction in our public schools. But does the clergy fail on that account? Far be the thought from us. The

Greek clergy, though such, is beloved and respected by us, because it has in it the virtues and feelings with which the orthodox faith inspires all its servants: devotion to country, love towards neighbours, with endurance of others,* a strong attachment to liberty and intellectual development. As individuals, our priests are very good; but as teachers of the people, and as moulders of the community, they are altogether unsuitable, and just for this reason, that ever with them what is impossible is not possible. Who of us has ever sincerely thought about the general education of the clergy? who has provided for their regeneration? who has cared for their freedom from their present slavish condition? who has held forth a hand to raise them when they have fallen? Who has elevated them to a position whence they might become the teachers, the advisers, and the helps of the people?'

In these circumstances, very little is expected from the clergy. Is the belief, then, in the dogmas of the Greek church reckoned so purifying that hope arises from that quarter? No such thing. The reason is purely an historical one. Ever since the Greeks were subject to foreign sway, the Greek church has held them together as a nation. It preserved their language, it prevented them from blending with Turks, and it has ever kept their eye steadily fixed on Constantinople. Hence it is believed that it will perform the same function for the future. It is not merely a few, but all the first-rate Greeks, including Tricoupis, who are of this opinion. We are not astonished at the unanimity that prevails on this point. The strong desire to see their country acting harmoniously and powerfully has led them into this singular idea. But we must say, we cannot but regard it as a dangerous one; and possibly enough, it may be big with gloomy results for Greece. We spy breakers ahead. There are sunken rocks along this course, against which the slim Greek caique may be shattered to pieces. If the Greeks were unanimous in the belief that the doctrines and faith of the Greek church were true in the sight of God, the Greek church might then perform the office demanded of it. But we are afraid this is not the case. Many of the most learned and the most influential, if our reports be correct, feel doubts gathering around them, and some of them have more than doubts. But according to this plan, these doubts and inquiries are to be stifled to serve a political purpose and to prop up a much desired nationality. Religion is to be compelled to dance attendance on politics, and do its dirty work. Surely, these men forget that out of a sham and a lie no good can by

* This peculiar part of the teaching smacks of their feelings and relations to the Turks.

any possibility come; on the other hand, that God punishes national hypocrisy in the strictest and severest way.

A Greek might reply to us, 'You do not feel the difficulties which beset us. We have just two alternatives, either Roman-catholicism or Protestantism. Roman-catholicism is not only spiritually but also temporally despotic; and we, therefore, can have nothing to do with it, as we hate temporal despotisms. Protestantism, again, is split up into so many parties that there is no unity.' Such, in fact, is the defence of the Greek church by Mr. Carousos. We object to the very form in which the defence is put. Religion, the highest and noblest privilege of man, is the grandest aim of either a nation or a man, and the attempt to subordinate it to a political aim must infallibly end in confusion and ruin. And after all, we do not think the Greeks are so snug in their church as they fancy. There are obvious causes for the unity which has hitherto existed; causes which are now vanishing, even as we think the object for which the church has been useful has been accomplished. Moreover, the Greek church is under its patriarch just now; but if Russia ever get power over Turkey, the Czar becomes their patriarch, and a patriarch somewhat stronger than the Pope. But if Russia fail, and all the Greeks become free men, Protestantism is inevitable. The very strength of individuality caused by liberty necessitates variety of opinion. And it would be in every way ruinous, if the Greek patriots, out of a patriotic motive, were to place themselves in the way of the free development of the religious nature. A pretended faith is hateful to God and man.

The other centre of Greek nationality is education, which accordingly has excited a vast deal of attention. Indeed, the literature of Greece is at present occupied very much in discussing the methods of education, and the schemes according to which it should be directed. Ought the government to have the management? Or ought the clergy? Or ought the demes or parishes? Ought schools of all kinds to be open to all classes free of fee? Ought the government to compel parents to send their children to school? Such are the subjects now agitated in Greece.

There has been something more, however, than agitation. The work of education has been going on, and we may take the success already attained as but an earnest of the great results that will follow. Indeed, we do not think that enough attention has been given to what we cannot but call a most extraordinary intellectual movement among the Greeks. Just look at the language. But a few years ago, it was a strange jargon of Italian, Turkish, and Greek, reducible to no grammatical rules, and with nothing as a literature but some national ballads and popular un-rhymed stories. Now it is old Greek back again,

adapted for these times, used for modern ideas, but yet pure, idiomatic, very copious, and beautiful. Mr. Clyde has done essential service to the scholarship of our country by pointing out what the language of the Greeks really is. Induced by the statements of Professor Blackie, he took a trip to Athens to study the language for himself, and he has detailed in the learned disquisition before us the 'result of eight months' observation and inquiry on the spot.' He deserves especial credit for the clearness with which he has marked out the difference between Romaic and modern Greek. He says:—

'The difference between Romaic and modern Greek cannot be better represented in brief than by that which exists between broad Scotch and good English. There are phrases in the one unknown to the other, like the famous "neffou o' glaur," which all the English of George IV., and his boasted knowledge of Scotch to boot, were unable to explain; the truncation and fusion of words, incident to all merely colloquial dialects, and prevalent in the one, are rejected by the other; the one is subdivided into innumerable varieties, under the tyranny of local influences; the other triumphs over provincialism, and varies not according to the birthplace, but according to the education of him who uses it; the one has no literature except proverbs and popular poetry; the other is the vehicle of all knowledge to an entire people; and just as in Scotland the educated recur to the vulgar dialect, for the sake of intelligibility, when discoursing with the illiterate, and, in certain circumstances, even when discoursing with one another, to avoid the appearance of affectation, or for the sake of forcible, familiar, or comical expressions, so in Greece, where Romaic is still the language of the nursery and the playground, and where, from the rarity of preaching and the recency of schools, the people in general are not yet familiarized with modern Greek, as are the humbler classes in Scotland with good English, there is a large admixture of Romaic in the conversational style even of the educated classes.'—pp. 4, 5.

We can add our testimony to Mr. Clyde's assertions. The volume before us of the 'Pandora' is written throughout in beautiful Greek. Scarcely a word occurs which is not at once recognised by a Greek scholar as an old acquaintance or the combination of old acquaintances. Indeed, we are rather inclined to think that the Greeks have gone Greek-mad. They will not admit a word that is not Greek into their language. Nay, more, they must translate everything. The 'Times' is *ὁ χρόνος*, the Tuileries is *τὰ ἀνάκτορα τῶν Κεραμείων*, the Palace of the Tileworks, and Doctor Smith is *Διδάκτωρ Σμίθ*, Teacher Smith. We heard lately of a curious instance of the prevalent determination to speak modern Greek. A Greek friend of ours told us that he had seen, in his native place, a small volume, which had been just published, containing genuine Greek

equivalents for the usual Turkish and Italian names of household articles, and the people were committing to memory the Greek names of their chairs, slippers, and such like, that they might discard the foreign terms.

The progress of the language is a sign that the education of the people has in some measure been successfully carried on. We cannot but regard the success as really marvellous. Mr. Clyde gives a list of the schools in Free Greece (p. 52):—'To popular schools, and to the press, modern Greek is mainly indebted for its spread, and its prospect of ultimate consolidation. It deserves to be known, that in the organization of its schools, the petty kingdom of Greece may challenge comparison with the most advanced nations of Europe. The following summary of the official educational returns for 1853, is borrowed from the Φοίνιξ for June of that year:—

			Attendance.
'Popular schools, in which the instruction is gratuitous for boys	279	...	33,441
Ditto ditto ditto, for girls	36		
Greek schools, with four teachers each	72	...	5,750
Gymnasia, with seven teachers each	7	...	1,950
Private gymnasia, competing with the former	4	...	?
University, with forty professors	1	...	400'

'Besides these, there are normal schools for the training of male and female teachers, as also special schools, theological and military, agricultural and artistic.'

These facts are deeply interesting. Poor depressed Greece is better provided with schools of a higher class than Scotland. We do not think that there is a single university in Scotland with a complement of forty professors, and a glance at the scheme of studies pursued shows that subjects are represented in the Othonian University which have not yet found a place in the best British institutions, political economy for instance. Then again, Scotland has not, we believe, a single school in which there is a regular staff of seven teachers, and it cannot have more than ten, if nearly so many, with a staff of four teachers whose attention is devoted exclusively to the higher branches of education.

The Greeks themselves complain that owing to their own poverty, and to the apathy of the masses, their country stands far behind in the number of the educated. The proportion of scholars to the population is reckoned at 40 in the 1000, there being in France 84 to the 1000, in 1841; and in Switzerland, of males alone, there were 181 to the 1000. Of course they cannot rest satisfied with this state of matters. 'The request,' says the writer from whom we take these statistics, 'of Mr. Stroubis does not appear to us extravagant, that there be one

school to every thousand inhabitants, or that there be a thousand public schools throughout the kingdom, when in the Canton of Vaud, in Switzerland, there are 639 public schools to a population of 160,000' ('Pandora,' May 15, 1855).

Nor are they content with their university. They wish to see it far more numerously attended, and better equipped. There were last year 643 students, 20 of theology, 190 of law, 317 of medicine, 74 of philosophy, or as we should say, of arts; and 42 attending the pharmaceutical class. The commercial classes give them very essential aid. Merchants are continually leaving them legacies; several are devoting large sums out of their gains to foster education; and there seems to be spreading an intense national feeling, which hopes to see Greece spring up to life by means of its educational and literary institutions.

The literature of the Greeks may give a good insight into the success of the higher educational appliances. A long time must necessarily elapse before we could expect much in the shape of well-written books. Yet he would be very exorbitant in his demands, who should be disappointed with what they have done. They have got poems and novels of genuine Greek origin. Asopius, Rangavis, and Mavrophrydis, would stand high as philologists anywhere. Contogonis has written an account of the literature of the fathers, more learned and more able than anything we know of in Britain, and Paparrigopoulos has composed admirable histories of Greece. The natural sciences have also their representatives; medicine is a favourite study; lawyers discuss law philosophically; and in one word, there is a literary activity wonderfully prolific considering its recent origin and the small public on which it must depend.

Politics run very high in Greece. Political discussions entrance the soul of a Greek. Alexandros Soutsos, in one of his novels, thus alludes to this feature of the Greek character. 'In Greece, politics from the magistrate to the porter, is our inborn general madness, and frequently shepherds of Parnassus and of Taygetus stop travellers by the way, and ask them if the kings of Europe are at war or peace with one another.' Accordingly, newspapers are numerous. Mr. Clyde, quoting from the 'Spectateur de l'Orient,' for September, 1853, gives the names of thirty-one journals issuing from the Greek press, two or three of which are French. Others have sprung up since, in consequence of the excitement caused by the present aspect of affairs in the East. There are also several periodical publications. Of Athens, Mr. Clyde thus speaks (p. 52):—'Athens, however, is the capital not only of Greece, but of the Greeks everywhere, as is clearly evinced by the surprising development of its periodical press. With a population somewhat over 30,000, it possesses about

twenty newspapers, of which four are published twice, and the rest once a week, besides seven monthly or bi-monthly periodicals, literary and scientific.'

One of these bi-monthly papers we have placed at the head of this article, both because it has given rise to our remarks, and because it deserves the attention of British scholars. The editors, professors in the university, do not find themselves very strongly supported. Indeed, as we have said, the reading public in Greece is too confined to admit of this. But they have resolved to struggle on, because their services are for the good of their country. Most assuredly they are. The 'Pandora' is a specimen of what Greeks can do. And we do not know any way in which a scholar, anxious to improve himself, and willing to assist a nation that is dear to him, could accomplish both things more easily than by spending a pound yearly in taking in the 'Pandora.' Indeed, our scholars will find it no mean advantage to do so. The Greeks are on the spot of investigation, they have now got a philological harness buckled on them, and they go out to plough in their own fields animated both by a love of knowledge and a love of country. The result will soon be felt. We have seen an admirable monograph by Vamvas on the monument of Lysicrates, and in the present volume of the 'Pandora,' a Greek scholar gives an account of gems and coins which he has collected, some of which are interesting, and twelve very curious ones are figured. Besides this, we have archæological journeys,—a field in which the Greeks may do a great deal yet.

The articles belonging to the class of general literature are not so numerous as they should be. Every number contains a part of a tale, almost invariably borrowed from the French. We have once and again looked for some tales of a native growth, for it would be exceedingly interesting to have genuine pictures of Greek domestic life from Greeks themselves, but we have been disappointed. We are surprised at this, because we have read an admirable story from the pen of Professor Rangavis, one of the editors of the magazine, and whose reputation as a poet is deservedly high. There is a fine field open here for the Greek ladies. There are many of them, we have no doubt, who could portray scenes and characters interesting both to Greeks and foreigners. The ground is as yet fallow. The Soutsoses have broken but a small corner, and yet they have produced very stirring novels.

Among other endeavours to create a Greek literature, the founding of a prize for poetry, by the benevolent Mr. Rallis, deserves especial notice. Every year, the *élite* of Athens, ladies and gentlemen, wend their way to the University, a professor delivers an oration, criticising all the poems that have been sent

in for competition, and then the victorious poem is proclaimed amid shouts of applause. These orations are printed in the 'Pandora.' That of Professor Rangavis in this volume is admirable, full of wise searching criticism, but sometimes we should be inclined to say, rather severe. Perhaps there is good reason for this.

Such a mode of encouraging poetry, people in this country might not think likely to produce great results. Our Oxford prize-poem writers do not very often charm the world as poets. Yet there can be no doubt that in Greece it succeeds. The rise of a poetical taste is very manifest, and this year there were sent in for competition a number of really good poems. The prize was adjudged to Mr. Theodoros Orphanides. His poem is now before us, in the 'Pandora' of June 1st, 1855. Its title is 'Anna and Florus; or, the Tower of Petra.' The measure is the hexameter. Anna and Florus are lovers, dwelling in Bœotia. Anna rejoices in a loving and tender father, Lampros, who is well known throughout the whole place. Florus is distinguished for his free sentiments and his hatred of tyrants, the feeling having been begotten in him by the loss of his father, who was murdered by the Turks while he was yet a child. Unluckily, Antonelli, an Italian, a man black with crimes and vices, falls in love with Anna, and by means of false accusations, he persuades the Turkish governor to lay hold on her father just as the marriage of the young couple is being celebrated. Here Orphanides, like all the competitors, pours out his vial of wrath on the Turks. Anna is altogether disconsolate. A maid servant brings her a letter, in which she reads, that if she go alone to the Tower of Petra, she may save her father. The beautiful girl suspects no danger, and goes, but is immured, Antonelli having taken this means to decoy his victim. A report goes abroad that she is in the harem of the Turkish governor, but Florus soon discovers its falseness, and prepares to storm the retreat of the Italian. A frightful scuffle is the consequence of this attempt, in the course of which Anna is slain. Years elapse, and a monk asks for the superior of a monastery situated where these occurrences took place. The superior is not at home, but on his arriving, the young brother is thunderstruck, when he recognises Lampros in the superior. He then entreats to have the care of the flocks belonging to the monks assigned to him. He goes up with the shepherds to the hills of Bœotia, but a snow-storm coming on, he is separated from his companions, and dies in his lonely hut of cold and hunger. After the snow vanishes, papers are found on his table, in which he confesses, that actuated by revenge for his beloved Anna, he had gone to Italy in search of Antonelli, had found him, and had plunged his dagger into his heart. The

story is well told, there is much beautiful description, passages of great force and power, and altogether the poem witnesses to much originality of invention and true poetic genius.

We are glad to see that the literature of England is well-known among them. We have in the volume before us a translation of Grote's chapter on Socrates, a long account of Byron from Washington Irving, a few anecdotes of Milton, and a notice of Charles Dickens. The review portion of the periodical announces that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' has been translated. A Greek has published an 'Anglo-Hellenic Lexicon.' Mr. Parmenides furnishes good translations from the prose of Longfellow and the poetry of Bryant. Then we have a review of the American edition of Dr. Smith's 'History of Greece.' And last of all, we find proposals for a translation of Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Antiquities.' The translator, Mr. Pantazis, applied to the Minister of Education for a contribution to his great undertaking, and received a most favourable reply, in which Dr. Smith's services are recognised far more warmly than they will be for some time to come by the British Government. His dictionary is styled 'τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς ἀρχαιολογίας λεξικὸν τοῦ ὄντως δεινοῦ περὶ τὸ εἶδος τοῦτο τῆς ἀρχαιομαθείας Ἄγγλου, W. Smith,' 'The Lexicon of Greek Archæology of the Englishman W. Smith, who is truly terribly clever in that kind of ancient learning.'—'Pandora,' May 19, 1855.

These facts, we hope, are sufficient to prove that the Greek mind is active. We might show that the same activity is going on in other departments. Thus, for instance, the Greeks sent to the Paris Exhibition two marble statuettes, the first specimens of genuine native sculpture which have been produced in revived Greece. The land of Phidias has taken up the chisel again. These statuettes are the works of Lazarus and George Phytalis of Tenos, scholars in the School of Arts at Athens, and are wrought out of Pentelic marble. The work of Lazarus is a shepherd leaning against a tree, and playing the flute, with a dog by his side, whose attention is arrested by the music. It is thus described by a writer in the 'Pandora' for May 15, 1855:—'The shepherd of Lazarus, in silence holding his flute, all his thoughts centred in himself, expresses wonderfully the calm of his soul and that of surrounding nature also, especially by means of the attention of the dog to the flute. The simplicity of the character, the melancholy sentiment of the expression of his face, the picturesque clothing of the Greek rustic, and the careless shepherd life, are so beautifully imprinted on the flute-player, that this little statue has attained the aim of the artist; and also, on account of the accuracy of the whole work, the praises of the spectator.'

The work of the other brother is an armed free Greek, sitting on a rock, on the outlook, and is thus described:—'The free Greek of George sitting upon a rock, appears as rising, and holds his left hand to his forehead, and looks into the distance, while, with his right he takes up his weapon, ready and eager to anticipate the coming danger. The involuntary (so to speak) movement of the armed man, the expression of the countenance, the energy of the whole body, while he yet appears sitting, wonderfully fulfil the condition required by the art of sculpture, namely, the representation at the same time both of motion and rest. The life in the face is so well expressed that he who gazes upon it thinks he hears him murmuring within his lips the song,

'Many a black cloud poured upon us, like the raven black,'*

from which it is very evident the artist drew his inspiration. The religious accuracy with which he has done every part of the clothing, while not neglecting the nakedness recommended by the art, the minuteness of the work of the folds, the execution difficult on account of the motion, and the truth of the anatomic representation claim for this work well deserved admiration and praise.'

We had intended to extract largely from some articles on the shipping of Greece, to show that the Greeks are advancing in other directions than that of intellectual exertion. Indented on all parts by the sea, they have ever delighted in breasting the ocean, and now that their activity has once more got an open field, they are making rapid strides. In 1834, they had 2891 ships; amount of tonnage unknown. In 1838, the ships numbered 3269; and the tonnage amounted to 88,502. In 1853, the ships were 4153 in number; and the tons 247,995. Syra is the most considerable of their ports, having 634 ships. The Piræus has 374.

We have reviewed the 'Pandora' with very great pleasure. We should give all the encouragement we can to the patriots who labour in their country's cause. There is one danger they must guard against very carefully and anxiously. In imparting knowledge, they must endeavour to awaken a true morality and a genuine godliness. Prometheus, in relieving men from their primæval wants, made mortals so cunning and so astute that they thought they might cheat the gods of their sacrifices. The legend has an ever-living meaning. Is not the Greek character but too apt to turn its intellectual acuteness to selfish ends? Let these

* This song describes the death of Diakos, who fell at Thermopylæ, fighting as bravely as Leonidas ever fought. The ballad is given in Donaldson's 'Lyra Græca,' p. 147; and an admirable account of the hero will be found in Tricoupi's 'Greek Revolution,' vol. i. p. 260.

earnest men trust in God. Let their hope be not in princes, Russian, or of any other kind; but let them trust in the great King of Heaven. Let them act as continually under His eye and in His service, and then, whether British or Russian governments try to crush them or to aid them, they will be successful; and they will see their nation rise from its ignorance and its destitution, assume a place among the ruling nations of Europe, and perform ably and thoroughly its destined mission.

ART. VII.—*Locke's Writings and Philosophy, historically considered, and vindicated from the Charge of contributing to the Scepticism of Hume.* By Edward Tagart, F.S.A., F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 504. London: Longman & Co.

IT would be difficult to characterize this volume, and give a clear notion of its scope and method to our readers. It is, however, of less importance to do this, since it is a work of impotent pretence, and *can have* no permanent standing in *philosophical* literature. The main reason for bringing it under review at all, is our *desire* to render our contribution of respectful criticism upon that great philosopher whose defence Mr. Tagart has magnanimously assumed, and, consequently, to protest against '*his*' right of *championship*. The name of Locke remains a watchword in the continued and interminable contests of philosophy; and the fact that it is heard resounding on either side, wherever the opposing ranks—of the sensationalists and *rationalists*—join their battles, shows indisputably that he occupies that μεταίχμιον γῆν, which is the scene of contest *because* it is the realm of truth. We make Mr. Tagart's book the occasion of some remarks respecting Locke, and the controversy still pending as to his connexion with the two philosophical parties that seem to wax and wane, in their respective ascendancy over the public mind, like the two *undying political parties* found in every commonwealth. We must simply, however, devote a page or two (parvum parva decent) to this volume, which has to *serve* as an introduction to the greater work of Locke.

The professed object of the volume, as stated in the first page, 'to remove or soften the unfounded and hurtful prejudices' that have been raised against the writings of Locke, and 'to vindicate their scientific worth,' is most laudable; and if it had been pursued with moderation of temper, with clear consecutive purpose, with an average amount of scholarship and critical talent,

the work would have been gladly welcomed by the large numbers who are now beginning to surround and honour Locke as their intellectual chieftain.

It remains for us to extricate and exhibit the method which Mr. Tagart has adopted in his defence of Locke, and then to give specimens of his heroic style of language and criticism, which will abundantly 'vindicate' the judgment we have given above.

His method must be extricated from the mass of contents; and even then it will be found that there is method only in the different sections, but no higher method binding these fragments into a consistent and integral work. The thread of the labyrinth is broken at every angle, and it is only by painful search that we again pick up the thrum. We have never read a book in which the writer seemed so unable to guide his thoughts towards the accomplishment of his object;

'Et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frœna Licentiæ
Injicere.'

The words of Shakspeare have haunted us throughout our perusal of it, as descriptive of its structure;

'Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they can be scanned.'

Mr. Tagart's aim is to soften, and, if possible, to eradicate the prejudices which have unhappily prevailed against the philosophy of Locke. For this purpose, he says, 'it is desirable at the outset to adduce some evidence of the nature and prevalence of the prejudices which I endeavour to remove; I shall then proceed to trace the origin, and inquire into the reasonableness of such prejudices.' Yet one half of his book is taken up with cursory notices of philosophers who lived before or after the time of Locke, but who have as little to do with those prejudices operating in men's minds now as any other of our forefathers who are quietly slumbering in their graves. For example, the ghosts of Bacon, and Campanella, and Henry More, are raised, and made to stalk in attenuated and shadowy form—no speculation in their eyes—through these pages. Again, there is a long critique on Leibnitz, but instead of calmly discussing the arguments of the 'nouveaux essais,' these are despatched in two or three pages, and the lengthy remainder is occupied with a discussion of the principles of the *Theodicea*. What these have to do with Locke, or the writer's professed object, we are baffled to comprehend, and 'quod foret mirum omnibus,' the optimism of Leibnitz, and Soame Jenyns, is here vehemently applauded, and asserted with a hardihood from which they themselves would have shrunk. The solution of that awful enigma, 'The origin of evil,' Mr.

Tagart proclaims to be easy. These are his words:—'When views like these (viz., of Jenyns, &c.) have been entertained by so many thoughtful men, it is idle to say with Gibbon, that they are too vast for a mortal mind. There is nothing in them *particularly difficult.*'

In like manner he drives his readers with the most tormenting coolness through the entire brake of philosophical controversy (for the name and cause of Locke are soon forgotten by him); he pursues the most zigzag course, in order that they may escape no difficult problem, no thorn or spike by which he himself has been jagged or impaled; and in conclusion, we are presented with an outline of the progress of English philosophy. This outline includes only the names of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, and Hartlez, in connexion with the latter of whom he barely mentions the names of Bentham, James Mill, Adam Smith, Brown, and Butler, as his disciples. Yes, Butler also is among the crew; for Mr. Tagart has discovered that Butler is 'perfectly utilitarian, substantially Hartleian. And, what is worse, this outline bears as little relation to Mr. Tagart's object, as the outline of the great chalk horse in the Salisbury Plains, or the outline of any cloudy cumulus in the skies.

But 'he found no end, in wandering mazes lost.' After an abrupt termination, we are left in vague amazement, which deepens and thickens upon us—if it be not mingled with anger, when we look again at the grand strutting preface—the 'os magna sonaturum'—with which the volume is introduced, and reflect not merely how his object has failed, but how all the prejudices he proposed to assauge would be exasperated and aggravated if we were to accept his exposition of Locke's philosophy as correct. He represents the system of Locke to be intimately, organically connected with those of Hobbes and Hartley; and he defends all three with an equally lusty zeal.

We may safely affirm that no point of the controversy between the sensational and rationalist schools is clearly apprehended, or intelligibly explained by Mr. Tagart (some proof of this we shall give by and by); but so far as loose declamatory language goes, the tendency of his book is towards rank sensationalism. It smells of the earth, earthy; for example, amid the haze of darkening verbiage, Mr. Tagart contrives to make it clear that 'the most comprehensive and refined intellectual conclusions, the results of the reflective powers, in their most perfect and beautiful developments, the most refined affections and habits of theopathy, sympathy, and the moral sense,' are traceable to a common 'sensational root;' and as Pisistratus Caxton says of a female friend, 'She took measure of a gift, as I was taught at Dr. Herman's to take measure of the height of the tower by the

length of the shadow it cast on the ground,'—so Mr. Tagart estimates the work of all philosophers in proportion as their system crawls upon the earth, instead of rising towards heaven. The very names of Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Kant, call forth his unappeasable, almost savage wrath; while Hartley is extolled as the prince of philosophers; and Hobbes, Bentham, and Brown receive their full meed of praise. A salutary fear has held him in check when he speaks of the great living philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, whose name, however, is seldom mentioned, and never with that respect which an honourable antagonist should render.

Why, Locke himself would be puzzled to comprehend the prejudices which have warped Mr. Tagart's mind; first, in his false interpretation of Locke's system; and secondly, in his strange hallucination, that he, with his plump, defiant sensationalism, was the man to wipe the bespattered escutcheon of Locke's fame: to remove or soften those prejudices which have unhappily prevented the candid study and due appreciation of Locke's writings.

We shall now give a few specimens illustrative of the literary taste, the philosophic acumen, and the scholarship displayed in this work, which will amply vindicate the just—not severe—opinions we have expressed. Though, if we had been severe, Mr. Tagart deserves no mercy after the presumptuous and uncouth manner in which he has 'hewed, hacked, and mauled' the reputation of the 'Illustrious Dead.' Thus he describes one child, 'who speaks truthfully, describes faithfully, and reasons consecutively;' and another who 'never reasons but in the fashion of Dame Quickly or the late Mr. Southey.' We suppose Mr. Macaulay's high example will be pleaded in countenance of this pitiable sneer at Dr. Southey; but who will stand godfather to such random and rabid declamation as the following, in which the calm precision of our author's style and the discrimination of his judgment appear. Because Dugald Stewart had eulogized Reid's 'Inquiry into the Human Mind' as the first successful execution of Lord Bacon's plan of study, we have this foaming outburst:—

'If to make bold assertions with complete indifference to the proof—to appeal to vulgar prejudice under the title of common sense, in answer to refined and subtle arguments—to declaim, but not to analyze—to substitute metaphors, fancies, prophecies, for an examination of nature, fact, and reasoning—to worship the idola tribus or idola specus; if this be to execute Lord Bacon's plan of study, then indeed, Dr. Reid has executed it. But whoever reads with conscientious care the authors who preceded Dr. Reid, will be only mortified to find to how little purpose they had written—how completely their

excellences and their faults were thrown away on this new candidate for literary distinction and philosophical discovery.'—pp. 29.

Again, he styles this work 'a very shallow and feeble performance, with not enough of argument to enable poor Reid to be called even a sophist.'

The following is his criticism on Hume's 'Treatise of Human Nature'—'It is written neither in philosophical style nor philosophical spirit. Its reasoning is viciously loose, its language miserably inexact. It did not produce, it could not produce, any deep impression on the mind of its readers.' *Quis te, o Gracche, querentem de seditione tulerit?* Has Mr. Tagart amused himself by preparing an epitaph to surmount the grave in which a foreshadowing fear warned him his book would quickly be interred? If so, fitter and happier words could hardly be conceived.

It is thus he writes of the revered Dugald Stewart, who first strove to avert the unjust odium heaped upon Locke, and who therefore deserved better treatment at the hand of our new champion. 'It can hardly fail to be instructive and useful if I exhibit somewhat in detail the statements to which just exception may be taken in Mr. Stewart's dissertation, not to say the unhappy prejudices and serious errors which he has contrived to heap together, within the compass of a few pages, when commenting on Hume and Locke.'

There are two charges, of ignorance and unfairness, which Mr. Tagart has brought against Reid, which we must make to rebound on himself, before we proceed further to show his incapacity for dealing with the simplest metaphysical problems.

In the ninety-ninth page he writes:—'How careless and how incorrect Dr. Reid could be in his representation of Locke, on the very subject of power, active and passive, Sir William Hamilton has shown in his notes to the late edition of Reid's collected writings.' We were certain, from our acquaintance with these notes, that this was an incorrect representation, and on reference found it to be flagrantly so. We wonder how Mr. Tagart could refer his readers to the very page where his misstatement would be instantly exposed and confuted. Hamilton only proves that Reid was guilty of an historical and philosophical blunder,—in supposing Locke's phrase, 'passive power,' to contain a novel and abusive application of the word power. He shows that the distinction made by Locke between δυναμις τοῦ ποιεῖν (*potentia activa*), and δύναμις τοῦ πάσχειν (*potentia passiva*), was established, if not invented by Aristotle, and that subsequently to him the phrase 'passive power' became not only common but classical. But Sir William Hamilton does not say that this error concerning the history and usage of a phrase has vitiated Reid's entire cri-

ticism of Locke, nor could any one save Mr. Tagart have dreamt such a monstrous absurdity, and then fathered his dream on such a wakeful thinker as Sir William.

Again, in his thirty-third page, after quoting the words of Reid, where he says that 'Berkeley's arguments are founded upon principles which were formerly laid down by *Des Cartes*, Malebranche, and Locke, and which have been very generally received;' and that Hume proceeds upon the same principles, but carries them to their full length; and as the Bishop undid the whole material world, this author, upon the same ground, undoes the world of spirits, and leaves nothing in nature but ideas and impressions, without any subject on which they may be impressed. Mr. Tagart annotates thus:—'It would not be easy to find in a treatise of repute on any other science an equal amount of misstatement with that contained in these few sentences. The whole is a presumption on the ignorance or indifference of the reader, characteristic of the mode in which metaphysical and moral science is commonly treated.' On this astounding charge it is well to notice: 1st. That Reid does not bring an insidious and personal accusation against Locke as the author of the scepticism of Berkeley and Hume, which the tenor of Mr. Tagart's remarks would imply, but against that doctrine of ideas which he supposed to be held by Des Cartes, Malebranche, and Locke. It is true, as Sir William Hamilton has proved, that Reid did not understand the Cartesian philosophy as a system, and was so puzzled by the superficial ambiguities which appeared in it, especially by the distinction between the material idea and the mental idea, the one an 'organic motion' in the brain, and the other a representation in the conscious mind; but it is also true that Reid was correct in charging all three with the belief that those ideas which were the immediate objects of perception were *tertia quæ*, distinct alike from the external object and the perceiving mind, and in affirming that this belief was the fundamental dogmatic position on which Berkeley and Hume had erected their systems. It is a marvel to us how Mr. Tagart, with Sir William Hamilton's article before him, the thought of which ought to have made him tremble, has yet dared to repeat and to exaggerate the unfounded calumny of Brown, after it had been exploded into atoms, and its author covered with disgrace. Moreover, it is rather ludicrous to hear our author, who quotes dictionaries and translations *ad nauseam* as his authorities, speaking of the presumption and misstatements of Dr. Reid. But, 2ndly; We now approach the most enormous and incomprehensible defect of this work. Mr. Tagart purposely sets out with a view to search into the truthfulness of Reid's statement (quoted above), that Berkeley and Hume built upon principles of Locke, in order to trace the origin of the pre-

judices which he is going to expunge; and yet there is not a single, most remote allusion to those principles which were held by Locke, though they were not peculiar to him, and which the sceptics assumed as the premises of their reasoning—'narras vix credibile!' It is easy to impeach Reid's candour and ability; after he thus wilfully and impertinently ignores those facts which manifest and defend them. When we consider how widely information on this subject has been diffused by manuals of the 'History of Modern Philosophy,' we cannot even surmise the cause of this unexampled omission. Surely it could not be an overweening desire to exalt his master, the *magnus veri sacerdos*.

Because Berkeley animadverts upon some opinions of Locke—e. g., upon general terms, and upon the distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of matter, Mr. Tagart thinks this is sufficient evidence 'that it is a great misrepresentation to throw the onus of Berkeley's idealism on the English philosopher.' Now, we deny that Reid threw the onus particularly on Locke, but on the dogma of representative ideas which was held by Locke, with nearly all antecedent philosophers. Can Mr. Tagart prove that Locke did not hold this doctrine. If he could, he might fairly blame Reid; but because he cannot, he will not deign a reference to that doctrine, upon which the entire controversy hinges itself. Locke believed that the ideas of which the mind was alone conscious, and of which all our knowledge consists, had an existence separate from that of the external bodies they represented. Hence, Berkeley continued, we have no right to believe in the existence of an external world, of which we cannot by any possibility have an inkling of knowledge—*voilà tout!* The premiss lies in the doctrine of representative ideas, which was incorporated into the system of Locke. The conclusion is evolved with unavoidable certainty by Berkeley. Reid has reiterated again and again in what sense he believed the scepticism of Berkeley and Hume to be contained in the current philosophy of their time, of which Locke was the chief expositor; and we believe Mr. Tagart is absolutely without precedent in the history of metaphysical discussions, when he so pertinaciously avoids the prominent—the sole question at issue, which must have stared him in the face, if ever he opened Reid's works, in order to heap such contemptuous charges against that philosopher. His work gives no sign of careful reading, or of capacity for philosophical analysis and exposition. The style in which it is written is very magniloquent, as we might expect from the author who informs us that a 'good dictionary is the best metaphysical teacher.' There is no lack, therefore, of highly-coloured words: the dust is ever flying in one's face. But we protest against the

uncandid rancorous spirit in which he assails his opponents, and we pity the tottering imbecility which could not walk along a straight path to reach the object he had set before him as his mark. Locke is forgotten among the other deities whom Mr. Tagart had to dethrone or to worship, and when found he is most shamefully abused by his friend.

We hasten to quit Mr. Tagart, and shall devote the remainder of our space to examine carefully the position of Locke in the development of philosophy, and to balance the antagonistic judgments given upon him. We rejoice in this disputation—recently revived—which will entice our young scholars to ponder these controverted writings whose authority is deemed so important, and we are convinced that the robust and independent thinking of Locke will lead them to the soundest conclusions, especially if they carry with them those refined, but necessary distinctions which have been popularized since Locke's time, and which give a crystallized form, clear, sharp, and solid, to the material of his philosophy. It is absolutely imperative that we judge of his work on the Understanding, bearing in mind both the condition of metaphysical inquiry in that age, nnd the method in which Locke devoted himself to its production.

When Locke wrote, the speculations of mental philosophy were not so precisely defined as they are now, and consequently those words had not been coined which render so exact to modern thinkers the object of their inquiries. But further, whatever had been the accuracy and abundance of philosophical language, the resolution which Locke so persistently carried out—viz., to evolve his system in true Baconian style from a diligent introspective survey of his own mind, without troubling himself with the theories of others, forbade his acquaintance with those methods and definitions even then employed, which would have opened up to him the *nodi* of controversy that needed to be untied, and would have given exactness and simplicity to his analysis of them. How often we desiderate in Locke the exact technical language, which even the philosophical literature of his age would have supplied to him. His students, therefore, must gather up the thoughts which he has expressed in his loose and vacillating, because untechnical language, and arrange them under the rigorous and happy definitions which are now current and classical in philosophical writings.

We hope thus to judge of his work, and to present a clear view of the main positions of his system, so far as they are expounded in his second book.

The very reverence we cherish for Locke's manliness and love of truth will preserve us from a servile adoption of that unguarded phraseology which we are convinced he would now himself, if

living, abandon and condemn. 1st. He asserted in the most peremptory and decided manner, the independence of the human mind, and the earnestness with which he did so must ever preserve him from the charge of sympathy with the succeeding philosophers of the 'sensualistic' school in France and England. It must be confessed that the illustrative metaphors which adorn and complicate his reasoning are worded too indiscriminately, and might be employed by these men, whose sentiments he would have abhorred. Nay, further, we may concede with Cousin, that his constant reference to sensations as originating (in whatever sense he employed this word) the conceptions of the mind, even those deemed most recondite from sense, may have encouraged them to abolish that independence he so vigorously asserted; and to represent the mind as the mere conservatory of impressions, whether intellectual or emotional, received from the senses. Cousin, however, admits that Locke did not confound, but explicitly distinguished sensation from the faculties of the soul; and, after this admission, it seems preposterous to entitle him the father of the sensualistic school, whose fundamental dogma he expressly repudiated. The subsequent remark of Cousin, that he makes these faculties play a secondary and insignificant part, will receive no credit from those who are willing to interpret Locke liberally, and who remember that all the innumerable notions, by far the largest proportion of the mental stock which are called by Locke 'ideas of relation,' are formed, according to him, by the mind itself, are originated therefore by those very faculties which Cousin says he degrades to play an insignificant part.

From his anxiety to expose and confute that bugbear theory of innate ideas, which it is doubtful that any philosopher ever maintained, Locke declares that he can trace the origin even of these ideas to sensation and reflection. But we hope to demonstrate that with Locke, the word 'origin' did not only mean the source of the existence of an idea, but also the occasion on which, in his own phrase, the mind 'got' the idea. In fact, no better proof of this can be given than in Locke's statements respecting these ideas of relation. He repeatedly affirms that the mind by its own energy, and according to its own laws, brings two ideas together, and determines their relation; that, consequently, hese ideas of relation, these judgments, have their proper source in the independent action of the mind; and yet he concludes by saying, 'Though there be a great number of considerations wherein things may be compared with one another, and so a multitude of relations, yet they all terminate in, and are concerned about those simple ideas of sensation and reflection, which I take to be the whole materials of our knowledge.'

This latter phrase can only mean that experience supplies the disordered ὕλη of knowledge, upon which the mind impresses its own forms, and so reduces the materials of experience into the order necessitated by its original constitution. For it is these judgments, these ideas of relation, that weave together the primary elements of knowledge into the complex, strangely patterned texture which the philosopher finds it so hard to unravel; and these ideas of relation, according to Locke, are the product of the mind's activity, and are not communicated either by sensation or reflection.

Sir William Hamilton has rightly observed that Locke pronounces sensation and reflection to be the exclusive sources, but not the exclusive elaborators of our ideas. Now, it is evident, that in the process of elaboration which the mind performs upon the elementary ideas derived from the two great sources of experience, new ideas are constantly evolved, such as those of proportion, equality, &c., which can have their origin only in the mind itself. Locke repeatedly admits this, though, because the new ideas are concerned about the simple ideas of sensation and reflection, he professes, in direct contradiction to what he elsewhere affirms, that they may also be attributed to these sources. The contradiction is apparent to us, who have been so carefully taught to distinguish the occasion of the manifestation of an idea from its proper source. But Locke had not even imagined this distinction. He was satisfied respecting any idea whatsoever, when he found the occasion of its rise in consciousness, that he had discovered its origin. Assuredly, Locke would never have sanctioned the language of Mr. Tagart, who tells us of 'conceptions, judgments, or principles coming to the mind through the senses.'

2nd. Locke considered reflection to be an empirical and adventitious source of knowledge, just as much as sensation; hence the elaborate defence of Locke, which has been made by Dugald Stewart, and quite recently by Henry Rogers in his most admirable Essay on Locke, grounded on the fact that Locke believed in *two* different fountains of our ideas, sensation and reflection, must fall to the ground. We have been surprised at the laborious ingenuity with which the latter attempts to show the 'reflection' of Locke to be almost equivalent to the νοῦς of the Greeks and the *vernunft* of the Germans, a *locus principiorum;* and consequently that Locke, in laying such stress on the two sources of knowledge, has apprehended, however dimly, the doctrine of Kant and Cousin, who insist on the necessity of admitting two elements, one drawn from experience, and the other from the formative laws of the mind, in order to give a complete account of the origin of our ideas. Nothing can be further from the intention of Locke in his division of experience into its two sources. We

believe that he would have embraced the doctrine of Kant and Cousin, had it been proposed to him; and that we must accept this doctrine, in order to elucidate and harmonize the seeming inconsistencies of his book. But we must not forget that Locke's professed object was to trace the origin (in his indefinite sense of the word) of all our ideas to experience, and that he regarded sensation and reflection to be only two modes of this experience. Hence he singles out those very conceptions which Descartes and Lord Herbert then, and Kant and Cousin since, would term innate, in order that he might track even them to one or other of these sources.—'Whence,' he asks, 'has the mind all its materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word. From experience: in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our mind, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understanding with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas that we have, or can naturally have, do spring.' Nothing, then, can be plainer than the meaning of the word 'reflection,' in the philosophy of Locke; and however vacillating he may be in his ordinary language, he adheres with unfailing pertinacity to his intelligible and precise meaning of this word. Moreover, this is the proper signification of the word, which 'means, ἐπιστροφὴ πρὸς ἑαυτό, the reflex knowledge or consciousness which the mind has of its own affections. (See Sir William Hamilton's note on Reid, p. 347.) It is vain, therefore, in Cousin, to say that Locke ought to have used consciousness instead of reflection. Locke was too clear a thinker to commit such a blunder as that. The term consciousness represents the whole series of mental phenomena, the origin of which he had set himself to discover. What marvellous folly it would have been to have said, that the source of the facts revealed in consciousness, was consciousness; and then, with crowning absurdity, to have added another superfluous source—viz., sensation. The question at issue between Cousin and Locke is not, as Mr. Rogers seems to suppose, 'Do all our ideas come from sensible experience? but, 'Do they come from experience alone, of whatever sort it is?' and Locke, if we were implicitly guided in our judgment by the dogmatic announcements at the commencement of his second book, must be held to reply that they do. We shall afterwards show that Locke does virtually admit all that rationalists advance, and that these opening, most defiant paragraphs, when explained in his subsequent expansive treatment of the subject, really mean what they believe—viz., that experience is either the direct cause of the introduction of

new ideas, or the necessary condition of their appearance, even if they be created by the mind itself.

But if Locke be interpreted by these first sentences alone, in which he declares that there are two sources of ideas, sensation and reflection, he then pronounces most emphatically against the doctrine of rationalism, or any approximation to it.

We respectfully suggest, therefore, to Mr. Henry Rogers, that in this particular he has misapprehended the difficulty which students feel in reading and systematizing Locke. Mr. Rogers says—'It is not possible to give any interpretation of these numberless passages, in which Locke so distinctly affirms his belief that there are two different functions of ideas, sensation and reflection, on the hypothesis that he really resolves them into one.'

Now we submit to Mr. Rogers that the main point of dispute in the controversy between the two antagonistic schools is this—Are our ideas educed from experience alone? and that it is of no moment whether we divide experience into two or forty kinds. Some extreme controversialists may, in the language of Mr. Rogers, 'assert that Locke has virtually resolved all our knowledge into the one source of sensible experience;' but the assertion on which the students of Locke stumble is that which he makes for himself—viz., 'that all our knowledge is derived from experience.'

Reflection and sensation stand with him on the same level. Their authority is the same; they both reveal phenomena of existence,—the one as an internal sense, the other as an external sense. These phenomena are alike fluctuating and contingent in either case, and it is impossible from experience merely, whether it be experience of the operations of the mind or of sensible objects, to attain necessary truth. In order to define yet more indisputably his meaning of reflection, Locke recounts all the ideas we derive from that source—viz., the ideas of perception, memory, abstraction, &c. Now, the existence of any of these mental faculties is as much an empirical and adventitious fact as the existence of a material object,—e. g., a house, or the sun. We do not conceive that there is an absolute necessity for its existence, arising out of the very conditions which render our conception of it possible. It is impossible for us to conceive space or time obliterated; but we can easily imagine that any faculty of the mind, of which we are made acquainted by reflection, might be obliterated, or that the mind itself might be annihilated. All the facts that are revealed to us from the two sources of experience can be only contingently known. Their existence can be guaranteed to us only so long as the experience is continued; with them the esse is involved in the percipi.

But Cousin and Mr. Henry Rogers believe in an innate source of ideas, which communicates to our consciousness necessary and eternal truths, the reality of which, after they are once apprehended, is deemed to be indestructible; and Mr. Rogers' strenuous effort to impress his readers with the fact that Locke believed in two sources of ideas does not bring Locke one whit nearer to this latter doctrine held by himself and Cousin; for both these sources are the 'two fountains from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas.'

The defence of Locke, when we would show his fundamental agreement with the rationalism of Reid and Kant and Cousin, must therefore be shifted from these unlucky paragraphs, wherein Locke announces as the 'thesis' of his book, that all our knowledge is derived from experience. Nay, if this defence be accomplished at all, it must be by proving from the rest of his book that these paragraphs are indefinitely, and so erroneously worded, and that he included in his meaning of the phrase 'origin of our ideas,' the occasion on which they were manifested in consciousness, though chiefly educed from the mind itself. This defence can be made, and only this explanation can give consistency and simplicity to the otherwise confused and irreconcilable statements of his work.

3rdly. If we bring ourselves *en rapport* with the circumstances and the design of Locke when he executed his work, we shall clear away many of the difficulties that encumber its study. We must remember that the refined analysis to which the phenomena of consciousness are subjected in our time, was unknown to him or to his age. It has taken the labours of Locke himself, of Reid, Stewart, Brown, Kant, &c., and the incessant controversy of the 'schools,' to form and develope the analytical method—the appliances of definitions and terms—which we now enjoy. It takes a long time before the subtle, shadowy, and intricate distinctions of mental phenomena begin to manifest themselves to the piercing eye of the analyst; and there is no more absorbing historical study than to trace the progress of this metaphysical analysis. New terms are happily invented when an old word that fermented with perpetual discord bursts, and is discovered to contain two different meanings, and is either lost in the explosion, or re-appears with a novel and limited significance. New mental processes are also discovered, and theories rudely formed and incautiously expressed at first, are modified and exactly adjusted to the facts they are intended to explain. It is in this way that Locke appears to confound, in the word 'origin,' those two meanings of occasion and cause which have been distinguished and clearly defined by modern philosophers. This definition gives an immense advantage, in point of accuracy and

simplicity, to our inquiries. The want of it makes Locke seem to grope in confusion and darkness. It was his groping, however, that brought us to the light.

The key-note of Locke's philosophy is found in the first book. The drift of the subsequent books manifestly is to form a prolonged argument against the doctrine of innate ideas. This doctrine, as he apprehended it, was not the doctrine maintained by its adherents now,—viz., that the mind, with its independent powers, and regulated by its own laws, impresses its own form upon the chaotic ὕλη of experience, and that, in this process, ideas are evolved which do not come from experience but from native sources of the mind. That, therefore, the mind, in its working upon the materials supplied by experience, generates ideas which did not exist, save potentially, in the mind before, but *were* suddenly awakened in consciousness on the first communication of experience. The two classes of ideas, therefore, come into existence simultaneously in the consciousness. The first act of knowledge, and every subsequent cognition, and judgment, and imagination, involves them both. Not, therefore, innate ideas, but innate capacities to form ideas, is the doctrine so universally adopted now.

Very different, however, was the doctrine which Locke so earnestly combated,—viz., that the mind was ushered on the stage of being, endowed with principles articulately expressed,—principles both to regulate speculation and practice; and consequently, that before the first intimations of an external world, through sensation, ideas were legibly impressed on the mind, and manifested in the embryo's consciousness. This doctrine seems fanatical to us now, and unworthy of the lavish expenditure of reasoning with which Locke demolished it. But though it was so extremely absurd, yet Locke made it his chief object in his second book utterly to expose and extinguish it. These are his words at its commencement:—'I know it is a received doctrine that men have native ideas and original characters stamped upon their minds in their first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and I suppose what I have said in the foregoing book will be much more readily admitted when I have shown whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind; for which I shall appeal to every one's own observation and experience.'

It is noticeable from the language of this passage, and the same fact is apparent throughout his work, that Locke had not a very accurate and settled notion about the origination of ideas; he employs an immense number of words to describe it, and he

employs none of them steadfastly or with precision. He writes like a man of common sense, whose mind was untinctured with any scholastic method, but whose shrewd observation had sufficed to discover the absurdity of innate ideas, as he imagined philosophers to hold them. It was sufficient for his object to show that no ideas could be present in the mind before the ideas of experience, and that all ideas whatsoever had such connexion with ideas of sensation and reflection, that but for the existence of the latter, the former would never have existed. What this connexion was, he never minutely canvassed and analysed. For the sake of his argument the fact of such connexion was all that he had to establish. If it were proved, the doctrine of innate ideas was exploded. But, even if it be granted, and it will be universally granted, that the origin of all ideas is found in experience—in the sense that without experience there would have been no ideas in the mind; the further question may yet be raised, which never mooted itself to Locke's mind,—Are all our ideas in themselves ideas of experience, or are some of them produced by the mind, but only on occasion of certain communications of experience? This double meaning, this subtle distinction involved in the word origin, was not perceived by Locke, or he did not care to pronounce upon it, since it did not affect his argument against innate ideas. If experience be acknowledged as the necessary condition for the formation of our ideas, Locke's position is as safe as if we affirm that experience is their only source. To this question, therefore, which is the *vexata quæstio* of philosophy, we find no simple, direct, and unqualified answer by Locke. We deny that his employment of the word 'origin,' where he says that experience constitutes the origin of our ideas, decides the fact of his opinion. It was an admirable word to express his thought, that experience was the 'initium' of consciousness, on the first touch of which the mind awoke to apprehend ideas; and that no innate ideas were impressed upon it from a beginning prior to that. The ambiguity of the word did not appear in his application of it; but since it is now discovered to be ambiguous, and can be used in this application with equal propriety by the disciple of Cousin and the disciple of Condillac, we must expend further study on Locke's work to know how he limited or extended its signification. We have already declared our opinion, formed after repeated study of his work, that the real purport of Locke's argument, had he fully expressed himself in modern and technical language, was as follows—'That experience was required to initiate all our ideas into consciousness, being of some the proper source, and of others merely the occasion of their manifestation.'

We readily admit that Locke did not distinctly perceive what has become patent through modern discussions—that the mind itself might be a source of ideas, and yet never have presented them in consciousness till it came into contact with matter, and received its first sensation under the conditions of its own constitution; and thus two ideas,—one the complement of the other, and necessary to each other's manifestation, were born together. Some passages, indeed, contain an explicit acknowledgment of this doctrine; but he seems to stumble on them accidentally. Most assuredly, he did not clearly apprehend and enounce this doctrine as affording the true solution of the genesis of our ideas.

We shall prove, however, that in attempting to resolve all ideas to their first origin in experience, his language constantly assumed a belief in this doctrine; that he could not, and did not, analyse them wholly into products of experience, and therefore implied, even when he did not confess his belief in a higher source of ideas. His faith was blind; he wanted to show that there were no ideas before experience, and that, somehow or other, all of them were derived from that source; he also saw that many ideas were such that no experience could impart them—and yet he had not ascertained the only method of reconcilement between these sound, but seemingly antagonistic positions. Hence his alleged vacillation and contradiction. Had his blind faith been enlightened by a steady perception of the subtle distinction between occasion and cause, which he confounded under the vague word 'origin,' all his confusion and inconsistencies would have disappeared.

We hastily gather up our proof of this interpretation of Locke's purpose and argument, which we are convinced will disengage as before most of those difficulties which perplex and annoy those who have commenced to study his philosophical system.

We are less anxious, however, to assemble a great number of passages in defence of Locke against the charge of sensationalism, since we can refer to the accumulated evidence which Mr. Rogers has so admirably selected and arranged; all of which goes to establish the explanation we have given above. We shall only eliminate a few points of evidence, in that order which best illustrates both Locke's belief and his difficulty, because that belief was not explicated and distinctly pronounced in his philosophy.

I. On the following passage from Locke: 'He would be thought void of common sense who asked, on the one side, or on the other, went to give, a reason why it is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be,' Sir William Hamilton justly

remarks: 'In admitting, as he here virtually does, that experience must ultimately ground its procedure on the laws of intellect, Locke admits that intellect contains principles of judgment, on which experience being dependent, cannot possibly be their precursor or cause.'

II. The following passages, referring to those notions which form the crucial instances of the controversy between the Sensationalists and Rationalists, most clearly evince the substantial identity of Locke with the latter school:—

α. 'Everything,' says Locke, 'that has a beginning must have a cause. This is a true principle of reason, or a proposition certainly true, which we come to know by the same way; i. e., by contemplating our ideas, and perceiving that the idea of beginning to be is necessarily connected with the idea of some operation, and the idea of operation with the idea of something operating, which we call a cause. Then the mind is confessed to originate an idea, not contained in these ideas contemplated, and which has the attribute of necessity which can never be given from experience.

β. 'Because,' says Locke, 'we cannot conceive how simple ideas of sensible qualities should subsist alone, or in one another we suppose them existing in and supported by some common subject, which support we denote by the name *substance*. Here, again, the mind forms a supposition, and in doing so, originates an idea, which by no possibility could come from experience which only reveals phenomena. The idea of substance is formed by the mind, and is believed to underlie all phenomena, as the necessary condition of their appearance.

γ. 'The duties of the moral law arising from the constitution of man's very nature, are of eternal obligation.' Here, again, Locke distinctly confesses that the mind, on contemplating the voluntary actions of man, pronounces a necessary judgment which is rendered according to its own constitution, and is admitted, therefore, not to be contained in the facts themselves presented by experience.

III. We wish to show further, that in the very analysis—which Locke gives in his Second Book of what he calls the abstrusest ideas—e. g., space, power, &c., he always implies something beyond what he has distinctly expressed. He endeavours to reduce them to experience, but he finds it impossible, and his language constantly implies a belief in an innate source of ideas, which experience only opens up and calls into play. While, therefore, he begins his analysis by observing, 'that even large and abstract ideas are derived from sensation and reflection, being no other than what the mind by the ordinary use of its

faculties, employed about ideas received from objects of sense, or from the operations it observes in itself about them may and does attain to;' it will be seen that, according to Locke, the mind being thus employed, communicates altogether new ideas, which are not given from sensation and reflection.

a. Locke says, in his first letter to the Bishop of Worcester—'For general ideas come not into the mind by sensation or reflection, but are the creatures or inventions of the understanding, as I think I have shown; and also how the mind makes them from ideas which it has formed from sensation and reflection; and as to the ideas of relation how the mind forms them, and how they are derived from, and ultimately terminate in ideas of sensation and reflection,' I have also shown.

This is a most important and authoritative passage: it might be called a proof-passage—a *locus classicus*, for it gives us the key whereby to interpret the indefinite language of Locke. General ideas he declares to be the creation—the invention of the mind itself. The source, the true cause of their origin, therefore, is in the mind itself; and yet, he adds, it makes them from ideas of sensation and reflection. Now, there is only one possible sense in which this latter sentence can be consistently explained in its connexion with the former,—viz., that these ideas furnish the occasion on which the mind creates or invents the general ideas; his reference to ideas of relation formed by the mind on occasion of the two ideas being contemplated by it, and the elucidation of his meaning that immediately follows in his account of the origin of the idea of substance incontestably prove that this is the real meaning which Locke would convey by his loose and untechnical expression: 'the mind makes them from ideas of sensation and reflection.'

β. 'Existence and unity are two other ideas,' he says, 'that are suggested to the understanding by every object without, and every object within.' This is just the language that would be adopted by a rationalist: it could not be used by a sensationalist. These ideas are not given by experience, but merely suggested; we must therefore find their proper source, from which they arise at the appropriate suggestion elsewhere—viz., in the mind itself.

γ. Power, he says, is another of those simple ideas which we receive from sensation and reflection; and yet in the explanation that follows he makes it clear that the mind forms this notion of itself, on the occasion however of those ideas being presented. For he adds, 'observing in ourselves, that we can at pleasure move several parts of our bodies which were at rest; and the effects that natural bodies are able to produce in one another occurring every moment to our senses, we both these ways get the idea of power.' The moving

of parts of our bodies, of which we are conscious by reflection, and the changes in external objects, of which we are conscious by sensation, cannot be supposed to constitute the idea of power, but on occasion of them the mind, as Locke says, 'gets the idea from itself.'

δ. At the beginning of chapter 26, he says—'In the notice that our senses take of the constant vicissitude of things, we cannot but observe that several particular qualities and substances begin to exist, and that they receive this, their existence, from due application and operation of some other being. From this observation we get our ideas of cause and effect.' If this passage be compared with that we quoted before upon the origin of the idea of cause, it will be manifest that when Locke affirms that we get our idea of cause and effect from this observation of phenomena, he means that the mind forms the idea whenever this observation is made. The mind, he informs us, perceives the relation of cause and effect, which is not contained in the mere fact of sequence; and also attributes necessity to the relation it has determined to exist.

ε. This explanation tallies also with his account of the origin of the idea of space. Locke first shows that it is derived from the sensations of touch and vision, which can only reveal to us the qualities of body. But he proceeds immediately afterwards to demonstrate that this idea, derived from the sensible qualities of body, is essentially different in all its qualities from the idea of body. In saying, therefore, that the idea comes to the mind, or that the mind gets the idea from sight and touch, he can only mean that they furnish the occasion on which the mind forms an idea entirely different from the ideas which they themselves supply—viz., those of the qualities of body. It is impossible that the idea of space, being wholly different from that of body, can yet be educed from it as its proper source.

These instances show that the language of Locke, even when it is his express business to educe ideas from experience, can only be harmonized and rationally interpreted by the admission of another source connate with the mind itself. The distinct perception of its existence scatters all the mist that spreads over his pages, and pours vivid light upon his otherwise ambiguous system. To construe his system intelligibly we must allow his phrase, 'origin of ideas,' and the cognate phrases, to include the occasion as well as the cause of the formation of our ideas.

In his account of the origin of the idea of personal identity, he adopted, and rigorously adhered to, the method and doctrine of the sensationalists; and his chapter on this subject they may claim as their own. He makes the fact of our identity, so far

as we have any conception of it, to depend on the existence and continuance of the faculty of memory, instead of making every exercise of memory an occasion on which both the idea and belief of its own identity, are consciously revealed to the mind, though they constitute the *à priori* conditions which make memory possible, and on which therefore it depends.

In this instance, therefore, Locke makes the fact of identity to be as contingent and changeable as that fact of memory, which in his opinion constitutes its essence. How different is his account of the other ideas of space, time, power, &c., when, though he traces their origin in like manner to experience, he afterwards shows how they vary in their absoluteness and necessity from the ideas which gave them birth. His errors, therefore, respecting the idea of identity, are a foil to illustrate the correctness of his opinions respecting the origination of the other ideas he has named.

IV. We have already referred to Locke's language upon ideas of relation, as corroborating our views of the just interpretation of his fundamental doctrine; and this defence might be elaborated so as completely to vindicate his rationalism. The faculty of intuition is, with him, the source of necessary ideas. The belief in that constitution of the mind which determines and gives the conviction of necessity to its judgments involves all that Reid, Stewart, Kant, and Cousin would mean by their different expressions, 'Laws of Belief,' 'the Forms of the Understanding,' and the 'First Principles of Knowledge.' These necessary judgments belong to a different class of ideas from those primary notions; e.g. of Space, Time, Existence, Substance, Identity, and Power, which are disengaged by the first and by all subsequent phenomena of experience, and which form the prior and necessary logical conditions of their existence. Locke admits that they arise from the mind, as an independent source of ideas, though he also says, in his usual indifferent manner, that they are derived from ideas of sensation and reflection, because they 'terminate in and are concerned about them.'

All the judgments of the mind possess an equal certainty. This has been acknowledged by Locke, as shown by the wide significance he has given to the word intuition; but it has not been apprehended, we think, by Professor Whewell, John Stuart Mill, and Henry Rogers, in their discussions upon these mental judgments, especially in connexion with that mathematical axiom, that two straight lines crossing one another will never meet again.

It is true that the mind passes an instantaneous and inevitable judgment on the relation of these two lines; but not more so than in the comparison of two material objects, one of which is pronounced to be larger than the other. The intuitive judgments of the

mind are always direct, and in themselves absolutely certain. The universality and necessity that are attributed to the one of these two judgments, and not to the other, belong to the matter on which it is pronounced, and not to the mental act of affirmation. If the two material objects that are compared by the mind were eternal in their duration, the judgment of the mind would be eternally necessary: they would have the same proportion to one another for ever. But they are not; and the judgment is given contingently on their existence. So there are no actual straight lines bisecting one another, regarding which the mind will pronounce it to be impossible that they will meet. Mr. Rogers' language, therefore, must be modified, when he says 'a man sees two lines which intersect, and he is willing everywhere to stake his life that they will never meet again, and never inclose a space.' No man will wager his life on such a bet, for a gentle curvature, inappreciable to the finest vision, would soon twist these lines to enclose a space, and tighten a fatal cord round his neck.

But the mind, by abstraction, conceives of two straight lines, from which it first abstracts the possibility of bending, and then safely predicates of them—that they will never meet. These straight lines have no actual existence, else this necessary judgment could not be given. Geometry must first make definitions, which are mental abstractions, and then it may pronounce its universal axioms. We are glad, however, to be able to sum up our argument under this head by the following conclusive remark taken from Mr. Rogers's Essay: 'He who admits these necessary truths (viz., these intuitive judgments), can hardly be supposed to deny that the intellect itself is, from its very structure, an independent source of ideas.'

We now conclude our article. We thank Mr. Tagart for furnishing the opportunity of making these remarks upon the aim of Locke's work, and the result to which a fair and liberal interpretation of it must lead us.

In order to confute the doctrine of innate ideas, Locke announced and sought to establish his thesis, that all ideas were derived from experience. He had not observed the just but refined distinction between the occasion and the cause of the manifestation of ideas; and hence the ambiguity and inconsistency which prevail through his work. So far as his main object was concerned, it was of no consequence that he should distinguish between these two meanings, hidden and confounded under the word origin which he employed. He was required to prove, and he did so most incontrovertibly, that without experience there would have been no ideas in the mind; and that every idea may be traced back to some experience which initiated

it into consciousness; this argument was triumphantly established. In later times, however, the grand subject of controversy has been—Are all our own ideas given from experience as their only source; or does experience furnish the occasion, on which some ideas it could not impart are evolved from native sources in the mind? Upon this question Locke has not distinctly pronounced. The mere language of his work is that used by sensationalists, and this would lead us, on the first glance, to believe he had adopted their theory. But, on further investigation, we find confessions that are tantamount to an explicit denial of the sensational dogma; and we also find that his language can be only intelligibly and consistently interpreted when we believe him to regard experience as the occasion as well as the source of ideas, and not the latter only. In either case his argument is valid as against innate ideas. He confounds the two meanings of the word 'origin' in the popular and variable phraseology he adopted; but it is evident he included both, and that his system is one of philosophic rationalism, and not of sensationalism.

ART. VIII.—*Constipation, its Theory and Cure; embracing the Physiology of Digestion, and the Injuries Inflicted by the Employment of Purgatives.* By John Epps, M.D. 8vo. pp. 420. London: Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.

THE age in which we live may be properly called an age of innovation and reform; a spirit of independence seems to be abroad, which refuses to bend to the opinions of bygone days, and seeks to establish for itself a reputation which is based on the foundation of truth rather than on the shifting sands of conventional opinion. Thus the various institutions of our country have in turn passed under review, and been subjected to alterations, which it is hoped by the enlightened and the wise, will show themselves to be improvements. The universities have been subjected to this ordeal, and change in the administration of their statutes and laws has been the invariable result. The courts of justice have in a similar manner been revolutionized and reformed by the same spirit, and everybody seems prepared to admit, that, in the nineteenth century, with its manifold advantages, the faults of the past should be corrected, and the improvements of the present generation should be placed upon a sure and steady foundation.

Now, when these facts are prominently brought before our

notice, and our approval is elicited by the changes which have already taken place, can we be justified in supposing, that any one class of men should by their talents or attainments have so far surpassed their fellow-men, who are engaged in a different sphere, as to have encased themselves in a breastwork which defies all alteration for the better, and which declares that they have acquired this encasement, because in their particular branch of science the acme of perfection has been obtained. Such a supposition would be unwarranted by past experience; we therefore conclude that every science, no matter how deep, may yet be the subject of progress, and that the speculations arising out of, and the deductions drawn from facts, which have been elaborated by any unprejudiced mind, are entitled to a fair investigation, and demand of all impartial inquiry.

The subject, then, to which our attention is now particularly directed is that of physic, and the inquiry to be entered on is, whether the *administration of purgatives is in any case necessary*, or whether it is not in all cases injurious. Dr. Epps, in the elaborate work under consideration, is of opinion that purgatives are in no case necessary to the cure of disease, but considers them at all times prejudicial to the welfare of the patient. He commences the investigation of the subject by showing that purgatives, as a general remedy, have been known for only fifty years, and quotes from the work of Dr. Hamilton, the author and chief advocate of the purging practice, to prove that, in his day, the system of purging was considered novel. At page 188, Dr. Epps makes the following extract from Dr. Hamilton's work, entitled 'Observations on the Utility and Administration of Purgative Medicines in Several Diseases:'—'As the doctrine which I maintain with respect to the exhibition of purgative medicines may have the appearance of novelty;' from which mode of expression it is apparent, that the use of purgatives as a means generally to be used in the treatment of disease was claimed by Dr. Hamilton as a novelty, and as such to require defence. From Dr. Hamilton's day to the present time, the practice has been rapidly spreading, until it has now become almost universal, and an aperient medicine forms a necessary ingredient in the cure of every disease. The question necessarily proposes itself as to the mode of accounting for the rapid spread of an opinion, which fifty years ago was novel, if the administration of the medicine recommended be not necessary, indeed impedimental to the recovery of the patient. And the answer returned seems to be this, that, as costiveness and constipation enter as symptoms into some stage of almost every disease, and as purgative medicine relieves these symptoms, though probably it cannot remove the cause producing them, the alleviation is considered a boon,

and a step made in the direction of cure, the purgative was hailed as a blessing, and ranked amongst the remedies of the first order by those who, for want of a better, were compelled to be thankful for what they had. Now, Dr. Epps does not deny that constipation is a symptom which manifests itself in almost all diseases, but he asserts that purgative medicines are not the scientific, the safe, or best medicines to use in removing it. At page 172, he states what purgatives are, and in what way they act injuriously upon the human frame :—

'Purgatives,' he says, 'are medicinal substances that irritate the intestinal tube, and cause by their action a *destruction of the natural form* of the fæcal evacuation, a fact of itself demonstrative of the unnaturalness of their action. Artificial purging is induced by the employment of purgatives; a purgative is strictly an irritant to the bowels. It is a foreign indigestible body, and poisons the intestinal membrane. The stomach and the bowels, to protect themselves from the poison, hasten to expel the poison from their cavities, and pour out a large quantity of fluid, in part the effect of the irritation from the poison itself, in part it may be the effect of an effort of nature to sheathe, by pouring out an augmented mucous secretion, the intestinal membrane itself from the action of the irritant.'

In other words, the doctor maintains that the effect of a purgative is to produce disease in the intestinal canal, and he justly reprobates the folly of curing one disease by the substitution of another. He says :—

'Purgatives are purgatives, because they cause disease—i. e., they irritate, because they are poisons to the intestinal tube: they excite unnaturally, and, like all bodies exciting unnaturally, they inflict injury. By this excitement they cause the bowels to have an excessive action, or, to use the usual language, deceptive indeed of the true condition induced by the purgatives, they cause the bowels to be opened. A reaction subsequent to the excitement invariably occurs; and the intestines pass, the excitement not being kept up, into a state of inaction. Hence constipation almost invariably follows purgation. Hence the necessity, on account of the induced inaction, of increasing the dose of the purgative, in order to excite the intestine to a fresh action.'—p. 175.

Now, to any unprejudiced mind, the absence of all scientific precision in this mode of treatment must be apparent. A disease, or a symptom of a disease, appears, and the physician consulted pronounces it constipation; he prescribes a remedy for its removal which induces an exactly opposite disease, viz., that of diarrhœa; the medicine he gives does not produce the healthy action of the bowels, but merely changes the form and name of the disease, so that the patient has only the satisfaction of knowing that whereas he was suffering from a confined state of the bowels, he now has to endure the inconvenience of their being

relaxed. What compensation, then, it may be asked, does he receive for the fee which he has given to his medical adviser? He is told to wait and see what the curative effect of the medicine will be after the more violent and injurious effect is over. He does so, and to his great dismay, finds the newly-induced disease, diarrhœa, subside; but in its stead, the return of the old complaint, constipation. Again the doctor is consulted, again the purgative is administered, and the same disappointment upon the failure of the remedy to effect any permanent good. Thus the patient is left to choose which he prefers of the two diseases, diarrhœa or constipation; and according to the decision arrived at, to take or reject the drastic purgative—but whichever may be his decision, he *is still the subject of disease*—and still feels the inconvenience arising from the impotence of this system of medicine to give him the relief which he requires. Besides the inability of purgatives to remove the disease complained of, Dr. Epps maintains they are positively injurious to the patient who takes them. He says:—

'One would think that the pain produced by purgatives would lead all to discover their injuriousness. Pain all allow is an evidence of the existence of disease, and yet, though, where purgatives are taken, they produce the most violent pains, few recognise that the development of this pain proves that the purgatives excite intestinal disease. Let the same amount of pain and of diarrhœa be produced by natural causes, as is produced after the taking of purgatives, and how earnest would be the endeavour on the part of most to remove the effects, which they would be inclined to ascribe from the severity, to inflammation of the bowels.'—p. 476.

It is true some purgatives are not so injurious as others, because they are less irritating; but it is equally true, that since all purgatives are irritants, therefore they are all unnatural and injurious. And in proof of the assertion that purgatives are injurious to those who take them, Dr. Epps gives a catalogue of cases, some of which are taken from the works of allopathic physicians themselves, and some have come under his own notice, where the disease has either been induced or fostered in the patient by the administration of purgative medicine. He mentions cases of epileptic fits, of blindness, and other injuries of the eyes, of consumption, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, chronic inflammation of the lining membrane of the bowels, which have all been induced by the injurious properties of purgative medicine. Nay, more, he quotes from the works of writers like Dr. Mason Good, to prove that by the admission of the so-called orthodox doctors themselves, serious injury has resulted from this baneful practice. And then he appeals to his own experience and practice to supply him with cases, which

could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, to show the destructive effects which follow upon the exhibition of purgative medicine. In no case does the effect seem to be more injurious than upon women, and yet it is the invariable rule of the medical practitioner to administer a purgative in every case of confinement or other uterine derangement. But the Doctor is not satisfied with barely asserting the fact, that purgatives are injurious to women at these times and under these circumstances, but he supplies the reader with a reason which commends itself to our common sense, why nothing but injury can be expected from such unscientific practice. Speaking of the exhibition of purgatives in confinements, he remarks that the whole energy of nature is employed on the work of restoring to their normal or usual condition those parts of the machine which have been called into a special condition, and he infers justly, that to disturb nature in this work of restoration must be attended with injury to the person concerned; and, therefore, to administer a purgative, which draws away the power of nature from those particular parts which require to be restored, and concentrates the life power upon the bowels, is both unscientific and injurious, and lays the foundation of many of those diseases which trouble the weaker sex to the end of their lives. What then, it may be asked, is the object of Dr. Epps's work? It is to abolish the use of all purgative medicine in the treatment of disease. And if this can be accomplished with safety to the patient, everybody will agree that a benefit has been conferred upon suffering humanity. Now, the Doctor goes about his work in a most philosophical way. In the first part he explains the method in which digestion is carried on, and furnishes his book with beautifully-finished plates to illustrate to the reader the position in which the different organs of the body stand to each other. He then gives us an analysis of the admirable work of Dr. Beaumont, who is the only man that has been favoured in his practice by an opportunity of discovering the real process of digestion, and the facts in connexion therewith. A young Canadian, Alexis St. Martin, received a severe gunshot wound, from which his constitution entirely recovered. The only trace of the injury was a permanent opening into the cavity of the stomach, through which all its operations could be watched. Dr. Beaumont seized the opportunity presented by this case for making those experiments which are the foundation of all scientific treatment of cases connected with the dietetism of the digestive organs. The 13th chapter of Dr. Epps's work is full of scientific information on the gastric juice and the subject of diet, and may hereafter form a scientific basis for future observations on the subject. He then endeavours to show that, for the preservation of health, it requires that every

part of the intestinal tube must be allowed to perform its work deliberately, and without being disturbed; and that, if ever disturbance of any kind be induced in this intestinal tube, disease, in some form or other, must be the consequence. In short, the whole work is full of practical interest, and is written in such a simple, yet logical style, that even the simplest mind, with proper attention, could be able to understand the important information which it contains. We think it deserves a perusal from everyone who desires either to recover the health which has become impaired, or to guard against those things which eventually undermine the constitution, and prepare the way for every kind of disease.

The one particular malady to which in this work Dr. Epps confines his attention is that of constipation; and the good tidings which he has to make known, is, that homœopathy, by the scientific administration of its medicines in accordance with the law laid down by Hahnemann, is enabled without purgative or aperient to remove this troublesome complaint. He takes a different view of the nature of constipation to that which is generally taken, since he believes it to be merely 'the *symptom* of a diseased state, and not the diseased state itself;' and he argues that, if the diseased state producing the constipation be removed, the constipation will of necessity cease. To show the correctness of this view, and the ability of the homœopathic remedies to remove the malady in question, he appends to his work a number of cases, some of which have been treated for a long time by the best of doctors under the old school without success, and upon having recourse to homœopathy have been cured. Now, we are quite prepared to be told, that it was not homœopathy that effected the cure, but it was the powerful hand of nature. If this be granted, what a powerful argument is placed in our hand against the system of medicine which is lauded in our hospitals and schools; for those who oppose homœopathy upon this ground, tacitly confess, that though *it* was impotent to effect the cure, their system of medicine was most potent in *preventing* the cure, and that it was only when the patient was not cured from the hand of the doctor, that nature was enabled to effect what medicine had so long prevented her accomplishing. So that, even upon this ground, it is wiser to appeal to homœopathy than to have recourse to the violent and destructive remedies of allopathy. But the number of families who have been attended successfully in the most acute and dangerous diseases, by no other than homœopathic practitioners, places the matter beyond a doubt to all unprejudiced minds. Now, as Englishmen, we are professedly lovers of fair play, and will not allow truth to be destroyed by that ignorant

and selfish clamour which endeavoured in former days to stop the mouths of Harvey and Jenner, and to proclaim the circulation of the blood in our veins to be a fable, and the doctrine of vaccination a deceit. Homœopathy has been established for more than half a century. It has survived the bitterest persecution, and in spite of all opposition manfully announces the boon which it has to communicate. Now, if homœopathy be, what it is sometimes called, humbug, why may not the humbug be made known to the world? And if it be what it professes to be, the only safe and rational system for the treatment of disease, why should not the public generally be acquainted with its blessings? The contest has long been going on between homœopathic and allopathic doctors, and why may it not now be brought to a termination? Why not have an opportunity afforded to detect its fallacy or establish its truth? Let a ward in some of our hospitals be thrown open to homœopathic physicians, and let them stand or fall by the result. If they cure their patients in a shorter time and with less suffering than do the allopathic theirs, let homœopathy be freed from further censure. If they fail to cure them, let homœopathy be consigned to the destruction which failure is sure to involve. This is a fair way of settling the difference; and if the allopathic physicians be sincere in their belief that homœopathy is humbug, they have nothing to fear from the trial, and therefore, we should imagine, they would hail the opportunity of raising their profession upon the ruins of what they have so long despised.

Whether this feasible mode of testing the relative merits of old-system physic and the homœopathic system, under conditions in which the two systems can be fairly tested, be or be not granted, no doubt can exist that the facts and the views put forward in Dr. Epps's work must in time attract public attention, and will thus produce a state of mind which will enable the system he advocates to work its way. Though the progress may be slow, yet as such progress will be founded on an enlightened public opinion, the permanence of the progress will be in an exact ratio therewith.

ART. IX.—*The Autobiography of Francis Arago.* Translated from the French by the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

2. *Meteorological Essays.* By François Arago, Member of the Institute. With an Introduction by Baron Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated under the Superintendence of Colonel Sabine, R.A. Treasurer and V.P.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

WE should, perhaps, be scarcely justified in asserting that self-love penned every autobiography. But if self-love be not necessarily a vicious characteristic of the human mind, there is no reason why we should hesitate to confess our belief in this dogma. A man may be actuated by many motives in resolving to write the history of his life, but whatever be his object, he must first convince himself that there is some difference, greatly to his advantage, between him and other men; or, that some event in his life, and valuable characteristic in his mind, have stamped him with a distinguishing mark, before he will resolve upon the attempt. There are autobiographers of many kinds, but they all belong to one of three classes—the religious, the vicious, or the intellectual.

We can easily understand the motives of a man who, after a career of vice, or insensibility to the claims of a future life, is induced to exhibit in his own person the Divine influence in regenerating character, eradicating the weeds of natural growth, and sowing the seeds of faith and good works. He may have for his object a comparison of the misery and degradation of sin with the happiness and purity of a religious life—he may desire by a display of the Divine mercy and power to give a reason why we should pass life in reconciliation to God and man, rather than in enmity and antagonism—and he may hope to impress our minds most powerfully by recording the conversion of his own depraved and turbulent feelings to a desire for holiness and peace. These are some of the aims of religious autobiography, which is, without doubt, the most praiseworthy class of those memoirs men write of themselves; but we are not prepared to say that in such works there is a perfect abnegation of self-love.

There are other men who write their lives with the deliberate resolve to represent themselves as what they are not. Some defy the proprieties of society by the defence of infamous doctrines they do not believe, while others applaud virtuous motives which have no influence on their own character, and attempt to obtain a reputation for purity of thought and action by exposing the

secret haunts of the vices they practise without remorse. The literature of our country, as well as that of France, offers unfortunately too many illustrations of the baseness which would thus outlive itself. But no man can write an autobiography without leaving the impress of his character on its pages. He may attempt to deceive others, or he may deceive himself; but to say nothing of the almost certain revelation of his ruling sentiments, passions, and feelings, the image of his mind is reflected in the sentences he constructs and the words he employs. As he traces the events of his life, here with regret and there with exultation, he leaves on the page a more enduring impress of his mental organization than is found on the disinterred foot-printed slabs quarried from the shore of some ancient sea.

The greater number of autobiographies, however, are written without reference to morals or religion, and are from beginning to end pæans to self-love. A man who writes an autobiography of this class, knows that he has done something which, in his estimation, was not only worth doing, but deserves the approbation of others; and he demands of posterity a public acknowledgment of his assumed right. We do not altogether blame this feeling, for mock modesty is not a virtue, and every man who has dealt fairly with himself knows what he is worth better than those who sit in judgment on him. He may estimate himself a little above his worth, by taking as his standard a coin of small value, or a little below it, by a desire not to think more highly of himself than he ought; but such men may be trusted to write memoirs of themselves, and describe their own labours. They are like hucksters who exhibit their wares to the best advantage, and ask the highest prices consistent with honesty.

To the last-named class of autobiographies we refer that of Francis Arago. He was a biographer as well as a man of science, and an adept in the detection of other men's characters, but his greatest success was in the portraiture of his own. His life was full of interest and instruction, and we follow his record of it like those who read a romance, while he retraces the path by which he attained the highest social and intellectual rank. He was a man of strong will, clear perception, and untiring industry. For many years he was the dictator of science in France, but the power he possessed he used wisely. His mind was of more than average capacity, and it was essentially philosophic. He was, as Humboldt says, 'ardent in discovery, and circumspect in regard to conclusions.' He was less eminent as a discoverer than many men we could name, if that word is to be confined to him who detects new phenomena by observation and experiment, though in this department of scientific inquiry his labours were not without fruit, for he was the first to observe chromatic polarization,

and the effects of rotation magnetism; and he was peculiarly distinguished for thoughtful and ingenious applications of known truths to the discovery of the unknown. He was not one of those physicists who follow a peradventure. His experiments were made to test the accuracy of an opinion formed by deduction from pre-established truths, and he had both the ability and skill to comprehend their values, arrange them in their relations, and detect what was necessary to unite them. It is not from his autobiography, however, that we obtain this estimate of his scientific character, for that document is nothing more than a history of the labours and adventures by which he obtained the important office of Secretary to the Institute. In the path he has shown us, we must now follow him.

François Arago was born in the Commune of Estagel, in the Department of the Eastern Pyrenees, on the 26th of February, 1786. His father was a man of some education, and a licentiate of law, but supported with difficulty a numerous family by the cultivation of a small property, consisting of arable land, vineyards, and olive-trees. The education he gave to his children was governed by his means of payment more than by his conviction of the value of learning; and a statement having been made that the illustrious philosopher could neither read nor write when fourteen years old, he has, to vindicate his parents, informed the world that he was taught those arts at an early age in the primary school of Estagel. But the young Francis caught the war mania, and that was a sad inconvenience to his parents. The observant quietude of his childhood was ruthlessly invaded by the passions of war, and his youth was seduced from the contentment of unadventurous pursuits by the bustle of the camp and the excitement of invading armies. The glitter of arms, the roll of the drum, and the glory of combat and conquest, enchanted his ardent spirit, and he resolved to be a soldier:—

'Estagel,' he says, 'was a halting-place for a portion of the troops, who, coming from the interior, either went to Perpignan, or repaired direct to the army of the Pyrenees. My parents' house was therefore constantly full of officers and soldiers. This, joined to the lively excitement which the Spanish invasion had given rise to, inspired me with such decided military tastes, that my family were obliged to have me narrowly watched to prevent my joining by stealth the soldiers who left Estagel. It often happened that they caught me at a league distant from the village already on my way with the troops.'

This childish passion for war, hatred of all nationalities called by his countrymen enemies, this desire for military glory, strong even to death, supported by a constitutional courage and love of daring actions, neither entreaty nor coercion could subdue. It was highly improbable that such predilections should have been

ıe 'Mécanique Céleste.' This excellent man often
vice, but I must say that I found my real master in
ier's Treatise on Algebra. The cover consisted of a
the outside of which blue paper was pasted. The
ge not covered made me desirous of knowing what
l from me. I took off this paper carefully, having
ınd was able to read underneath it the advice given
ɔ a young man who communicated to him the
: with in his studies: "Go on, sir, go on, and convic-
ɔ you." This gave me a gleam of light: instead
ttempts to comprehend at first sight the proposi-
I admitted their truth provisionally; I passed on
surprised on the morrow to comprehend perfectly
appeared to me to be encompassed with a thick

n the life of Arago reminds us of a confession
ge, who was, like him, a self-taught mathema-
ot perplex myself with difficulties,' he said, 'but
n twenty times in succession, if necessary. If
orts I could not make them out, I examined
hematician treated the same point.'
years old, Francis Arago left home for Mont-
ımself for preliminary examination, previous to
he Polytechnic School. M. Monge, the examiner,
illness from attendance, and the candidates were
ris. This journey Arago was unable to take,
home disappointed, but not discouraged. His
ved their efforts to turn him from his purpose,
g in his determination, and his taste for mathe-
inally predominated over his desire to yield to
is friends. 'I increased my library,' he says,
Introduction à l'Analyse Infinitésimal,' with
des Equations Numériques,' with Lagrange's
nctions Analytique,' and 'Mécanique Analytique,'
lace's 'Mécanique Céleste.' I gave myself up
ır to the study of these books.' That such books
en selected for study by a self-taught youth of
ge; but that they should have been read and
vidence of that vigorous thought and indomitable
ıich, through a long life, distinguished Francis
e time for examination came at last, and he
ɔn, in company with another candidate, who had
t the public college, to appear before M. Monge,
lexibility of purpose, in spite of his benevolence,
didates more than the profundity of his mathe-
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destined to be his successor in the cha

the immediate cause of a successful and beneficial scientific career, but they conferred upon him, in spite of his opposition, the highest and least perishable honours of intellectual effort. He desired power, and he gained it—he resolved to be a dictator, and he was—he esteemed all nations to be the enemies of France who gained honours she might have possessed—but he became, against his will, the Napoleon of French science instead of French politics.

The appointment of M. Arago, the father, to the office of Treasurer of the Mint, led to the removal of his family from Estagel to Perpignan, where young Francis was brought under the influence of a more systematic mental training in the municipal college of the town. His studies were there directed to literature, and to such pursuits he showed no dislike; but he was still resolved to be a soldier. An accidental interview with M. Cressac, a young officer from the Polytechnic School directing the execution of some repairs on the rampart of the town of Perpignan, informed him of the means by which he could obtain his object. An admission into the Polytechnic School would secure a commission in the army, but a qualification was necessary before he could become a candidate for admission. These were the thoughts which inaugurated the second epoch of his life; he had been taught how he was to attain the end he so ardently desired, and he resolved to be a mathematician—that hour he began to study. His first instructor was Abbé Verdier, 'an ancient ecclesiastic, and very respectable man;' but his knowledge of mathematics went no farther than the elementary course of La Caille, and that was far below the mark at which Francis Arago aimed. So when the old abbé had guided him so far as he knew the path, for the want of another living voice he plodded his way through the road-books of Legendre, Lacroix, and Garnier. His experience is so valuable (as we can vouch) to all those who have to devote themselves at an early period of life to recondite studies without the assistance of a competent teacher, that we recommend to all such the consideration of the following passage, in which will be found a sovereign prescription for every perplexity, as it is certainly true that the difficulties which no tension of thought can break, are in time mysteriously solved without effort by the absorbent power of the mind:—

'In going through these works, I often met with difficulties which exhausted my powers; happily, though a strange thing, and perhaps without example in all the rest of France, there was a proprietor in Estagel, M. Raynal, who made the study of the higher mathematics his recreation. It was in his kitchen, while giving orders to numerous domestics for the labours of the next day, that M. Raynal read with advantage the 'Hydraulic Architecture' of Prony,' the 'Mécanique

Analytic,' and the 'Mécanique Céleste.' This excellent man often gave me useful advice, but I must say that I found my real master in the cover of Garnier's Treatise on Algebra. The cover consisted of a printed leaf, on the outside of which blue paper was pasted. The reading of the page not covered made me desirous of knowing what the blue paper hid from me. I took off this paper carefully, having first damped it, and was able to read underneath it the advice given by D'Alembert to a young man who communicated to him the difficulties he met with in his studies: "Go on, sir, go on, and conviction will come to you." This gave me a gleam of light: instead of persisting in attempts to comprehend at first sight the propositions before me, I admitted their truth provisionally; I passed on beyond, and was surprised on the morrow to comprehend perfectly what over night appeared to me to be encompassed with a thick cloud.'

This passage in the life of Arago reminds us of a confession made by Lagrange, who was, like him, a self-taught mathematician. 'I did not perplex myself with difficulties,' he said, 'but returned to them twenty times in succession, if necessary. If after all these efforts I could not make them out, I examined how another mathematician treated the same point.'

When sixteen years old, Francis Arago left home for Montpellier, to offer himself for preliminary examination, previous to admittance into the Polytechnic School. M. Monge, the examiner, was prevented by illness from attendance, and the candidates were summoned to Paris. This journey Arago was unable to take, and he returned home disappointed, but not discouraged. His family now renewed their efforts to turn him from his purpose, but he was strong in his determination, and his taste for mathematical studies finally predominated over his desire to yield to the wishes of his friends. 'I increased my library,' he says, 'with Euler's 'Introduction à l'Analyse Infinitésimal,' with the 'Resolution des Equations Numériques,' with Lagrange's 'Theories des Fonctions Analytique,' and 'Mécanique Analytique,' and finally, Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste.' I gave myself up with great ardour to the study of these books.' That such books should have been selected for study by a self-taught youth of sixteen is strange; but that they should have been read and mastered is an evidence of that vigorous thought and indomitable perseverance which, through a long life, distinguished Francis Arago. But the time for examination came at last, and he arrived at Toulon, in company with another candidate, who had been educated at the public college, to appear before M. Monge, a man whose inflexibility of purpose, in spite of his benevolence, terrified the candidates more than the profundity of his mathematics. The interview between this eminent geometer and the youth who was destined to be his successor in the chair of

Analysis applied to Geometry, is characteristic of both the indifference of M. Monge to everything but the capacity and acquirements of the candidate, and the bold impetuosity of Arago, under a just apprehension of the native power of his mind and the range and depth of his mathematical knowledge.

'It was the first time that pupils from Perpignan had appeared in the contest. My intimidated comrade was completely discomfitted. When I repaired after him to the table, the strangest conversation took place between M. Monge and me.

'"If you are going to answer like your comrade, it is useless for me to examine you."

'"Sir, my comrade knows more than he has shown, I hope to be more fortunate than him; but what you have just said to me might well intimidate me, and deprive me of all my powers."

'"Timidity is always the excuse of the ignorant; it is to save you from the shame of a defeat that I make you the proposal of not examining you."

'"I know of no greater shame than that which you now inflict upon me. Will you be so good as to question me? It is your duty."

'"You carry yourself very high, sir. We shall see presently whether this be a legitimate pride."

'"Proceed, sir; I wait for you."'

The examination which followed commenced with some simple questions in geometry and analysis; but the professor gradually increased the difficulty of the task, for he had determined to test thoroughly the self-assumed strength of the young bravo. Whatever impressions unfavourable to the candidate may have been excited by the failure of his comrade, and his own disrespectful and somewhat insolent tone, faded from the mind of the examiner when he discovered the power of the young geometrician, for he foresaw the greatness of the maturity from the vigour of the youth. As much delighted as surprised by the soundness of the foundation that had been laid, the professor continued the examination for his own pleasure when the requirements of the law had been satisfied, and the formal but necessary examination was finished. After an examination which lasted two hours and a half, Francis Arago retired, with the promise that he should stand first upon the list of accepted candidates.

At the end of the year 1803, Arago entered the Polytechnic School, and from this time his life was so intimately connected with the history of pure and physical science in France, and with the many great minds which gave it so much honour, that we are constantly withdrawn from him to watch the progress of some man of genius with whom he was more or less associated. The names of many of the professors of the Polytechnic School are among the most honoured in France; and it has not unfrequently

happened that these men have received their education in the school where they afterwards taught. This was the case with Malus, the discoverer of the polarization of light. This eminent man, distinguished in early life by his literary attainments, was admitted into L'Ecole du Génie, a school for royal engineers; but becoming to the Minister Bouchotte a suspected person, and losing all hope of advancement, he joined the 15th Battalion of Paris, and was engaged as a private soldier in the repair of the harbour of Dunkirk. His superior officer detected his merit, and obtained his admission into the Polytechnic School, where his high mathematical attainments were so appreciated, that he was selected as the most proper person to deliver a course of lectures on analytical science during the absence of M. Monge. After following Napoleon through the Egyptian campaign, and enduring all the fatigues of the subsequent wars, he returned to Paris with a broken constitution but still vigorous mind, and has left an imperishable name on the roll of science. It is by men of this stamp that the Polytechnic School has been made so honourable in France; and such were the friends and companions of Arago.

Soon after entering the school, Arago passed another examination previous to his removal from one division to another. On this occasion, the celebrated Legendre was the examiner, and the account of what then occurred so much resembles what had passed when M. Monge was the investigator, that one is tempted to inquire whether the study of mathematics in France had a tendency in that age to make a man rude, boorish, and insulting, or whether there was not something in M. Arago's manners which deserved reproof. The unfavourable picture of the great geometer, drawn in the autobiography, is, we believe, to be attributed to M. Arago's assumption and self-confidence. Legendre was not a man to win esteem by gentleness of manner, but he gained it by uprightness of purpose. When requested, on one occasion, by the Minister of the Interior, to give his vote in the Institute to a court favourite, his answer was—'I shall vote according to my conscience.' He was then an old man, honourable for his science, venerable in age, but his inflexible integrity brought the loss of his pension. This was the man before whom the stripling Hercules of analytical science came for a second examination. As he entered the study of the professor he met two servants carrying out a young man who had fainted during his examination. Nothing daunted, Arago advanced, and so far from attempting to propitiate the favour of this dreaded examiner, he rudely, if not insolently, stopped an irrelevant conversation, and made an effort to create an unfavourable opinion in his mind. But in what followed we detect the integrity as well as the severity of

Legendre. Having asked a question which required the use of double integrals, Arago selected a process of solution of which the examiner was the discoverer, and not that taught in the class from which he came. Legendre thought that the selection of this process of solution had been made to bribe his judgment, and instantly declared his intention to give him a bad mark in character, unless he could give a good reason for selecting it in preference to that employed by his teacher. The reason was satisfactory, and the examination was closed by Legendre, with a remark as honourable to himself as to his self-satisfied pupil,—'I perceive that you have well employed your time; go on the same way the second year, and we shall part very good friends.' They did not part, but a mutual feeling of respect and an honourable acknowledgment of talents were never lost.

The mathematical acquirements of Arago were, as we have seen, detected and acknowledged by two examiners, eminent among the learned for their genius, both of whom he uselessly irritated for no other reason than his confidence in his ability to allay the anger or disgust he had excited. His object seems to have been the exhibition of his skill, by a more searching investigation of his acquirements than was demanded in the ordinary routine of an examination. If any such motive influenced him, he gained all he sought, for the reputation acquired by these trials secured him not only an acknowledged superiority among his comrades and the confidence of his teachers, but a reputation in the most eminent scientific societies of France, as a man of promise who would rapidly rise to eminence. At the commencement of his second year in the Polytechnic School, he had made acquaintance with Hachette and Poisson, and within eighteen months from the date of his admission he was elected to the high office of secretary to the Observatory, an appointment he was unwilling to accept without a condition that he should be at liberty to re-enter the artillery service if he pleased, so predominant was his desire for a military career even at this period of his life. His name was therefore left on the books of the school, and he was simply detached to the Observatory on special service. This led to an awkward incident a few years later when engaged in a trigonometrical survey in Spain, for he was suddenly recalled to pass the necessary examinations on quitting the school, as his name could not remain on the books more than four years. It happened, however, that he had in the interval been elected assistant astronomer, and this was regarded as a satisfaction of the law, and he was allowed to complete his work. But the inconvenience of his anomalous position did not end here; for, after his election as a member of the Institute, he was ordered by the director of the conscription to join the contingent

of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, or find a substitute; and thought himself fortunate in escaping that which he had once so ardently desired, by threatening to appear in his official rank in the Place de l'Estrapade, where the conscripts were to assemble, and march with them through Paris in the uniform of the Institute.

A Frenchman may, if he please, complain that the laws of his country give a possibility of such an interference with the highest scientific talent, and say, with much reason, that when science is brought within the grasp of a military despotism, its votaries should be protected; and that a man who takes a high position, especially when in the public service, should have no compulsory obligations under the War Office. But while he objects to such an absorption of all the powers of intellect by one department of the state, he cannot but feel proud that in France the way to competence and distinction is open to all men, and success can be attained by those who earnestly strive for it. But we have certainly no authority to complain of any of the anomalies which may pertain to the position of the French savan, for in England an Arago or a Laplace might have lived in indigence, wanting not only the comforts but the necessaries of life.

From the time he entered the Observatory the life of Arago becomes intensely interesting, for the events of it are associated with the progress of science during a period remarkable for great discoveries. When still a youth, and supposed to be under the discipline of a school, he was suddenly removed into the society of men who had earned by their labours and discoveries the highest renown, and by all he was treated with a respect and even deference not due and scarcely appropriate to his age. Poisson, who had selected him for the office he filled, gave him his friendship; Laplace, the most honoured among the honourable for the loftiness of his genius, the most despised among the despicable for the littleness of his character, a man who could perfect Newton's discoveries, and demonstrate the origin of all the irregularities in the motions of the planetary system, but was too stingy and suspicious to trust his wife with the key of the sugar-caddy, loaded him with civilities; while Biot received him as a friend and fellow-labourer, and engaged his assistance in the continuation of Borda's researches upon the refracting power of the gases. This happy association of Biot and Arago led to frequent conversations upon the great scientific projects of the day, and the men connected with their completion; but they were especially interested in the measurement of an arc of the meridian, commenced by Méchain, and now suspended by his death. This too had been the indirect cause of the introduction of Arago into the Observatory, and that event was the main-

spring of his future activity. His biography, therefore, is closely connected with a project which had its origin in the Institute when he was a child.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the French government, directed by its men of science, determined on the measurement of an arc of the meridian between the parallels of Dunkirk and Barcelona. The southern portion of the survey, that between Rhodes and Montjouy, was intrusted to M. Méchain. In June, 1792, he left Paris to commence this work, accompanied by M. Tranchot, his assistant, and two Spanish commissioners. In about eight months he had triangulated the country between Barcelona and the Pyrenees, taken the latitude of Montjouy, satisfied himself of the possibility of continuing the arc to the Balearic Isles, and made many astronomical observations. But before he could connect the chain of triangles measured in Spain with a station in France, he heard of the outbreak of the revolution, the execution of the king, and the declaration of war against England, Holland, and Spain. In addition to these impediments to the successful completion of a great scientific labour, he became personally incapable of exertion, in consequence of an accident, and when partially recovered from the effects of the injury he had received, and would have resumed his labours, he was prevented by the Spanish government, his passport being at the same time refused, with liberty to choose his place of residence. He selected Barcelona, that he might determine the latitude of the place, and connect it geodesically with his station at Montjouy. The most accurate results were anticipated from M. Méchain, a careful observer, with ample leisure, and provided with excellent instruments. The difference of latitude, however, between Montjouy and Barcelona was, according to his measurement, 3·25 greater than the known distance between the two places. Many reasons were given for this error, but the critics themselves were not in possession of the information necessary for a correct opinion. Some attributed the difference of result to the imperfect construction of the instruments, and some to the inaccuracy of the observer, while others traced it to the gravitating force of Montjouy. But M. Méchain himself discovered an error he had not the courage to reveal, and timidly resolved to wait an opportunity to verify his observations. This fatal secret destroyed his happiness, weakened the springs of his activity, produced a restless, irritable, and diseased temperament of mind, and at last, aided by the natural effects of captivity and fatigue, killed him.

That such a work should be left unfinished, and in a state of so much doubt and error, appeared to the associated physicists, Biot and Arago, a reproach to France and her men of science,

and they became ambitious of the honour of completing the work, and removing the supposed disgrace. Laplace, having approved their plans, interested himself in obtaining their appointment to the service, and procuring from the government the necessary funds. Both these objects were attained, and MM. Biot and Arago left Paris early in 1806 to commence their labours.

The appointment of M. Arago to this service is one of those strange events in human life out of the range of the anticipations of all the individuals principally concerned—a link necessary for the completion of a chain of existence, perfectly adapted to its place when introduced, but which no man could have recognised as belonging to it. M. Méchain had become acquainted with Arago's father in 1794, during his survey in the Pyrenees. In 1803, the Academician again visited Perpignan, and Francis Arago was then preparing to take his examination previous to his entering the Polytechnic School, and his father anxiously sought the advice of a friend whose scientific attainments and public engagements gave authority to his opinions. M. Méchain had but little hope of the admission into the national scientific school of a youth who had received so little assistance in his studies; but recommended that, in the event of his being accepted, he should confine his hopes to a commission in the artillery or engineers, and aim at no higher service. It is most remarkable, that in two years and a half from the time of this conversation, Francis Arago occupied the office of secretary to the Observatory, vacated by M. Méchain's son, and in four years was finishing the work of the Academician himself.

A more unfortunate period for the commencement of an important scientific survey in a foreign country could not have been selected, than that in which Biot and Arago began their labours. All Europe was agitated by rumours of war, and those nations not then involved in strife were expecting and preparing for its approach. Under such circumstances, a geodesic survey, requiring stations and a system of signals upon mountain summits, was an imprudent enterprise. To Arago, the danger of the service was probably one of its charms, for it satisfied his love of adventure as well as his ardour for science, and his courage and perseverance were as much demanded as his intelligence. For two years he was thus occupied in Spain. In the establishment of stations and signals he traversed at all hours, but chiefly by night, the mountain ranges separating Valencia and Catalonia from Aragon; and the ennui of which he complains in the intervals between his journey was only relieved by the occasional friendly visit of a chief of banditti or the more dangerous familiarity of two Carthusian monks.

Formentara was the southern extremity of the arc to be mea-

sured, and when the latitude had been taken, M. Biot returned to France, leaving Arago to make the geodesical junction of the Island of Majorca to Ivica and Formentara, so as to obtain by a single triangle the measure of an arc of parallel of one degree and a half. The most adventurous part of the service was now to come. While he was in Majorca measuring the latitude and azimuth, the French army entered Spain, and the young astronomer became at once the object of popular suspicion, a report spreading that he was occupied every night at his station on the Clop de Galazo, a high summit over the port, in making signals to the French generals. So violently were the people excited against him, that he was compelled to seek protection from the rage of the mob in the Spanish Castle of Belver; but even there safety was not secured, for an attempt was made by a monk to persuade the soldiers who brought food from the town for him and his companion, M. Bertherie, to murder him by poison. This happened in July, 1808, and a month passed before he was able to make his escape to Algiers. Here he obtained a passage for his companion and himself in an Algerian vessel, but she was boarded by a Spanish corsair from Palamos when entering the Gulf of Lyons, and was carried as a prize to Rosas. The authorities at that place detained the vessel, and imprisoned the crew and passengers; but the ship belonged to the Dey of Algiers, and in November she was given up, and an attempt was made to reach Marseilles. The white buildings of the town were in sight, and all the passengers were rejoicing in the hope of a speedy termination of the voyage, when a gust of the mistral drove the vessel southward, and on the 5th of December, M. Arago and his companion landed at Bougie. Finding that no sailor would at that time of the year venture by sea to Algiers, a bargain was made with a Mohammedan priest to conduct the party overland, a route which had far more real dangers than the Algerine sailors fancied at sea.

From the end of December, 1808, till June, 1809, Arago was detained in Algiers, and at last barely escaped capture by an English frigate when entering Marseilles. His perilous service, however, was now terminated. He was received by his family with the joy of him who said, 'This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found'—or of him who, having refused to be comforted, saying, 'I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning,' found occasion afterwards for the exclamation, 'Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.' A watch he had sold to purchase food had fallen into the hands of his family, and was regarded as a certain proof of his death. His scientific friends, too, hastened to give him proofs of the interest they took in him and in his labours. 'The first letter

I received from Paris,' he says, 'contained testimonials of sympathy and congratulation on the termination of my laborious and perilous adventure; it was from a man already in possession of an European reputation, but whom I had never seen: M. de Humboldt, after what he had heard of my misfortunes, offered me his friendship. Such was the origin of a connexion which dates from nearly forty years back, without a single cloud having troubled it.' The indissoluble bond science throws around the men who cultivate it, is not the least among its many advantages. It is irrespective of nationalities and the prejudices of partisanship. Humboldt was not deterred by the recollection of Jena from securing the friendship of Arago; Davy was welcomed in Paris by its most eminent men of science, when the name of England was associated in the mind of the French public with all that is detestable in the annals of selfishness and crime; and now that England and France have joined hands as allies, and stand in combat against the hordes of Russia, we cannot forget that there are such men in St. Petersburgh as Peters and Struve. That is a noble intelligence which can thus unite in respect, sympathy, and affection men of all races, and admits as one test of brotherhood a desire to discover physical truths, and a devotion to the study of nature.

In September, 1809, and only a few days after his return to Paris, Arago was elected, by forty-seven votes out of fifty-two, a member of the French Institute. The proposal of conferring upon him this honour was for a time opposed by Laplace, because he felt, and not without reason, that his election would be a discouragement to Poisson, who was not less worthy of the honour, and had, as he thought, the first claim. Finding, however, that the members had resolved to support his nomination, he withdrew his objection, and gave him his vote. Arago was at this time only twenty-three years of age, but at once took a lead in the Academy, and before the year closed was elected by the Conseil du Perfectionnement of the Polytechnic School to the chair of Analysis applied to Geometry, vacated by M. Monge. After the death of Delambre, the author of the well-known 'History of Astronomy,' which happened in August, 1822, a desire was expressed to elect Arago to the office of perpetual secretary to the Institute, but he strenuously opposed the nomination, and supported the election of M. Fourrier. This eminent man, who 'fulfilled the duties of secretary with much distinction, but not without some feebleness, some negligence on account of his bad health, died on the 16th of March, 1830,' and in the following June, Arago was elected, and held the appointment till his death.

Among the duties of the secretary of the Institute is that of writing the memoirs of deceased members, and thus transmitting

to posterity the most interesting and valuable history of the scientific progress of the age. It is not now our business to review the *éloges* written by Arago in the execution of his duty; but without that minute examination which they will so richly repay we may characterize them as admirable critiques upon scientific talent, blended with clear descriptions of important discoveries, and honest estimates of the mental characteristics and scientific claims of individuals. If his judgment was sometimes perverted by a passionate nationality, he always gave evidence of a strong conviction founded upon careful research; and if in some instances his decisions were so swayed by the bias of his mind and his preconceived opinions, as to give expression to observations of unnecessary severity, he was, notwithstanding, governed by an intense regard for the interests of science, and an earnest endeavour to encourage research by a liberal reward of honour to those who successfully employed themselves in experimental investigations.

While following the autobiography, we have perhaps given too much importance to the events of the early life of Arago, though to unscientific readers, and those who are pleased to trace the development of genius, this portion of his history may not be the least interesting; and by other readers it may be less regretted, as the only volume before us of the intended English translation of his works is that containing the Meteorological Essays, which, however interesting and valuable, do not admit of more than a brief notice, without entering upon a minute investigation of historical documents, and the deductions drawn from them. This volume contains five Essays, the subjects of which are: Thunder and Lightning—Electro-Magnetism—Animal Electricity—Terrestrial Magnetism—and the Aurora Borealis. They differ essentially in design, but they are all acceptable contributions to the popular scientific literature of the age.

The Essay on Thunder and Lightning is a masterly exposition of the state of our knowledge in regard to these imposing phenomena. It is written in a style calculated to entice the reader to follow the investigations, and illustrates, by a pleasing example, the process of philosophical inquiry. Whether regarded as a *résumé* of the scattered evidence of past ages, or as a careful examination of the dogmas of science and the prejudices of the public, its value consists in the detection of the doubtful relationship of assumed facts, and in a clear statement of the observations still required to so connect the discoveries already made as to establish or disprove adopted theories. The Essay contains abundant evidence of the author's power of minute investigation, vivid perception, and cautious generalization.

Arago's object in writing the paper on Electro-Magnetism was

evidently to claim for France generally, and for himself in particular, a large share of important discoveries in this new but now highly advanced branch of physical science. His first Essay on the subject, he informs us, was written in 1816; and was a protest against a charge made by the editors of the 'Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève,' in some prefatory remarks to a description of Mr. Children's battery and experiments against the French philosophers, who, the writer said, had received from the government of their country large sums of money for the purchase of instruments, and had done nothing. Arago, in whom nationality was an irresistible instinct, was indignant. But no one can now repeat the charge of which he then complained; for whatever occasion there may have been for the reproach when it was written, the honour of France has been fully redeemed by the labours of Ampère, Biot, Becquerel, and other men of equal energy in research, if of less reputation.

The first discovery to which Arago lays claim as belonging of right to himself, is that of the induction of magnetism in soft iron by the conducting wire of a voltaic pile. This, however, was so obvious a deduction from Oersted's discovery of the deflection of magnetic needles by the voltaic current, that it could scarcely have escaped the mind of any man when repeating the experiments of the Danish philosopher. Arago's principal experiment in electric science was, therefore, that of 'rotation magnetism;' and the anxiety with which he defends his right of priority, is a sufficient proof of the value he attached to the discovery, though, for the explanation of the origin of the phenomena, we are indebted to Faraday.

If we strip Arago's observations and experiments of all the extraneous importance they derive from his high reputation, and discard the practice, but too common among a certain class of philosophers, of mystification, they may be described in a few intelligible words. While engaged with Humboldt and Biot on Greenwich-hill, in making some experiments on the magnetic intensity, he observed that when the needle was put into vibration in proximity to other substances, even those which are non-metallic, it came to rest quicker than when vibrating at a distance from them. Subsequent experiments proved this observation to be correct; and further research demonstrated that a magnet in rotation gave motion to a plate of copper so suspended under as to be free to obey the impulse.

The publication of these results immediately attracted the attention of scientific men, not so much because it was perceived that they had a direct application to the improvement of the mariner's compass, but because they suggested the hope of discovering some new magnetic conditions, and promised a better

acquaintance with the occult principle of terrestrial magnetism. The subject was experimentally examined by Babbage and Herschel, who verified the results announced by Arago so far as related to the metals, but could detect no force between the needle and other substances. The production of the phenomena they attributed to magnetic induction, each pole of the magnet inducing in that part of the plate nearest to it a polarity opposite to its own. The force thus excited was, therefore, according to their hypothesis, attraction. This explanation was rejected by Arago, and Ampère asserted that the force was repulsive. The action so unexpectedly discovered to exist between magnets and non-metallic bodies, of which Barlow and Herschel could obtain no evidence, because, according to Arago, they were placed at too great a distance from the needle, seemed to prove that magnetism was not the cause of the phenomena. Coloumb boldly asserted that 'all bodies, organic and inorganic, are under the influence of the organic force;' and Biot was of opinion that 'either all substances in nature are susceptible of magnetism, or they all contain portions of iron or some other magnetic metal which communicates to them this property.'

Such were the differences of opinion when Faraday commenced his investigations, and succeeded in reconciling all minds by the announcement of the presence of magnetic electricity. Having already obtained electricity by the action of magnets, he examined Arago's experiments with deep interest, impressed with the belief that he should find in the facts the proof of the existence of another source of electricity, and a means of constructing a new electrical machine. With the large compound magnet of the Royal Institution he commenced his experiments, mounting a disc of copper, about twelve inches in diameter and a fifth of an inch in thickness, upon a brass axis in such a manner as to admit of either horizontal or vertical revolution. Upon connecting his apparatus with a galvanometer, he found that as long as the disc was at rest the needle, was unaffected, but the moment it was put in motion, the galvanometer gave evidence of the presence of an electric current. But we may give the result in Faraday's words:—

'It is now evident that the rotating plate is merely another form of the simple experiment of passing a piece of metal between the magnetic poles in a rectilinear direction, and that in such cases currents of electricity are produced at right angles to the direction of the motion and crossing it at the place of the magnetic pole or poles.

'Now that the existence of these currents is known, Arago's phenomena may be accounted for without considering them as due to the formation, in the copper, of a pole of the opposite kind to that approximated, surrounded by a different polarity of the same kind; neither is it essential that the plate should acquire and lose its state in

a finite time; nor, on the other hand, does it seem necessary that any repulsive force should be admitted as the cause of the rotation.'

Of the other Essays, that upon 'Terrestrial Magnetism' is the only one on which we can make any remarks. The subject is one of great difficulty, requiring long-continued careful observations, and the combined researches of many observers. The discoveries which have so clearly demonstrated an intimate relationship between heat, electricity, and magnetism, have done little or nothing towards proving the origin of the variations in magnetic declination, inclination, and intensity. From this remark it must not be imagined that in a subject vitally affecting the interests of mankind in a higher degree, perhaps, than any other physical science, that the physicist has abandoned the subject as one of hopeless pursuit, or that he is inactively waiting for an accidental solution of the difficulties. We recommend Arago's Essay to careful perusal as an evidence of the patient observation with which the subject is studied; and the reader will at the same time learn the extent of our ignorance and the process by which knowledge is sought. Arago's observations extend over a period of forty-two years, commencing in 1810. The record of his observations on the daily variation consists of six large folio volumes, containing together 2076 pages, and 52,599 observations. During this long period he made on an average eleven observations every day, beginning at seven in the morning and ending at eleven at night. But 'sometimes we find him observing from hour to hour until half an hour after midnight, and then rising so as to begin the same work again at four the next morning. Under some circumstances, we find the observations succeed each other every five or even every three minutes.' The result of his persevering labours is soon told, and will be thought an inadequate reward by those who have a habit of sneering at scientific enthusiasm. He ascertained that in Paris the daily motions of the needle are generally regular, two complete oscillations being made every day.

'Beginning from 11 h., P.M. the north end of the needle moves from west to east, reaches a *minimum* declination at $8\frac{1}{4}$ h. A.M., and then retrogrades towards the west to attain its *maximum* declination at $1\frac{1}{4}$ h. P.M.

'From $1\frac{1}{4}$ h. P.M. the needle moves again towards the east, reaches a second *maximum* between 8 h. and 8 h. P.M., and returns again towards the west to attain its second *maximum* at 11 h. P.M.

'The greatest amplitude is that of the semi-oscillation, which takes place between 8 h. A.M. and 1 h. P.M.

With much confidence we commend this volume to our readers, for it is popular as well as scientific, and not only teaches what has been discovered, but points out what is yet required, and how that is to be attained.

Brief Notices.

CONTENTS.

1. The Song of Hiawatha.
2. Gilbert Massenger.
3. Controversial Correspondence.
4. Olga; or Russia in the Tenth Century.
5. The Last of the Czars.
6. Pulmonary Tuberculosis.
7. Medical Reform.
8. Elementary Atlas.
9. Words for the Heart and Life.
10. Popular Astronomy.
11. Villette.
12. Noctes Ambrosianæ.
13. An Earnest Ministry.
14. Railway Morals and Railway Policy.
15. Working Women of Last Half Century.
16. Evidences of the Christian Revelation, and Lectures on Paley's Evidences.
17. Nineveh and Persepolis.

The Song of Hiawatha. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 316. 5s. London: Bogue. 1855.

In proportion to the eminence of the reputation which Mr. Longfellow has to sustain or to lose as a poet should be the care with which that reputation is guarded. This law, we fear, the author has disobeyed in the publication of the production now before us. It appears to us altogether unworthy of his genius and his fame, if indeed we ought not rather to designate it as a liberty taken with the public. The poem is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them by the Great Spirit to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. The advent and mission of this Hiawatha forms the main subject of nearly six thousand lines, without rhyme or variety of metre. How wearisome they become, the reader may imagine, from one short specimen. The speaker is a worthy rejoicing in the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis, who, standing on the edge of a dam, thus addresses a beaver, who opportunely made his appearance:—

'Oh, my friend, Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me too into a beaver."
Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve, he thus made answer,
'Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers.'

Let the reader multiply the effect produced on his mind by these lines by five or six hundred, and he will have a tolerably accurate notion of the general character of the poem. Many of its incidents are the intercourses and loves of the personified elements—the Summer, the East Wind, &c., but we look in vain for the grace of Milton's

'Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying.'

They are always tame, and sometimes absolutely childish. An

instance of the method in which scenes intended to be sublime are dealt with, is furnished at the opening of the poem, when the 'Great Spirit, the Master of Life,' is represented as appearing from heaven, and summoning the warrior-tribes to listen to his counsel, and to the promise of the coming Hiawatha. His first august act was to manufacture a tobacco-pipe, and, erect on a lofty mountain, to smoke it out before the eyes of his creatures. He next taught them to cultivate the same questionable habit, in token of peace; and finally, rises to heaven, elate upon a cloud of tobacco smoke! The reader will think we are in jest. On the contrary, we are representing the truth without the slightest exaggeration. The same is thus described in the closing lines of the first canto:—

> While the Master of Life ascending
> Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
> Through the door-ways of the heaven,
> Vanished from before their faces,
> In the smoke that rolled around him,
> The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

The work is studded throughout with the most uncouth and ineffable Indian words—riotous groups of vowels and consonants—introduced without the slightest necessity, and frequently as if explanatory of the English word they represent; thus—'And the heron, the shuh-shuh-gah.' This particular form of bad taste defaces every page. On the whole, despite the name of Longfellow, to whom we own great obligations, we must designate this as a very feeble and faulty—we had almost said a trumpery performance. It cannot be compared to a palace, a temple, or a bower; but only to a wigwam. It derives no interest from invention, no solidity from thought, and no charm from poetic fancy.

A very neat shilling edition is issued to meet the competition of the British market.

Gilbert Massenger. By Holme Lee. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1855.

We have before borne our testimony to the merits of this author, in reviewing 'Thorney Hall;' and after perusing this volume we are disposed to repeat the expressions of our interest and admiration. It is the history of a life, from a boyhood nurtured under a maiden aunt, whose gloomy views of religion were deepened by a matrimonial disappointment; thence through the discipline of an endowed country school; and lastly, through a life of many and bitter sorrows. The harshness of his aunt drove him from his home at an early age; and having acquired some taste for mechanics and drawing, he entered into the service of a civil engineer, in which, by talent and resolution, he attained a position which the inheritance of his aunt's property at her death rendered less necessary to him. But in his school-days he had contracted a fond acquaintance with the niece of his preceptor, and as she blossomed into womanhood the intimacy was renewed at the town

house of that gentleman's brother, who was the disappointed suitor of Gilbert's maiden aunt. Such a love as was to be expected from two such natures sprang up between them. Amidst the increasing age of the one, and the growing prosperity of the other, this attachment ripens to the maturity of an engagement, and the intense love of both is depicted with a warmth of colouring which unquestionably distinguishes the pencil of Holme Lee. On the death of the aunt, Gilbert discovers from her papers that she had declined marriage with his friend, William Graham, from a conscientious repugnance to transmit a hereditary malady, with the existence of which, in his father and other members of the family, she had already acquainted him. After an agonizing conflict, he takes the same resolution, breaks off his engagement, and wanders to the wilds of Western America, in search of forgetfulness. During the delightful period of his intimacy with his Helen, the scepticism of indifference gave place to those religious convictions and hopes which supported him through the trials of his chequered life. On his return to England, after an absence of fifteen years, he finds the object of his affections a matron and a mother, the wife of an early friend and rival,—exchanges his passionate love for a pensive friendship, and spends his manhood and his age in that calm contentment which springs from the sense of righteous self-conquest and the pleasures and prospects of true religion. The tone of this short but beautiful narrative is most healthful. The descriptive powers of the author, marked by occasional touches of singular pathos, vindicate for him a high place among contemporaneous writers of fiction; while his choice of the more sombre scenes of Nature harmonizes with the character of the narrative, and answers at least one of the ends which the ancient philosopher attributed to tragedy,—that of purifying the heart, if not by terror at least by pity.

Controversial Correspondence between the Rev. Paul Maclachlan, Roman-catholic Priest in Falkirk, and R. W. Kennard, Esq. 8vo. London: Partridge & Oakey. 1855.

This volume, extending to upwards of seven hundred pages, is filled with letters between a lay gentleman, well known in the highest commercial classes of this metropolis, and a Roman priest residing near the extensive works of the former in Scotland. It appears to have originated almost in accident. A lecturer having described the wretched condition of the roads in Spain, the priest rushes into print in their defence. Mr. Kennard having recently sacrificed a carriage and twelve oxen in conveying an engine along the said roads, published his experience in a Scottish paper. The ill-advised priest attacks him, and thus originates the controversy before us. On the part of Mr. Kennard, it is conducted with great temper and urbanity, which give a keener edge to his arch and amusing satire. The Papist, on the contrary, waxes 'fast and furious,' and losing his guard, lays himself at the mercy of his opponent. The historical grounds on which the Romish clergy teach their disciples to rely are ploughed up by the lay controversialist in the most unceremonious manner. The unblush-

ing effrontery and fraudulence of the Church are exposed with equal fearlessness and felicity. But just when the issue was about to be joined on the doctrines of the Roman-catholic Church, the priest absconded from the field. Before he knew the formidable character of his opponent, he complimented him on his 'high courtesy,' 'eloquent language,' 'lively wit,' and 'clear, logical, and intelligent mind;' but at a subsequent stage of the controversy, and at the threshold of the contest on the great questions of theological doctrine, he finds it convenient to declare that he can gain no credit from a conflict with such a foe, against whom he fires in his retreat the most rude and inconsistent vituperation. Every impartial reader must admit this to be the confession of defeat, in all but the ingenuousness and honour which the simple admission would have indicated. It is being drummed out of the lists instead of retiring from them with the honours of war. Mr. Kennard has done good service to a good cause; and if his success has not been more complete, it is because he has not had a more worthy and able opponent.

Olga; or, Russia in the Tenth Century. An Historical Poem. London: Hamilton. 1855.

Had this been a brief prose narrative instead of an epic, we should have called it well-timed, and praised the author's exhortations to the love of our enemies, whatever estimate we might form of the completeness of his acquaintance with European politics. As a poem, we cannot say much in its favour. It is written in blank verse, so bald as to be merely prose cut into lengths, and is unrelieved by the slightest ray of that imagination which alone can give fascination to the detail of historical events. What hope, prospect, or consideration can have sustained the writer through the composition of these three hundred and odd pages, we cannot imagine. For history, he gives us a catalogue; for poetry, a lay-figure; and for rhythm and melody, a ruptured drum.

The Last of the Czars; or, the Doom of Nicholas. A Romance, founded on Russian History and Traditions. By W. R. Brame. 12mo. London: Partridge & Oakey. 1855.

Russia again! Here we have a work consisting of a series of letters from the unseen world; the first two from the late emperor to his reigning son, and the rest from a spirit who takes the name of Mephistopheles. They are impregnated with the most violent political feeling, though indicating little of political philosophy. In a word, they present in the form of letters the patent history of the life of Nicholas, represent in a pagan form the decision of infernal judges upon his career, and after all leave the reader much as he was before he perused what the writer rather ambitiously calls a 'Romance.' It falls on the mind cold and unimpressive; and unless our judgment is at fault, will soon be forgotten

The Pathology and Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis, and on the Local Medication of Pharyngeal and Laryngeal Diseases frequently mistaken for or associated with Phthisis. By John Hughes Bennett, M.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

Of making many books on the subject of consumption there is no end: we wish we could believe that the cures of this formidable malady advanced in the ratio of the books. Dr. Bennett, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Edinburgh University, has given us here a very able work on the subject,—most of the reasoning and facts in which are familiar to those who are familiar with his previous writings. In the year 1841, Dr. Bennett recommended cod-liver oil in consumption, having seen its value in the hospitals in Germany, and, to speak the plain truth, we think the excellent professor has occasionally insisted too much on the merit of the priority of this recommendation. We remember very well, long before his monograph appeared, that cod-liver oil was largely used on the Continent; and, indeed, ourselves followed the steps of a physician in the Bordeaux Hospital, who has since published his experience on the subject, and who had, before the period named, been very largely (and, as he thought, with almost uniform success) using the cod-liver oil in consumption. Professor Bennett has more substantial claims to the respect of his medical brethren than this casual merit of importing, or first writing on, a remedy already universal on the Continent, and which must very soon have become common in Great Britain.

From the examination of upwards of 2000 bodies, Dr. Bennett became impressed with one great fact,—'that all organic diseases occasionally presented a tendency to spontaneous cure. . . . In no organs were such appearances more common than in the lungs, and of no disease was evidence of a spontaneous cure more frequent than of Pulmonary Tuberculosis.' That evidence existed, however, before the introduction of cod-liver oil; and, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of its advocates, the pathological statistics, which are to prove that these cures are more common under cod-liver oil than under any former treatment, have yet to be drawn up. We had seen a few cases of most marvellous recovery from phthisical abscess in the lungs, with all the symptoms of deep 'consumption,' long before the introduction of cod-liver oil; and though we consider it an admirable remedy, we believe the cases of recovery from such conditions are still extremely rare.

We certainly are convinced that consumption is more frequently arrested now than formerly, but this we are disposed to ascribe to the more judicious hygienic treatment, and to the less quantity of drugs with which the unhappy patient is drenched, than to any specific power of any medicine whatever. Still, in good hands, the cod-liver oil is doubtless an invaluable remedy; and that Dr. Bennett's are good hands, and that to him we are indebted for its first advocacy in Scotland, we cheerfully admit.

Medical Reform; being the Sketch of a plan for a National Institute of Medicine. By Azygos. London: Partridge & Oakey.

We have read this pamphlet with much care and pleasure, and are sorry that our space forbids us to enter on the consideration of a social question of such importance to the public as well as to medical men. For twenty years we have taken a deep interest in the subject of Medical Reform, and have watched during that period its progress, if, indeed, that can be called progress which was rather a surging and tumultuous rocking without any advance. We agree with Azygos in repudiating all hope of material benefit from the various plans for medical reform at present before the professional public; and though we cannot coincide with him in all his proposed methods of re-organizing the profession—establishing a grand national institute of medicine, with some hundreds of clerks, scientific commissions, and monopoly of hospitals,—because we think some of the details impolitic, and some impracticable, we can yet conscientiously and earnestly recommend his book to the consideration of medical men, and of all those who wish to see the healing art placed on a sound and honourable basis. The charters of different kings and various governments have divided the practitioners of surgery and medicine into a number of petty republics, with trading companies and directors at their head; and until all these are made to merge in one national medical institute, it will be in vain to hope to see the guardians of the health of the people hold, or deserve, the honourable and useful position which ought eventually to be theirs.

In the sketch of such a medical institute given by Azygos, there is much that is admirable, and much that will bear reconsideration. An able, earnest mind is seen heartily at work throughout. He makes no allusion to the London University, which is beginning the work of which a National Institute of Medicine will assuredly one day be the end. The examinations of that University are as stringent as those Azygos proposes for the licentiates and doctors of his institute, and to the graduates and directors of the Metropolitan University we recommend Azygos to dedicate his second edition, which, we trust and believe, will shortly be required.

It is from no disposition to be hypercritical, but from a sincere respect for the ability and energy displayed, that we beg to hint to the author the propriety of being content with one note of admiration at a time, and of here and there—especially in the notes—lopping off a little redundancy and carelessness of expression, probably the effect of haste.

An Elementary Atlas of History and Geography, from the commencement of the Christian Era to the present time; adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools. By the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A. London: Longman & Co.

This chronological series of maps deserves high commendation. It makes the condition of Europe at various epochs *visible*, and enables the student to trace the changes which have passed over its kingdoms, and the acquisition or loss of territory by its various peoples. It

will greatly facilitate the study, not only of geography but of history. The maps are admirably engraved, and possess several special merits. An able introduction, and concise historical remarks, connecting the different periods illustrated by the maps, add greatly to the value and interest of the work.

Words for the Heart and Life. Discourses by the Rev. A. J. Morris. London: Ward & Co. 1855.

We heartily rejoice to see some of the 'Discourses' of Mr. Morris rescued by the press from at least a partial oblivion, and made accessible to the public at large, who have not the privilege of even occasionally attending his ministry. We hope we are not estimating too highly the good taste of religious society in the present day when we predict that they will receive this book, not indeed with satisfaction—for we think they will 'ask for more' —but with much pleasure and gratitude. In its pages they will acquaint themselves with an original and powerful preacher, whose treatment of the most ordinary themes, and the structure of whose sermons, exhibit a degree of ingenuity which, never making the slightest approach to the fantastic, possess a singular charm. This, combined with profound thought and an almost intuitive insight into spiritual truth, renders his 'Discourses' pre-eminently suggestive and pregnant with instruction. The author's command of language, too, is very remarkable; and he not unfrequently rises to a very high tone of eloquence. There are some preachers—and the reader will perhaps think of Dr. James Hamilton—whose most brilliant passages derive so much of their beauty from classical phraseology and allusion, that they can be fully appreciated only by accomplished scholars like themselves. Mr. Morris is not one of these. While scholars may admire his eloquence, every hearer must feel it in all its force.

The 'Discourses' before us present a very fair specimen of the ministry of Mr. Morris. We warmly commend them to our readers. He who can read the first, entitled 'The Temple Cleansed; or, Christ the Purifier of Religion,' and stop there, may have as many excellences as are compatible with the blankest absence of intellectual taste, but no more.

Popular Astronomy. By François Arago. Translated from the Original, and Edited by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., &c., and Robert Grant, Esq., M.A., &c. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 707. London: Longman & Co.

This volume has reached us since our article on Arago has been in print, and we are compelled, therefore, to content ourselves with a simple announcement of its appearance and character. It is the first of two volumes, consisting mainly of the astronomical lectures which M. Arago was in the habit of delivering at the Observatory of Paris during a period of eighteen years. As a lecturer on astronomy, the author was at once remarkable for the marvellous clearness of his descriptions, for the vivid and pointed character of his illustrations,

and for the enthusiasm with which he especially dwelt upon all that is more attractive and beautiful in the science.' The lectures delivered by M. Arago underwent, from time to time, a careful revision, so as to keep pace with the rapid progress of astronomy in recent times. It was his firm conviction that the technical language of mathematical science was not needful to a successful teaching of astronomy, and this conviction he has sought to realize in the present work. The second volume is speedily to appear, and will be followed by the 'Biographical Notices' of M. Arago, translated by Professor Rowell.

Villette. By Currer Bell. A New Edition. pp. 492. 6s. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.—We are glad to see a new and cheap edition of this work, uniform with those of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Shirley.' 'Villette,' like its predecessors, bears strong marks of individuality. It is the production of a superior intellect, and will be deemed the more valuable from its author having been withdrawn from us. As we noticed it at some length on its first appearance, in our Journal for March, 1853, we need not say more at present.

Noctes Ambrosianæ. By Professor Wilson. In Four Volumes. Vol. II. Post 8vo. pp. 428. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.—The second volume of an edition which was reported on in our October number. It were idle to say anything in praise of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' Our critical judgment has recently been expressed, and need not be repeated. We know few works which combine more happily the elements of amusement and instruction.

An Earnest Ministry, the Want of the Times. By John Angell James. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 263. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.—We are glad to see the *sixth* edition of a work breathing an apostolic spirit, and eminently suited to advance the highest interests of mankind. Amongst the many services rendered by Mr. James, the publication of this volume is by no means the least.

Railway Morals and Railway Policy. By Herbert Spencer. pp. 116.—This small volume, forming No. 89 of the 'Travellers' Library,' is reprinted from the 'Edinburgh Review,' with additions and a postscript by the author. It merits an attentive perusal, and will be found both instructive and interesting.

Working Women of the Last Half Century; the Lesson of their Lives. By Clara Lucas Balfour. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 384. London: W. & F. G. Cash.—Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Hannah More and her sisters, Mrs. Barbauld, Elizabeth Smith, Charlotte Elizabeth, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. M. Lundie Duncan, Sarah Martin, Mrs. Ann H. Judson, and Hannah Kilham, are the 'working women' to whose beneficent labors this work is devoted. It were difficult to select a volume better suited to interest an intelligent reader, or to exercise a more salutary influence.

Evidences of the Christian Revelation, and Lectures on Paley's Evidences. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Post 8vo. pp. 582. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.—The sixth volume of the select works of Dr. Chalmers—containing his 'Treatise on the Evidences,' his 'Lectures on Paley's Evidences,' and the 'Christian's Defence against Infidelity,' an Introductory Essay to Mr. Collins's collection of Treatises published under that title. We know few volumes better adapted than this to serve the highest interests of mankind, and as such we strongly recommend it.

Nineveh and Persepolis: an Historical Sketch of Ancient Assyria and Persia. With an account of the recent researches in those countries. By W. S. W. Paux, M.A. Fourth Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Post 8vo. pp. 518. London: A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.—We give this new edition of a very valuable work a most cordial reception. The narrative of Assyrian

and Babylonian remains is brought down to the present time. Ample justice is done to the labors of the eminent men who have devoted themselves to this branch of archæology, and the author's official post in the British Museum has enabled him to throw much light on the monuments deposited in that celebrated institution. Our young readers cannot do better than possess themselves of the volume.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

THE present number terminates my responsibility as Editor of the 'Eclectic Review.' Both the copyright and the editorship have passed into other hands. The reasons which have induced this course are of a nature so purely personal that it is unnecessary to explain them. I will only say that they involve no diminution of attachment to those principles which have for half a century been advocated in these pages, nor in the 'Eclectic Review' as their consistent exponent. Whatever imperfections may have appeared in the work during the nineteen years of my editorial management, I trust they have not been such as could inflict the slightest injury on the cause of evangelical truth and the interests of civil and religious freedom, which it has ever been the main purpose of this Journal to promote. I am happy to announce, in the words of my successor, 'that the general principles on which the Review will be conducted will remain unaltered.'

The Editorship has devolved on a gentleman whose extensive learning and high character afford the fullest guarantee that a work produced under his superintendence will deserve the confidence of the best and soundest portion of the religious world. While thankfully acknowledging the degree of support which has been extended to my editorial labours, I heartily wish that a much larger measure may be afforded to my successor.

THOMAS PRICE.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

An Inquiry concerning Religion. By George Long.

Agamemnon the King: a Tragedy. From the Greek of Æschylus. By William Blew, M.A.

The Duration of Evil: an Essay.

The Rational Creation: an Inquiry into the Nature and Classification of Rational Creatures, and the Government which God exercises over them. By Rev. J. Brodie.

Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day. By Edmond About.

INDEX.

VOL. X. NEW SERIES.

Abeken, B. R., *Life and Letters of Cicero*, 622.

Administrative Reform Official Papers, 351; contrast between the People and the Government, 352; official failures on former occasions, 354; aristocratic power and corruption, 356; necessity of reform, 365.

Alison, Sir A., *History of Europe from* 1815 *to* 1852, 243.

Allen, W., *The Dead Sea, a new Route to India*, 454; recent explorers, 454; the Dead Sea, 458; proposed route, 459; destruction of forests, 462; effects of, 464.

Alliott, R., *Psychology and Theology*, 28; study of psychology, 28; importance of, 29; difficulty, 31; relation to religion, 33; nature of the lectures, 34.

Arago, F., *Popular Astronomy*, 765.

Arago, F., The Autobiography of, 742; autobiographies, 743; Arago's early life, 744; as a student, 748; scientific labors, 751; Meteorological Essays, 756.

Astie, J. F., *Louis XIV.*, 613.

Austin, W. S., *Lives of the Poets Laureate*, 492.

Azygos, *Medical Reform*, 764.

Baines, E., *A Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont*, 497.

Baker, W. R., *Anti-Mysticism*, 627. *Our State Church*, 628.

Baker, W. R., *The Curse of Britain*, 632.

Balfour, C. L., *Working Women*, 766.

Barnes, A., *Book of Job*, 503.

Barrett, W. G., *Geological Facts*, 620.

Beaumont, W. J., *Catherine*, 615.

Bell, C., *Villette*, 766.

Bennett, J. H., *Pulmonary Tuberculosis*, 763.

Bible, The, 242.

Bickersteth, E., *Notes on Scripture*, 630.

Binney, T., *Objections to the Royal Proclamation*, 118.

Boner, Mr., *Cain*, 375.

Borgia, A., *Nine Days' Meditations on the Abuses of the Church of Rome*, 246.

Bouchier, B., *Manna in the Heart*, 627.

Brande, Prof., *Lectures*, 615.

Brandt, G., *The Life of James Arminius, D.D.*, 501.

Brame, W. R., *The Last of the Czars*, 762.

Brewer, Dr., *A Guide to the Mythology, &c. of Ancient Greece*, 247.

Brewer, J. S., *Elementary Atlas*, 764.

Brewster, Sir D., *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, 513; early life, 513; at college, 516; researches in optics, 518; controversies, 520; gravitation, 524; 'Principia,' 527; treatment of Flamsteed, 530.

Bright, J., *Regium Donum*, 632.

British Controversialist, 506.

Brittany and La Vendée, 109.

Brown, C. R., *Lays and Lyrics*, 376.

Brown, R., *The Bye-ways of the Bible* 626.

Burton, Lieut., *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah*, 216; his guise as traveller, 217; the journey, 218; *Bedouins*, 220; El Medinah, 221; *the Great Caravan*, 225.
Bushby, H. J., *Widow-Burning*, 631.

Calvert, J., *Gold Rocks of Great Britain and Ireland*, 257.
Carlyle, T., *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, 351.
Chalmers, Dr., *Christian Revelation*, 766.
Chalmers, Dr., Select Works of, 505.
Chaucer, G., Poetical Works of, 247, 505.
Child's Own Bible History, 505.
Christ's Death, The Benefit of, 496.
Clinton, H. F., Literary Remains of, 277; as a member of Parliament, 278; early life, 279; literary labours, 281; success, 287; chronology, 294.
Clyde, J., *Romaic and Modern Greek*, 702; the Greek nation, 703; the clergy, 705; education, 708; literature, 710.
Congregational Lectures, 629.
Congreve, R., *The Roman Empire of the West*, 245.
Conscience, H., *The Lion of Flanders*, 239, 499.
Controversial Correspondence, 762.
Conybeare, J. W., *Essays*, 113.
Cornwall: its Mines and Miners, 257.

D'Aubigné, Dr. M., *Religious Liberty from a Christian Point of View*, 337; persecutions in Germany, 337; discussions respecting religious liberty, 340.
Davy, J., *The Angler and his Friend*, 374.
Dawson, J. W., *Acadian Geology*, 494.
Dick Bequest, Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of, 243.
Dobell, S., *Sonnets of the War*, 375.
Dodd, J. P., *Philosophy of Language*, 377.
Don Antonio, 619.
Duncan, C., *A Campaign with the Turks in Asia*, 323; character of work, 325; Turkish public men, 326; ill treatment of General Guyon, 329; the campaign, 332.

Eadie, Dr., *The Divine Love*, 111.
Editorial Postscript, 768.
Elliott, E., *Blenham*, 552; a church-rate story, 552.
Embassies and Foreign Courts, 555; diplomacy, 555; the rights of legation, 557; *the cipher*, 559; expenses, 560; *vanity*, 565; English diplomacy, 566.
Epps, J., *Constipation*, 735; purgatives, 736; their evil effects, 738; homœopathy, 740.
Erskine, J. E., *Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific*, 624.
Evans, B., *Modern Popery*, 117.

Fairbairn, P., *Ezekiel*, 620.
Fearn, J., *Hymns for the Sundays*, 376.
Felt, J. B., *Ecclesiastical History of New England*, 618.
Ferguson, W., *Churches and Preachers*, 624.
Ferrier, J. F., *Institutes of Metaphysic*, 411; the Introduction, 412; basis of the system, 414; the knowledge of self, 417; meaning of knowledge, 419.
Field, J., *John Howard*, 502.
Finlandic National Literature, 385; the Finns, 386; their language, 388; national poetry, 391; *Wæinæmöinen*, 393; *Songs for the Harp*, 397; *Runeberg's 'Cottage Girl,'* 402.
Fishbourne, Captain, *China and the Present Revolution*, 621.
Fletcher, R., *The Hero's Canticle, and other Poems*, 148; present work, 148; *Lament of India*, 149; *death*, 150.
Forester, T., *Rambles in Norway*, 497.
French Universal Exhibition, 129; the building, 130; the pictures, 131; French school, 133; of papal nations, 134; of the Dutch, 135; Switzerland, 137; vulgarity in taste, 140; British artists, 141.

Geography Simplified, 505.
George III., Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of, 72; the Grenville family, 72; Catholic Emancipation, 74; change of ministry, 76; conduct of William Pitt, 79; Slave Trade Bill, 83; Duke of Portland's Ministry, 84; official appointments, 85.
Glossary of Military Terms, 626.
Graham, T., *Remains of the Hon. and Rev. S. Hay*, 632.
Grillparzer, F., *Sappho*, 376.

Guizot, M., *Love in Marriage*, 582; Lady Russell, 583; Lord Russell, 585; trial and death, 586.
Gurney, J. H., *St. Louis and Henry the Fourth*, 499.

Hall, M., *Two-fold Slavery of the United States*, 631.
Hallam, H., *State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, 119.
Hampden, J., *The Aristocracy of England*, 351.
Hare, J. C., *Vindication of Luther*, 241.
Hassall, A. H., *Food and its Adulterations*, 576; sanitary subject, 576; disclosures in 'Lancet,' 577; value of present work, 579; adulterations, 580.
Hawkshaw, A., *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History*, 376.
Heron, M., *The Mandan Chief*, 376.
Holden, W. C., *History of the Colony of Natal*, 51; aspects of, 52; possession of, 55; progress, 57; produce, 58; Mr. Mason's work, 59.
Hopkins, E., *Geology and Terrestrial Magnetism*, 257.
Howitt, W., *A Boy's Adventure in the Wilds of Australia*, 110.
Howitt, W., Land, Labour, and Gold, 422; the Australias, 422; *high prices in* 1852, 424; trades, 426; climate, 427; diggings, 428; land system, 431; drunkenness, 434.
Humphreys, E. R., *Political Science*, 504.
Hungary, The Present Condition of, 479; its social relations before the revolution, 479; its people, 483; effect of the revolution, 487; religious condition, 488; general feeling, 491.
Hunt, R., *Produce of Copper, Tin, Lead, and Silver, from the Mines of the United Kingdom*, 257.
Hymnology, 535; increase of, 535; *Church Psalmody*, 537; Dr. Watts's hymns, 538; abuse of, 541; Wesleyan hymn-book, 546; other works, 551.

India, Government Education in, 227; institution of universities, 227; general education, 228; duty of the Court of Directors, 229; grants in aid, 230; the instruction proposed, 232; help to missionary labours, 235.
Irving, W., *Life of George Washington*, 113.
James, J. A., *An Earnest Ministry*, 766.
Jews, a Few Words to the, 625.
Johns, Major, *The Calendar of Victory*, 114.
Johnson, C., *The Ferns of Great Britain*, 658.

Kemp, T. L., *The Phasis of Matter*, 617.
Kingsley, C., *Glaucus*, 504.
Krummacher, Dr., *Christ and His People*, 117.

Leaves from Life, 376.
Lectures read at a Mechanic's Institute, 116.
Lee, H., *Gilbert Massenger*, 760.
Lee, H., *Thorney Hall*, 371.
Lewis, S., *English Rivers*, 615.
Lewis, Sir G. C., *An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History*, 172; present work, 172; absence of early Roman history, 174; theories, 177; constitutional and historical events, 180; author's fallacies, 184; assumed positions, 189.
Literary Intelligence, 128, 256, 384, 511, 640, 767.
Locke, J., *An Essay*, 38; Ireland's improved condition, 38; industrial system, 41; moral revolution, 42; agricultural returns, 45; resources, 48; *tenure of land*, 50.
Longfellow, H. W., *The Song of Hiawatha*, 759.
Lord, J., *Modern Europe*, 502.

Macaulay, T. B., *Frederick the Great*, 247.
MacDonald, G., *Within and Without*, 148.
Macfarlane, Dr., *The Disciple Whom Jesus Loved*, 117.
Macgregor, R. G., *Indian Leisure*, 505.
Manchester Mechanics' Institution, the Thirty-first Annual Report, 204; the present condition of, 204; causes of failure, 207; the remedy, 210; education, 211; other schemes, 214.
Mann, R. J., *Knowledge of Life*, 505.
Marsden, J. B., *Christian Churches and Sects*, 505.

Marsden, J. B., *Christian Churches and Sects*, 118, 631.
Marston, W., *Death Ride*, 376.
Mason, G. H., *Life with the Zulus of Natal*, 51.
Massey, G., *War Waits*, 376.
M'Crie, Dr., Works of, 110.
M'Ilvaine, Dr., *The Truth and the Life*, 117.
Meikle, J., *The Nature of the Mediatorial Dispensation*, 116.
Mendes, A. P., *Sermons*, 114.
Meredith, O., *Clytemnestra*, &c., 296; present critics, 296; present works, 297.
Merrifield, Mrs., *Dress*, 631.
Mills, T., *The Absurdity of Unbelief in Christianity*, 632.
Milner, T., *The Crimea*, 495.
Mines, Records of the School of, 257; early British mines, 257; British and Foreign miners, 260; mining 'bubbles,' 263; mineral districts, 265; magnetic force, 269; mineral laws, 271; value of produce, 274.
Moeran, E. B., *Nature of Faith*, 627.
Moore, T., *British Ferns*, 658.
Moredun: a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten, 60; question of authorship, 60; scene of the tale, 64; *feats of archery*, 66; *confession of Maelstrom*, 67; defects of work, 69.
Morris, A. J., *Words for the Heart and Life*, 765.
Muller, J. G., *History of the Primitive Religions of America*, 311; primitive inhabitants, 312; growth of religion, 313; *fetichism*, 316; Sun worship, 320; the Incas, 321.
Mursell, J. P., *Evangelical Missions*, 214.

Nairne, Baroness, *Lays from Strathearn*, 16.
Newman, E., *British Ferns*, 658; cultivation, 658; *the fern*, 660; *the species*, 662; climates, 663.
Nieritz, G., *Alexander Menschikoff*, 118.
Noctes Ambrosiana, The, 404; history of literature, 404; works of Wilson, 405; value of dialogues, 407; present work, 408; faults 410.

Olga, 762.
Olin, S., The Works of, 630.
Olshausen's Commentary, 503.

Parker, R. G., *A School Compendium of Natural and Experimental Philosophy*, 246.
Paux, S. W., *Nineveh and Persepolis*, 766.
Peirce, W., *The Ecclesiastical Principles and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists*, 111.
Philo-Judæus, The Works of, 602; Alexandrian pantheism, 603; system of author, 604; his theology, 607; Scripture interpretation, 610.
Piper, A., *Military and Naval Dictionary*, 626.
Pirret, D., *The Ethics of the Sabbath*, 112.
Platform, The, 94; its use, 95; speakers and hearers, 97; the pulpit and the platform, 98; platform speaking, 100; arrangement of public meetings, 102; controversies, 105; conferences, 107.
Potts, R., *Liber Cantabrigiensis*, 372.
Powell, B., *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy*, &c., 237.
Preces Paulinæ, 117.

Quatrefages, A. de, *Recollections of a Naturalist*, 684; natural history, 685; natural history of man, 686; the Basques, 688; rats, 692; perfect animal, 693; perforation, 696.

Ragg, T., *Creation's Testimony to its God*, 373.
Review of the Month: Parliamentary doings, 119, 382; Sunday trading, 120, 247, 379, 506, 632; Mr. Roebuck's Committee, 122; Religious Worship bill, 123, 248, 773; Administrative Reform, 125; Education, 249; Convocation, 249; Lord John Russell, 250, 379; Capitular Estates, 252; Maynooth, 252; Dissenters' Marriage bill, 253, 380; Church-rate bill, 253; the War, 254, 381, 509, 638; Regium Donum, 378; Queen's visit to France, 383; Form of Prayer, 507; Evangelical Alliance, 508; Political Manifestoes, 634; Congregational Union, 637.
Roberts, T., *God and His Works*, 625.
Robertson, F. W., *Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton*, 373.
Robin, *Essays and Poems*, 376.

Robinson, C. K., *Missions Urged upon the State*, 623.
Rogers, C., *The Modern Scottish Minstrel*, 16; poetry and song-writing, 16; Lady Nairne, 21; *her poetry*, 22; *nobleness of character*, 27.
Ross, A., *The Fur Hunters of the Far West*, 665; *hurricanes*, 667; *wolves*, 668; *Indian negotiations*, 670; *banquet*, 671; *feuds*, 673; *trapping*, 674.
Roussel, N., *Catholic Nations and Protestant Nations*, 617.
Rule, W. H., *Studies from History*, 631.
Ruskin, J., *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, 641; the Pre-Raphaelites, 641; their works, 642; philosophy of art, 644; different masters, 649; Raphael, 653; cartoons, 657.
Russell, W. H., *The War*, 501.
Russia, Recollections of, 500.
Ruther, *Haymaker's Histories*, 376.

Schmitt, A., *Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte*, 473; the art of music, 473; its standard, 474; singing, 476.
Scholefield, J., Memoir of the late, 303; early life, 303; as an incumbent, 305; as a professor, 306; *his last illness*, 309.
Scripture Readings, 631.
Sharpe, S., *Historic Notes on the Old and New Testaments*, 115.
Smith, A., *Sonnets of the War*, 375.
Smith, G., *Life Spiritual*, 112.
Smith, J., *Public Worship*, 115.
Smith, Rev. S., A Memoir of, 190; false position as a clergyman, 191; professional character and views, 193; connexion with the 'Edinburgh Review,' 197; *Wit and Humour*, 199; his benevolence, 203.
Smith, T., *The Parish*, 87; centralizing system, 87; its evil effects, 89; opposition to, 91; *reasons against*, 92.
Smyth, W., *Mines of Wicklow and Wexford*, 257.
Souvestre, E., *Family Journal*, 629.
Spencer, Capt., *Constantine*, 466; period treated of, 466; *attempted fusion of the Latin and Greek Churches*, 468; *the secret palace*, 471.
Spencer, Dr., *A Pastor's Sketches*, 116.
Spencer, H., *Railway Morals and Railway Policy*, 766.
Stier, R., *The Words of the Lord Jesus*, 621.
Stowell, H., *A Model for Men in Business*, 374.
Strange, Sir R., Memoirs of, 160; career of, 160; the art of engraving, 161; Italian engraving, 163; characteristics of Strange, 164; his merits, 167; Mrs. Strange, 170.
Stewart, D., Works of, 118.
Sunday Afternoon, 377.
Syriac MSS. in the British Museum, 1; early date of Syriac language, 1; writings, 2; present collection, 3; whence obtained, 5; numbers of, 8; contents, 10.

Tagart, E., *Locke's Writings and Philosophy*, 714; author's method, 715; Reid's human mind, 719; Locke's writings, 722; on ideas, 728; his sensationalism, 730.
Talvi's History of the Colonization of America, 622.
Tate, T., *The Little Philosopher*, 626.
Tatham, Miss, *Dream of Pythagoras*, 375.
Tayler, J. J., *Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty*, 115.
Taylor, J., *The Revised Liturgy of 1689*, 241.
Tennyson, A., *Maud, and other Poems*, 568; poem of Maud, 568; absence of real poetry, 573.
Terrel, H., *Dissenters' Marriages Bill of 1855*, 619.
Theological Tracts, 116.
Trench, F., *Conversation*, 631.
Trench, R. C., *Alma, and other Poems*, 376.
Twenty Years' Conflict in the Church, 118.

Ullman, Dr., *Reformers before the Reformation*, 678; John of Goch, 679; John of Wesel, 680; *propositions*, 681; *Word of God*, 683.
Universal Parallel Chronology, 118.
Upham, T. C., *Life of Madame Guyon*, 437; age of Louis XIV., 437; life of Madame Guyon, 441; religious opinions, 443; persecution, 449.

Ure, A., *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*, 257.
Voices of the Seven Thunders, 110.
Von Bohlen, P., *Introduction to the Book of Genesis*, 498.

Wheeler, H. M., *A Popular Harmony of the Bible*, 247.
Whish, J. C., *The First Cause*, 623.
Williams, R., *Rational Godliness*, 628.
Wilson, Professor, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, 766.
Wylie, J. A., *Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber*, 590; interest of Italy, 590; *Sardinia*, 592; *the Vaudois*, 592; the Papal States, 595; the Pope, 596; *his retribution*, 598.
Wylie, M., *Bengal*, 504.

Young, J., *The Christ of History*, 245.

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CONTENTS.

I. TIN, COPPER, AND LEAD MINES . . . . . Pa
II. THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF H. FYNES CLINTON . 2
III. MEREDITH'S CLYTEMNESTRA 2
IV. MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR SCHOLEFIELD 3
V. THE PRIMITIVE RELIGIONS OF AMERICA 3
VI. CAMPAIGN WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA 3
VII. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY 3
VIII. ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM; WHAT IS IT, AND HOW IS IT TO BE ACHIEVED? 3
BRIEF NOTICES 5
REVIEW OF THE MONTH 2
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE 2

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CONTENTS.

		Page
I.	THE NATIONAL LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE OF FINLAND	[illegible]
II.	CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S NOCTES	[illegible]
III.	FERRIER'S INSTITUTES OF METAPHYSIC	[illegible]
IV.	HOWITT'S TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA	[illegible]
V.	UPHAM'S LIFE OF MADAME GUYON	[illegible]
VI.	CAPTAIN ALLEN'S NEW ROUTE TO INDIA	[illegible]
VII.	CAPTAIN SPENCER'S LAST DAYS OF AN EMPIRE	[illegible]
VIII.	AMATEUR MUSIC	[illegible]
IX.	THE PRESENT CONDITION OF HUNGARY	[illegible]
	BRIEF NOTICES	[illegible]
	REVIEW OF THE MONTH	[illegible]
	LITERARY INTELLIGENCE	[illegible]

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VI. FOOD AND ITS ADULTERATIONS . . . . .
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VIII. WYLIE'S INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM . . . . .
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Narcissus, dwarf, single and double	0	8	0
* -, Polyanthus	1	0	0
Ranunculus, finest double	0	7	0
—, fine double	0	4	0
- -, new Scotch, 50 varieties	0	12	0
—, Turban, various	0	4	0
Tulips, finest early	0	10	0
- -, finest double	0	10	0

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VOL. X.] [NEW SERIES.

THE

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DECEMBER, 1855.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	THE ITALIAN PRE-RAPHAELITES	641
II.	BRITISH FERNS	653
III.	ROSS'S FUR HUNTERS OF THE FAR WEST	665
IV.	ULLMAN'S REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION	678
V.	QUATREFAGES' RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATURALIST.	684
VI.	MODERN GREEK LITERATURE	701
VII.	TAGART'S WRITINGS AND PHILOSOPHY OF LOCKE.	715
VIII.	EPPS ON CONSTIPATION	736
IX.	THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF ARAGO	743
	BRIEF NOTICES	760
	EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT	763
	LITERARY INTELLIGENCE	768

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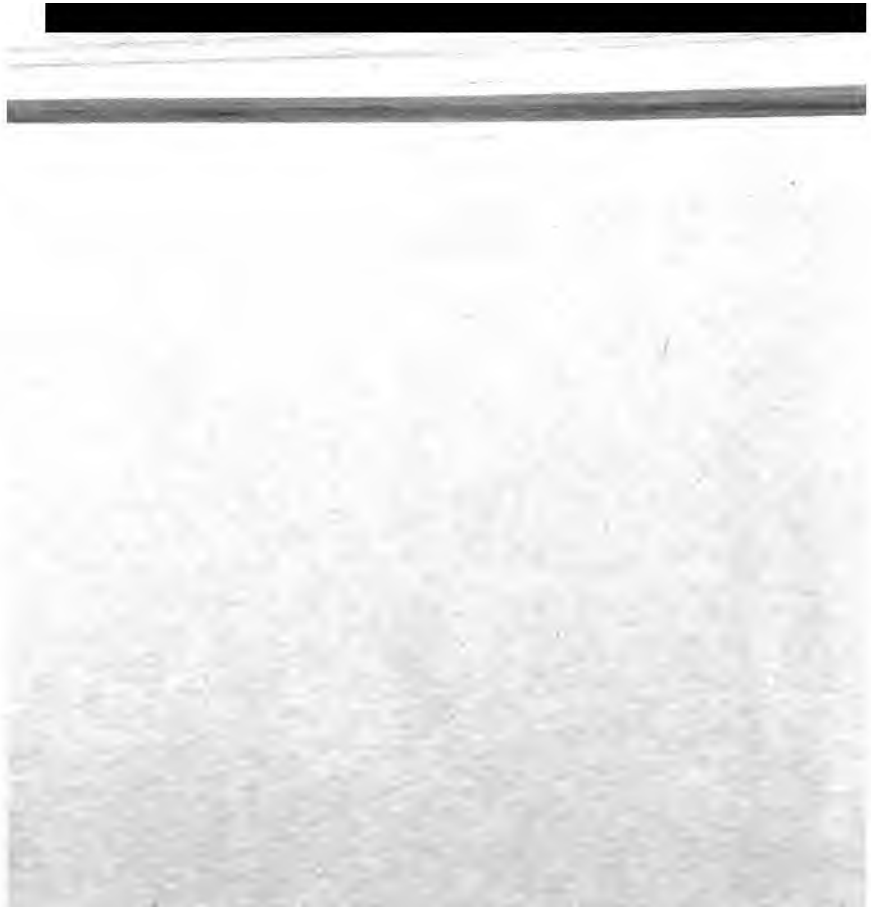

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